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Neo-Nationalism Today

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Apartheid Analysed

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East India Company's Social Policy

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Dangerous Thoughts

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Seven Poems

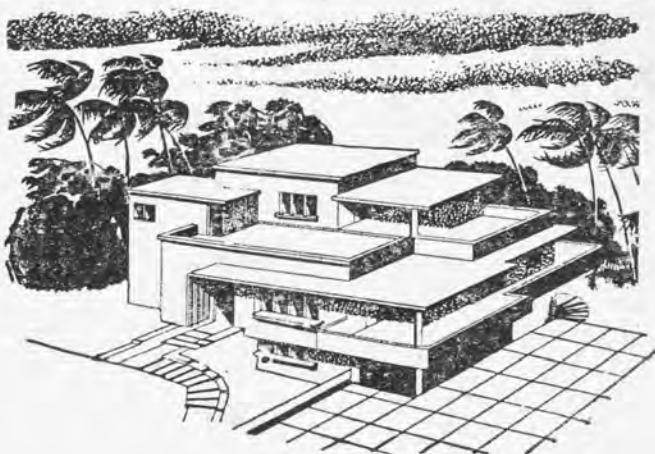
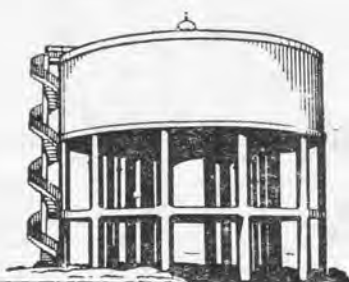
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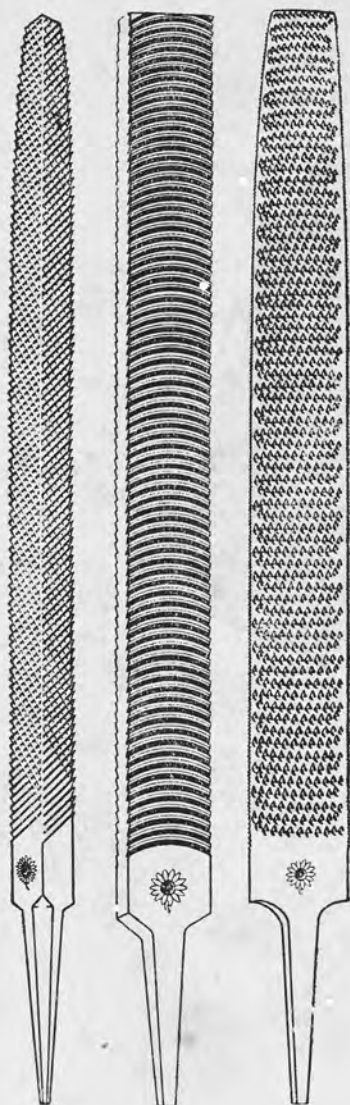


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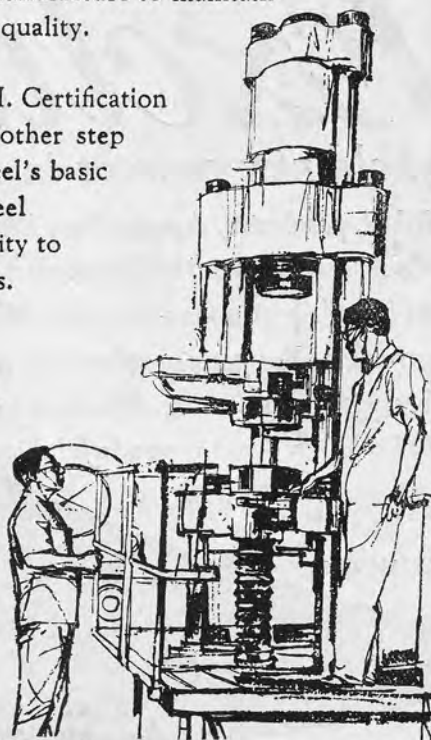
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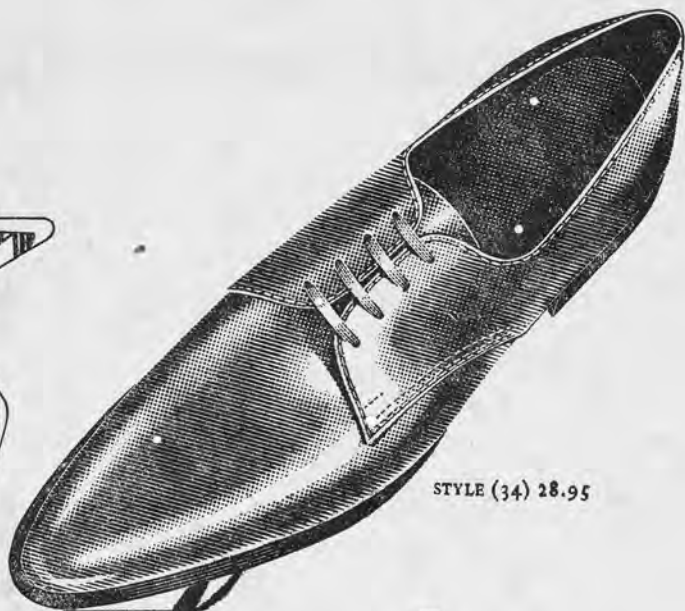
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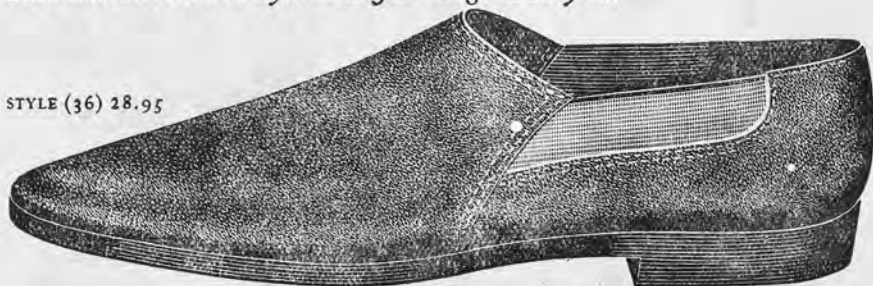


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Neo-Nationalism and International Politics

EKKEHART KRIPPENDORFF

IN the years that followed Stalin's death the world pattern appeared to be one of a temporary lessening of tension, born of Soviet weakness and destined eventually to harden into the familiar East-West antagonism once the two blocs had consolidated their position. Today, after a decade, that period can be seen as the prelude to wider and profounder movements and shiftings of the world's political scenery. To analyse and understand these calls for decidedly more intellectual effort and a greater capacity for shades of thought than have been demanded of us during the Cold War phase now nearing its end. An awareness of this fact has, of course, been slowly but steadily dawning in the minds of many politicians, diplomats and observers of world affairs: it is probably not too much to assert that in Germany, for the first time since the War, something like a public foreign policy debate is taking shape. Foreign policies and international relations are starting to become themes for working parties and groups with political leanings, and the Universities, too, are finding that their Chairs of Political Science have so far criminally neglected these subjects. All the more reason, then, to welcome the fact that such a discussion is now beginning and that attempts are being made to analyse the factors which have brought about a transformation obvious to all: for as a result we may well be led to review our own policy and to give it a new slant.

It is a permissible simplification to divide the twenty-year post-War period, now drawing to a close, into two fairly clear-cut parts, the line of separation running roughly through the mid-50's. The first ten years were characterized by the assump-

tion that there was an antagonistic and irremediable contrast between West and East, Capitalism and Communism, the Western system of alliances and the Soviet-controlled bloc, the USA and the USSR. What marked these ten years was above all the specific way in which *the conflict was defined*. For any given policy it is of decisive importance how a state of tension, universally acknowledged to exist, is defined, i.e. where its cause is believed to lie. The causes of this first half of the Cold War were seen—at least in the West—as lying in the military power politics and expansionist trend of the Soviet Union; that is to say, the East-West conflict was defined as primarily of a *military* character. Whatever the rights and wrongs of this belief, the definition resulted in a practical policy, the policy of military armament, the maximum proliferation of bi- and multi-lateral alliances and the development of a strategy whose underlying premise was the need to ensure the military defence of those territories and sub-continent which had not (as yet) fallen victims to the Communist urge for conquest. For detailed proof of this terse contention we need look no further than the foreign policy—wholly decisive for the attitude of the Western world—pursued by the USA and its leaders, and it finds a tangible echo in NATO, the *Bundeswehr* (Armed Forces of the German Federal Republic) and the Dulles craze for collecting alliances.

The second half of the Cold War, beginning in the mid-1950's, was outwardly characterized by greater flexibility in the foreign policy pursued by the post-Stalin USSR, the maximum development of an enormous American arms machine, the military consolidation of the two blocs and

the slow rise to international prominence of non-European States hitherto dependent colonies or politically insignificant. There was, however, a subtle but important change in the definition of the conflict. The undisputed doctrine of the 1920's—namely that the Communist menace was essentially a *social* conflict—again became fashionable, not least from rival desires to curry favour and gain influence with the developing countries. Thus the struggle was now seen as only partly, and in no wise mainly, as a military dispute, but rather first and foremost a social and ideological competition to shape the future. This realization gained credence in the USA—more slowly in Government and policy-framing circles, strongly in the Universities and among writers on current affairs; it also became accepted theory in Germany. The heavier accent on Marx and Marxism in the latter half of the 50's reflects this new trend; yet the re-appraisal or re-interpretation led to no decisive change in official policy, nor could it do so, since even this nicer definition of the conflict, tending to place it on a higher plane, failed to shatter the still unquestioned hypothesis of the antagonism between the Eastern and Western systems. There was little chance of shattering it because the international situation itself—including the monolithic stability of the Eastern bloc, from aggressive threats over Berlin to bombardments of Quemoy and Matsu under Soviet cover from the rear—and the as yet only vaguely-glimpsed trends of the Afro-Asian world appeared not to call for any new approach likely to strike at the very roots of the Cold War philosophy.

Both intellectually and from the standpoint of world politics, however, the last phase of the second half of the Cold War carried within itself the means of escaping from its toils. Intellectually the way was opened by the forthright preachings of such wise students of the international scene as George F. Kennan and, on a broader basis, by the quick reactions of social and political scientists (chiefly

American) writing on the conditions and possibilities of the developing countries, which had rightly been attracting more and more political interest during those years. A belief that the world was no longer comprehensible on the lines of a bi-polar system had already gained adherents in the USA in the later Eisenhower epoch, but there was a need in general for a new Government and in particular for Kennedy's capacity to surround himself with advisers who were politically sensitive and intellectually trained, if the path was to be cleared for new thinking and a new policy. What especially illuminates the latter half of the second post-War decade is the re-assessment of the developing countries, largely inspired by the teachings of American social science: a growing awareness that these countries, despite intensive efforts by both camps, despite economic aid with political strings, despite the blandishments of Eastern and Western ideological propaganda, are not ready to turn either Communist or Capitalist. Not ready — or perhaps one should rather say "not in a position". The task which the young élites of these countries have set themselves, namely the transformation of their socially, economically and culturally backward and stagnant societies into modern industrial States, is found in practice to be vastly more complex and long-term than was generally believed. For the assumption that the process would be rapid was held, firstly, by Western political theorists, who imagined that a centuries-old gap could be closed by an ambitious and extensive economic aid programme, through the mere transfer of Western capitalistic forms of business practice and management; secondly, by the Communists, who thought that after de-colonization there would be a relatively brief nationalistic phase of transition to Communism; and finally by the rising élites of the new nations themselves, who see their impatient ambitions everywhere confronted with pre-industrial attitudes in the majority of the population, attitudes which

even leaders trained to expound the virtues of centralized government, for all their proselytizing zeal, are scarcely able to change. In almost all the developing countries it may generally be observed that it is traditional value-judgments, behaviour patterns and ways of life, and not least religions, which tend to weaken, to break or to overpower the revolutionary drive and the anti-traditional urge for modernization.

Many sincere optimists are awakening to the bitter truth that cultural change, transformation forced on adult societies by an administrative machine, is a much more lengthy and complicated process than was generally imagined. The Belgian Congo, with its tribal feuds, is only one extreme but significant example. Another is the enthusiastically-launched project of the Kennedy Government known as the *Alianza para Progreso*, designed to free the Latin-American sub-continent within ten years(!) from its own economic shackles. Now that this great programme has already run half its appointed course, it must be considered to have failed—principally, though not solely, because of the cultural obstacle represented by a stubborn social structure, with roots deeper than expected. What Kennedy would have been unable to avoid Johnson has reluctantly had to accept—foreign aid, as an effective means of attaining long-term political objectives, has had to be reduced. In this respect the Soviet Union has been showing an increasing tendency to adopt the 'Order arms!' position, and it seems doubtful whether the coalition of seventy-five developing countries, which has begun to take a hand in the game since the close of the United Nations Trade and Development Conference in June, can bring any real pressure to bear on the large industrial countries that might induce them to cease their flirtations with a policy of economic disengagement.

But what has been said of the developing countries is equally true—and this is perhaps the real lesson to be learnt from

the experience of recent years—of the older Powers. If there is an unquestionable tendency towards a dissolution of the larger power-blocs based on political ideologies, the most astounding and most important feature of this is found in the preliminary symptoms that accompany the process: the first rumblings of *national independence and particularism*. The serious rift between China and the Soviet Union is surely—unless all appearances are deceptive—primarily the result of cultural and historical divergencies, differing philosophies, traditional foreign policies, the egotisms of the two élites and, deeper still, the opposing positions of the nations themselves; the common (adopted) ideology continues to hold the two rivals loosely together but will probably not do so much longer. The indications that Roumania will soon break out of the charmed circle are also precursors of an assertion of national integrity; similar things happened to Yugoslavia and will happen to others. To the extent that in the past the rigorous bloc policy of the Soviets succeeded in eliminating obsolete national frontiers and, through the centrally-directed internationalism of unscrupulous Party leaderships in creating large areas of well-ordered and State-run society, freed of national conflicts for a long time to come, it certainly had some admirers: yet even these must today be sadly wondering what was the point of all the widespread terror and political sacrifices if the result was not even to overcome this single long-standing evil of nationalism *über Alles*. Antagonistic nationalisms have always been interpreted as the product of a social order based on free-economy Capitalism, and their eradication was, and is, one of the essential aims of the Communist Revolution and its blueprint for a new world. However respectable and well-founded the Marxist definition of the conflict was, and may still be, in the minds and actions of its best disciples it is increasingly shown up as tragically naive. Both the conclusions drawn from the subtler arguments of

social anthropologists, and the concrete phenomena of 'polycentrism'—itself merely a camouflage term for failure to set up a supra-national unity in the Eastern bloc, in which relations between the peoples were to have reached a higher qualitative level—permit of the deduction that the change in conditions of ownership, whether alone or as a prime factor, has not brought in its train any noticeable change in group consciousness, i.e. in traditional behaviour patterns and value-judgments. For example, in the GDR economic and political conditions certainly differ radically from those in the Federal Republic; yet everything that is least pleasant in the German national character — authoritarianism, bureaucracy, petty bourgeoisie, official arrogance, love of uniforms, incivility, a lack of humour—all these appear, over there, to be as rife as ever, if not more so. Whatever may be said of the GDR as a mere Soviet colony, there is every reason for affirming that is nevertheless a specifically German or even Prussian form of Communism.

But the astonishing capacity for survival shown by traditional behaviour patterns, social structures and self-assertions can be observed not only in areas where a large-scale attempt to change the system is carried out with brutal thoroughness; we also find it on this side of the Iron Curtain. However strongly present-day France may be stamped by the personality of de Gaulle, his appeal to national pride seems in fact to strike a chord in a latent readiness, long unsatisfied, to become identified with neo-nationalist sentiments, an attitude to which he indeed gives articulate form but which he has not simply conjured out of thin air. De Gaulle represents more than just de Gaulle himself: he reflects a Western phenomenon which parallels what has happened in the East, namely the failure of efforts to create a supra-national unit through the medium of the European idea, with the ultimate object of providing the peoples with a stable, reliable and increasingly profound basis for identifying

themselves as Europeans. The formation of the Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, the EEC and so forth has not gone hand in hand with a European consciousness transcending national frontiers; rather is the trend in the opposite direction. The intensification of communications media within Europe—foreign travel, news services, cultural exchanges, political consultations, Council of Europe—has failed to produce that consciousness; national characteristics, behaviour patterns, attitudes, value-judgments and interests have proved to be constant to a degree scarcely predictable after the tragic events of the Second World War, and hidden during the 1950's behind the common defence front of anti-Communism.

Everywhere we may observe the phenomenon of re-awakening nationalism, perhaps better paraphrased as *the failure of attempts to break down national cultural behaviour patterns in favour of all-embracing collective systems covering large areas*; or it may be viewed as the amazing consistency of traditional identifications despite cataclysms of the most appalling nature. This is true of the 'old' nations of Europe, the USA and Asia, just as it is of the 'new' countries in the Near East or Africa. Nasser's appeal, just as much as Nkrumah's, has hitherto fallen on deaf ears.

These facts are a cause of bitterness and disappointment to many. They have an even more tragic side when viewed in the context of the associated racial tensions so increasingly widespread in the world today. It is spine-chilling to see how *China*, in its quarrel with the Soviet Union, more and more frequently and systematically drags in racial arguments. *Cyprus*, where ethnic and cultural differences between population groups that have lived peaceably together for centuries with only a minimum of social and economic disparities have suddenly assumed the magnitude of blood-feuds, is another example. We could also mention *South Africa*, where the racial situation is in the long

run probably the most menacing of all, or *Southern Rhodesia*, and the imminent expulsion of non-African coloured minorities from East Africa. Against the existence of Pakistan externally, and against the growing fanaticism of ethnic and religious groups within, *India* is fighting a desperate rearguard action for its own preservation and meaningful existence as a secular State. In spite of being almost fifty years old, in spite of its exploitation of every weapon of power politics and ideology, the *Soviet Union* has still not succeeded in stamping out anti-Semitism—the honourable and, to many Socialists outside the USSR, still valid theory that the change in the conditions of production, or the liquidation of the capitalist class society, would spell the end of ethnic and religious tensions, seems here not to have been confirmed, painful though the admission may be. We even hear that the people of *Israel*, who have surely suffered more than any other from religious, racial and nationalistic fanatics, not only show signs of growing ethnic and cultural tensions among themselves, but have also—clandestinely as yet—manifested collective prejudice against the Arabs in their own country. *Czechoslovakia* seems further removed than ever from integrating the Slovak part of its population in an over-all political union; in *Canada* we note increasing tension between the English-speaking majority and the French-speaking minority, already coming near to a civil war with terrorist activities and threats of assassinations—and this at the very moment when the Government is endeavouring, through the introduction of a new flag containing Canadian national emblems, to create something like a Canadian consciousness. Nor should we forget the great *American* democracy itself, which after 300 years of settlement in common, after nearly 200 years of independent political existence and 100 years of legal emancipation, has still not managed to incorporate the coloured minority of barely 20 million negroes as a

genuine part of the nation — rather is it the case that the tensions and mistrust between the dominant white culture and the black sub-culture that is gradually awakening to self-awareness are becoming greater and greater and threatening to plunge the whole nation into a dangerous paralysis from which there will be no way out. Last, but not least, from little *Switzerland* we hear that the Catholic “*Jurassiens*” are reviving a conflict, long thought to be ended, with the Protestants of the Canton of Berne and are urging cantonal self-government.

All these, of course, are widely diverse phenomena which it would no doubt be an impermissible simplification to reduce to a common denominator. It could rightly be objected that the social oppression of South African blacks cannot be simply lumped together with religious persecution in South Vietnam or racial conflicts in British Guiana. Yet differentiate as one may, correctly attributing some of the responsibility for outbreaks of ethnic and racial tension to differences in social and economic status, the sad truth remains that elimination of the latter has not led to the disappearance of the former in the few cases where luck or sound political leadership has created the right conditions. The one big exception appears to be the Latin-American sub-continent, where the sharp class divisions are surprisingly not coloured by racial or ethnic criteria, or scarcely so. One of the most important tasks of social scientists and anthropologists might well be to analyse the conditions that have brought this situation about and to examine whether they could be transposed to other cultures and other continents.

It is clear that there must be new prerequisites and prospects for policy in general, and foreign policy in particular, as a result of the changing world pattern just described. The issue can now not be bilked: there are abundant and ever-increasing signs of national, ethnic and racial identifications, of traditional value-

judgements or cultural behaviour patterns long believed to be outdated or consigned to oblivion. In the short term it may well be an effective policy, though in the long term it will be dangerous, to gamble on 'polycentrism' in the Eastern bloc and to expect some 'softening-up' through the encouragement of national independence for the Soviet satellites. President Kennedy set the tone for this in what was probably his most important foreign policy speech, at Washington University in June 1963, when he expressly appealed to the Soviet Union to look to her national Russian interests, which he claimed were less incompatible than they seemed with those of America. Since then American policy towards the Communist bloc has been working with greater intensity in the direction of lessening it by appealing to the national interests of the satellites—and not without success, as may be seen from the example of Roumania, which for reasons of national prestige is resisting closer integration in the Comecon.

There is, however, a contradiction here with the simultaneous pronouncements on European/Atlantic interdependence, and it only serves to strengthen the mistrust felt by America's European partners, who are in any case looking to their own special national interests, for a bi-lateral Soviet-American 'gentlemen's agreement' which in practice already goes quite a long way. There is a further contradiction with American policy in, for instance, South-East Asia, where the threat from Communist China takes second place to the chief aim of those countries, namely to organize themselves on an independent national basis, even if this is a *de facto* impossibility outside the Chinese sphere of influence. The barely suppressed satisfaction at apparent polycentric tensions in the Communist bloc should delude no one into forgetting that this policy is playing with fire—a fire which burns much more dangerously in the West itself, or in parts of the world for which we are also responsible. It threatens European unity, it threat-

ens the Atlantic Community, it threatens North Africa, it threatens to drag the world into a sanguinary struggle in South Africa, it threatens the USA from Latin America—and it threatens, despite their vast economic predominance, to isolate America and Europe psychologically, culturally and hence, on the long view, politically, from the non-White majority of the world. It is impossible not to sympathize with the impromptu, and politically clumsy, remark by Khrushchev in Egypt when he stigmatized Pan-Arabism as a dangerous and reactionary catchword and rightly asked: 'Where would that leave us Russians?' The encouragement of national aspirations to independence in the Eastern bloc itself cannot fail to have hazardous consequences on Western or European unity and, even more, will tend to fan the divergent nationalisms and ethnic or racial antagonisms in most parts of the world: it is a boomerang which will hit us harder than any short-term tendencies to bloc-loosening are worth.

Above all, the threat is a sinister one because it is charged with military implications and will soon be nuclear as well. If it is an established fact that many hopes have been dashed: the Western hopes of a liberal economy; the expectations of the Communist East, based on economic and ideological considerations, that national cultural contradictions could be overcome by a change in socio-economic structures; and if it is clear that the way to 'one world' or 'one humanity' is much broader and longer than might reasonably have been thought, surely all this reflects little credit on the responsibility, far-sightedness and sensitivity of the leaders of foreign policy. What they need—what all of us need—is a clear realization of the long-term effects of promoting national interests with a view to weakening the Soviet Union and the sphere of its dominion—not forgetting, either, that such a policy will also have repercussions on the coherence of the West and the efforts to eliminate its national differences. For example, it is by no means

certain, it is even improbable, that a nationalistic Poland is a better partner for the present Federal Republic of Germany than a Poland disciplined by the *raison d'état* of the Eastern bloc. Then, too, a responsible political leadership must do all in its power to prevent the growing regional tensions from becoming charged with ever greater military implications. The danger of a spread of nuclear weapons potential to a dozen countries within the next ten years is graver and more real than we will perhaps admit: China, India, Egypt and Israel, each of them a keen contender for regional power, are today all acknowledged to possess technical possibilities for atomic arms production—and they will be followed by others. It is one thing to be a 'realist' and come to terms with the fact that the two super-Powers, the USA and the Soviet Union, already have such weapons in their hands: it is another thing to ponder realistically the consequences of a demand for atomic weapons for third or fifth countries which hitherto did not have their fingers on the trigger. The theory that large-scale multi-lateral armament is a deterrent to warfare has once already been proved—in World War I—to be a tragic error. At most the 'atomic stalemate' between USSR and USA rendered possible—as we now see in retrospect—a period of relative stability and security.

What is wanted for both the near and the distant future is a policy which will provide machinery, *not* for the proliferation of atomic weapons within military alliances that are in any case getting shaky, but for the strict and uncompromising limitation of atomic weapons to the two existing military Great Powers or their Governments. Now that the Cold War, which enabled us to obtain a relatively general view of international conflicts, is over, now that the large blocs are falling apart and the world more and more splitting up into racial, ethnic and nationalist rivalries, it is heaping fuel recklessly on to an already smouldering fire to demand

nuclear weapons casually for brittle supra-national institutions such as the MLF. And what is true of nuclear weapons in general is especially true of arms deliveries and military training aid to young nations, in which the West has been excelling itself. It is a wicked hark-back to the 1950's to continue defining the present conflicts in military terms in the light of the supposed experiences of the Cold War and, for instance, to debit development funds so heavily, as America did during those years, with military training and weapons assistance; the recent share of the Federal Republic, too, in such practices in developing countries cannot but have nefarious results in the long run in the form of an increase in regional tensions. Rather should the policy-makers and the social scientists, jointly and severally, try to ascertain how the present trend towards socio-cultural tensions, which waxes more than it wanes, can be so channelled as to prevent escalation into local skirmishes, regional armed conflicts and ultimately international catastrophes.

World politics have become harder rather than easier with the ending of the Cold War. The relaxation of tension, now that the iron grip of the two super-Powers on their satellites has loosened, is accompanied by the risk of international chaos much more than by hope of world peace. But the new situation also contains a fruitful challenge to our thinking and our policy. If it be true that we are entering a period of greater complexity so far as the international community is concerned, a period in which the price to be paid for the disappearance of the danger of a nuclear clash between the leaders of the two large blocs is the budding danger of multi-regional chaos, then the challenge lies in two lines of action, precisely *because* national and traditional identifications and symbols have proved to be so stable: *first*, an effort must be made to divest international tensions of their potential explosiveness through a policy of systematic

control and limitation of armaments, beginning at home; and *secondly*, these tensions must be lessened by action at their sources, namely internal policy, the constitution of society, and education.

To this end, however, we need a *new definition of the conflict*—a definition in which military and socio-economic factors in the narrower sense give way to ethnic and cultural variables. The dawning realization, both in the USA and in the Soviet Union, that more and better armaments have *not* led to a lessening of tension and hence are not productive of greater security, and the foregoing indications that social and economic change (forced or otherwise) has only minimal power to transform traditional consciousness and collective attitudes—all this is

unquestionably a debit balance. But it is a balance which must be ascribed to an inadequate definition of the conflict, an inadequate knowledge of the dynamics of international tensions or of their social origins, which are more complicated to understand. Both the traditional interpretation of international conflicts in terms of power politics, and their more recent interpretation according to the Marxist ethos, have proved unworkable as a means of solving the problems of the second half of the century. Every attempt to solve them must, however, be based on one fundamental assumption, namely that *peace* is not only necessary but must also be possible.

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Courtesy *Der Monat*

Notes Towards the Definition of T. S. Eliot's Classicism

S. N. MITRA

The history of literary criticism is the history of a vain struggle to find a terminology which will define something.
— Ezra Pound

I

T. S. ELIOT, in spite of the insidious and pervasive influence which he exercised (once described by Empson as 'not unlike an east wind'¹) was a bit of a stormy petrel throughout his singular career. He had a reputation, right from the start, for being 'difficult', 'recondite' or 'idiosyncratic', both in his poetry and in his critical theorizings, but he made matters worse, from time to time, by throwing off, in the most casual manner, statements which provided ideal occasions for controversies and kept critics, with their offensive and defensive manoeuvres, busy for decades. One of the most notable of such occasions was provided in 1928 when, in the preface to *For Lancelot Andrewes*, Eliot announced his 'credo' as that of a 'classicist in literature, royalist in politics and Anglo-Catholic in religion.' To his readers and critics in 1928 the three terms — classicism, royalism and Anglo-Catholicism — must have appeared a trifle too outmoded to have any direct bearing on the contemporary situation. Each of them, singly, had associations which were unsavoury enough but, linked together, as they were in the statement, they seemed to imply a sinister attitude of opposition to all liberal-democratic ideals and movements — his 'horror', as Harold Laski put it, 'of the common man'². For those, however, who were specially concerned about Eliot's literary ideal, the statement proved a stumbling block; it was felt to be import-

ant, since, in his earlier collections of essays such as *The Sacred Wood* (1920) and *Homage to John Dryden* (1924), Eliot never sought to define his aesthetic creed in such a direct and overt manner, but was also found highly intriguing because of the anachronistic term 'classicist'. By 1928 many of Eliot's major and characteristic poems, including *The Waste Land* (1922), had been written and also some of his most important critical pieces, including 'Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca' (1927), but neither his poetry nor his criticism seemed to offer any direct clue as to how the term 'classicist' with an obviously anti-modern connotation (complicated further by its association with 'royalism' and 'Anglo-Catholicism') could be helpful in defining Eliot's aesthetic ideal and orientation. How was he a 'classicist'? and what precisely did he mean by 'classicism'?

For some people, however, the announcement posed no problem at all: on the contrary, it provided precisely the clue which they wanted for many of the difficulties created by Eliot's earlier formulations and pronouncements. As a self-confessed 'classicist', Eliot was supposed to have merely made up his mind as to which side he was to take in the old ideological conflict between two contrasted and irreconcilable attitudes to art to which the terms 'classic' and 'romantic', as aesthetic opposites, were applied in the nineteenth century by Goethe, Hegel, Stendhal, Sainte-Beuve, Mill, Ruskin and Pater. T. E.

Hulme's more recent distinction, presented metaphorically, between 'romantic well' and 'classical bucket'³ was a continuation of the nineteenth century aesthetic dualism. In the light of this classic-romantic antinomy, defined and established by such formidable authorities, Eliot's 'classicism' was very conveniently equated with anti-romanticism, implying a wholesale rejection of the nineteenth century and a return to the ideal and attitude of the earlier classical or neo-classical ages. Thus when critics like Max Eastman and John Bayley specifically asserted that Eliot 'located'⁴ his classicism in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they apparently assumed that, in opposing the nineteenth century, he set off against it an aesthetic outlook which was derived from and supported by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

This interpretation of Eliot's classicism has at least the virtue of simplicity but it ignores the question how a critic who saw eye to eye with Dryden and Johnson came to write poems like *The Waste Land* and *Ash Wednesday*. Those, however, who noted this apparent discrepancy between Eliot's profession and practice, simplified matters by writing it off as one of his fundamental inconsistencies. Paul Elmer More was among the first to see and publicize the strange apparition of the 'cleft Eliot'—the sound critic upholding the classical principles of clarity and coherence, in mysterious partnership with the dubious poet whom he described as 'the lyric prophet of chaos'.⁵ John Crowe Ransom saw the same contradiction between the poet and the critic and made no secret of his opinion or preference when he identified 'the critical Eliot' as Jekyll and 'the poetical Eliot' as Hyde.⁶ Yvor Winters made short work of both: for him Eliot was merely a thorough-going opportunist whose 'much advertized reactionary position (against romanticism)' was 'illusory', a pretentious dodge meant to intimidate people into accepting 'formlessness itself as the most satisfactory form'.⁷ What is common among these divergent interpre-

tations and criticisms is the assumption that Eliot's professed classicism was an anti-romantic slogan and that he shouted it while following the 'antique drums' of Dryden and Johnson.

II

It cannot be denied that Eliot in his criticism is singularly harsh—much harsher, indeed, than Matthew Arnold himself—on the Romantics. As a matter of fact, with Baudelaire and Laforgue as perhaps the only exceptions, practically all the notable nineteenth century poets and critics (including Arnold) came under his sledgehammer in one context or another. While, on the other hand, his admiration for the age of Dryden and Johnson was unequivocally expressed whenever he talked of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. To Dryden, specially he repeatedly paid his 'homage' as 'the defender of sanity',⁸ upholding an ideal of balance, clarity and order, which contrasted significantly with the contemporary aesthetic chaos. But, for that matter, the facile inference that is often drawn, that Eliot's relation to the two literary epochs implied the wholesale rejection of the one and the unqualified acceptance of the other, is highly questionable for the simple reason that he owed a good deal to the nineteenth century just as he did not and could not accept everything that the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had to offer.

That Eliot was much less dependent than is claimed by some of his critics, on the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is revealed when we scrutinize, even at a superficial level, the major critical terms which he used⁹ as tools and the aesthetic preoccupations which they implied. These have very little to do with the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the most important of them are traceable to the nineteenth. The terms 'tradition' and 'the classic', for instance, occur, anticipating important facets of Eliot's own master ideas, in Sainte-Beuve's 'causeries' entitled 'De la Tradition

en Littérature' and 'Qu'est-ce Qu'un Classique?'⁹ respectively. The term 'impersonality' which plays such an important part in Eliot's criticism does not belong to the familiar and limited vocabulary of the so-called classical age, whether English or French. We trace it back to Flaubert whom Eliot recognized as his 'master' in art and ideas ('un maître à la fois d'art et de pensée').¹⁰ Flaubert's voluminous *Correspondance*, mostly concerned with art, may be read as a long sermon on artistic impersonality with 'One should never write oneself' (il ne faut pas s'écrire)¹¹ as its motto. The term 'integrity' again is a legacy of the Symbolist aesthetic of which the original source-book was Mallarmé's *Divagations*.

These terms, and also the particular aesthetic pre-occupations which they imply, are pointers which lead us directly to Eliot's basic conception of poetry or art which he developed, in diverse contexts, in his essays and lectures from 'Tradition and Individual Talent' (1919) to 'The Three Voices of Poetry' (1953). Squarely based on the idea of integration, it is definitely post-Coleridgean and is linked up, through various degrees of conscious affiliations as well as unconscious affinities, with much of the aesthetic exploration of the nineteenth century. Eliot begins where Wordsworth and Coleridge began, with feelings and emotions as the raw material of poetry but focuses persistently on the process which orders and transforms them into a 'new whole',¹² a verbal structure 'has its own life'¹³ independent of the poet's biography or personality. For Eliot, a poem which is the end-product of this transforming process, is a complex and multidimensional organism which integrates emotion, thought and language, imagery, music and meaning, formal beauty or coherence and moral significance or awareness—and turns them all into an inviolable unity. The ultimate emphasis is on the objective autonomy of poetry as poetry, existing 'somewhere between the writer and the reader',¹⁴ and one of Eliot's basic postulates is:

'When we are considering poetry we must consider it primarily as poetry and not another thing'.¹⁵ This is, of course, meant to oppose two tendencies inherent in certain nineteenth century aesthetic formulations: one is the magical cult of genius and inspiration, expounded by Blake, Shelley, Carlyle and Hugo, which turns poetry into prophecy or revelation; and the other is the more pervasive 'expressionism' which tended to present poetry, not as an end in itself, but as a *means* of communication—as an *expression* of the feelings and emotions of the artist (as Wordsworth and Mill had it), or of the personality of the artist (as maintained by Sainte-Beuve), or of the *moment* and the *milieu* of the artist's particular society (as Taine held). Eliot's theory of poetry rejects both because, either way, poetry is simply replaced by 'another thing'. In spite of this partial (though important) dissent, however, the core of Eliot's theory of poetry is a development from premises supplied by some of the most significant and characteristic thoughts and theories of the nineteenth century, although it cannot be wholly identified with any single nineteenth century aesthetic formula. The idea of poetry as an organic integration indicates Eliot's affiliation with Coleridge just as his insistence on the impersonal autonomy of art links him up with such dissimilar theorists as Flaubert and Mallarmé. Moreover, the terms in which he defines the moral content or significance of art suggests a sympathy of outlook with Matthew Arnold and a much closer kinship with Henry James. Thus Eliot could hardly have derived his aesthetic from (and, therefore, could far less have 'located' his classicism in) the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, since his conception of poetry or art is not only more complex and involves issues much more tentacular than what is implied by the simple empirical aesthetic first sketched by Hobbes and later developed by Dryden, in several of his prefaces, in terms of 'wit', 'imitation', 'nature',

etc., but, being essentially 'organistic', is also fundamentally different.

Critics like Horace Gregory¹⁶ have often cited Eliot's defence of 'the three unities', in his chapter on Sidney in *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* and elsewhere, as an evidence of his revivalist attitude to the so-called neo-classical 'rules' or 'standards'. The error of such a conclusion has been pointed out by Eliot himself when, in the context of Aristotle, he explained what 'the three unities' really meant to him, and thereby defined the basic difference between the general critical approach of the neo-classical age and his own:

'The unities differ radically from human legislation in that they are laws of nature, and a law of nature, even when it is a law of human nature, is quite another thing from a human law. The kind of literary law in which Aristotle was interested was not law that he laid down, but law which he discovered.'¹⁷

It is only those, as Eliot said, who accept Aristotle 'in a canonical spirit', who are likely to confuse between *a priori* and normative 'rules' to be applied or enforced and laws or principles which emerge from objective analyses of works of art such as Aristotle undertook in *Poetics*:

'Furthermore (Eliot continues,) we must observe that the three unities are not three separate laws. They are three aspects of one law: we may violate the law of Unity of Place more flagrantly if we preserve the law of Unity of Time, or vice versa; we may violate both if we observe more closely the law of Unity of Sentiment'.¹⁸

Eliot obviously recognizes no special merit in simply observing any or all of the 'unities', whether traceable to Aristotle or Castelvetro, but he recognizes and stresses their importance as an exploitable technical means to organization and order and, hence, considers them useful from the standpoint of the integrity of art, and *not*

essential from the standpoint of formalistic correctness. The significance of Eliot's defence of the 'unities' becomes clear when we view it in the context of his general criticism of the English drama 'from Kyd to Galsworthy'¹⁹ which he found, in spite of its variety and vitality deficient in unity and formal definition, specially when compared with such other varieties as the Greek drama, the medieval moralities like *Everyman* and the French classical drama of Racine and Corneille. Through the mouth of one of the speakers in 'A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry' Eliot said:

'the "unities" have for me, at least, a perpetual fascination. I believe they will be found highly desirable for the drama of the future. For one thing, we want more concentration'.²⁰

The so-called neo-classical criticism, both in England and France, imposed inhibitions upon itself and, thus, condemned itself to a narrow mechanical procedure when it accepted the 'three unities' as 'rules' and conventionalized them as fixed recipes for dramatic propriety. Eliot neither toed the line laid down by neo-classical criticism nor did he depart from the aesthetic position to which he was professedly committed, since what he defended was not so much the neo-classical 'rules' as what he accepted and expounded as the organic principles of dramatic concentration:

'the laws (*not* rules) of unity of place and time remain valid in that every play which observes them *in so far as its materials allow* is in that respect and degree superior to plays which observe them less'.²¹

III

If Eliot is a classicist he is obviously one with aesthetic roots in the nineteenth century. The fact remains somewhat anomalous even when one assumes that, since his aesthetic commitments are different, Eliot's affiliations with the seventeenth and

eighteenth centuries are limited to a shared aspiration for clarity and coherence, a common concern for order. The connotations of such terms as 'order', 'coherence' and 'clarity', however, are, in most cases, fluid rather than fixed, being largely conditioned by particular aesthetic assumptions. It is questionable, therefore, how far, if at all, Eliot's concern for these indicates an outlook identical with that of the age of Dryden and Johnson. In this context two of his uncollected articles, 'The Idea of a Literary Review' (*Criterion*, Jan. 1926) and 'Ulysses, Order and Myth' (*Dial*, Nov. 1923),—both published before the announcement of his 'credo'—deserve to be better known, since they supply some of the missing links of ideas and concepts which are essential for an understanding of Eliot's aesthetic orientation which he sought to define by the problematic term 'classicist'.

In the following passage from 'The Idea of a Literary Review' Eliot throws some light on the nature of the artistic order which he associates with 'classicism':

I believe that the modern tendency is towards something which, for want of a better name, we may call classicism. I use the term with hesitation, for it is hardly more than analogical. *We must scrupulously guard ourselves against measuring living art and mind by dead laws or order.* Art reflects the transitory as well as the permanent conditions of the soul; *we cannot wholly measure the present by what the past has been or by what we think the future ought to be.* Yet there is a tendency—discernible even in art—toward a higher and clearer conception of Reason, and *a more severe control of emotions by Reason.* If this approaches or even suggests the Greek ideal so much the better: but it must inevitably be very different'. (Italics mine)

By insisting on 'a severe control of emotions by Reason' and, at the same time, by refusing to 'measure living art and mind by dead laws' Eliot underscores the most

essential and fundamental character of the artistic order he had in mind: it is organic and therefore, the result of an inner vital adjustment between content and form rather than of mechanical restraints imposed from outside according to preconceived rules. The term 'classicism' itself is used, as Eliot said, 'analogically', because the stress is definitely on the 'living art and mind' and that it has nothing even remotely to do with imitation or conformism is clearly implied by Eliot's assertion that 'it must inevitably be very different'.

In the other essay, 'Ulysses, Order and Myth', Eliot is even more explicit: he distinguishes, in terms of this 'living art and mind', between two ways of being classical, the true and the false—comparable to T. E. Hulme's distinction between the 'static' and 'dynamic' varieties of classicism:²²

'One can be classical (wrote Eliot), in a sense, by turning away from nine-tenths of the material which lies at hand, and selecting only mummified stuff from a museum Or one can be *classical in tendency by doing the best one can with material at hand.*' (Italics mine)

The closing words of the sentence underscore integrity as the hall-mark of the true classic. The classicism which Eliot rejected is academic and inhibitory; it is apt to measure 'living art and mind' by 'dead laws' and so can be 'located' in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The imposition of 'dead laws' which classicism of this category amounts to, might mean the prescription or deliberate application of rules regarding the form and content of poetry, or it might mean conformity to particular models which had once been considered admirable. The classicism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in England and France, was largely based on this kind of academic legislation or conformism, and if it succeeded in achieving order in art, it did so by 'turning away from nine-tenths of the materials' provided by life and working with derivative

moulds made according to rules and models. Order in poetry, thus acquired, is a dead and mechanical order: it is order at the cost of life. And poetry produced according to such an ideal of order is almost foredoomed to be a mere copy or repetition or mechanical variation of what had been done in the past. That even the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had occasional fits of misgiving about such a conception is proved by the ever recurrent debates on the claims of invention or the limits of the artist's freedom. Matthew Arnold appears to have been a belated exponent of this narrow revivalist classicism based on rules and models. In his preface to *Poems* (1853) he insisted on order and discipline as a remedy against the vagaries of the moderns, but he over-simplified the issue by assuming that the order which could be achieved by imitating sound models or by adopting a clearly laid down system of rules was the living order of poetry to which he aspired. His desperate cry for 'a single sound rule of criticism which clearly marks what is right as right and what is wrong as wrong',²³ betrays the aesthetic over-simplification of his purely retrogressive or revivalist programme which inevitably led to *Shorab and Rustum* and *Merope*—chaste and beautiful as academic exercises but essentially cold, insipid and rootless.

True classicism, on the other hand, as Eliot explained in the same *Dial* essay, is one which is based on a concept of 'order' which is organic and living. It implies a severe control of emotions but not their suppression, dilution or distortion. It is that living order which is achieved when an artist struggles with and masters a vast amount of the welter of experience and successfully organizes it into a form which has its own inner coherence and inevitability. It owes nothing either to coercive rules or to inhibitory models and may not even resemble anything produced in the past. It fulfils the primary conditions of Eliot's true classicism if it unites order with integrity in a form which is, by an

inner organic adjustment, luminous, self-poised and serene. The example which Eliot cites is, significantly, Joyce's *Ulysses* of which the *Dial* essay was one of the most perceptive of early reviews. That Eliot's classicism is not reducible to academic orthodoxy enforced by the past is specially proved by the way he offered unstinted praise to Joyce's novel—which, by its apparent formlessness, scandalized many, including Virginia Woolf who found it 'immense in daring, terrific in disaster'²⁴—not because its technical innovations were challengingly 'modern', but because it embodied his idea of the true classic. Eliot commended Joyce's experiments with form and technique, especially his conscious application of a structure of myth (which had obvious bearings on *The Waste Land*), as effective and significant only in so far as they constituted 'a way of controlling or ordering, of giving shape and significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history'.

Critics like More and Ransom, therefore, who found *The Waste Land* and *Ash Wednesday* chaotic and inconsequential, contradicting Eliot's professed classicism, did justice neither to his poetry nor to his critical ideal: they obviously sought and, therefore, missed the wrong kind of order in his poetry.

IV

At this point Eliot's 'credo' of 'classicism, royalism and Anglo-Catholicism', instead of balking us, is likely to be helpful. The three terms were not thrown together casually and a little scrutiny of his later theological and sociological writings reveals their common conceptual basis, representing in three different contexts the same ideal of continuity, growth and order. Eliot defined his political, religious and literary ideals in identical terms: he has defined his 'royalism' (which is synonymous with the philosophical conservatism expounded by Burke and Coleridge), his

conception of religion (implied by his affiliation to the Catholic wing of the Anglican Church rather than to the Roman Church itself) as well as his idea of culture, derived from and determined by both, in terms of 'the whole way of life for a people'.²⁵ Thus for politics, religion and culture Eliot upheld a single ideal of continuity and ordered growth, maintaining a delicate balance between the two extremes of anarchical licence and coercive regimentation: 'The danger of freedom is delinquency; the danger of strict order is petrification'.²⁶ In the light of Eliot's repeated emphasis on 'the whole way of life for a people', the cryptic formula of 'classicism, royalism and Anglo-Catholicism' turns out to be, as John Hayward has rightly pointed out, 'the triple affirmation of a single belief—the belief in the value of tradition'.²⁷ It is the concept of tradition, therefore, which provides the final clue to Eliot's classicism as a literary ideal representing an important aspect of what he defined as culture. Tradition is the vital principle of integration which determines and sustains the living order of art.

In his very first important essay, 'Tradition and Individual Talent', Eliot defined poetry as an impersonal order conditioned and sustained by tradition. As 'the historical sense' of the artist—his awareness 'not only of the pastness of the past but of its presence'.²⁸—tradition, as enunciated by Eliot, is the principle of continuity, adaptation and ordered growth which directs and sustains the development of art from roots going deep down into the past. It has often been conveniently over-simplified as neo-classical 'authority' in a new dress, coercively limiting and restraining the 'individual talent' or (in neo-classical terms) the 'invention' or 'freedom' of the artist. That really amounts to mis-reading the title of the essay as 'Tradition vs Individual Talent', and nothing could be farther from Eliot's meaning and more flatly contradictory to his basic aesthetic ideal. Tradition does not suppress or coerce individual talent but, by maintaining its

contact with feeding roots provided by the past, it safeguards the latter from 'delinquency', on the one hand, and from 'petrification', on the other.

In a later lecture entitled *What is a Classic?* Eliot restated his case by linking up the concept of tradition with that of the classic, thus clarifying both and, incidentally, tidying up a few of the loose ends which were still hanging about his literary ideal and orientation. In this lecture the classic quality of art is re-defined by a new and more comprehensive term, 'maturity'. Besides implying individual attributes of the classic art, the term also indicates its precise relation to tradition. Maturity of art implies—and indeed presupposes—a total and cumulative development of the entire fabric of civilization providing the very stuff out of which the authentic classic art is made: tradition is the ordering and integrating principle which transmits to a work of art the maturity of a language, a society and a civilization. Virgil who is the subject as well as the occasion of the lecture, is the great exemplar, in Europe, of the classic art 'matured', in this sense, by tradition. There is no conflict between tradition and originality since what passes for originality in a genuine work of art is found, when scrutinized, to be no more than the legitimate and necessary modification to which, at a particular point in the chain of development, tradition itself inevitably leads. For Eliot defined 'true originality' as 'merely development'.²⁹ Thus, mediating between the past and the future, tradition does not preclude change or experiment, as Eliot has often repeated, but, by maintaining continuity at all the levels of thought, belief, sensibility, language and form, keeps changes and experiments within a coherent pattern of ordered assimilation and growth. Hence poets who cling *only* to the past or *only* to the future are either antiquarians or rebels, and are, therefore, equally immature. They either repeat what has been done before or produce something rootless and freakish.

Eliot's tradition makes of a work of art (to borrow a vivid phrase from Yeats) 'a great-rooted blossomer'—something both new and old, uniting vitality and order. As Eliot remarked:

'The persistence of literary creativeness in any people, accordingly consists in the maintenance of an unconscious balance between tradition in the larger sense—the collective personality, so to speak, realized in the literature of the past—and the originality of the living generation'.³⁰

The maturity of art which Eliot pointed out as the hall-mark of the true classic lies in this 'unconscious balance'. A perfect balance is, of course, an ideal realized, as in the case of Virgil, at rare moments of history by the concurrence of a host of inter-dependent factors and conditions. Hence Eliot distinguished between the 'relative' and the 'absolute' classic, not replacing, but as ancillary to, his earlier and more categorical distinction between classics, 'true' and 'false'. The 'relative' or 'minor' classic is mature in some respects but immature or 'provincial' in others, thus implying a growth which is stunted or unbalanced. Eliot cited the English eighteenth century and, within it, the poetry of Pope, as an illustration of the 'relative' or 'minor' classic. Some of the classic qualities specified by Eliot unquestionably belong to that century, specially to the poetry of Pope, e.g., 'maturity of mind, maturity of manners, maturity of language and the perfection of a common style'.³¹ But these were obviously acquired at a high price: by leaving unexploited some of the richer resources of tradition and some of the greater potentialities of the English verse. The eighteenth century, said Eliot, 'had perfected its formal garden, only by restricting the area under cultivation'.³² The perfect or absolute classic, on the other hand, must be *comprehensive*, integrating *all* the strands of tradition: it must be capable of embodying, within its formal limitations, 'the maximum possible of the whole range of feeling which represents

the character of the people who speak that language'.³³ The art of the Elizabethan age, including Shakespeare's, is immensely rich in vitality and variety and is perhaps the nearest approach, in the whole range of English literature, to the kind of comprehensiveness which Eliot required of the 'perfect' or 'absolute' classic but he found it an 'impure' art because it is deficient in maturity and order. Reflecting a transitional and chaotic society, and growing out of a civilization which was unbalanced and eccentric, the art of the Elizabethans, in spite of its brilliance and daring, 'tended towards chaos'.³⁴ The success of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, was partial because, inhibited by a narrow aesthetic, it excluded too much and, thus, failed to represent 'the total genius of the race'.

There is, therefore, no 'absolute' classic in English literature, nor a 'perfect' classical age. This does not necessarily mean, or even remotely suggest, that Eliot *rejected* the whole of English literature as 'unclassical', or that he considered Shakespeare *less great* than Virgil. It is only the connotation of the term 'classicism' that is further delimited. Classicism provides no yard-stick for the measurement of individual *greatness*: it is an ideal of artistic integrity and perfection.

V

Eliot's relation to the nineteenth century and the age of Dryden and Johnson is now correctly formulable: he has affinities with both but can be exclusively aligned with neither. He comprehends and transcends both by upholding an aesthetic ideal which unites organic integrity with order and, thus, acts as a corrective to the familiar and characteristic aberrations of the two literary epochs: the rigid formalism of the one and the anarchical freedom of the other. Eliot's 'classicism' is this comprehensive ideal in which the old conflict between the romantic and the neo-classical ages is finally resolved. Hence, obviously,

it cannot be taken as a simple antithesis or alternative to romanticism. Eliot's early pronouncement, 'there may be a good deal to be said for romanticism in life, there is no place for it in letters',³⁵ is much more than a paradoxical witticism in the manner of Oscar Wilde: it is a plain statement of his aesthetic monism. Eliot rejected the terms 'romantic' and 'classic', as an antithetical pair, and relegated them to the realm of 'literary politics'.³⁶ For Eliot the terms implied, not different *kinds* of art, but only different degrees of artistic success. Romanticism is not a valid and consistent ideal of art but simply the failure of one:

'the difference (between classicism and romanticism) seems to me rather the difference between the complete and the fragmentary, the adult and the immature, the orderly and the chaotic'.³⁷

Valéry, with whom Eliot had basic differences, seems to be at one with him on this point when, in one of his aphorisms, he says that 'the romantic who has mastered his art becomes a classicist'.³⁸ Eliot's classicism, therefore, is much more than ideological affinity or antagonism, or partisanship for or against particular creeds, schools or sects. It embodies a positive ideal for authentic and permanently valid art. It is the ideal which Charles Maurras formulated so incisively in a single sentence quoted by Eliot as an epigraph to his brochure on Dante (1929): 'Sensibility, ordered and thus saved from itself, becomes a principle of perfection'. Classicism is this 'principle of perfection' which Eliot described in his *Dial* essay on Joyce as 'a goal toward which all good literature strives, so far as it is good, according to the possibilities of its place and time'. It

is interesting to note also that Joyce with whom Eliot had so much in common and who, moreover, provided him with a contemporary example of what he called the true classic, himself interpreted the term 'classicism' in almost identical terms:

'Classicism is not the manner of any fixed age or of any fixed country: it is the constant state of the artistic mind'.³⁹

Eliot's classic ideal is a vindication of this 'artistic mind'. Hence also his insistence on a critical standard which he calls 'classical', to be adopted and applied by critics and artists alike:

'To preserve the classical standard, and to measure individual work of literature by it, is to see that, while our literature as a whole may contain everything, every single work in it may be defective in something. This may be a necessary defect, a defect without which some quality present would be lacking; but we must see it as a defect, at the same time that we see it as a necessity. In the absence of this standard... we tend, first to admire works of genius for the wrong reasons... and from this we proceed to greater error, to giving the second-rate equal rank with the first-rate. In short... we tend to become provincial'.⁴⁰

It is the abiding responsibility of critics and artists to maintain this 'classical standard' because, as Eliot said in the same context, 'the maintenance of the standard is the price of our freedom, the defence of freedom against chaos'. In the light of this classic ideal the *raison d'être* of criticism, as modestly formulated by Eliot, becomes intelligible:

'we fight rather to keep something alive than in the expectation that anything will triumph'.⁴¹

¹ 'The Style of the Master', T. S. Eliot, ed. Hugh Kenner, 1962. p. 152.

² *Faith, Reason and Civilization*, 1944, p. 105.

³ *Speculations*, 1942, p. 117.

⁴ Eastman: 'Literature in an Age of Science', *The Writer and His Craft*, ed. R. W. Cowden, 1956, p. 18; Bayley: *The Romantic Survival*, p. 54.

- ⁵ 'Cleft Eliot', *T. S. Eliot: A Selected Critique*, ed. L. Unger, pp. 24-28.
- ⁶ 'T. S. Eliot: The Historical Critic', *ibid*, pp. 51-52.
- ⁷ *In Defence of Reason*, pp. 64, 460 & 494.
- ⁸ See: Eliot's B. B. C. talks on Dryden, *The Listener*, April, 1930-April, 1931.
- ⁹ *Causeries du Lundi*, t. xv, p. 358; t. iii, p. 42. ed. Garnier.
- ¹⁰ 'Lettre d'Angleterre', *Nouvelle Revue Francaise*, Nov. 1923.
- ¹¹ *Correspondance*, iv série, March 18, 1857, p. 164.
- ¹² *Selected Essays*, p. 287.
- ¹³ Preface (1928), *The Sacred Wood*, p. x.
- ¹⁴ *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, p. 30 (to be mentioned subsequently as *The Use of Poetry*).
- ¹⁵ *The Sacred Wood*, p. viii.
- ¹⁶ 'The Unities and Eliot', *Life and Letters*, xxiii, 26, 1939.
- ¹⁷ *The Use of Poetry*, p. 45.
- ¹⁸ *Ibid*. pp. 45-46.
- ¹⁹ *Selected Essays*, p. 111.
- ²⁰ *Ibid*. p. 58.
- ²¹ *The Use of Poetry*, p. 45.
- ²² *Speculations*, p. 119.
- ²³ *On Translating Homer*, in *Essays* (Oxford), pp. 382-383.
- ²⁴ *The Common Reader*, 1st. series (Penguin), p. 234.
- ²⁵ *The Idea of a Christian Society*, p. 18; *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture* (to be mentioned later as *Notes*), pp. 31, 41.
- ²⁶ *Notes*, p. 81.
- ²⁷ *T. S. Eliot: Selected Prose*, ed. John Hayward, Introduction, p. 11.
- ²⁸ *The Sacred Wood*, p. 49.
- ²⁹ Eliot's introduction to Ezra Pound's *Selected Poems*, 1928, pp. x-xi.
- ³⁰ *What is a Classic?* p. 15.
- ³¹ *Ibid*, p. 16.
- ³² *Ibid*, p. 18.
- ³³ *Ibid*, p. 27.
- ³⁴ *Selected Essays*, pp. 114-117, 132.
- ³⁵ *The Sacred Wood*, p. 32.
- ³⁶ *What is a Classic?* p. 9.
- ³⁷ *Selected Essays*, p. 26.
- ³⁸ *Tel Quel I*, pp. 174-175.
- ³⁹ *Stephen Hero*, ACE Paperback, p. 68.
- ⁴⁰ *What is a Classic?* pp. 29-30, 32.
- ⁴¹ *Selected Essays*, p. 411.

Secularism and Jawaharlal Nehru

ABU SAYEED AYYUB

THE Indian State is secular in the sense that its Constitution guarantees full religious liberty to all individuals and groups, and forbids discrimination against any citizen on grounds only of religion, caste, etc. It is just as well that it is not secular in the western sense of complete separation between Church and State, for it reserves to itself the right to intervene in the interest of necessary social reforms in matters which customarily come under the purview of religion. A good example of such wholesome deviation from western secularism is the Hindu Marriage Act. I hope the other religious communities of India will also be brought under the purview of this Act without undue delay. Whatever ancient scriptures might say, bigamy (not to speak of polygamy) shocks the moral sense of modern man. Ancient scriptures hardly kept the balance even as between man and woman, Brahmin and Sudra, Momin and Kafir, Christian and Heathen. No modern State can permit the perpetuation of such inequalities.

That might have been one reason why the makers of our Constitution deliberately refrained from using the word 'secular' in the relevant clauses of the Constitution. A second and probably more important reason was that they associated this word with a spirit of antagonism towards everything that is signified by religion. For in the first half of the 19th century when the word 'secularism' came into vogue, it did indicate an ideology opposed to the religious ideology, a theory of life and conduct which not only wanted to exclude religion from human life, but regarded it as man's moral duty to fight against religion.

Secularism in this sense has no roots in our country. Whether it should strike roots is another question. M. N. Roy definitely thought that it should, and believed that only a restated materialism could provide the view of life which is needed in India today. What he wanted the State to afford its citizens was not 'the freedom to choose from among various religious doctrines, but the freedom of the human spirit from the tyranny of all of them'. To our philosopher-President Radhakrishnan secularism means something very different. In a recent speech he equated it with non-communalism, and in an earlier speech on August 21, 1961, he had said more explicitly: 'I want to state authoritatively that secularism does not mean irreligion. It means we respect all faiths and religions. Our State does not identify itself with any particular religion.' Gandhiji's secularism went further on the same lines. He regarded all religions as true and could say with complete sincerity, 'my veneration for other faiths is the same as for my own'.

M. N. Roy and Gandhi might be said to represent two extreme notions of secularism. Jawaharlal Nehru's views cannot be identified with either of these extremes. Nehru had little patience with religion in its communal manifestations or what he called 'organised religion'. He wrote in his *Autobiography*: 'The spectacle of what is called religion, or at any rate organised religion, in India and elsewhere has filled me with horror, and I have frequently condemned it and wished to make a clean sweep of it. Almost always it seems to stand for blind belief and reaction, dogma and bigotry, superstition and exploitation, and the preservation of vested interests'.

But unlike Roy in India and Russell or Marx in Europe, Nehru did not make the mistake of defining religion in terms only of its communal or organised manifestation. In spite of his harrowing preoccupation with the spirit of hatred and aggression spread by organised religion all around him, when he attempted a definition of religion, he ignored its communal forms and turned his attention to what is noble and personal in it: 'What then is religion (to use the word in spite of its disadvantages)? Probably it consists of the inner development of the individual, the evolution of his consciousness in a certain direction which is considered good.' This occurs in the *Autobiography*. Later, in his *Discovery of India*, he gives us some indication of what this direction might be: 'While we advance on the external plane, as we must if we are to survive, we have also to win peace with ourselves and between ourselves and our environment, a peace which brings satisfaction not only to our physical and material needs but also to those inner imaginative urges and adventurous stirrings that have distinguished man ever since he started on his troubled journey in the realms of thought and action'.

The religious character of Nehru's mind becomes more obvious when he talks of our having to face life 'with the temper and approach of science, allied to philosophy, and with reverence for all that lies beyond'. About this 'beyond' he says further: 'Often, as I look at this world, I have a sense of mysteries, of unknown depths. The urge to understand it, in so far as I can, comes to me: *to be in tune with it and to experience it in its fullness*'. Although Nehru is careful to add that 'the way of understanding seems to me essentially the way of science, the way of objective approach,' it is obvious that science is not the way to be in tune with the unknown depths of the universe nor to experience those depths in anything like their fullness. That is essentially the way of religion. So in spite of his professed disbelief in a

personal God or, as he says, his 'incapacity to think of a deity or of any unknown supreme power in anthropomorphic terms' and his pronounced antipathy towards 'organised religion', I cannot but regard Nehru as a man of deep religious emotions who would have been rather out of tune with the 19th century movement called secularism.

It is true that Nehru was of the opinion that 'the real struggle today in India is not between Hindu culture and Muslim culture, but between these two and the conquering scientific culture of modern civilization,' and we all know how eager he was to welcome the new culture based on science and technology. But this should not be taken to mean that ideas and attitudes wholly confined within the precincts of the positive sciences were, according to Nehru, adequate substitutes for all that religion has stood for. I should like to confirm this point with one further quotation: 'Faith in progress, in a cause, in ideals, in human goodness and human destiny — are they not nearly allied to faith in a Providence? If we seek to justify them by reason and logic, immediately we get into difficulties. And yet something in us clutches to that hope and faith, for, deprived of them, life would be a wilderness without oasis.' Baudelaire is the best example of a great poet who was totally devoid of this hope and faith. I don't know how Nehru reacted to his poetry. But he was fond of quoting Hopkins whose faith, full of agony and all the time at strife against itself, could yet be expressed in lines like the following:

Wert thou my enemy, O thou my
friend,
How wouldst thou worse, I wonder,
than thou dost
Defeat, thwart me?

No careful reader of Nehru's *Autobiography* and his *Discovery of India* can fail to notice that their author had a deeply religious mind in one important sense of the word 'religion'. At the same time, we

must remember that Nehru's academic training was in science, his understanding of scientific method and spirit was first-hand and thorough, and there is nothing that he loved more than to bring this method and spirit to the people he was destined to lead for the best part of his life. This happy synthesis of the essentially scientific with the essentially religious temper, this combination of 'reverence for all that lies beyond' with a spirit of revolt against authoritarian and communal expressions of religion, is the unique quality of Nehru's mind which I admire most, and which I would like all my fellow countrymen to regard as the finest heritage that their beloved leader has left them.

II

Our Constituent Assembly opted for the secular State in order to strengthen the foundations of democracy. An authoritarian State could well be Hindu in India as it is Islamic in Pakistan, but Indian democracy would have undermined its foundations if it had opted for a denominational State. However, as the foundations become strong and the people learn how effectively to use the power which they in theory possess, is there not a likelihood that they will use it to give concrete expression to the traditional beliefs, passions and prejudices which still fill the minds of the great majority of them? Progress in a democratic State may begin at the top but cannot long maintain itself unless it succeeds in laying a secure foundation at the bottom. The liberalism and tolerance of the enlightened few must percolate down to the masses, or else the bigotry and narrow communal mentality of the masses will make our Constitutional secularism a dead letter, or might even change the letter.

The foundations of our secular State remain weak not only because the common people have remained, by and large, steeped in superstition, casteism and communalism, but also because the educated classes have

not had the benefit of any movement analogous to the European post-renaissance scientific-philosophic movements which shook the intellectual foundations of dogmatic Christianity. The far-reaching discoveries made in less than a century by a galaxy of remarkably brilliant men like Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton and Laplace changed the mental horizon of Europe. After that, and in contrast with the previous centuries, it was not religion or theology but science and philosophies based on science which could be described in the words of Toynbee as 'the paramount interest and pursuit of the leading spirits in western society'.

In India too we had a sort of renaissance in the first half of the nineteenth century. It was a fine thing as far as it went, but before it could make much headway it was overtaken and swamped by revivalist trends coming in the wake of a nationalism which was new to us and which could not but be high-strung because it was born under the humiliating conditions of British rule. The western spirit of science and humanism that English education had brought to us was not denied, but patriotism came first. Patriotism warped our critical judgments and our sense of values. Since in power and material civilisation we were not a patch on the West, we were desperately in need of something which could make us feel superior. Consciousness of inferiority generates the illusion of superiority; but that illusion must have a base. We found that base; in fact, the West found it for us. We became panegyrist and paraders of our great ancient culture. Inevitably our thoughts and emotions became preoccupied with the past. The impact of western education at least in Bengal had been too great to allow us to keep still — as we had been keeping for over two centuries. So we began to perform the difficult athletic feat of moving one step forward and two steps back at the same time. Bankim Chandra Chatterjee may be regarded as the high priest of this revivalist movement in Bengal, a role

which was taken up later by Tilak (a greater scholar but a lesser writer) in Bombay. With much sympathy, power and psychological insight Tagore has drawn in his novel *Gora* an unforgettable picture of the late 19th century Hindu revivalist.

Progressive forces in Muslim society were weaker and their defeat more complete. Still hugging their defunct imperial glory, the Muslim gentry of the mid 19th century remained sullenly averse to modern English education until Syed Ahmad made them see the folly of this aloofness. However, his nobler and abler efforts to modernise their religious outlook by liberating Islam from the strangle-hold of dogma and superstition failed dismally. His lone voice of reason was soon drowned in the abusive din raised by orthodox theologians and ignorant bigots. More recently, we have seen how the broad-minded and wise policies of Abul Kalam Azad who represented the best elements of Muslim thought and culture were defeated by the masterly political acumen of Muhammad Ali Jinnah who knew next to nothing about the religion and philosophy of Islam, but knew exceedingly well how to make political capital out of the religious and cultural backwardness of his community.

Religious communalism, or as I would prefer to describe it, uncritical and habitual loyalty to communalised forms of religion, is undoubtedly the biggest obstacle today in the path of secularism as we understand the term in India. The Constitutional reality of secularism cannot become a social reality until communalism ceases to be that. Muslim communalism which, aided and abetted by the British government, was disgustingly aggressive for over two decades and finally succeeded in partitioning the country, is now on the defensive, but unfortunately not broken

yet nor convinced of its folly and futility. The Muslims, however, knew all the time that they were being communal; the Hindus often did not. Constituting nearly three-fourths of the population of undivided India, it was easy for them to mistake their own brand of communalism for nationalism. Outspoken Hindu communalism of the Hindu Mahasabha and RSS variety has been a small thing and may be regarded as a reaction to the obstreperous communalism of the Muslim League. But a soft-speaking and subtle kind of communalism, half-hidden from the eye like Wordsworth's violet, has long been active among the Hindus.

The doctrinal tolerance of the Hindus is bound up with ethnic pride in their own ancient culture and covert or overt contempt for those outside the pale, in other words, with a sort of ethnic intolerance. Shri P. V. Rajamannar, the then Chief Justice of the Madras High Court, had no hesitation in saying in an address delivered in August 1955 that by Indian culture he meant Hindu culture. In spite of Ram Mohan Roy, Ramakrishna, Tagore, Gandhi and Nehru, few Hindus find it easy to accept that the culture of the Indian Muslims with its Persian and Arabic background is an integral part of the broad stream of Indian culture.* But because of the remarkably liberal teachings and radiant personalities of these great figures of modern India, the ethnic communalism of the Hindus was losing its sharp edges and might soon have become a negligible factor in Indian political and social life, had the Hindu mind not been embittered today by communal outrages in Pakistan, by the very existence of Pakistan as a dismembered part of the common motherland. In consequence, the fact that we have a Constitution that is as liberal, tolerant and impartial as any in the world, does not suffice to prevent outbreaks of communal violence in this country from time to time. That Hindus in India (and why Hindus alone?) should be deeply concerned with the security, honour and full democratic

* It is equally, if not more, deplorable that most Muslims are not yet ready to accept the ancient culture of India as part of their own cultural heritage. One hopes that spread of higher education will widen their awareness and acceptance of their own past.

rights of Pakistani Hindus is natural; their wreaking vengeance on Indian Muslims for the sufferings of Hindus in Pakistan is not natural, unless we are prepared to admit that our civilization is still in that stage of tribalism in which blood-feuds are natural.

History tells us of harmony and cooperation between the two communities, and also of their mutual strife and hatred — perhaps more of strife than of harmony. It tells us of interfusion between the two cultures and also of their alienation — more of interfusion in music, painting, architecture and mysticism; more of alienation in philosophy, theology and the outer shell of religion. But morality and political sagacity and even elementary common-sense demand that the future of Hindu-Muslim relations in this sub-continent must not be allowed to remain a mere function of their relations in the past. If the past was good, so much the better, if the past was bad, we have still got to make the future good. The past hundred-years' history of Franco-German relations is unquestionably bad; but that need not — I am sure it will not be allowed to — blight the future of Europe. The history of the first two hundred years of coexistence of Catholics and Protestants is not exactly the history of a happy family. But they can coexist peacefully and in fruitful cooperation today because they have learnt to forget the atrocities they suffered at each other's hands over a long period of their history.

If you intend to move forward, it is evidently not good sense to have the burden of your past right on your head all the time. That we are determined by our past is only partially true; and if at any stage of our history we allow it to become wholly true, then we do so only by sinking to the level of automata. We rise to our stature as men according as we acquire the ability to let our actions be determined not by history but by our freely chosen ideals and purposes. We cannot choose our history, but we can act in defiance of it

when it thwarts our purposes. Historical materialism is a truth which must wither away as we progress towards freedom. This was recognised by the redoubted expounder of the theory, Frederick Engels.

Whatever history might have to say on the point, the present unfortunate fact is that communalism has gone deep into the blood of most Hindus and Muslims of this subcontinent. It sometimes erupts as communal riot (though 'riot' has become the wrong word to use after partition; the minorities in either State are too weak and demoralised now to make a full-scale two-way traffic in violence possible), but even in peaceful times, its subtler effects can be felt. What disturbs me, however, only less than the actual occurrence of communal atrocities is the way we look at them in India and Pakistan. We tend to regard them as repetitive natural calamities, unfortunate but no more shocking than flood, drought or cholera. Few people realise that the loss of one helpless Hindu or Muslim life in an outbreak of communal violence is an immeasurably greater disaster than the loss of a thousand lives due to an outbreak of cholera, for one is a moral degeneration, the other is only a natural depredation.

Religion, as William James, a most careful and sympathetic student of the subject, has pointed out, is not necessarily a moral force; but when it manifests itself as decisively and colossally immoral, we have to enquire into the worth and validity of religion in all its forms. I am not prepared to admit that the religion in whose name murder, torture, loot and arson have been committed in recent years (and for hundreds of years in Europe and Asia) is not religion at all. It is religion all right, but religion in one form — in its organised or communal form. I am ready to admit though that this is neither true Christianity nor true Islam nor true Hinduism. But then what *is* true Christianity, true Islam or true Hinduism — in other words, true religion? It is easier to say what false religion is, and I shall say it in the words of

one of the greatest men of religion, Sri Aurobindo. After admitting that the modern indictment against religion has much to justify it, he says: 'We must observe the root of this evil, not in spiritual faith and aspiration, but in our ignorant confusion of religion with a particular creed, sect, cult, religious society or Church'.^{*}

This ignorant confusion has lasted too long in history and has done an incalculable amount of harm. Because of it, millions of men have suffered oppression and death, and, what is much worse, millions—the religious tyrants and fanatics—ceased to be men and degenerated into brutes. However, insofar as Europe has emerged out of this dark phase of its history, it is not because Europeans have learnt not to confuse religion with creed or sect, but because religion itself has receded into the background. Though pockets of religious orthodoxy and even of religious revivalism exist here and there, the western mind today is basically irreligious, often anti-religious. Note the intellectual dominance of atheistic existentialism and Marxism in France, and of logical positivism and Russellian empiricism in the Anglo-Saxon countries.

But that, I believe, is not going to be the way for us, except for a microscopic section of the population. The Indian mind is essentially religious, and efforts to purge it of all religion are neither very likely to succeed nor wholly desirable. Religion is already playing a negligible role in our government, and one hopes it will soon be playing a much diminished role in all our public affairs. But I at any rate am not at all anxious that it should cease to play any role in personal life. I agree with Professor Cantwell Smith that Indian secularism will either fail to emerge or will emerge as something new. *The new secularism of India, I suggest, will emerge through the separation of religion from creed and community.*

There was a historic need for the forma-

tion of well-knit and well-organised religious communities. For in olden times, when important religious discoveries were being made, they were received with suspicion and hostility not only by the powers that be but also by the masses of people around. This is not surprising, for all communal religions at their origin were revolutionary forces; their founders were in revolt against existing beliefs and practices and forms of social organisation. That earlier need for organised self-defence does not exist today. Religious ideas, attitudes and practices, so long as they remain personal, are not regarded as a menace by anybody. Religious innovators, mystical or metaphysical, may evoke reverence, indifference or derision, but do not in general call forth violent reactions as they once did.

In the past, religion perhaps had to embrace politics. But politics, whose proper function is the organisation and development of society, has now come of age, and must be allowed to set up its own household independent of parental control. Religion will still retain the higher sphere of the organisation and development of the soul. But a religious community is as functionless today as an ethnic community. It stands in the way of more important and necessary group formations like nation and state. It also stands in the way of religious development itself. There is no reason to assume that the evolution of the religious consciousness came to a dead stop three or two thousand or fourteen hundred years ago and then became eternally binding for all future generations. Like every achievement of man it must continue to evolve. But unlike science or technology which are co-operative endeavours, the religious quest is a solitary quest. Religion is not information which can be obtained second hand; it is an experience which has to be first hand, or it is nothing at all. Or rather it remains only as the empty shell of dogma and ritual.

A religious community harms its individual members by entrenching them in

^{*} Sri Aurobindo — *The Human Cycle*, p. 217.

dogma and ritual. These have to be transcended if one is to make any progress in his religious journey. Even if religious truth be eternal, it has to be sought for ever, caught in ever newer vessels. A truly religious person like Swami Vivekananda cannot but feel and declare: 'Variation is the sign of life, and must be there. I pray that sects multiply so that at last there will be as many sects as human beings, and each one will have his own method, his individual method of thought in religion'.^{*} This has been the position of the earnest seekers of God in every great religion — of the sufis in Islam, of the mystics in Christianity and of the sadhakas in Hinduism.

I am aware that doctrinaire upholders of religious orthodoxy will frown upon such a position, as they have always done in all ages and lands. Some of the greatest men of religion have suffered martyrdom at their hands in the past. But today the most vehement opposition to the separation of religion from community will come not from religious men but from politicians, from men like Savarkar and Jinnah for whom religion and culture are but instruments of politics.

III

It may be urged in objection to my standpoint that it is easy to say religion should be separated from community and Church; the big question is how? That should be a matter for investigation and research by a team of social scientists and philosophers. The communal problem in the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent is of course a terribly urgent problem and needs immediate steps to be taken by State and private organisations. Here I have been concerned only with the roots of the matter, and will conclude by very briefly indicating the outline of an educational plan, which I believe must be a necessary part of any radical solution.

One sure way of inculcating the dogmatic and communal temper of mind (these two flourish together by feeding on each other) is the way we impart religious education. Little children with impressionable and uncritical minds are made to imbibe certain doctrines, rituals and institutional loyalties whose import is altogether beyond their grasp. Worse still, they are at the same time taught to distrust and deride other religious doctrines and institutions. This is an evil practice anywhere, but more harmful and dangerous in India which is the confluence of many great religions.

I would advocate that every attempt be made to protect children from the baneful impact of communal or sectarian religion. They may of course imbibe the broad spirit of religion (love of man and the sense of mystery of the world) from works of literature and art, but no recondite or exclusive doctrines should be taught them at school or before; although when their natural curiosity is aroused by watching a particular religious practice in the home or outside or by listening to some religious words, it may be satisfied to the limit of their understanding and to the limit of non-sectarian impartiality attainable by the parent or teacher. It is only at the college stage that the teachings and histories of the major religions should be placed before the students; the affinity and difference amongst their teachings, and between them and the teachings of the tribal religions should also be shown.

It may be urged that since we do teach immature boys and even little children all manner of secular things, why should we not begin religious instruction also at a very early stage in their development? My reply would be that in the education of the very young, we normally observe two principles: we do not teach them anything which is definitely beyond their grasp, and we do not teach them anything about which there is no general agreement even among experts. There is no reason for departing from these sound principles in the case of religious instruction.

^{*} *Complete Works of Swami Vivekananda*, Vol. II, p. 365.

Whether God means a majestic power to be dreaded, a loving Father in whom we can put our trust, or an impersonal Absolute; whether He receives offerings and grants favours, or is only a name for all our ideals or for a transcendent mystery; whether our virtues and vices are to be suitably rewarded and punished by an omniscient Judge in another world, or produce appropriate effects in this world on the reborn soul according to some cosmic law — are not points on which our religious experts are agreed, and are unquestionably beyond the grasp of little boys and girls. Religion is too profound a thing for them to learn as easily as they learn arithmetic, cricket or etiquette; it comes, if it comes at all, after years of heart-breaking travail and desperate quest. I am amazed by the disrespect shown to religion by our dogmatists and ritualists who normally treat it as a mere matter of habit, cramming and conditioning, more or less completed in the early years of life. Religious conditioning in childhood is tantamount to a violation of the adult's freedom of conscience.

It is surprising that in India, where we see religion in the process of formation and development from its earliest beginnings

Three papers were read at a symposium on Democracy, Socialism and Secularism held at Vigyan Bhavan, New Delhi, on the occasion of the 1st death anniversary of Jawaharlal Nehru. The above was the paper on Secularism and is published here by the courtesy of the Ministry of Education.

to its highest manifestations, where practically all the major religions are represented by millions of their followers, where even in the present century we can watch religion at its highest in men like Tagore, Aurobindo, Gandhi, Ramanamaharshi and Sufi Safiullah and at its lowest in men who run with knife, grenade and petrol in their hands and shouts of *Allaho Akbar* or *Bandemataram* on their lips, there is hardly any arrangement for the proper study of the history, morphology, psychology and philosophy of the major religions. We can study Hinduism at Banaras, Islam at Deoband, and Christianity in the Divinity colleges; but where do we study all of them together in comparison, contrast and interaction? If you want to understand your fellow citizens — and you must understand them if you are to live a life of fruitful cooperative endeavour — then it will be of immense help if you understand what raises them to the level of the gods and drags them down to the level of the beasts — namely, their religion. Departments of comparative religion should, in my opinion, be established without delay in all the Central universities to begin with, and then taken up by all the universities of the land. In view of the vital importance of the subject, I think, it should be made possible for any college student to take it up as one of the subjects for his degree course, and provision should be made for research and scholarly publication in at least the major universities of India.

Evolution of the Social Policy of the Company's Government in India

SUDHIR CHANDRA

THE general conception is that the Government of the East India Company was interested only in the ruthless exploitation of India. Replenishment of its coffers being the sole aim of its rule, it had neither the time nor the inclination to work for the amelioration of the people under subjection. Since interference in the cultural sphere was both unprofitable and risky, it followed a policy of *laissez faire* in social matters. According to the consensus of opinion, the rule of the Company wrought unprecedented havoc in India; and if any good accrued to her, it was accidental. Following Marx, it has been maintained that England played her 'regenerating' role in India as an unconscious tool of history.

Recently attempts have been made to view the British rule in India in its proper perspective. Full justice, however, has not always been done to the role of the Company's Government in the social amelioration of Indians. Even an otherwise impartial scholar like K. M. Panikkar understated this role when he wrote: '... the authorities of the East India Company after a first effort at social reform withdrew, under the pretext of religious neutrality, from activities which they thought might cause popular upheaval.'

Our contention is that the administrators during this period first weighed, for a few decades, the pros and cons of a reformatory social policy, and eventually adopted it with full awareness of its implications. Further, having once adopted it, they did not stage a volte-face. Never since Ashoka's reign, had a Government in India evinced such an active interest in

social reform. This policy, it should be added, did not necessarily emanate from the Court of Directors; nor did they always welcome the reforming zeal of their servants in India.

Initially, the Company's Government maintained scrupulous neutrality in regard to the social and religious affairs of the Natives of India. Though this policy was never professedly given up, it was so interpreted in course of time as to justify and provide for interference with practices which revolted human reason and conscience. In retrospect this interpretation appears to have qualitatively modified the policy of neutrality.

Various factors combined to make possible the adoption of a reformative policy. The ground for it was prepared by the transformation of the Company's rule from a plundering into an administering State. The Company entered India as a trading corporation. It could not easily modify its purely commercial outlook even after having emerged as the ruler of a big territory. Its rule, therefore, became rapacious. This rapacity, however, could not receive universal acclaim in England. Quite early, a few humanitarians protested against it. Cowper versified this protest when he wrote:

The thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
Into his over-gorged and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.

Edmund Burke, the first in a long tradition of noble British statesmen to insist on India being treated in accordance with humanity and justice, poured forth his wrath in the celebrated 'birds of prey and passage' oration. An idea of the sincerity

and intensity of his feeling may be had from the following extract:

The Asiatic conquerors very soon abated of their ferocity, because they made the conquered country their own... The Tartar invasion was mischievous, but it is our protection that destroys India. It was their enmity, but it is our friendship. Our conquest there, after twenty years is as it was the first day. The natives scarcely know what it is to see the grey head of an Englishman; young men, boys almost, govern there, without society, and without sympathy with the natives... Animated with all the avarice of the age, and all the impetuosity of youth, they roll in one after another, wave after wave, and there is nothing before the eyes of the natives but an endless, hopeless prospect of new flights of birds of prey and passage, with appetites continually wasting. Every rupee of profit made by an Englishman is lost for ever to India.

Adam Smith provided this moral indignation with an intellectual basis. He wrote in 1876: 'The Government of an exclusive company of merchants is perhaps the worst of all governments for any country whatever.'

Such attacks, however, could not mend the ways of the Company. The officials in England and the servants in India contemptuously ignored these sublime sentiments. Forming a species of their own, they could not only flout the pious wishes of a few humanitarians, but also the laws of England. An instance of this is recorded by James Mill in his 'History of British India'. Sir Josiah Child, Chairman of the Court of Directors, directed the Governor of Bombay to spare no severity to crush those Englishmen who challenged the Company's pretensions in India. The Governor professed his willingness to do all that lay within his power; he, however, pleaded that the laws of England would not let him do as much as was necessary. An angry Sir Josiah promptly wrote back: 'That he expects his orders were to be his rules, and not the laws of England, which were a heap of nonsense, compiled by a few country gentlemen, who hardly knew how to make laws for the good of their own private families, much less for the

regulating of companies, and foreign commerce.'

What the humanitarians alone were powerless to do became gradually possible when the manufacturing interests in England found it expedient to join hands with them vis-a-vis the East India Company. Its monopolist character won for the Company the jealousy of other British manufacturers. One might as well say that opposition to its monopoly was as old as the first successes of the Company in India. The association of the monarchy with the monopolist companies combined with the supremacy of the Whig Oligarchy to preserve the monopoly system. The advent of the Industrial Revolution, however, modified the balance of political power in England. It gave, so to say, a new birth to the manufacturing classes without monopoly of any trade. Conscious of their new power and influence, they intensified their campaign for a share in the Indian trade. They also strengthened their alliance with the humanitarians, thereby providing a moral garb to their selfish interests.

The first major assault was launched in Parliament in the form of Warren Hastings' impeachment. A discussion of the real merits of the case is uncalled for. It is sufficient that Hastings was made a scapegoat. His trial represented, inter alia, the anger of some British statesmen at the corrupt ways of the East India Company. Besides its other effects, the impeachment awakened a number of Britishers to the state of affairs in India. It ensured that henceforth they would evince greater interest in matters relating to India. Moreover, by sounding a warning to the tribe of Sir Josiah Child, it reduced, if it could not altogether preclude, the possibility of the violation of the laws of England with the same old impunity.

If the humanitarians thus endeavoured to improve the moral tone of the Company's Indian administration, their merchant partners served the same end indirectly by getting the Company gradually divested of its trade in India. They

scored their first success in this direction in 1793 by obtaining the concession of 3,000 tons of shipping per annum. This was followed by more spectacular triumphs in 1813 and 1833. This progressive liquidation of the Company's trade was accompanied by a proportionate increase in the assumption of administrative responsibilities by the Government in India. Thus the humanitarians, with their concern for the natives of India, and the manufacturers, with their jealousy of the monopolist East India Company, had a common beneficial effect on India.

The American War of Independence also played a role in bringing home to a few thinking Britons that an empire conducted without moral principles could not survive long. The conditions in the American Colonies were vastly better than those in India. If despite such conditions, an empire could be lost, what would happen in India where things were infinitely worse. True, there was no political awakening in India. But it did not take people long to find the source of their ills in the face of exploitation.

Even before the American crisis, certain persons in Britain had begun to air such apprehensions. The 'Court Miscellany' of 1769 offers an interesting example. A writer forecasts the end of the American and Indian empires of Britain, based as these were on unjust foundations. In the year 1944 two American tourists visit the depopulated streets of London with a poor British guide. He takes them to the India House which has been destroyed these 150 years; for the blood they shed in about 1760 in India called for vengeance, which overtook them, and they are expelled from all Asia. . . . Though British dominance lasted in India for another two centuries, the sanity of ruling an empire in such an unscrupulous manner had begun to be questioned very early. The loss of the American Empire strengthened this apprehension.

The need to win over the natives of India by bringing about peace and order

also necessitated a change in the character of the Company's Indian Government. The victory at Assaye (1803) afforded the Government an opportunity to look to matters other than defence, expansion and trade. But neither this opportunity nor the realisation of a duty for the welfare of the people meant that the rulers were prepared to interfere with social matters. Warren Hastings, for instance, was clear that 'Bengal ought to be governed according to Indian customs'. This was in fact the age of the 'Romantic' school of Anglo-Indian administrators. They were not averse to social reform as such — they did detest many evils prevailing in the Indian society. Yet they did not think it proper to meddle with the internal affairs of a society. Considerations of expediency and safety alone were not responsible for this attitude. Understanding of the processes of social change, as explained and philosophised by Burke, had convinced them, in John Malcolm's words, that "great and beneficial alterations in society, to be complete, must be produced within the society itself; they cannot be the mere fabrication of its superiors, or of a few who deem themselves enlightened."

Notwithstanding this policy of neutrality there were a few officials, placed in districts and watching the people from a close quarter, who strongly felt called upon to work for the removal of social evils. Subscribing to no particular ideology, they found customs like *sati* and female infanticide intolerably revolting. As civilized human beings they could not understand how and why such horrid customs could be permitted to exist in a land ruled by Britons. It is remarkable that before Bentinck finally abolished *sati*, his predecessors had been requested by individual district officers for permission to prohibit within their respective jurisdictions. Though refused permission, they were instrumental in creating an official opinion in favour of some kind of official interference in social matters.

The adoption of a reformatory social

policy was not only facilitated but also necessitated by a revolution in the moral and intellectual climate of England. Though brewing since the last quarter of the 18th century, it was arrested by the reaction produced by the French revolutionary excesses. During the decade following Waterloo, the minds of men were freed from the nightmare of war. Reaction lost its *raison d'être*, and the arrested moral revolution once again commenced its forward course. There were three main strands in this evolution, the Evangelical, the Utilitarian and the Liberal humanitarian. In Britain the triumph of this revolution was marked by the abolition of slavery, Catholic emancipation, practical equality for non-conformists and dissenters and the First Reform Act. Obviously the new spirit was moving the minds of the men who mattered in English politics. As the Company had to get its Charter renewed every twenty years, the Directors were obliged by the triumph of the new spirit to impress Parliament at home with reforms in India. It seems that the appointment of Bentinck as the Governor-General of India was the outcome of this realisation by the Directors.

This moral revolution facilitated the adoption of a reformatory social policy in another way. There are, as in other spheres of life, fashions in thinking also. The ideas broadcast by Bentham and Wilberforce were setting the patterns of thinking in contemporary Britain. Consequently, the new rulers of India came here with all the zeal of new converts. On going to India, Bentinck wrote to Bentham, 'I shall govern in name, but it will be you who will govern in fact.' Even Macaulay, whom the pedantry of the Utilitarians had provoked to write the 'Edinburgh' articles, owed a good deal to Bentham.

The emergence of a new English-educated Indian intelligentsia, which stood for social reforms, rendered it easier and safer for the Government to introduce reformatory measures. The latter had already begun to realise the desirability of suffi-

ciently modifying its social policy. Now it found that the progressive force represented by the new Indian intelligentsia could be enlisted to support its rule by a policy of reforms. The fact that some of these educated Indians also represented the *nouveau riche* of Bengal increased the desire of the Government to rally them to its support.

If one asks why the later Government of the Crown preferred non-intervention in social matters. This was mainly due to the events of 1857-58, which had shown, at a tremendous cost, that interference with the social affairs of a society based primarily on religion was not safe for alien rulers. Then, with the progressive spread of political consciousness among Indians, the intelligentsia began to be looked upon more as a threat to than a bulwark of British rule. The policy of the Government, therefore, swung towards the appeasement of the reactionary elements of the Indian society, viz. the princes and landlords.

It is not proposed to give an account of the large body of social reforms introduced during the period between Bentinck's arrival and the liquidation of the Company's rule. Slight references will suffice to emphasise the real import of the social policy as it was eventually evolved.

A stagnant and stinking pool, Indian society in the 18th and the early 19th centuries, housed within it a host of horrid customs. The rulers during this period devoted themselves sincerely and seriously to the removal of all the glaring evils that plagued Indian, or rather Hindu, society. They passed measures to abolish female infanticide and human sacrifice. Caste and the joint family have been the twin pillars of Hindu society. These have prevented the superstructure of the Hindu society from crumbling under repeated pressure from hostile alien forces. It is a measure of the bold policy of the Government that the three most important reforms introduced by it attacked both these institutions. These measures were the abolition of *sati*, 1829; Widow Remarriage, 1856; and the

Caste Disabilities Removal Act, 1850 (enabling converts to inherit their portion of ancestral property). And this, it should be remembered, they did not with a view to destroying but to purifying the Hindu society.

As is well known, sati was abolished by an official regulation against the express advice of its greatest Indian advocate, Raja Rammohan Roy. For Bentinck it was not an isolated piece of legislation. He regarded it as the first step in a momentous process to reform and revitalize Hindu society. He wrote on November 8, 1829, 'The first and primary object of my heart is the benefit of the Hindus . . . and when they shall have been convinced of the error of this first and most criminal of their customs, may it not be hoped that others, which stand in the way of their improvement, may likewise pass away, and that thus emancipated from those chains and shackles upon their minds and actions, they may no longer continue, as they have done, the slaves of every foreign conqueror, but that they may assume their first place among the great families of mankind?'

It may be emphasised that the reformatory zeal was not applied to British India alone. Pressure from the highest quarters was exercised upon the native rulers to abolish social evils in their territories. Contemporary correspondence shows that even the Governor-General used his influence to cajole or compel the Rajput princes to eradicate female infanticide and to reduce the almost suicidal expenditure on marriages.

The tribal people were also obliged to mend their customs. In 1846 the Khonds of Orissa revolted as a result of official measures to abolish human sacrifice and female infanticide. For three years the Company's forces, led by General Dyce, vigorously pursued the rebels, and eventually succeeded in suppressing their customary human sacrifice. Clearly, the policy adopted after long deliberation was not given up till the last days of the Company's

Raj. As such it is difficult to agree with those scholars who assert that the Government, even during this period, found a vested interest in reaction, and endeavoured to perpetuate decadent and obscurantist customs.

Nothing explains so clearly the motives of the rulers in following the policy of social reform as does the historic educational reform of Macaulay and Bentinck. It is germane to the present study inasmuch as this measure, unlike ordinary alterations in educational policies, was fundamentally related to the intellectual development of Indians as a whole. It was therefore, as much an educational as a social reform. The final resolution of the protracted controversy between the Orientalists and the Anglicists is generally attributed to the necessity of recruiting native clerks and petty subordinate officials for the ever-expanding administrative machinery. Careful perusal of records leads one to believe that considerations of improving the Indian people, perhaps more than administrative expediency, were *originally* responsible for the introduction of this educational policy.

Macaulay, the chief architect of this policy, was too much of an intellectual to apply himself seriously to the petty requirements of everyday administration. Living more or less in an ivory tower of his own, he was intoxicated with the aspiration of impelling the semi-barbarous Orientals to march on the path of progress. We may not agree with all that he said about the East; we may not approve of the concept of progress envisaged by him; but we cannot deny that with all his limitations, narrowness of vision, and ignorance of non-European history, this essentially honest humanitarian was genuinely interested in the awakening of the people whom Providence had entrusted to the care of the English. Similarly, Bentinck, with a streak of the practical administrator, was concerned with the regeneration of the Indian people.

Macaulay's speeches and writings afford

us a peep into the working of the minds responsible for this policy. We may remind ourselves of what Sir George Otto Trevelyan wrote about Macaulay, the man whom he had studied so well. According to him, Macaulay was 'by nature so incapable of affectation or concealment that he could not write otherwise than as he felt'. Macaulay said that the new policy was based on the expectation that 'the public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system; that by good government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government; that having become instructed in European knowledge, they may, in some future age, demand European institutions'. The ultimate objective of the new scheme of education was to prepare Indians for self-government. The day when Indians would demand independence was regarded as 'the proudest day in English history'. Because 'to have found a great people sunk in the lowest depths of slavery and superstition, to have so ruled them as to have made them desirous and capable of all the privileges of citizens, would indeed be a title to glory all our own'. They knew that on such a day victory would become inconsistent to their arms. Still they went ahead with the new scheme, thinking that 'there are triumphs which are followed by no reverse. There is an empire exempt from all natural causes of decay. Those triumphs are the

pacific triumphs of reason over barbarism; that empire is the imperishable empire of our arts and our morals, our literature and our laws'.

Even before Macaulay and Bentinck, Anglo-Indian administrators like Elphinstone and Malcolm had applied themselves to the improvement of the Indian people. Elphinstone knew, as we know from his famous conversation with Lt. Briggs, that education of the natives of India might be the 'high road back to London'. And yet that course was willingly followed.

All these well wishers of India did not work on a barren land. As visualised by them, new generations of Indians did emerge, desirous and capable of having self-rule, demanding first a share and then the monopoly of their country's government. The seeds which thus sprang into full life had been sowed with full knowledge of the nature of the crops. It would, therefore, be historically incorrect to say that the Company's Government in India was *solely* interested in the economic exploitation of this country. Nor is it true that ordinarily callous to the lot of the people, its only motive in introducing good government was to clear the ground for a scientific exploitation of India. In fact, this was a Government which, knowing full well the consequences thereof, was not only ready but even willing to work for the amelioration of the people under its charge.

*The Two Dimensions of Culture**

Temporal and Trans-Temporal

D. C. MATHUR

HUMAN Culture has been studied by distinguished scholars and thinkers drawn from the varied fields of anthropology, sociology, history, and philosophy. It is a topic of perennial human interest. What could be more natural for man than to review, marvel at, understand and articulate the staggering and stupendous achievements made by himself during the thousands of years since the dawn of civilization on this planet? After all — What is Culture? In the broadest sense culture is man 'added' to nature. It is the sum total of the transformation of nature brought about by man together with a progressive understanding of, and insight into, what constitutes the fundamental nature of the human spirit. I am aware of the distinction which is being made between culture and civilization for certain purposes and in certain contexts. But in the context of the problem which I wish to raise in this paper, this distinction, though valid, is not relevant. I wish to include in culture not only the total pattern of ideas, ideals and values which inspire a particular group of people but also its external manifestation in the form of scientific, social, political, economic, educational, literary and religious institutions. I shall not be concerned in this paper with the diversity of cultures nor try to grapple with the causes of such diversity.

The recent Snow-Leavis controversy

over the 'two cultures' attracted the attention of the thinking world towards what I regard to be a genuine problem. Stated briefly, it focusses attention on the growing divergence in the modern world between what is called the 'scientific culture' and the 'literary or humanistic culture.' The logic of the contemporary situation brought about by the enormously rapid progress in man's knowledge in the field of natural sciences and technology accompanied by increasing specialization is alienating the 'scientist' from the 'literary man'. The former is apt to regard all literary and humanistic pursuits as a waste of time or at best an innocuous pastime. The latter may retort that 'the scientist' is dealing with means without an adequate appreciation of human ends and aspirations, and this may land us in an extremely dangerous and explosive situation. These two abstractions of 'the scientific man' and 'the literary man' threaten to grow into monstrous, diabolical spectres and the fissure in our culture portends a yawning chasm.

Now I want to argue in this paper that though Sir C. P. Snow has posed an important problem, he has missed the essential point because he conceives that the split in our culture is on the same 'horizontal' plane and he hopes that gradually the gap can be narrowed down through properly conceived education to enable the two 'spectral abstractions' to become human so as to understand and appreciate each other mutually and thus share a common heritage which is inclusive of achievements both in the sciences and the

* This paper is indebted to Dr. G. C. Pande, Tagore Professor of Ancient Indian History and Culture and Dr. Daya Krishna, Professor of Philosophy (both at the University of Rajasthan, Jaipur) for several suggestive ideas here elaborated.

humanistic disciplines. I wish to maintain that every culture — past and present — in the East or West shows a persistent internal tension between what I call the historical-temporal dimension and the trans-historical or transcendental dimension. The tension is not so much between the various constituents of culture on the 'horizontal' (historical-temporal) plane, as between the total historical dimension of a culture on the one hand (called here the 'horizontal' dimension) and a transcendental dimension (called here the 'vertical' dimension). The former historical-temporal dimension of culture concerns itself with what can be achieved in *time* through a continuous co-operative endeavour of millions of human beings in the various fields of science, art, philosophy and religion in order to make man's life on earth progressively happier and richer. Here the main reliance has been on rational intelligence and experimental science and a robust faith in the indefinite progress and perfectibility of man through properly organized social institutions of all kinds. Such was the strong belief generated in the Western world in the 17th and 18th Centuries — a faith in *Reason* and *Progress*—whose main foundation was laid by Newtonian Science. So strong was the faith in science and reason that Alexander Pope sang:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in
night;
God said, Let Newton be! and all was
Light.

The nineteenth century reaction against this simple faith in the rationalism of the age of Enlightenment shows that human nature could not be grasped in any neat rational formula. Romanticism which overtook Europe in the 19th Century came as a fresh breeze to free man and nature from such an excessive rationalistic and mechanistic stranglehold. And the twentieth century with its nightmare experience of the two world wars opened the flood gates of irrationalism and romanticism to such a degree as to shake man's belief in his rationality and intelligence to its very

foundations. Such a large-scale failure of social and individual intelligence could not have any other effect. The seemingly opposite philosophies of Totalitarianism and Existentialism are not unrelated to such an unnerving experience. They share a common attitude — a deep-seated disdain for and a debunking of Reason, and a romantic glorification of feeling and emotions.

'Romanticism' is a word which brings to our minds various shades of meaning, associations and experiences. It is surrounded by a 'romantic' penumbra! No single and clear-cut definition of such an elusive word could be given so as to do justice to its spirit as manifested in the diverse fields of art, literature, philosophy and religion. But we can understand in a vague manner what constitutes the quintessence of the romantic spirit and attitude. Romanticism has no patience with partial views. It glorifies the self as a *whole* with an over-emphasis on the emotional and passionate side of human nature. The romantic — whether an artist, philosopher or lover is a dreamer, a visionary and a utopian. His is a restless spirit which seeks fulfilment in a *total* manner but fails to find it in any actual and concrete achievement. He is constantly on the move and is attracted by the richness, colour and variety of life. The romantic ideal seems to be 'round the corner' but actually it is elusive, slippery and non-attainable. There is always something indefinite and unfinished about the romantic spirit. The romantic yearning is insatiable and can never be fulfilled by any finite object, pursuit or concern. In short, the romantic spirit is trying to move on a 'vertical' plane and thus reveals the basic trans-historical dimension of man. No concrete achievement in *time* in any field — science, art, philosophy or religion can do justice to this perennial quest of the spirit for self-transcendence. Thus human culture, when studied deeply, shows this continuing tension between what human reason and intelligence (individual and co-operative) have achieved in *historical time* in the various fields of science, art, philo-

sophy and institutionalized religion on the one hand, and what the human spirit longs for in a trans-historical direction. Romanticism and rationalism are inextricably blended together in human nature and their harmonization constitutes a problem of the greatest magnitude in contemporary times because on its adequate solution rests the destiny of the human race on our planet.

I want to show that this basic tension between the temporal and the trans-temporal dimensions of the human spirit is manifested not only in the fields of art, literature and religion but equally in the fields of science and philosophy. Recent researches have revealed that the most distinctive characteristic of man is his *imagination*, which I regard as an *ideal* harmony of rational intelligence, feeling and emotion. It is imagination, nurtured and nourished by man's progressive use of adequate symbols, that adds to man's ordinary hum-drum perceptual world a dimension, range and depth without which he would be reduced to the level of the animals. It is here that reason and emotion, rationalism and romanticism coalesce and fuse into a combination which is very powerful in some gifted persons. Take away from a man's world his imagined goals, ideals, visions, myths, dreams and fantasies, and he will shrivel up into insignificance. This is the central import of the oft-repeated phrase that man does not live by bread *alone*. He does not live only in the present but 'looks before and after'. He celebrates and reconstructs his past experiences in drama, festival, folk-lore, legend and myths. He conjures up utopias and visions of a future which perpetually lure him — from the earliest time down to the contemporary world — science and technology notwithstanding.

Let us consider the broad areas of science, art, philosophy and religion to show that in each one of them reason and romanticism are present in varying degrees — often in an uneasy equilibrium. I have mentioned above that only in a rarely

gifted band of individuals is there a perfect blending of these two capacities. The majority of us evince a preponderance of one over the other. It is commonplace to mention that without imagination our scientific knowledge would have lagged behind miserably. Men of genius like Newton, Einstein, Freud and others were not merely observing and staring at 'facts' but were always fascinated by a distant romantic vision — a 'unification myth', (and note that myths are not 'unreal') — a law or a theory so comprehensive that it would 'explain' the *whole* of our universe. In Newton's law of gravitation, Einstein's field-theory, Freud's or Jung's concept of the unconscious we have a remarkable manifestation of imagination — a craving for wholeness, for *total* 'explanation' — which is the essence of romanticism. Thus, in pure science rational intelligence and romantic imagination are inextricably woven together. Science has not only increased our knowledge and extended our control over nature through rational and experimental techniques but also shown us a vision of unification. Increased specialization and our concern with details has not dimmed that vision. In other words science too has two dimensions — the temporal-historical and the transtemporal. The former has extended our knowledge and control over nature through a progressive use of rational methods but with all this enormous knowledge and control man remains essentially unsatisfied. This is because even the 'scientific' man is attracted, in the 'vertical' direction of a trans-empirical dimension, towards a goal which by its very nature is romantic and as such unattainable in any stretch of finite time however extended.

If what I have said above is true in the field of science, it is all the more true in the spheres of art, philosophy and religion. An artist — whether a poet, novelist, painter or a musician — is inspired by a vision which he endeavours to express through a medium best suited to his genius. But no concrete work of art — however

expressive — can ever do justice to the splendid vision of the artist. This is true not only of the so-called 'romantic art', but it holds good in the so-called 'classical' art of ancient Greece and the medieval Christian art and Indian religious art of the early Hindu period. 'Dionysian' and 'Apollonian' elements are never perfectly harmonized in any work of art — classical Greek art notwithstanding. A poem, a novel, a play or a symphony is always 'greater than' what the informed critic (an appreciative and sympathetic one) is able to say it 'means'. A psychological, sociological or historical criticism of a work of art always falls short of the 'actual work of art' though it may help us in enriching our 'perception' and appreciation. It is only through 'imaginative sympathy' that we are able to recapture the original vision which moved the artist and shook him to his very depths. In short, the work of art is 'more' than any of its most *suggestive* and *sympathetic* criticisms and in turn, the artist is still greater than any of his works. No medium, no mode of expression, no series of successive symbolizations can ever fulfil the romantic vision of the artist of real genius. There is always something 'unfinished' about his life. Such is the very nature of the human spirit, that the more it moves onward through successive realizations of its capacities in time, the more it experiences a felt *dissatisfaction* which is inexplicable and mysterious. This is the 'Faustian' spirit and Goethe himself is the best example of it.

Recent trends in 'logical positivism' and 'scientism' have not only missed the role of imagination in any first-rate scientific theorizing, but have failed to appreciate the saga, the adventure, the incredible 'story' of the progress of science in pushing our frontiers of knowledge to hitherto undreamt of regions where it is difficult to distinguish between fact and fancy, reason and romanticism. Not only this, scientism, by misconstruing the nature of man, has dulled and blunted philosophical imagination and insight. I want to illustrate this

from the field of philosophy proper as well as what is now 'discredited' as political philosophy or 'mere ideology'.

When Athenian democracy had failed and Spartan military organization had shown results, the artist-philosopher Plato in his youthful days projected with great wit and subtle irony the vision of a 'perfect' state in *The Republic*. He imagined a romantic ideal of social organization where every individual would do the work best fitted to his genius and aptitudes, and thus contribute to the *effective* harmony of the whole. The philosopher-guardians would be rulers, the auxiliaries would protect the State from external and internal dangers, and the traders would produce wealth. Thus social justice would be attained with everybody in his rightful place. Plato prescribed a fully regimented education for the Guardians. Physical education, a training in 'geometry, mathematics and music (to combine harmony with firmness)', followed by a training in the Dialectic of Ideas would give the philosopher-rulers a thirty-five year period of rigorous discipline. This entire 'theoretical' training would be supplemented by fifteen years of practical experience where they would have to face the rough and tumble of politics and rub their shoulders against others. At each level of training those who could not stand this rigour would be eliminated. At fifty the Guardians would have become practical idealists and not mere feckless and ineffectual dreamers. For these rulers Plato advocates a 'communism of wives and property' and a scientific breeding of the fittest and ablest to produce a progeny worthy of such a perfect state. Such was the vision of Plato. Karl Popper in his *Open Society and its Enemies* has dubbed Plato a Fascist and totalitarian. This is to take Plato too 'seriously'. Popper has failed to appreciate the *dramatic irony* which, as an undercurrent, modifies the entire narrative in *The Republic*. By painting such a utopia, Plato was at once showing the *possibilities* of human achievement as well as its *limitations*. He was not so

naïve as to fail to see that life in such a 'perfect state' would leave no room for freedom, initiative and privacy, and that it would huddle people together in an unbearable contact. One could live *by* such a social ideal but certainly not live *in* it.

Here again we have an illustration of that romantic yearning for *wholeness*, a total solution of the myriad problems which face human life. A romantic utopia like that of Plato was nowhere in space — nor could it be achieved in time. It was a trans-temporal vision without which life would not be worth living and no progress would be possible. In Plato's *Republic* we have an admirable admixture of romanticism and a rational grasp of details — with the balance tilting in favour of the former.

Hegel, who has been universally acclaimed an arch-rationalist for his statement that 'the real is the rational and the rational is the real', has betrayed a strong undercurrent of romanticist yearning for 'wholeness' and 'all-inclusiveness'. The Hegelian Absolute Spirit in its peregrination (logical or historical?) encompasses the whole of inorganic, organic and human reality, and yet is not identical with any one aspect of that reality. The Absolute Spirit has no patience with one-sided or partial views, and its dialectical march through the triad of Thesis, Anti-thesis and Synthesis leaves nothing outside its sweep. The whole of historical reality in its concrete aspects is at once suppressed and taken up and one has a feeling that here was a perfect synthesis of romantic idealism and concrete historical realities. But alas! what promised to be a revolutionary romantic idealism ended on a lame note when Hegel declared that the Absolute Spirit had attained its fullest self-conscious manifestation in the then Prussian State. What a strange romantic irony!

It is now common knowledge that despite the claim of Marx and Marxists to

'scientific socialism' the tremendous practical success of marxism has nothing whatever to do with its alleged scientific nature. Subsequent history has belied all of Marx's prognostications, and his 'Dialectical Materialism' has not followed the 'inevitable course' chalked out for it by History (with a capital H). The reason is that Marx, despite his long and laborious studies in the socio-economic history of the Western World, saw a vision, a distant utopia of a classless society where the exploitation of man by man would cease—ushering in an era of 'real' freedom, economic and social equality, justice and peace. It is another matter that he thought that this goal could be reached *only* through a bloody revolution and an inevitable class-struggle. Here he showed himself to be a direct heir to the Hegelian myth of the dialectic and its *inevitable* march to the cherished marxist millenium. Here again is a glaring illustration, despite all protestations to the contrary, that though romanticism or revolutionary idealism is truly the moving force in history, a romantic ideal by its very nature is trans-temporal. The marxist utopia is nowhere nearer realization in any Society on earth (including the Soviet and the Chinese) and Marx must be turning in his grave to find that the 'withering of the State' after the proletarian take-over is nowhere within sight. Such is the inherent logic of the romantic ideal.

Recent political thought blazed by Harold D. Laswell¹ and followed among others by David Easton (*The Political System*) and Weldon² has shown a great and often uncritical influence of Behaviourism and Logical Positivism. Overwhelmed by the stupendous success of the scientific method in the so-called 'hard' sciences (Natural Sciences) they have sought to extend the same to the 'soft' sciences (Economics, Sociology and Politics). A persistent, though not very successful endeavour has been made to eschew ideal and speculative theorizing (known traditionally as political philosophy), to keep out values from a 'scientific' study of

¹ Laswell and Kaplan: *Power and Society*, Yale University Press, 1950.

² Weldon, Thomas D.: *The Vocabulary of Politics*, Penguin Books, 1953.

'political behaviour' and declare with a flourish of trumpets that the goal of the 'new' political science is to *describe* and *predict* political behaviour with the eventual goal of *controlling* it. The new political science has pretended to bid good bye to 'grandiose' philosophizing and debunk it as 'mere' ideology and utopian dreaming. It has limited itself to the pedestrian yet more 'scientific' task of studying small groups, power-relations within them, degrees of freedom and coercion in specific groups, and the voting behaviour of selected peoples. Such a 'value-free' factual analysis is to be carried on with great care and an almost passionate concern with the meaning of the words and concepts used. Weldon writes:

...there has been a persistent positivist opposition which has maintained that the recommended procedure of searching for *essential* (my italics) meaning of 'justice' and similar words is futile. It does nothing to help the solution of any practical problem. For this we need an accurate description of what actually happens, or tends to happen, in human associations. There is no sense in asking what *ought* (my italics) to happen, or what would happen under imaginary ideal conditions, and disputes on such points are purely verbal and a waste of time.³

Weldon therefore condemns outright the theoretical foundations of Democracy. Hegelian Idealism and Marxism as utterly worthless. Thus we are facing today in the contemporary world a complete rift between facts and values, political behaviour and political ideology, and an almost irresponsible permissive liberalism, neutralism and indifferentism in our attitude towards values. In such a situation all values are of equal worth and no value-commitment has any claims of superior worth over other such commitments. The unfortunate result has been that a mass of chaotic data has been accumulated, absurdly trifling and petty researches are engaging excessive attention, the boundaries between the significant and the insignificant have been

blurred, and all criteria of relevance have been thrown overboard. What criterion can there be to choose between, say, (to use unsophisticated common-sense vocabulary rather than the new 'scientific' vocabulary à la Weldon) communism and liberal egalitarian democracy? One suspects that behind the facade of 'scientific politics' and 'value-free' analysis there is an unacknowledged commitment to the liberal democratic ideal — 'The Open Society' — without which no such 'factual' studies could be possible. Such is the nature of man, such are the deepest needs of his spirit that without commitment to an Ideal he would collapse in a debris or unrelated, chaotic mass of facts and his life would be dreary indeed. Romantic Idealism (though it is constantly in need of rational assessment) is such an elusive mistress that if it is turned out by the front door it creeps in at the back. Hence even recent trends in positivism, 'scientism' etc., despite their tendency to depress political imagination and debunk political ideology, have not been able to suppress the basic romantic aspiration of man. However, it has accentuated the tension between the two aspects of our culture — the idealistic-romantic on one hand and the scientific-factual-temporal on the other. For it should not be forgotten that even the ideal of liberal democracy is essentially a romantic one and though a society may be lured by it, no historical society will be able to realize it fully in any foreseeable time.

The contemporary situation of man on this planet under the threat of a thermo-nuclear holocaust has brought to a sharp focus the inherent tension in 'our' culture — human culture. It is most acutely experienced in that aspiration of man which is termed 'religious' (now an almost discredited word!). It is largely because of the unresolved tension between the institutionalized forms of worship (ritual and ceremonies backed by the bewildering and seemingly conflicting creeds and faiths conditioned by historical growth) on one hand and a basic non-institutionalized, non-

³ Weldon, op. cit. p. 12.

traditional, romanticist and transcendental aspiration of man on the other that most earnest and thinking persons in all walks of life have increasingly become apathetic not only to 'religions' but also by 'transference' to the fundamental religious experience. No wonder, as Paul Tillich says, contemporary man has lost a most significant dimension — the encounter with the Holy, the 'Mysterium Tremendum' of Otto. The atheistic Existentialist writers and philosophers like Sartre and Camus through their literary and philosophical works of acute and sensitive analysis, have reminded us with a rude shock of the utter futility, absurdity and meaninglessness of our daily, repetitious concerns in a world from which 'God' — the object of transcendent faith—is conspicuous by his absence.

Such is the impasse we find ourselves in. The most tragic and pathetic conflict between these two dimensions of our culture (in every aspect as shown above) has brought humanity to the cross-roads. Some will try to escape this conflict by clinging to traditional creeds, and withdraw from the 'tragic-comic' world, leaving the field open to unscrupulous and cock-sure fanatics. The danger inherent in such a course is too nightmarish to visualise. The other exit is through a 'flight' into the co-called 'practical' and routine tasks of daily life with a cynical indifference to all that makes life worth living. And this course is

bound to make us feel, sooner rather than later, the tremendously trifling nature of these pursuits with consequent unbearable boredom. In this paper I have posed the problem but have no 'panacea' to offer, no tabloid solutions to suggest and no super-tranquilizers to calm us down and recapture that lost harmony between transcendent aspiration and the daily concerns of running the world. The positivists, the scientists, the mer. of affairs may fiddle with facts (whatever 'facts' may mean to them) while our planet is under the threat of a conflagration. Our best hope (for there is nothing inevitable) is in such a happy synthesis of our transcendent yearning with an intelligent, cooperative, and humane management of our wordly concerns that each activity instead of being felt as value-less and insignificant, is transfigured into something worth-while deriving its meaning from a union of the temporal with the trans-temporal. Here the romanticist and transcendental yearning of the individual will not make him a feckless escapist but will transform his entire personality and release his creative energies in such a manner that whatever work he does will bear the stamp of his freedom and spontaneity. Such an individual will be very much a man *in* this world but not *of* it. It is only then that humanity will advance not only in its explorations of stellar space but also in the unending explorations of the human spirit. Is this too optimistic a note on which to end?

Socialism in India

HIMANSHU VOHRA

SOcialism in India presents a rather curious phenomenon. In common with radicals in other non-communist countries Indian socialists (including communists) have been forced to abandon socialist theory in its original and pure form. Even communists, who stand at the extreme left of the radical spectrum have given up revolutionary slogans, eschewing the goal of radical transformation of the social order as not only unrealistic but unnecessary. The programmes of the socialist parties (including the communist party) can at best be described as pragmatic. Control of the commanding heights of the economy by the State, state trading in foodgrains, incentives to farmers for increasing production, extension of assistance to small industrialists, better implementation of plans formulated by Government — these are the main items on the agenda of all socialist parties. The same parties which castigate the Congress Government during elections and agitation on particular issues, for its failure to eradicate poverty and to take the country towards economic and social equality offer co-operation to the Government in carrying through the welfare programmes enunciated in the Five Year Plans.

But there are also forces pulling in the opposite direction. The Congress Party which in the pre-independence days was allergic even to the word 'socialism' has now officially declared it as its creed. The content of this creed differs, if at all, from the programmes of Socialist parties only in minor details. At the centre of Congress Socialism is the mixed economy in which both public and private 'sectors' have scope to function. At a recent session of the All India Congress Committee, after a good

deal of discussion on nationalisation of banks, a resolution was adopted which did not refer to the issue at all. Instead, it solemnly put nationalisation of rice-mills on the Congress programme and that too as a long-term measure. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Congress Party by talking of socialism from every stage and pulpit have made it 'popular' as perhaps no other party in the world has done. Every illiterate peasant in India knows today that the goal of the ruling party and of the country is socialism but even an intellectual is sure to be baffled if he is asked to describe the specifically 'socialist' content of this socialism.

The question naturally arises: Why is it that while socialists in India seem to be shedding their ideology drop by drop, the heterogenous and erstwhile anti-socialist Congress Party is 'popularising' socialism? At the root of the question lies the main dilemma of an under-developed country: the need for a high rate of saving and the existing low level of income of the masses. Socialists are fully aware that without a high rate of saving there can be no real and durable growth in living standards; but for generating savings at the requisite rate severe curtailment of consumption is inescapable. However, the existing inequality of wealth, income, and therefore of consumption is so great that any cut in consumption becomes anathema to socialists. They apprehend, on the one hand, that radical policies aimed at reducing economic inequality while disturbing the social order may not succeed in accelerating the growth of the economy (and may lead to totalitarianism). At the same time their revulsion against existing inequality deters them from making a final break with the socialist

creed. In the result, they have perpetually to walk on a tight rope trying hard to keep their balance. The balance, however, is a little too difficult to keep. The choice is clear: either they take the risks that may flow from radical measures or they give up socialist ideology once and for all in what they consider to be the interest of rapid economic development. The choice is clear but the alternatives are painful. Social equality is an ideal which, once sincerely cherished, cannot be eschewed easily. And in India particularly, once it is abandoned all political parties will have to disband themselves as they would then have nothing to offer to the masses. But, if to give up a long cherished ideal is painful, for a political party to dissolve itself is an agony. Consequently, the Socialist—including the Communist—parties continue to carry the socialist label even as they travel further and further away from the ideology.

The factors which have pushed the Congress party towards the left — at least in professions — are different but not very different. The most important of them was Jawaharlal Nehru. In an analysis of social forces it may seem odd to assign such a predominant role to an individual, Nehru, however, was perhaps one of the few individuals in history who did wield an extraordinarily powerful influence not only on his party but on the course of events in the country as well. Influenced by the ideas both of Marx and the Fabians and having been a utopian by temperament, Nehru leaned towards socialism of a radical variety. This was especially so before the advent of Independence. The problems that confronted him after he became Prime Minister, made him mellow and diluted his fervour for radical social change. While with the passage of years his approach to vital economic problems became more and more pragmatic he could not tear himself completely away from his old ideas. He too was caught in a dilemma similar to that facing socialists outside the Congress Party — the choice between an

egalitarian social order and rapid economic growth. Consequently, through his immense hold on the Congress Party he persuaded it to enunciate first, 'a socialistic pattern of society' — an extremely vague concept — and later 'socialism', as its goal. But because Nehru was torn between two alternatives, the socialism which his party embraced presents some peculiar features. In it, class interests are replaced by the general interest of society, revolution and agitation for a just social order has yielded place to constructive activity, (which by no means is directed to fundamental social change) and struggle against exploiters has been supplemented by a vague fight against poverty and ignorance. The influence of Nehru in bringing about this apparently basic change in the attitude of the Congress Party was buttressed by a section of intellectuals in the party which had some hold on its rank and file.

If Nehru's influence and his party's submission to it were subjective factors which put socialist professions in the Congress mouth, the most powerful objective factor was, of course, the glaring disparity in the standards of living between the various strata of society which seemed to be growing as a consequence of the implementation of the Five Year Plans. The Plans made the masses conscious of the oppressive conditions of their existence and under the pressures so created, it was difficult for the principal political party in the country not to profess egalitarian ideals. The Congress Party could not but become 'socialist' in some sense of the word.

The conversion of the ruling party to socialism had two very different consequences. Those who were wedded to socialism long before the Congress discovered it found the carpet pulled from under their feet. In the new situation there was nothing left for them to fight against. Their programmes and slogans were appropriated by the party which they had been opposing for years. On parties with communal and revivalist ideologies the change

in the Congress Party had an opposite effect. They were forced in the political atmosphere thus created to declare themselves as socialists usually qualifying their socialism by some adjective (The Hindu Mahasabha described its goal as 'Hindu Socialism'). Everybody fell over each other in this fashion to get into the omnibus of socialism.

But no ideology can be so accommodating. The situation only indicated how the concept of socialism had undergone a transformation at the hands of political parties. The ideology was made to serve as an escape from the dilemma the parties faced; instead of making a choice between an egalitarian social order and rapid economic development they have distorted the concept itself to have the best of both the worlds. The result is that from the ideological point of view, the political situation

in India has become confused. In the present political complexion it is difficult to distinguish the features of socialist opposition parties from those of the ruling Congress Party. It is not clear as to what they stand for and what, apart from individual issues, they oppose. The recent trend towards a merger of non-communist socialist parties is not likely to change the situation significantly since from all indications the new party is not likely to take a more radical stand on political and economic issues than the individual constituents did before the merger.

Thus, curiously, socialism in India has been revised first, in the process of becoming the official creed of the ruling party and second, by the hesitant and confused approach of the socialist parties. This may look like a contradiction but hardly one which can lead to a higher synthesis.

India's Entry into English Fiction

SUJIT MUKHERJEE

IF it was Rudyard Kipling who inaugurated India's entry into English fiction proper, it was left to E. M. Forster to clearly map the route along which many novels have travelled since. Yet from the vantage point of today, it should be possible to read two representative works like *Kim* and *A Passage to India* without having to evaluate them—as has been customary—as fictional interpretations of the country in which both stories take place. Other and more significant elements appear when we compare these two novels.¹

Both books are their respective author's last work in the novel form. Neither was written in a hurry. Kipling did not conceive of *Kim* until he went to Vermont in 1895 and he is said to have made at least three attempts not to write the book; it finally saw print in 1901, twelve years after Kipling had ceased to be a permanent resident of India. Similarly, *A Passage* had germinated after Forster's first visit to India in 1912, but it was not completed until after his second visit in 1922 and published two years later.

Both novels are built around the themes of search. The Lama in *Kim* arrives on the scene looking for his 'River of the Arrow' (p. 18), and Kim joins to it his own search for the 'Red Bull on a green field' (p. 28); lest we should be in any doubt about Kim's earnestness, we have the Lama reminding him on page 57, 'But thou hast a Search of thine own.' While Kim's searches vary, the Lama's quest carries the novel

right through till the end. Similarly, *A Passage* begins with the desire of Mrs. Moore and Miss Quested to 'see the real India' (p. 24); their search has more or less ended by Chapter 24 but the novel lasts until Chapter 37 because not until then is Fielding's search near completion. The plot-mechanism is identical in both novels.

In neither novel is the central character Indian, and both these characters are used by their creators as viewing media. Kim's ancestry, disreputable but Irish, is admitted on the second page of the story and he definitely takes his place on the side of the Sahibs when the novel ends. The India he grows up in is so much the world of Kipling's own childhood and youth that Kipling seems to be reliving those exciting times through Kim. Forster is less obvious with his use of Fielding as the point of consciousness of the story, and for a time it seems that Dr. Aziz occupies the centre of his attention. But it is Fielding who stands by Aziz during the trial, it is Fielding who shelters Adela after her ordeal, and it is Fielding who returns to India at the end of the novel. The sum total of Fielding's relations with every other character in the novel (except Mrs. Moore) encompasses Forster's own insight into India. Which is not to suggest that Fielding is a disguised self-portrait of Forster or that Fielding's views are Forster's own. But Fielding's place in the novel offers the some opportunities to observe India as Forster himself received in his two visits there. At the end of the story, Fielding is made into a British official and absorbed into the system just as Kim is given his place in the sun in the Empire.

There is one unexplained mystery in

¹ The texts used are *The Writings in Prose and Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, Vol. XIX (New York: Scribner, 1902), and *A Passage to India* (Modern Library Edition).

both novels, and the two characters most concerned with either mystery are equally strange. Except in his very human relationship with Kim, the Lama is tuned to a pitch of unswerving faith and goodness that is literally out of the world. Kipling had to make him a Lama even in days when any Indian would have been strange and remote enough for his readers. After the Lama's single-minded search, he does find a river; but we are not told whether it was the River, and we can only conjecture from the effects his immersion had on him. Nor are we told clearly by Forster about what exactly happened to Mrs. Moore in the Marabar Caves, except in terms of what happened to her as a result of her experience there. Like the Lama, she also is more real in the effect she has directly on Aziz and indirectly on Fielding, because even he is drawn into her penumbra when he marries her daughter Stella.

In outward structure the novels follow a comparable pattern. Although Kipling does not divide his novel into three entitled sections, *Kim* falls into three clearly demarcated and nearly equal parts, each consisting of five chapters. Both build up to a climax — the brawl on the mountain side in *Kim*, the trial of Aziz in *A Passage* — which forces a taking of sides, followed by a period of slow resolution. In both a distinct religious symbology backlights the story—Buddhist in *Kim*, Hindu in *A Passage* —though both authors imply they find it easier to tackle the Muslim mind.

All these similarities, however, are only incidental. In fact, many of these features would be found in most novels on India written by foreigners. Below the surface of the stories, Kipling and Forster are vastly dissimilar in their manner, treatment and achievement.

To begin with, Kipling writes with the confidence of a man who is not in the slightest doubt about the material he is handling or about his ability to handle it.

The first few pages of *Kim* are crammed with local color references—names, places, sounds, terms of abuse—which may seem strange to the reader but not to the author. No less than Kim, Kipling knows everybody and everything, so that he quickly gets on with the story-telling without overmuch setting of the stage. Forster is much slower in getting under way, he has to feel his way about the place as it were, and he looks at Chandrapur from some very great distance before he approaches it. This cautious approach leads Forster to consider his first human beings in a small group, whereas Kipling plunges us straight-way into the heterogeneous world of the Indian bazaar. Forster first introduces Aziz and his friends, before moving to the totally different set of people in the Chandrapur Club. Kipling, even while we are in the bazaar, stresses the existence of two worlds in India—'the Wonder House, as the natives called the Lahore Museum' (p. 3); the Magic House, as we name the the Masonic Lodge' (p. 4)² — and Kim's location is hinted at in the very opening line of the story as he 'sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah,' and he has every right to do so 'since the English held the Punjab and Kim was English.'

While Kipling proceeds on the lines of his irrepressible 'understanding'—occasionally embodied in such declarations as 'All India is full of holy men stammering gospels in strange tongues,' or 'the Government fed its prisoners better than most honest men could feed themselves,' or 'All men who serve the Sirkar with weapons in their hands are one brotherhood'—Forster proceeds by dealing with various degrees of misunderstanding. The simplest instance of this is in Chapter 7, where Aziz takes off his own collar-stud to lend it to Fielding; later Ronnie Heaslop laughs at Aziz because Aziz had been so well-dressed otherwise but his collar kept climbing up his neck — 'and there you have the Indian all over: inattention to detail: the fundamental slackness that reveals the race'

² Italics mine.

(p. 82). Much later in the story, Aziz himself is guilty of misinterpretation with regard to Fielding who had persuaded Aziz not to press for monetary damages against Miss Quested; when Aziz learns that Fielding has got married, in view of Fielding's previous kindness to the girl Aziz concludes that Fielding has married her and this is the reason why Fielding had been so solicitous about her money. The central incident of the story itself is a ghastly misunderstanding. This seems to be Forster's method of exploring human relationships; compared to it, the characters in *Kim* do not seem bound each to each by human intercourse but by subservience to an exterior force. Forster also obeys a 'Law' but he mistrusts it. Hence his verdicts on India refuse to be as definitive as Kipling's, and he ventures only such statements as 'nothing in India is identifiable, the mere asking of a question causes it to disappear or to merge into something else,' or, 'She calls 'come, come....' But come to what? She has never defined. She is not a promise, only an appeal.'

Because Forster does not profess to 'know' in the way that Kipling does, Forster's comprehension is most often expressed in symbolic terms. Kipling crowds his canvas with moments, passers-by, snatches of dialogue. The polyglot collection inside a railway compartment (Chapter 2), the *serai* outside Lahore city or the *parao* on the highway, the Grand Trunk Road itself — 'the Great Road which is the backbone of all Hind' ... 'such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world' (pp. 93-94) — these are the ingredients of Kipling's kaleidoscopic vision. Forster dwells instead not wholly upon what meets the eye but upon what the mind registers through the sense of sight, whether the observed object be as large as the Marabar Hills or as small as the wasp upon a peg. If Forster is incapable of Kipling's swift, sure sketching of the passing scene, nowhere in *Kim* do we have the particular growing and merging into the universal as

in each of the opening chapters of the three sections of *A Passage*. On the other hand, Forster cannot grapple with a large group of people as strikingly as Kipling can; when Forster presents the throng at Marabar or the mob outside the court-house or the multitude in the Temple, he always depicts them as total impressions they make on a single observer.

Another way in which Forster has achieved greater depth of perception is through his variety of distinguishable characters. *Kim* has more people in it but except for the principals, only two others — Mahbub Ali and Babu Hurree Chunder — are developed enough to be treated as characters. The Saheeba of Saharanpur and the Woman of Shamlegh just fail to achieve this status. In any case, these four are far more interesting in themselves than they are necessary to the novel. They all do contribute to the 'education' of Kim, but they have little to do with each other, nor do they constitute or represent a society. In contrast to this, Forster involves every character in mutual relationships, direct or indirect, and this fabric of interaction is the material through which Forster strains his comprehension of the society he is writing about. Forster needs his characters much more than Kipling does, and Forster is quick to exploit even the most minor character to add another layer of meaning. For example, the forsaken chauffeur of the Nawab Bahadur (p. 91) is Forster's only reference to the Eurasian's anomalous position in India, but the reference reveals an insight no less significant because it is so brief. Then, too, nearly all of Kipling's characters are old; they look back on their lives, much as Kipling has looked backward in writing *Kim*. Forster's concern is more in the immediate present, the present as the harbinger of the future, not as a culmination of the past. Kim becomes part of an already existing order; Aziz and Fielding are the hopeful but uncertain portion of an emerging pattern. This gives an urgency

to the human relations in Forster's novel that Kipling's does not have.

As stated earlier, a search-theme runs through both novels; the difference is in how the search is conducted as well as in what the seekers find. The Lama's quest is simple; he must find the River 'whose nature, by our Lord's beneficence, and that merit He acquired ere he freed Himself, is that whoso bathes in it washes away all taint and speckle of sin' (p. 17). The English curator's response to this — "'So it is written,' said the curator sadly" — predisposes us to knowing that no such river exists and therefore the Lama shall never find it. But the Lama himself is undeterred, and his search becomes primarily a convenience for the novelist. Its secondary importance, however, is notable because in liberating himself from the Wheel of Life, the Lama firmly binds Kim to its rotations.

Kim's own search is in three phases. At four important points in the story, Kim asks, 'Who am I? What is Kim?' (pp. 192-193, 234, 303-304, 462). One answer is given when the Mavericks, whose regimental flag is 'the great Red Bull on a background of Irish green,' discover him. Another answer is given throughout the manysided manifestation of his relationship with the Lama, culminating in the last journey they make together. When the Lama says, 'Never was such a *chela*... I look upon thee often, and every time I remember that thou art a Sahib...', Kim retorts, 'Thou hast said there is neither black nor white. Why plague me with this talk, Holy One. Let me rub thy other foot.'

The third answer is in Kim's finding a vocation. Kim may protest to the Lama 'I am not a Sahib. I am thy *chela*;' but Kipling cannot have it that way. That Kim was English and that he could pass off as Hindu

or Mohammedan had foredoomed him to join the Great Game. Despite Mahbub Ali's eulogy of him — 'only once in a thousand years is a horse born so well fitted for the Game as this our colt' (p. 274)³ — using his Indian heritage in order to spy among the Indians can scarcely be deemed as the most deserving fate for Kim. But even the Lama recognises this quite early — 'So then it is not seemly that he should do other than as Sahibs do. He must go back to his own people' (p. 150).

Forster's search-themes are very different in nature, and are worked out in many different ways. The unity of *Kim* is provided by the Lama's quest, underneath which move Kim's own journeys; all of them are quests of the individual. Forster's searches are also related to various individuals, but these invariably transcend the individuals themselves and become much larger human issues which are not necessarily Indian. The first issue is raised in Hamidullah's house as the novel opens, 'whether or no it is possible to be friends with an Englishman' (p. 10). The second — 'I want to see the *real* India' — is voiced by Adela Quested but shared by Mrs. Moore, because, on hearing this 'her appropriate life came back with a rush' (p. 24). The third issue is represented by Fielding who thinks that 'the world is a globe of men who are trying to reach one another and can best do so by the help of good will plus culture and intelligence' (p. 62). These are issues rather than problems, because Forster does not set them out as problems nor does he undertake to solve them. These to him are three aspects of life in India and he explores these situations, basically as inter-cultural conflicts, ultimately as human conduct.

That Forster is not seeking solutions is proved by the refusal of these issues to resolve themselves. Aziz starts by saying to his friends about the British, 'Let us shut them out and be jolly' (p. 12), and he ends up by telling Fielding, 'We shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea, and then... you and I shall be friends' (p.

³ Horse-imagery comes natural to the horse-dealer Mahbub Ali, but it is to be noted that horse-riding has come to be inescapably associated with British rule in India. Even Forster cannot avoid it: there is a scene from the polo-ground (pp. 57-58), and the novel ends on horse-back.

322). Aziz may be involved in a study of the possibilities of Indo-British amity, but he is not himself interested in such abstractions. Adela Quested is plainly seeking a husband and not India; her contact with *real* India devastates her marital plans. Mrs. Moore, detached from fellow human beings from the beginning, becomes affected by some powerful unreality which at least brings her release if not relief. Fielding alone survives, but only by abandoning his original intention to 'slink through India unlabelled' (p. 175). The ending of the novel is often debated as being inconclusive. It would appear so to any one who presumed Forster's desire to be conclusive.

The intertwining of theme and character without any loss of narrative interest gives *A Passage* an organic wholeness that makes the more brilliant surface of *Kim* look like

a surface brilliance. Like the image of the over-arching sky, pervasive symbols hold the novel together and give it dimension. Kipling's novel is easier to read because his narrative power is more compelling, but he leaves neither himself nor his readers any room for reflection. Only by driving forward insistently with the career of Kim does Kipling achieve sustaining interest. Forster's method is indecisive by contrast, but then his premeditation is better concealed. *A Passage* is a much more deliberately planned work and the interdependencies of its parts produce a completeness of effect that *Kim's* episodic nature cannot rival. Perhaps this is why Forster needs the space of an entire novel to bring into play all his art. Kipling, essentially a short-story writer, convinced himself at last in *Kim* that his talents were not suited to the novel form.

In Defence of Linguistic Purism

N. R. W. PANDE

THOSE who advocate the free use of foreign words in Indian languages contend that the foreign words are easier. Using Sanskrit words in their place is a circumlocution, they say, serving no purpose other than to make the language difficult.

In what sense are English and Persian words easier than Sanskrit words? Can anyone maintain that a person who is brought up in a home where Hindi is used and one who has not attained more proficiency in English and Persian than in Hindi will find Sanskrit words more difficult than English and Persian words? Does a man whose medium of communication is Hindi find 'propaganda' easier than 'prachar', 'academy' easier than 'peeth', 'drama' easier 'natak' and 'short-wave' easier than 'laghu-lahari'? If anyone seriously maintains this, it is futile to argue with him.

In general, it may be said that longer words are more difficult than shorter words, and joint letters are more difficult than simple letters. From both points of view, English words are generally more difficult than Sanskrit words. 'Prachar' has only one joint letter and only three phonemes. 'Propaganda' on the other hand, has two joint letters and four phonemes. 'Peeth' has two phonemes whereas 'academy' has four. 'Natak' has no joint letter whereas the very first letter in 'drama' is joint.

Brevity is as important a feature of simple language as ease in pronunciation. From this point of view 'har-jitka faisla hue bina match khatam hua' is certainly far more difficult than 'dvanda anirnitaraha' and 'gharili mamloke vazir' can by no

stretch of imagination be declared to be easier than 'griha-mantri'.

Meaningfulness is the third quality of a simple language. An Indian will naturally always find Sanskrit words more meaningful than English ones. 'Sahitya-Peeth' will be easier to him than 'Sahitya Akademi', because the word 'peeth' is more familiar to him in such words as 'vidyapeeth', 'vyaspeeth', etc., 'prachar' will always be more meaningful to him than 'propaganda' because the meaning of 'prachar' can be easily inferred from such expressions as 'achar', 'vichar', etc. It is not unrealistic to expect that one who reads Hindi newspapers should be familiar with the words 'laghu' and 'lahari'. On the other hand it is not reasonable to expect that a Hindi speaker who is ignorant of English will have heard of 'short' and 'wave'.

Some English words are admittedly more current than their Sanskrit equivalents, for example: station, bomb, petrol, etc. It is, therefore, obvious that the suggested Sanskrit equivalents, *sthanak*, *gola* and *martail* will appear difficult, i.e., unfamiliar today. But this unfamiliarity does not arise from some inherent property of these words. It is an outcome of the educational and political policies of the British. If the Ministry of Railways uses 'sthanak' in place of 'station', if the Army uses 'gola' in place of 'bomb', and the schools use 'martail' in place of 'petrol', within 5 or 10 years the wide currency of 'station', 'bomb' and 'petrol' will become a thing of the past, and 'sthanak', 'gola' and 'martail' will take their place. Lokmanya Tilak was a master of Sanskrit and Marathi. Even then he thought it odd to say 'pustak' for 'book'. The Indian languages got a more respectable place in the

curriculum after his time and the schools began to use 'pustak' in place of book. Nobody therefore now-a-days thinks that 'pustak' is in any way less natural than 'book'. The state, in modern times, is becoming omnipotent, it can give currency to any word it likes. We should not, therefore, attach undue importance to the fact that certain words are widely current today.

(Cont. in col. 2)

Moreover very often, the contention that a particular English or Persian word is more current is itself baseless. It is frequently said that the words 'time', 'istamal' and 'rahem' are more current than the words 'samaya', 'upayog' and 'daya'. Those who do not live in Western U.P. or Punjab will need no persuasion to dismiss this contention. The following table will show this:

	Sanskrit	Punjabi	Gujarati	Oriya	Marathi	Tamil	Telugu	Malaya-lam	Kannada	Bengali
Time	Samay	Chir	Samaya	Samaya	Vel	Neram	Samay- amu	Samai	Samai	Samay
Istamal	Upayog	Vartana	Vyapar Upayog	Vyavahar Upayog	Upavog	Upayog- gam	Upayog- amu	Upayog	Upayog	Vyava- har
Rahem	Daya	Daya	Daya	Daya	Daya	Dayavu Karunai	Daya	Karunai	Karunai	Daya

Sanskrit vocabulary is predominant not only in the so-called Dravidian languages like Tamil but also in Sinhalese and South-East Asian languages. In spite of this, some people oppose the free use of Sanskrit words because our educational system has been monopolised by English. Right from the first day at school English is showered on the child. Many schools advise the guardians to speak to their wards in English even at home. It has become a mark of progressiveness to talk to children in their cradles in English. These 'progressives' think that Indian languages are useless except for abusing 'native' servants. The boy who is brought up in such a 'progressive' atmosphere will find even everyday words in his own language unfamiliar. For him to say that Sanskrit or Hindi is difficult is as rational as for the illiterate Indian villager to say that English is difficult.

In addition to English, Persian has also encroached on the Indian languages. The language of Punjab is obviously Punjabi (or Hindi as some of the Punjabis would have it). The language of Kashmir is Kashmiri. The vocabulary of Kashmiri and Punjabi is highly Sanskritised like that of any other Indian language. In spite of

this, education in the Punjab was so much Persian-dominated that the child started muttering *Alif Be* before he could hear *Ka Kha*. The mother tongue was used only by the unlettered. Those whose educational and professional work is thus carried on in Semi-Persian or English, find their own mother-tongue and its Sanskrit vocabulary unfamiliar. It is not surprising that people so educated should clamour against Sanskrit words. But those whose education is more in line with their own culture have a duty to bring it to their notice that the whole of India need not be governed by their ignorance.

This alien bias in language education is responsible for many false notions about the nature and place of Urdu in India. Philologists regard Urdu as a literary form of Hindi (Linguistic Survey of India). It follows, therefore, that Urdu cannot be the mother-tongue of anyone. If it is not used in education or administration, it will automatically disappear. Kashmiri and Punjabi have been excluded from education and administration for many years past. Even so, lakhs of people speak Kashmiri and Punjabi. These languages have not disappeared. But the fate of Urdu will be otherwise, because Urdu is not a

people's language. It was a language of administration and literature. If the schools and Governments do not deliberately patronise Urdu, the Persian words popularised by Urdu will soon disappear.

Even today, Urdu and Persian words are familiar in some circles but if we take a wide enough population they have to be regarded as unfamiliar. If we take a small segment of Maharashtra, we would find that the various dialects Varadi, Kokani, etc. are more familiar there. But if we take Maharashtra as a whole, none of these dialects can be said to be widely understood. It is the language used by the Marathi newspapers that is most widely understood in Maharashtra, though it is not identical with any of the dialects. It is natural that one should find a standardised language intelligible over a wide area less familiar than one's own local dialect. It is, therefore, necessary to decide how large an area we are considering in pronouncing a verdict on the relative familiarity of a language. It may be true that some circles in Lucknow or Delhi find Urdu more familiar than Sanskritised Hindi, but if we consider the whole of India, the conclusion that it is more familiar than any other language, is inescapable.

Moreover in saying that a particular Persian word is more current and therefore it should be used in place of a Sanskrit word, we are considering a word apart from its other ramifications. It is, true that the word 'kanoon' is more current in the sense of law in Hindi than the Sanskrit word 'vidhi'. But this is scant justification for using 'kanoon' for 'vidhi' because we can derive the forms 'vaidh' (legal), 'vaidhanik' (constitutional) 'samvidhan' (constitution) 'vihit' (legalised), etc. and hundreds of other forms from the word 'vidhi'. No such derivations from the word 'kanoon' will find wide acceptance.

Currency is thus no adequate justification for the indiscriminate use of Persian and English words.

But the case for English and Persian words does not end here. English has a

very wide currency among the educated in India. Similarly Persian and Urdu are very widely current in North-Western portions of India. Why then should we fight shy of using English and Persian words for enriching our languages?

But although it is broadly true that a language is enriched by incorporating a larger number of words, the advocates of foreign words want these words to be used *in place of* Sanskrit words, and therefore, if we follow their suggestion, there will be no net increase in the number of words in the language. In saying 'istamal' in place of 'upayog' and 'time' in place of 'samaya' we have not in any way increased the number of words in our language. We have merely replaced two words by two other words.

Those who say that an indiscriminate adoption of foreign words will enrich our language have not given adequate thought to what is meant by 'enrichment' of a language. Language is a vehicle of thought and feeling. Whether this vehicle is efficient or not can be decided on the basis of some tests. Simplicity, for which the opponents of Sanskrit raise a hue and cry, is only one of them. Moreover, the opponents of Sanskrit have very confused notions of what is meant by simplicity. Familiarity is one of the tests of simplicity but what is familiar to me may be totally unfamiliar to someone else. Familiarity, therefore, is a purely personal criterion.

Ease of memorisation is a more general criterion than familiarity. The most time-consuming part in learning a language is mastering its vocabulary and idiom. English grammar is very easy and there is not much to learn of English grammar after the first year or so. One can, therefore, easily delude oneself that English is easy. But more prolonged efforts make it increasingly evident that even a life-long study of English does not enable one to dispense with the dictionary and many self-styled experts of English make ridiculous mistakes in English idiom.

The main reason for this is that English

has incorporated words from many languages and English vocabulary has, therefore, become heterogeneous and incoherent. If one knows the basic 2000 roots, one has the entire Sanskrit vocabulary at one's command, because all the other words are derived from these by rules which have nearly mathematical regularity. But English has no such facility. One has, therefore, to remember every word independently. Philately means stamp-collecting; but the knowledge of the word 'stamp' does not help in knowing the word 'philately'. Litigation means fighting law suits; but one who knows the words 'suit' and 'law' cannot infer what is meant by litigation. Horticulture means gardening; but the knowledge of the word 'garden' does not help in understanding the word horticulture. Such unconnected words of the English language make it very difficult to master its vocabulary.

If the habit of finding Sanskrit equivalents for foreign words is discouraged, the Indian languages also will not have any common scheme and it will become difficult to master them. It is today impossible for anyone to earn his livelihood without studying English and, therefore, we spend most of our life trying to master English. We thus succeed in acquiring a workable knowledge of that language. But the Indian languages are in a wilderness in their own homeland. Nobody suffers economically by not learning them. If, therefore, they also become as difficult as English, nobody will try to learn them.

The opponents of Sanskrit would not have the Sanskrit form 'prasarit' for broadcast. The logical corollary is that we should not say 'pratirasaran' for 'relay', 'utsaran' for 'jamming' and 'prasarit' for 'transmitter'. The derivatives 'pratiprasaran', etc. are not used today, and with the increasing fashion of talking in English to children in their cradles, it has become difficult to realise that the derivative of 'prasaran' would be far more easy to use than the many unrelated words of English. If, however, as the lovers of

Indian languages are hoping, English may become no more important in India than it is in Germany or Russia, the regular derivatives of the root 'sru' with the limited number of prefixes 'pra', 'prati', 'ut', etc. and a limited number of suffixes like 'tra' etc. would be found much easier to remember than the motley crowd of words, 'broadcast', 'relay', 'jamming', 'transmitter', etc.

The decimal system uses only 10 signs for expressing an infinity of numbers. Though the numbers expressed are infinite, it is easy to learn how to express them, because the method of expression obeys definite rules. It is comparatively far more difficult to use the Roman system of numerals because there is no such provision there. Giving up Sanskrit words and incorporating English and Persian words would be as great a folly as giving up the decimal system in favour of the Roman.

The use of unconnected words will not only make our languages difficult, but also incapable of coining new words. The power of Sanskrit to coin innumerable words from a few basic roots is admirable. But if we lose the habit of word-coining, our languages will lose this power and become sterile. The thoughtless incorporation of foreign words, far from enriching our languages, will dry up their creativity.

Foreign words affect the power of a language. But foreign grammar does far more damage. It creates anarchy in a language. No English-educated person would be prepared to say 'buse' as a plural of 'bus'. He will naturally say 'buses'. Similarly the Persian word 'lafz' would bring its plural 'alfaz' with it. The plural of 'shabd' is 'shabd'; but the plural of 'lafz' cannot be 'lafz'. If we accept the word 'interest', we must also accept the related words 'interested' and 'interesting'. If we borrow words from four different languages, the word-formation of the four different languages will also have to be incorporated with those words, and one who wants to handle those words will have to know these four original languages

in addition to his own, or as in English, regard every word as independent and get no guidance about its use from the rules of word-formation in his own language.

Simplicity is a merit but very often it is a minor merit. In scientific discourse for example, accuracy is more important than simplicity. For a scientific discourse a word becomes unsuitable precisely because it is current. A current word has many meanings which are not intended by the scientist. Moreover many scientific notions can simply not be expressed in popular words. Coining of scientific terminology thus becomes a necessity. For us, there is no better base than Sanskrit for coining such a terminology.

The opponents of Sanskrit urge against this that English already has the terminology for all the sciences. This terminology is 'international'. Why should we then try to coin our own terminology?

This argument is one of the many examples showing how the protagonists of English simply do not take the Indian languages seriously as a solid basis for the future. But the lovers of Indian languages are aiming at a state of affairs where only a few specialists would need to learn English and it would be unnecessary for the vast majority of the school and college students. Sanskrit terminology becomes unavoidable in the context of this objective. A student who has not studied English and is not intending to do so, will find it immensely difficult to master English terminology in studying any subject. In comparison, he will find Sanskrit terminology very easy.

Moreover, the claim of the protagonists of English that the English terminology is international is demonstrably false. Only a man who has never seen an English-French dictionary of Chemistry or an English-Italian dictionary of Physics will dare make such a claim. Dr. Kothari, one of our leading scientists says that the only international terms in Science are the signs like = or +. Almost all other terms are peculiar to the different languages. Unless

we identify the world with England and America, we cannot declare the English terminology international.

On the contrary, Sanskrit terminology can be made popular outside India. If India gives the lead, East Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and South-East Asia will easily adopt Sanskrit terminology, as it will be very much akin to the vocabulary used in these regions. This field will not be in any way narrower than that of English terminology.

We have so far considered words as a means for the expression of thought. But expression of thought is not the only function of a language. Like thought, expression of feeling and creation of beauty are also the functions of a language. The vocabulary of a language must also be considered from these points of view.

Every language has a sound-system peculiar to itself. The words in any other language cannot easily fit into this system. One cannot darn velvet with jute threads. If it is done perforce, it is bound to offend good taste. The use of English words in Indian languages is similarly offensive to those who have developed a sense for the beauty of Indian languages. It is possible to determine the basic sounds of any language and the mode of their pronunciation by objective methods. Foreign words do not easily fit into this and if made to fit perforce, they are bound to offend those who have a sense for language.

It may be suggested that we should temper the pronunciation of foreign words according to the genius of our languages. 'Academy' must be pronounced 'akademi' and 'salute' must be pronounced 'silut'. With this 'conversion' the words will easily fit into our languages. This suggestion is acceptable only if the conversions are not jarring and are meaningful. But in practice it is difficult to ensure this. The adaptation of some words is not jarring e.g. 'sultan' was converted to '*suratrana*' in medieval India. But though '*suratrana*' is hundred per cent Sanskrit, it absurdly changes the original meaning. The idol-hater Sultan is

made into the protector of the gods. Some adaptations do not pervert the sense, for example, 'sunit' for sonnet and 'aspatal' for hospital. But these words do not pervert the sense simply because they carry no sense. It is only in association with sonnet and hospital that the words can be interpreted. I would, therefore, suggest the meaningful words 'chaturdashi' and 'upachar griha' for 'sonnet' and 'hospital' respectively.

It is not only foreign words that are disfiguring our beautiful languages. Even the foreign alphabet is doing its bit. Even in Hindi, we find the 'progressive' Wy Bee Deshpande. If we can use Roman initials in writing or speaking Hindi, there should be no objection to using Greek initials and saying Upsilon Beta Deshpande or Arabic initials and saying Ye Be Deshpande. Why should we lose the opportunity of enriching our languages by using all the alphabets in the world in mentioning initials!

The power to express feelings is as important in a language as the beauty of its sound-system. From this point of view 'Mummy' cannot take the place of 'ma', 'Begum Sita' cannot take the place of 'Rani Sita', 'Lord Krishna' cannot take the place of 'Bhagwan Shri Krishna', 'Salam Amma Jan, cannot express the feelings expressed by 'Vande Mataram'. Only those who want to forget their heritage and borrow the plumes of others resort to such perversions. One may say that the enthusiasm for the use of English words is not activated by the motive to enrich our languages. The main reason is our wish to appear English. We feel more civilised when our own sons address us as 'Daddy' instead of 'baba'.

This attitude does not arise only in connection with words expressing intimacies or family relationships. A person once asked me 'Why should physics be called *bhowtiki*? Why not call it physics! Why not call a spade a spade?'

The idea behind this question is that the

English word physics has some natural connection with the science of physics and the Indian word *bhowtiki* is only an artificial concoction. This feeling is the outcome of a deeper and more pernicious feeling that science is the preserve of Englishmen and we are intruders in their realm. This attitude is not likely to prove very conducive to the growth of science in our country. If we Sanskritize scientific terminology, the feeling that science is somehow foreign to us will disappear.

The discussion so far may create a misleading impression that according to me, no words other than Sanskrit should be used in Indian languages. This impression is erroneous. The following classes of words other than Sanskrit will have to be used by Indian languages:

1. Every Indian language has a stock of words which are peculiar and native to it. Those who insist that Indian languages should give up these words and use Sanskrit words instead may as well say that no Indian language other than Sanskrit has a right to exist.
2. Proper Nouns should be retained in their original form. English has completely perverted most proper nouns. We are all familiar with Ganges and Kanchanjunga. But very few of us know that Sihanouk Norodom, Siberia, Russia, Paris, etc. are English distortions of Narottam Sinhananu, Sibir, Rusi and Pari, respectively. In Indian language, we must use the original forms and discard the English distortions.
3. Those foreign words which have survived in our languages for hundreds of years *without the instrumentality of foreign rule* can be said to be our own words. The loss will be more than the gain in trying to replace them by Sanskrit words.

It must however be realised that these justifications are not applicable to the English and Persian words the acceptance of which is being advocated today.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

Theory and Practice of Apartheid

STANLEY UYS

THE theory of apartheid is simple. It is that economic integration leads to political and social integration. Therefore, if the 12-million Africans in South Africa are allowed to become permanently economically integrated with the 3,500,000 whites, they will legitimately demand further rights, which will lead to their political dominance in a racially mixed society. All this apartheid admits.

Apartheid suggests, therefore, as the alternative to integration, a segregated country in which each racial group will enjoy full rights in its own area. To achieve this, the Whites must dispense increasingly with African labour and do their own work. Unless they make this sacrifice (declares apartheid), they will be behaving immorally, and the refusal of equal rights to the Africans will constitute White oppression. This is the moral base on which apartheid rests.

In accordance with this morality, Government leaders and the pro-Government Press have continually exhorted the Whites to start getting rid of their African servants. The only recorded occasion, however, on which a White employer has responded to these exhortations was in the Transvaal a few years ago, when a pro-Government newspaper (of which the Prime Minister, Dr. Verwoerd, is chairman) invited its readers to state what sacrifices they were prepared to make for apartheid.

A loyal Government supporter wrote to

the newspaper to relate what had happened to him when, in a dedicated moment, he had dismissed two Africans who had worked for him for five years. 'They were two faithful, thorough souls,' he said. 'They were satisfied, and I was satisfied, but at the insistence from the Press and the public platform, I decided as a loyal citizen to do without their services. I dismissed them and informed the Native Commissioner accordingly, highly satisfied that I had now contributed my share in the effort. But what happened? I am being ridiculed because I sit now without farm labour, and the two labourers now work for two of my neighbours.'

It is not only this Government supporter's two neighbours who have refused to make the sacrifice required by apartheid; it is the whole White population. Instead of dispensing with African labour, White employers have engaged them in ever-increasing numbers; instead of Africans flowing from the so-called 'White sector' to the segregated Reserves, they continue to flow in the opposite direction. In every year since the Nationalist Government came to power in 1948, the urbanisation and industrialisation of the African population has increased, not diminished. In 1951, South Africa's urban population was 5,397,000, of whom 3,326,000 (62 per cent.) were non-Whites; by 1960, the urban population was 6,970,000, of whom 4,509,000 (65 per cent.) were non-Whites. In other words, in 1960, two-thirds of the

population of the so-called 'White' urban areas were non-Whites. And the Bureau of Census and Statistics has estimated that, between 1960 and June 1964, the non-White population has increased in every major urban centre in South Africa, with the result that in all these urban centres today non-Whites outnumber Whites. Even Pretoria, the administrative capital of the country, with its large White public service, now has more non-Whites than Whites.

In each year, too, since 1948, the number of non-Whites employed in the so-called 'White economy' has increased, so that at present non-Whites constitute the following proportions of the labour force in the national economy: 86 per cent. in agriculture, 80 per cent. in mining, 70 per cent. in manufacturing industry, 70 per cent. in construction, 60 per cent. in the public service, and 48 per cent in transport.

This is all-important. In terms of apartheid theory, if economic integration is accepted, political and social integration must follow. In terms of apartheid practice, however, economic integration is accepted, but the political, social and even residential consequences are rejected. Apartheid sees the African as a 'temporary sojourner,' as someone who (in the words of the 1923 Stallard Commission) 'should only be allowed to enter the urban areas, which are essentially the White man's creation, when he is willing to enter and to minister to the needs of the White man, and should depart therefrom when he ceases so to minister.' In fact, more than 3-million Africans are *permanently* urbanised. They have never seen the Reserves (their segregated 'homelands') and presumably they never will see them. Yet they are denied the political, social and residential rights which should follow from permanent urbanisation.

What the Nationalist Government has done in South Africa then is to erect a political superstructure, patterned on segregation, on an economic base, pattern-

ed on integration, so that the two principles of segregation and integration are in collision. This is the contradiction in apartheid. It is a political fantasy which refuses to accept economic facts. That is why apartheid can never succeed. If an attempt were to be made to enforce economic apartheid, in the sense of extracting the African labour force from the economy, South Africa would go bankrupt; if, on the other hand, the present economic integration is allowed to continue, a point inevitably will be reached where the Africans will demand the corresponding political, social and residential rights; and either these demands will be refused in a way in which the Nationalist Government itself admits will constitute White oppression, or else concessions will be made which will violate the whole 'no concessions' concept of apartheid, and bang will go the whole apartheid ideology.

The fact which is not always grasped by foreign observers of the South African scene is that the Nationalist Government is not conservative, in the classic sense of this term, but reactionary. Conservatives try to maintain the *status quo*, but reactionaries try to restore the *status ante quo*; in other words, they try to move further back into the past. The Nationalist Government in South Africa is really a revolutionary government.

Lord Palmerston, in 1859, defined revolution in this way: 'Now there are revolutionists of two kinds in this world. In the first place, there are those violent, hot-headed and unthinking men, who fly to arms, who overthrow established governments... These are the revolutionaries of one class. But there are revolutionaries of another kind; blind-minded men, who animated by antiquated prejudices and daunted by ignorant apprehensions, dam up the current of human improvement; until the irresistible pressure of accumulated discontent breaks down the opposing barriers and levels to the earth those very institutions which a timely application of

renovating means should have rendered strong and lasting.'

By this definition, a conservative is a person who realises that, if institutions are to be preserved, they must be reformed when reform is due. Burke, the father of English conservatism, said: 'A state without the means of some change is without the means of its conservation.'

This is the case against apartheid. It either succeeds wholly or it fails wholly. If it fails, it cannot be reformed, it can only be abandoned. But it is tied up so inextricably with Afrikaner nationalism that if the one goes now the other goes, too. In other words, the Nationalist Government (unlike the Whig Government in Britain in 1832 or the Tories in 1867) does not stand to benefit from reform; it stands only to lose from an extension of power to outgroups. This is what makes the Nationalist Government so bloody-minded, so bunker-like in its mentality.

A clear distinction should be made between White rule in South Africa and Afrikaner rule. Afrikaners number nearly 2-million of the 3½-million Whites, and they form the ruling political (but not economic) elite. Apart from two English-speaking Cabinet Ministers, specially appointed by Dr. Verwoerd as a gesture to the English-speaking section, there is not a single English-speaking South African on the Government side in either the House of Assembly or the Senate. The Verwoerd Government's aim, therefore, is to maintain not only White rule, but Afrikaner rule, and apartheid is peculiarly a product of this situation. Apartheid is not just another race doctrine: it is the race doctrine of the Afrikaner people, because it buttresses the Afrikaner nationalist movement on which the Nationalist Government rests. No other kind of doctrine is conceivable for Afrikaner nationalism. Together Afrikaner nationalism and apartheid constitute the Afrikaner *laager*, the exclusive *volk*, the closed ideology. Any policy other than apartheid would open up Afrikaner nationalism to dilution

by non-Afrikaner elements. Until this fact is understood no sense can be made of apartheid.

Apartheid then is the unique creation of Afrikaner nationalism. This being so it is important to understand Afrikaner nationalism, which is the oldest nationalism on the African continent, reared under British imperialism. Afrikaner nationalism, according to its own historians, was firmly established 100 years ago, although its main impetus was derived from the South African War, 1899-1901, when the two Boer republics, the Transvaal and Orange Free State, fell to the superior forces of imperial Britain. The Nationalist Party's general election victory over the late General Smuts in 1948 was Afrikaner Nationalism's vengeance for the South African War. It was not apartheid that brought the Afrikaners to power, but their own nationalism. It is extraordinary how few English-speaking South Africans, even today, understand just how fiercely nationalism burns in the soul of the Afrikaner. This nationalism was nurtured on hatred of British imperialism and on resentment of the inroads into Afrikaner culture by the dominant English culture.

Apartheid, in 1948, was no more than a vague idea, loosely signifying segregation. Dr. Verwoerd's claim that apartheid is the 'traditional' policy of the Afrikaner, and indeed of the White, people of South Africa, is quite incorrect. Contemporary apartheid theory postulates total territorial segregation of the Whites and Africans, and the creation ultimately of independent nation-states for the Africans within South Africa's borders. Yet both Dr. Verwoerd's predecessors, the two former Nationalist Prime Ministers, Dr. Daniel Malan and Mr. Hans Strydom, specifically rejected the concept of total territorial segregation. In 1950, two years after the Nationalist Government came to power, Dr. Malan said: 'Well, if one could attain total territorial apartheid, if it were practicable, everyone would admit that it would be an ideal state of affairs. It would be an ideal

state, but that is not the policy of our party... it is nowhere to be found in our official declarations of policy... there are many Natives (Africans) who have never lived in the Reserves... and if one tried to return them to their tribal homes, the Natives Reserves would have to be extended considerably and much more land would have to be given to them otherwise there would be a tremendous congestion in the existing Reserves.'

This is precisely the situation in which Dr. Verwoerd (for he is the chief architect of apartheid) has landed the Nationalist Party today. Having declared (on scores of occasions) that the White, dare not make the smallest political concession to the non-Whites, because this would lead eventually to 'swamping,' Dr. Verwoerd is now set on an inflexible course. Apartheid, by his own definition, cannot be modified; it can only be abandoned or accelerated. Abandonment being out of the question, Dr. Verwoerd's only remedy for a problem which is being aggravated by apartheid, is to prescribe bigger and bigger doses of apartheid. International opinion has helped to push Dr. Verwoerd along this one-way course by demanding all the time to be shown evidence of the morality of apartheid. From segregation South Africa has proceeded to 'separate development', and from separate development to 'separate freedoms,' and from there some theorists want to proceed to partition of the Republic of South Africa into two vast areas, one for Whites and the other for Africans (no one has explained satisfactorily where the 1,700,000 Coloureds of mixed race descent and the 530,000 Asians fit in). These 'remedies' are revolutionary apartheid remedies, presented as 'traditional' policies. The more immense the race problem becomes, the more immense the solution is which apartheid offers.

Would any other White government in South Africa have handled the race problem differently? In my opinion, yes, *every* other White government would have

handled it differently, because apartheid is uniquely the product of an Afrikaner Nationalist government, and no other White government would have found it necessary to evolve such an inflexible policy. No government likes to be left with no room for manoeuvre on its major problems, but that is precisely what has happened to the Nationalist Government in respect of one of the most explosive problems of the 20th century.

It is not possible, in this article, to give even a bird-eye's picture of race policies as they have developed since a White settlement was founded in South Africa in 1652. It might be mentioned, however, that the trend, in the 19th century at any rate, was strongly anti-segregationist, and the present racially mixed society is the result of deliberate efforts by White political leaders to integrate the Africans in the White societies as rightless serfs. The critical point in South Africa's political history was reached when industrialisation began in the 1930's, and when World War II gave that extra impetus. Industrialisation forced a choice on South Africa: the Smuts Government, which was in power during the war years and until 1948, made its choice and accepted the fact of integration (integration is a fact, not a policy); then came the Nationalist Government and denied the fact.

This brings one back to the question of conservative vs. reactionary. The Smuts Government was conservative. So is the opposition in the South African parliament (the Progressive Party as much as the United Party). General Smuts's United Party, before and after 1948, wanted to preserve White paramountcy, but its outlook was conditioned by acceptance of the fact that the survival of the White man's paramountcy rested on his ability to accept change when change was due (or at least not excessively overdue). Dr. Verwoerd rejects this outlook totally. He rejects the idea of any slightest concessions however slight, being made to non-Whites politically within White institutions.

'This he says is the 'thin edge of the wedge.' On this pin-point balances the whole edifice of apartheid.

As early as 1942, General Smuts was indicating acceptance of integration. He told an audience: "You have what I may call the urbanisation of the Natives (Africans). A revolutionary change is taking place among the Native peoples of Africa through the movement from the country to the towns — the movement from the old Reserves in the Native areas to the big European centres of population. Segregation tried to stop it. It has, however, not stopped it in the least. The process has been accelerated. You might as well try to sweep the ocean back with a broom.'

This is what the Nationalist Government is trying to do—to sweep the ocean back with a broom. It denies not only the reality and inevitability of urbanisation, but also of two other forces referred to by General Smuts, namely, the detribalisation of the African people and their absorption into industry. General Smuts, admittedly, deplored the pace at which 'the old tribal traditions and culture and the authority of the chiefs' was being broken down, but he accepted that this process was 'the greatest revolution that has ever happened on this continent'; and as for industrialisation, he said, this 'is very far-reaching and no-one, even today, sees the limits of it.' Dr. Verwoerd rejects all this. He thinks urbanisation of the African people can be checked and reversed; he thinks the crumbling tribal system can be repaired and the authority of the chiefs restored; and he thinks that industries, somehow, whether by automation or immigration or another kind of alchemy, can begin to limit the number of their African workers. This is the crux of the race problem in South Africa: the urbanised African. Until he can be satisfactorily accommodated, or satisfactorily disposed of, there is no solution of the race problem.

The uniqueness of apartheid, therefore, is its assumption that society is a wholly plastic thing, that the economic base is as

malleable as the political superstructure. No other political group in South Africa shares this outlook. Nor, after being in power for 17 years, has the Nationalist Government been able to prove that the outlook is a valid one. It has totally excluded the African people from any kind of direct representation in the South African Parliament; it has segregated them socially with hundreds of 'Whites only' notices; it has denied them freehold tenure in the urban centres and devised intricate laws to emphasise their status as 'temporary sojourners'; but all the time it permits the 'White economy' voraciously to suck in as many able-bodied Africans as it needs.

These contradictions within apartheid must lead at some stage to conflict, and possibly the breakdown of government by consent. No one suggests that a conservative government would not encounter similar conflict, but it would have its escape hatches. Apartheid has no escape hatches. In the event of a breakdown of government, conservative rulers would be able to ask of African leaders: 'Well, what *more* do you want?' Apartheid cannot ask this question, because the African people want no more of apartheid. They want it to be dismantled. Whereas a conservative government could modify its policy, apartheid would have to be abandoned, tossed aside on the scrap-heap of history. And if apartheid goes, Afrikaner nationalism goes with it. The whole dream of Afrikaner hegemony goes up in smoke. This is the impossible future which faces South Africa: that apartheid cannot succeed, and that when it fails there is no machinery for resolving the failure. Further, the erection of a politically segregated superstructure on top of an integrated economy prevents the resolution of political conflict by the parliamentary process of arbitration.

What has brought the Afrikaner people to this impasse? Their nationalism, in the first place, and their position as well of economic inferiority, compared with the

wealthier, business-minded English-speaking community in South Africa. Traditionally an agrarian people, the Afrikaners lost many of their farms in the South African War and were caught up in the stream of urbanisation, just as the Africans were. Originally, Afrikaner and African suffered from the same lack of industrial skills, and the competition between them was fierce. Being White, and wielding political power, the Afrikaners were able to protect themselves behind race barriers, like the industrial colour bar. Today, the Afrikaners have come up in the economy, but the fear of competition has not disappeared entirely. As for Afrikaner entrepreneurs, they are also comparatively lightly involved in the country's economy, and are not as sensitive to race conflicts as the English-speaking business section has shown itself to be—the battle of race relations, after all, is fought on factory premises in the last resort. While 80 per cent. of South Africa's farmers are Afrikaners, responsible for £195-million of the £235-million worth of agricultural production (1955 figures), Afrikaners control only 1 per cent. of gold mining production (recent mergers alter this figure somewhat), 3 per cent. of coal production, about 7 per cent. of industrial production, just over 10 per cent. of the assets of financial institutions like insurance companies, building societies, banks, investment companies, etc., and about 25 per cent. of commerce and related services, mostly in the form of small, rural businesses. In 1954-55, Afrikaner entrepreneurs were responsible for 21 per cent. of the £361-million contributed to the national income by commerce, private transport, catering services, finance, professions and diverse services.

One can speculate on whether Afrikaner nationalism would have evolved quite such a policy as apartheid, with its lack of correlation between political superstructure and economic base, if Afrikaners themselves, besides constituting the political elite, had also been members of the

economic elite. Affluence might have made them more pragmatic.

If the crux, therefore of the problem in South Africa is the urbanised African, little purpose is served by examining the 'solution' which apartheid offers of separate, ultimately independent, African states in the traditional Reserves, or 'Bantustans,' as they are called. The Reserves constitute less than 13 per cent. of the surface area of South Africa, and even if additional land earmarked for purchase is actually purchased, the proportion will be raised to only 13.7 per cent. This 13.7 per cent., divided into eight potentially independent Black states (and, according to the Government-appointed Tomlinson Commission, 'so scattered that they form no foundation for community growth'), will have to serve as the 'homelands' of an African population which stands today at 12-million and which is multiplying rapidly; while the 3½-million Whites (plus 1,700,000 Coloureds and 530,000 Asians, in the role of second-class citizens) will occupy the remaining 86.3 per cent., in which *all* South Africa's non-agricultural wealth and most of its agricultural wealth is concentrated. According to the Tomlinson Commission, the immediate problem is to rehabilitate the overcrowded Reserves (only one-third of the African population lives in the Reserves as it is) by taking 1,800,000 African men, women and children off the land. What the Reserves need then, urgently, is industrialisation, but the Nationalist Government prohibits the entry of private White capital into the Reserves, or aid from foreign countries. There is no evidence to date that industrialisation is seriously contemplated in the Reserves. In that case, more landless Africans will simply be thrown into the migratory stream and drawn into the White economy. At what point then does apartheid begin to work? The Nationalist Government has been in power for 17 years: surely the time has come for integration to stop and segregation to begin? Or is apartheid what its critics say it is, that is, essentially a

rationalisation, a facade for the continuance of the unequal race-society?

It should be noted here that, even if the Tomlinson Commission's scheme for the rehabilitation of the Reserves and the absorption into them of millions of Africans succeeds, there will still be (by the Tomlinson Commission's own calculations) more Africans in the 'White' areas of South Africa in the year 2000 than Whites. Inexorably one is forced back to the problem of the urbanised African.

And what would a vote in an indepen-

dent Reserve mean to an African? The vote is an instrument whereby the holder participates in the process of arbitration over the division of the national wealth. If South Africa's wealth lies outside the Reserves what on earth is the use of exercising a vote inside the Reserves? In Western democracies, Parliament is the formal arena of conflict. If people are denied any kind of participation in Parliament it means they cannot resolve their conflicts through Parliament. Where must they resolve them then—in the streets?

MIRAGE

In the bowl of night
I drink strange waters of strange lands
Lulling me to strange fantasies.

When the mirror in me blazes
I become conscious
And see ungloved hands of life rotting.

What is there to live for
But what is there to die for —

I go on living.
My mind revolves
I see a thousand dawns
And a thousand nights
Revolving on the tips
Of time's finger.

GAURI PANT

The Inheritors

A Case for Centralisation

RAJ CHATTERJEE

WHEN the history of our time comes to be written there will be at least one strongly controversial figure in its pages. He will have many panegyrists and, perhaps, an equal number of detractors. I refer to our late prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru.

Here was a man, it will be said, who possessed all the attributes of greatness — family, private means, aristocratic good looks, an education and an upbringing that was a blend of the best that two great cultures could offer, a personal charm and magnetism that none has rivalled. Here was a twice-born Brahmin who abhorred the prejudices and privileges of caste, a rationalist who did not mind being called an agnostic, a man free from the taint of parochialism and, above all, one whose integrity and honesty of purpose had never been held in doubt.

And others will call him an idealist and a dreamer who should have retired from active politics when Independence was achieved. They will say that he was a man whose public utterances were weak and fumbling, possessing neither the warmth and earthy assurance of a Liaquat Ali Khan nor the silvery cadence of a Bullabhai Desai. A man whose pronouncements on matters of public import were vague and evasive because he could seldom make up his mind and whose foreign policy consisted, alternately, of begging and bragging. A man who was susceptible to flattery and hero-worship and one who frequently gave way to fits of childish temper.

Jawaharlal Nehru had dedicated his life to the common people of India. It is they, whose happiness and well-being he sought

to achieve who will pass their verdict on him. They will judge him, not for the virtues and defects of his character, but from the legacy of which they are the inheritors. There is much in that legacy for which not only they but humanity at large will be grateful. There is also in it that for which we and our children must pay the price — the price of Nehru's weakness in allowing his loyalty to the office-seeking, power-hungry 'freedom fighters', who had helped him over the years, to override his judgement.

These men who carried Nehru with them had ignored the lessons of history. They were blind to the fact that we are not a nation in the strict sense of the term; that a conglomeration of individuals professing different faiths, speaking different languages and dialects and following different customs can only retain the semblance of nationhood so long as there is a strong, unwavering hand at the centre welding the parts into a whole and preventing all separatist tendencies from coming to the fore. Secondly, they refused to accept the fact that we are not ready for democracy as it is practiced in the West; that there can be no true democracy in a country with a literacy rate of less than 10%; that for democratic principles to be established and remain alive the electorate must always have an alternate government to which they can turn.

For the last of these — or for the lack of it — Nehru cannot be blamed. The fault lies in our political immaturity. The result is that the parties out of power and likely to remain so in our lifetime, are the splinter groups who are not quite sure of

the particular brand of Socialism that they want, the Swatantrists (Conservatives) whose ideology has hitherto been appreciated only by a handful of intellectuals, the militant religious bodies whose disruptive influence is harmful to the country and the Communists whose foreign affiliations make them even more dangerous.

What do we see around us after eighteen years of Independence? There are States in which the erstwhile 'freedom fighters' have set themselves up much like the provincial satraps of Mughal days. Party bosses who once paid lip-service to the political heir of the Mahatma now cock a snook at New Delhi. States where corruption and inefficiency go unchecked except for verbal assurances from a weak and vacillating centre to 'look into the matter.' States with their own police forces and armed constabularies. States where the bureaucracy has become thoroughly demoralised because a man's placement and promotion depend more on his subservience to his individual lord and master than on his worth or his accountability to the cabinet as a whole.

We see long queues of tired and hungry human beings waiting outside badly managed ration shops; harrassed householders going from pillar to post for a few bags of cement with which to repair their roofs. We pass by at night the nameless, countless others who have no roofs to repair but are grateful to be allowed to sleep on the hard pavements of our metropolitan cities. The same cities in which ministers, deputy ministers and parliamentary secretaries live in bungalows with spacious compounds and ride in cars that are imported or have been released from priority quotas.

We see vast projects being undertaken at enormous expense for the 'ultimate' benefit of the masses. But as to their immediate and more urgent needs—food, and clothing at reasonable prices, low-cost housing, education imparted by teachers who are paid a decent wage, sanitation,

hospitals staffed by men and women who are free from financial worry—we hear only promises of the millennium that is to come.

In their own way, I suppose, some of these projects serve a useful purpose. They are the show-pieces that can be produced before foreign visitors while the hungry and the homeless, the unclothed and the illiterate are kept in the background. They are the tokens with whose help we have been able to borrow—in our peculiar non-aligned fashion—thousands of crores of rupees from sundry creditors abroad. As to how or when these 'loans' will be repaid, there is no urgency in the Capital, as there is none about so much that concerns the realities of life.

The same mulish obstinacy is evident in regard to certain other policies of the ruling party. Prohibition is an example. Here is a way of thinking that has been imposed on some who took pleasure in moderate drinking by some who did not drink at all. Drunkenness is another matter. It can be countered by moral suasion, by social ostracism and, in the last resort, by the provisions of the penal code. The law as enacted in certain States has failed. It has lost crores of rupees in revenue. It has encouraged illicit distillation and it has increased corruption in the Services. Yet our rulers will not admit failure. Why? Because the Constitution had committed the country to such a policy.

Or take the language issue. Here is another imposition on the people that is enjoined by the Constitution. The fact that it has led to mass murder and the destruction of property is of no consequence. It is written and so it shall be, albeit in a timid, half-hearted sort of way that permits compromise and deferment but will not allow a frank admission that Hindi can never be a common language for the country or a means by which the latest scientific and technical knowledge can be imparted to those who must be trained for its development.

We seem to forget that the Constitution

is meant to serve the people, not the people the Constitution; that while preserving its sanctity it can be moulded to fulfil its true purpose.

Such is the malaise that affects us. Is there a cure?

I have not made a profound study of Indian history but it seems to me that our particular genius thrives best under an authoritarian regime. We have read of the 'benevolent' despotism of the Mughals and we have witnessed the 'enlightened' despotism of the British. What I now recommend, purely as a transitional measure, is a controlled and regulated despotism of the bureaucrat. But — and this is important — the bureaucrat must not be hampered in his day to day administration by the whims and fancies of a politician. His only accountability must be to the provincial representative of a central power which is responsible to a legislature elected by a group of persons who know what they are doing when they go to the polls; who will vote for principles and policies, not personalities or pictorial representations.

There are, I believe, more than 150 members of the old I.C.S. still in service. There are also a large number of senior I.A.S. men, equal to them in integrity and ability if not in experience. There are others, from both cadres, who are fit enough to be recalled from retirement. We have excellent material with which to form an administration in the Provinces. I deliberately omit the word 'States'. It has a centrifugal connotation that is unhealthy in the present context. What, in effect, I am suggesting is a return to the political set-up that existed in the country prior to the Government of India Act of 1935, with Service governors assisted by advisers who have been brought up in the same school of experience and in a tradition that had once earned them the name of 'Guardians'. In terms of money alone — the vast sums that are expended on State ministers and their appendages — the step would be justified.

What I recommend is a transitional step. Let me add that the period of transition to

a democratic form of government in the Provinces should also be one of training. A period in which the legislators of the future can do their apprenticeships at the local level in elected bodies that are akin to the county councils in England. With a few exceptions, our existing corporations and municipalities are cesspools of intrigue, party politics, inefficiency and nepotism of the lowest order. Let the new councillors learn to serve the public in a restricted sphere before moving on to a wider field.

When we turn to the Centre the problem becomes more complex. We face a void that is not of our making. We have no traditions of non-professional governance. There are no ruling families whose members have for generations regarded politics, not as a source of profit and patronage, but as a distraction that has developed into a dedication. We have no Asquiths or Chamberlains or Cecils or Churchills; no intellectual Socialists like Attlee, Gaitskell or Wilson who, while not forming part of the landed aristocracy, went to the same schools and universities and were brought up in the same atmosphere of selfless devotion to the country. We begin with the Nehrus and we end with them. We have lost even our one-generation amateurs like Harikishen Kaul, Akbar Hydari, Mirza Ismail and the Tiwanas of undivided India — men of culture and economic independence who could be relied upon to keep politics clear of most of the sins that beset it today.

It is imperative, therefore, that the people who put into power those who will guide our destinies are themselves chosen with the utmost care. There is a great deal to be said for the concept of an intelligent electorate that our neighbours across the border have tried to put into practice. Certain minimum qualifications must be laid down if we are to avoid the farce that goes by the name of democracy in our country at present.

I would suggest that in urban areas an adult must be at least a matriculate to be

able to exercise the vote. In the villages, where the majority of the electorate is to be found, the franchise should be limited to those who have the minimum educational qualification or pay agricultural revenue to the extent of Rs. 1000/- per annum and above. These conditions can be varied so long as the main objective is kept in view — to ensure that the one and only law-making body in the country is elected by men and women who have received at least a secondary education or are persons of some standing and substance.

This restriction of the franchise will not produce a strong and intelligent Opposition overnight but it will at least create the right climate for it to grow by loosening the hold that political parties — and one in particular — at present have on the masses to whom the next meal is of more

significance than any political dogma.

There must continue to be a second chamber but one that can effectively delay legislative measures that in its opinion or in the opinion of the public voiced in the Press, have been hastily enacted. This body should be composed of elder statesmen, princes, prominent industrialists, educationalists, professional men and women, senior officers retired from the armed forces etc., part elected by the Lok Sabha and part nominated by the President on the recommendation of chambers of commerce, universities and other public bodies.

In making these suggestions I shall be called a reactionary by many of my compatriots. My only defence is that I am not a politician and that to me labels and shibboleths are of small consequence when the happiness and prosperity of 400 million people are in the balance.

Dangerous Thoughts: A Yugoslav Looks at Russia

LEOPOLD LABEDZ

IN April 1962 Milovan Djilas was re-arrested in connection with the impending publication in the West of his *Conversations with Stalin*. He had reached the conclusion there that 'despite the curses against his name, Stalin still lives in the social and spiritual foundations of the Soviet society'. Yet he hoped that eventually the Soviet 'operetta style' de-Stalinization would lead to a genuine crisis of conscience. The truth will out, said Djilas, because the human conscience is implacable and indestructible'.

Three years later Djilas was still in prison. When a foreign correspondent inquired about his release, at a press conference held during the last party congress in Yugoslavia, President Tito told him that not only he, but 'all our people wonder why has the question of Djilas been raised for years'. He, Tito, is 'not an autocrat'; therefore he could not interfere with the administration of justice in Yugoslavia. He had no right 'either to imprison or to release anyone'.

In the Soviet Union, Stalin's detractor has in the meantime been himself dethroned (in an 'operetta style'). On the eve of his departure there were many signs on the Soviet scene which warranted both the scepticism and hopefulness of Djilas. His diagnosis has now been strikingly confirmed by a testimony of another Yugoslav, Mihajlo Mihajlov, a professor at the Zadar University's Philosophical Faculty. His sensational article entitled 'Moscow Summer 1964' appeared in the January and February 1965 issues of the Belgrade literary monthly, *Delo*. It is a detailed personal report on the current situation in the Soviet Union, and it is particularly illuminating in its descriptions of the author's conversations with various Soviet writers. Their attitudes, revealed with unusual candour, also provide a background for an understanding of the politics of Soviet culture in the post-Khrushchevian period.

The world press has made only brief references to the Mihajlov report and so far has been able to give only an inadequate account of its content and significance. On February 10 the issues of *Delo* in which the article appeared were withdrawn from circulation on the grounds that they 'insulted the honour' of the Soviet Union. On February 11,

speaking to the group of state prosecutors, President Tito announced that Mihajlov and the editors of *Delo* would be prosecuted for disseminating 'reactionary slander'. He complained that the state prosecutors are often waiting for a signal from above instead of themselves taking necessary action. Had they done so in the case of Mihajlov, much trouble would have been avoided: 'It is highly disagreeable to us, who represent the political factor, to meddle constantly with your business, to tell you what you should be doing'. And indeed, a month later, it was disclosed in Belgrade that Mihajlov was under arrest and would be prosecuted, not only for his *Delo* articles but also for an open letter which he sent to 290 Yugoslav newspapers and magazines, protesting against an article in a Yugoslav weekly which attacked him for 'White Guard and anti-communist ideas'. In this (still unpublished) letter he said that he still believes 'that of all socialist countries Yugoslavia is the most democratic'.

Soon afterwards Mihajlov was arrested, on the basis (it is believed) of article 175 of the Yugoslav criminal code which punishes 'whoever brings a foreign state into derision'. If the Mihajlov affair did not exactly confirm our belief in the quality of the new Yugoslav democracy, at least it demonstrated again that Tito is no mere autocrat who brutally interferes with the administration of justice — he just complains when it does not precisely anticipate his wishes.

Mihajlov's crime was similar to Djilas': telling truths about the Soviet Union. Also this time no real attempt was made to challenge the veracity of the facts reported; as with Djilas on Stalin, they cannot be seriously contended. As Mihajlov himself put it in his letter:

'The trouble is not about the facts I have brought out, but the fact that I have brought them out on my own initiative. The trouble is I have dared to think with my own head see with my own eyes without permission.'

The official critics of Mihajlov limited themselves to generalities. Writing in the party journal, *Komunist* (11 February), Miodrag Bogichevich

accused Mihajlov of trying to include in his article "as much as possible about the 'death camps' in the Soviet Union", but the critic himself preferred to avoid any detailed references to the subject. Instead of contesting the facts, he used the familiar formula that 'under the cloak of a criticism of Stalinism, Mihajlov speaks about socialism'. The conclusion was drawn in an editorial note of the *Komunist*:

'One cannot tolerate essentially anti-socialist outbursts, made under the guise of a struggle of opinions and of a freedom of discussion.'

One particular sin in Mihajlov's report has especially been deplored:

'It represents an abuse of the confidence with which the author has so clearly been received, coming as he was from another socialist country.'

Indeed, the point was not irrelevant for Mihajlov's interlocutors. He quotes a Soviet university lecturer who stressed the important effect which the attitudes of Western communists have on Soviet cultural development:

'You in Yugoslavia are rendering us an enormous service by publishing the works of Pilnyak, Zamyatin, Shestov, and other modernists. And see, now we have begun to follow you. Only the Italian communists are doing us a similar service. For the Italians have published Pasternak's writings, an outstanding book on Dostoevsky by M. M. Bakhtin, and just now they are putting out the works of Bukharin.'

This, according to Mihajlov, is 'both' interesting and typical. Only when Western communist parties have begun to recognize a Russian writer of true quality would the Soviet authorities rehabilitate him. He may be exaggerating here. Both internal factors and non-communist Western publicity also play their role in influencing the cultural policy of the Soviet authorities. Yet it is undoubtedly true that they are peculiarly vulnerable in this sphere to being shamed by their co-religionists from abroad.

Mihajlov reported that 'Yugoslavia's presence in Russia is far greater than Russia's presence in Yugoslavia'. It is ironic that his own case should be an illustration that the opposite can also be true. Tito, who himself once mentioned the sad fate of the Yugoslav communists in Russia during the Great Purge, now finds any references to the skeletons in the Soviet closet extremely embarrassing. In his blast against the Mihajlov report, he accused him of no less a

crime than an attempt 'to justify the Nazi concentration camps', said that the Yugoslav press was pushing forward 'dangerous ideas', and referred to the whole thing as 'Djilasism appearing in a new form.'

Why this hue and cry which seems far in excess of what the actual articles seem to justify? The impression created in the world press is that it was simply because of the statements by Mihajlov that "the first 'death camps' were set up not by the Germans, but by the Soviet authorities", that 'genocide is not a crime first committed by Hitler', but by Stalin. Yet this does not form the gist of the Mihajlov report. After all, since Khrushchev's 1956 'secret speech' even the communists can hardly find such 'revelations' about the criminal deeds of Stalin shockingly new. They are in fact no longer in dispute.

It is the approach to these facts and the way they are presented which divides 'Stalin's heirs' from the more enlightened elements in the Soviet Union. This is the deeper reason for the official reaction to Mihajlov's report. Like Djilas before him, Mihajlov put his finger on a crucial point: the inadequacy of the Soviet 'operetta style' de-Stalinization. But for him the need for the communist world to face how inadequate de-Stalinization has been, and particularly for the Russians to do so, is not a theoretical hope, a music of the future. He brought the evidence straight from the scene, from the Soviet writers and intellectuals, many of whom believe now that no genuine change is possible without facing the truth about the past. Thus, in effect, Mihajlov called the attention of the Yugoslav public to the fact that today not only the Germans have the problems of their 'unbewältigte Vergangenheit,' an ugly past that has to be exorcised, but that the Russians have the problem of their unmastered past too, and that the Russian people are waking up to that fact.

This discovery of conscience, which Djilas thought to be 'implacable and indestructible', has been going on continuously in the Soviet intellectual life ever since the publication of Pomerantsev's essay, 'On Sincerity in Literature'. But it really began to gather momentum only after the appearance of Solzhenitsyn's novel, 'One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich'. The 1963/64 cultural freeze temporarily halted, but has not altogether stopped, this process. In the summer of 1964 it was, according to the first-hand impressions of Mihajlov, more than ever before in evidence:

'Only a fraction of writings offered to the editors' has in fact been published, yet it is nonetheless true that Soviet periodicals in-

creasingly resemble annals describing the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition... Such open revelation of the truth on the decades of Stalin's criminal tyranny and on the tragedy of the Russian and other Soviet peoples poses a problem which is still being passed over in silence. The problem concerns those who had actively fought against Stalinism long before 1956 and were telling the truth about the state of affairs in the Soviet Union. They are still regarded as criminals and 'traitors'... Much remains to be clarified and the process of rehabilitation has only just begun. An assistant lecturer at the Moscow State University told me: 'They have only rehabilitated their own people; but what has happened to thousands of honest persons who were not the Party members?' Many of my interlocutors made sarcastic remarks about the way rehabilitation was carried out. The family gets a form bearing the name of the person and stating that he or she has been rehabilitated — that's all. One does not learn when, where, or how the 'rehabilitated' person had died, and there is no possibility of finding it out. Popular discontent with the half-measures of de-Stalinization is widespread, as there are few families in the country without at least one member being in need of rehabilitation. However, they all seem to share the view that the struggle against Stalinism has only begun and they are optimistic about the outcome of this struggle.'

Remarkably enough, at the same time as the Mihajlov report appeared in *Delo*, the editor of the most liberal Soviet literary journal, *Novy Mir*, wrote a striking introduction to its January 1965 jubilee issue, in which he showed the same sort of sentiments, though of course in a somewhat more subdued and less explicit form:

'...How difficult it is in our literary life to get rid of the sad legacy of the past years, when all kinds of falsification and distortion of truth were flourishing, creating among the people a distrust of our printed word. It was too serious an experience to gloss over it and thereby to leave open the possibility of its repetition... A notorious period in the life of our country... was destroying the habit of expressing one's personal feelings or reflections on paper, in one form or another, it was paralysing the genuine human memory about the events through which one lived, about the significance and the real role in them of individuals with unmentionable names. Not only

we, but the generations to come will have cause to regret it. There was also something else: deliberate forgeries of 'personal testimonies', distortions of historical facts in bogus memoirs, the adaptation of the 'memory apparatus' to the needs of the day by their authors... The situation has changed decisively after the 20th Congress. I doubt whether there was ever a time when so many people turned to the pen with such an irrepressible desire to describe their lives, to reveal so many things which were hidden, to explain the past for the sake of the present and the future.'

In the light of this, it is easy to see why Tvardovsky attaches such importance to the publication in *Novy Mir* of Solzhenitsyn's 'One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich'. He stressed this in his *Novy Mir* introductory article: 'This novel, published two years ago, simply had to be created. Somehow it seems as if it was already there, such as it actually is, and was just waiting to appear... The reader badly needs the full truth about life, he is sickened by evasiveness and hypocrisy...'

Mihajlov emphasizes that Solzhenitsyn is at present the most popular Russian writer. He was told that last year alone four theses on him were defended at the Faculty of Philology of the Moscow University. He had a very interesting conversation on the subject with the deputy editor of *Novy Mir*, V. I. Lakshin:

'He had won wide popularity thanks to his long and important essay, 'Ivan Denisovich, his Friends and Foes', published in the January 1964 issue of *Novy Mir*, in which he took up a brilliant defence of Solzhenitsyn. Practically the entire Soviet press descended upon Lakshin for the publication of his essay. Fortunately, apart from verbal roars, there was nothing else to which the critic had been subjected. 'Today', he told me, 'nobody can do anything through administrative means to us who work on the *Novy Mir*, because the attack on one of us would be an attack on all the editors of the paper'. This would, of course, also mean an attack on Tvardovsky, the editor-in-chief. Tvardovsky is now one of the most outstanding personalities, not only in the Writers' Union, and is in a favourable position to play an extremely important part in the process of the liberalization of culture in the Soviet Union.

'After the publication of Lakshin's essay on Solzhenitsyn and the uproar that followed it, the young critic was receiving up to 150 letters

a day in which readers praised him for his courage and expressed their solidarity with him. When I asked him why the letters were not published, he said that the editorial board did not want to confine the polemics to Solzhenitsyn alone. 'Whenever they attack us,' he said, 'we publish something even more outspoken and thus the polemic is constantly shifting from one subject to another'.

"I found it very interesting to hear from him that the following saying is widely circulating in the Soviet Union: 'Tell me what you think of *Ivan Denisovich*, and I will tell you who you are'..."

The famous Soviet writer, Leonid Leonov, told Mihajlov that 'the only important problem today was to find and remove the causes of Stalinism. People will continue to write about the Soviet concentration camps — said Leonov — for the next eighty years.'

Mihajlov was astonished to see how popular today in Russia is what he calls 'the concentration camp folklore':

'What moved me most were the songs. I had never believed that such a thing existed in the U.S.S.R. These were prisoners' songs: now humorous, now cynical, now despairing. They were all deeply moving and impressive. Through them spoke Russia as I knew it from Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, a truly original folklore, not in a stylised form broadcast by the Soviet radio, but raw, occasionally naive, yet always deep, full of original tunes, and tragic. These songs were born in the depths of the *taiga*, beside the fires around which the camp inmates gathered, exhausted after the day's strenuous labour, undernourished, and beaten... Songs of beggars, prisoners, soldiers — rich is Russia in sorrow and beauty. Yet many of them are still unfamiliar to the public at large, only in recent years people have dared to sing them openly, the students being invariably the first to do it.'

These songs are perhaps 'the most significant folklore creation of our time' and 'they will no doubt be sung for a century, just as people still sing the songs from Russian jails of the former century'.

In his search into 'unofficial' Russia, Mihajlov found that even more remarkable was the popularity of the songs of Bulat Okudzhava, 'the bard of the common people', whose tape recordings were circulating all over the Soviet Union and are especially in demand among the young:

"He is the most famous man in Russia, a

Moscow *chansonnier* making his own verses and tunes, and accompanying himself on a guitar. His fame is genuine, he is not one of those celebrities artificially boosted up by the official press. Indeed, the Soviet press is silent about this great popular singer and poet. Yet his songs and poems circulate over the length and breadth of Russia. They are sung wherever three or four young people get together. In trains, parks, and at students' parties, everywhere I heard the songs of that great minstrel, Bulat Okudzhava. I was told that he was equally popular among the sailors of Murmansk, as among those who volunteered for work in the virgin lands of Kazakhstan... However, one cannot buy records of his songs, because such records are not made. Okudzhava told me that on two occasions master records had already been prepared for serial production of discs with his songs, but at the last moment 'someone' had put a brake on the idea... As most of Okudzhava's songs include some satirical comments on life, the poet is often subjected to unpleasant interviews and warnings. Yet, as he said himself, less and less so. People are gradually getting used to a free expression of opinion, and Okudzhava is an optimist in this respect...

"Incidentally, the poet has never been abroad. When the Poles and Czechs invite him to visit them, the Soviet Writers' Union replies that Okudzhava is too busy and that he is sorry to be unable to come. The poet is furious. He would like to visit Yugoslavia.

"Okudzhava's chansonettes represent a valuable element in Russian poetry and they will live as long as Moscow is still there, because they catch and reflect in an exquisite fashion the pulse of the great city, Moscow's streets and lanes, trolley-buses and dingy bed-sitters, drunken bouts in the celebrated restaurant 'Aragvi', the prostitutes gathering in the evening under Pushkin's monument. These songs are cut out of the real life of the capital... (They portray) all the seemingly small and insignificant tragedies and bravados of common people, simple delights like travelling with the beloved one, dressed in a greasy boiler suit, in a bus to the other end of Moscow (just for twenty copecks!); happiness suddenly knocking at the door of a garret (with a ceiling leaking) in the person of a beautiful woman ('Your Majesty, the Woman; surely you came to the wrong street, wrong town, and wrong century...'); life of the anonymous people whose credit is open only with the

'three girls, three sisters, three nurses — Faith, Hope, and Love'.

"All this pours out in the words and melodies of Okudzhava's songs. Glory be to the poet who has not forgotten that apart from states, history, space flights, conflicts of social systems, construction of gigantic industries, there is also something called — Man. How interesting is Okudzhava's 'Cocks' about the cocks crowing at every dawn in the courtyard, but with no fools to be found any longer to respond to such noises. The heroes of Okudzhava's chansons might agree with the words of Schweik in Brecht's play, 'Schweik in the Second World War', who, after listening to a high-faluting speech about 'the great historical epoch in which we live', said: 'I piss on your great epoch!'

The thought is obviously dangerous. Such sentiments could be expressed by the creator of Schweik, Jaroslav Hasek, in a Danubian monarchy, but it is not the business of a contemporary writer, be it Brecht in Germany, Okudzhava in Soviet Russia, or Mihajlov in Yugoslavia, to manifest them. If they do, it is only natural that they should run into trouble for forgetting the 'great historical epoch' they are living in.

And yet writers go on doing so. Mihajlov found, in fact, that many Soviet writers are hopefully looking for the end of 'the great epoch' and are confidently expecting 'another 1956' which should lead to the liberation of the cultural life from the shackles of 'socialist realism'. But he also found that the forces of dogmatism are still strong. The more liberal writers are subject to a variety of chicaneries and, although authors' fees are relatively high, some of them live in poverty, despite their literary successes. The famous author of 'Not by Bread Alone' Vladimir Dudintsev and other unorthodox writers 'can hardly make ends meet as their writings appear only in the smallest number of copies'. Dudintsev and his wife have to work all the time on translations just to feed their family. This prevents Dudintsev from finishing his current novel, 'The Unknown Soldier':

"I only need another four and half months of free time to complete this novel', the writer complained. . . . Recently, Dudintsev's German publisher visited him in Moscow and was astounded at the evidence of poverty he saw in the writer's flat. 'I thought you were the richest man in Russia', said the German. He had reason to believe that Dudintsev was quite well off. Although the USSR has refused to

sign the international convention on authors' rights, many publishing houses in the West have been paying large royalties for publishing rights to Dudintsev's novel to the Soviet institution, *Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga* with which Dudintsev had signed a contract giving him seventy per cent of all the royalties received from abroad. Yet *Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga* does not respect this agreement and refuses to pay any money at all to Dudintsev. 'Now look', said the German publisher, 'this is capitalist exploitation'."

Actually, it is only 'socialist realism' on the part of the authorities. Mihajlov reports that 'it is very difficult to get hold of a good book in Russia because the most interesting ones are printed in very small editions for ideological reasons'. And he remarks that 'socialist realism' is not just a matter of style:

"The essence of Zhdanovism is not its demand that artistic work should be realistic rather than modernistic, but its insistence on uniformity. I believe that the dogmatists would rather accept a uniform modernism, than allow even a small number of writers to diverge from the mainstream of the realist, or socialist realist school."

The word 'modernism' is of course quite misleading and cannot be applied to all the works which are now a matter of passionate interest to the young intelligentsia. Mihajlov very often came across this new interest in the old as well as the 'new' writers:

"I met young, obscure poets who worshipped Andrey Bely, whose works cannot be republished. . . . I talked to the students who knew well Kafka and I even encountered the admirers of Nabokov's 'Lolita'. Only one type of person seemed absent from the (Moscow) University: the followers of dogmatic socialist realism. . . . Many of the writers and critics, especially among the younger generation — and I refer particularly to the post-graduate students I saw at the Moscow University — appeared to be truly mad about Kafka. . . . Zamyatin and Remizov are the only two Russian modernist writers who are still black-listed. But I was surprised to see that many people were familiar with their works, even the ones published in the West. A deluge of writings on Dostoevsky is also indicative."

Mihajlov noticed that the special taste for poetry continues. He was told that 'it was sufficient for ten completely unknown persons to hang

out a notice announcing a poetry evening, to fill the hall to capacity'. Looming on the horizon was a new factor favouring the 'liberals' in their tug-of-war with the 'dogmatists':

'A special and signally important factor in the present situation is the conflict with China. Last August, the Chinese press attacked the young poets, Voznesensky, Evtushenko, Akhmadulina, in the same words as those used to condemn them at the 'historical' meeting of the Party and the writers in the spring of 1963. *Izvestiya* began then to defend these poets, using the very same words with which they had defended themselves against Ilyichev's attacks in the previous year. Generally speaking the pattern of polemics with the Chinese serves as a perfect weapon in the struggle with Zhdanovism on the home ground.'

Mihajlov gives an example of how the Sino-Soviet dispute affected the behaviour of one die-hard writer:

'The editor of the most conservative journal, *Oktyabr*, Vsevolod Kochetov, a writer who had most frequently criticised Dudintsev in the past, recently offered to publish Dudintsev's novel, *The Unknown Soldier* in his *Oktyabr*, rather than see it appear in (Tvardovsky's) *Novy Mir*. Kochetov's gesture is very symptomatic. He is a die-hard socialist realist whom the Chinese critics praise as the only contemporary (Soviet) revolutionary writer. Kochetov felt the need to dissociate himself from such Chinese eulogies, and stated that he is marching within the general ranks of Soviet writers without deviating from it. He then proposed to Dudintsev to bury the hatchet.'

The hatchet did not stay buried for long. The post-Khrushchevian developments on the Soviet cultural scene have shown that the struggle between the 'liberals' and the 'dogmatics', or more generally between the *apparatchiki* and the writers, continues unabated. The new leaders tried at first to create the impression that the overthrow of Khrushchev would make life easier for writers, and tried to capitalise on the disappointment felt by many writers and artists after the illiberal measures taken in 1963.

As in the wider political field Khrushchev's successors tried a balancing act between elements which in the long-run are incompatible. Both their policy, and *Pravda* editorials faithfully reflected three short-sighted vacillations: on the question of tactics vis-à-vis the Chinese, on the attitude to be taken towards the American administration, and on their attitude towards

Russian writers. Only, as regards this last question their vacillation was more evident. One day, for instance, *Pravda* would publish a concealed warning, and then, soon after, a reassurance for the writers.

The writers saw no reason to be particularly apprehensive. True, the muffling of the polemics with the Chinese had temporarily taken out of their hands a valuable weapon; but otherwise they were in a better tactical position than before. The 1963 freeze had spent itself and there was a distinct relaxation of publishing policy. The 'rehabilitations' (farfetched though they may be in some respects) continued. The new leaders could not afford to antagonize the 'creative intelligentsia'.

The Party continued alternatively to blow hot and cold. The new editor of *Pravda*, A. Rumyantsev, published an article on the 21st of February 1965 which many have taken as a 'liberal signal' for the intelligentsia. But then came the 2nd Russian Writers' Union Congress which was hardly a 'liberal affair'.

On the eve of the Congress the liberal and the old-guard conservative writers were divided more deeply than ever, yet during the proceedings of the Congress the anticipated clashes between these two groups did not occur. This was because none of the liberal writers was given the platform to express his views, although several of them were elected to the new, suitably enlarged, presidium of the Writers' Union. Sholokhov reminded the delegates that there is no place among the Soviet writers for 'people who are at times likely to flirt with liberalism, to play a give-away game in the ideological struggle'. Although the message from the Central Committee of the Party declared that 'there can be no socialist art without bold experiments' it added that it must be 'irreconcilable with ideological vacillations and manifestations of bourgeois ideology'; it pointedly reminded the writers of the July 1963 Party resolution on art and literature. The President of the Union, often called 'the eternal hack', L. S. Sobolev, quoted this in his opening speech:

'At present — says the July 1963 resolution of the Central Committee — the ruling circles of the imperialist countries, without giving up other forms of the struggle against socialism, put the greatest emphasis on the ideological division... Under cover of the slogan of the peaceful coexistence of ideologies they try to smuggle into our society the false concepts of the independence of art from the party, of

ideological and political indifference, of the conflict between generations.'

The resolution of the Congress duly called for 'the strengthening of the principles of socialism, for irreconcilability towards the bourgeois ideology and all kinds of formalistic and modernistic perversions...'

This is where matters stand at the moment, but the situation is fluid. Mihajlo Mihajlov's report brought out vividly that under the surface of the old ritual phraseology, considerable ferment is going on among the Soviet writers and intellectuals. Now after 12 years of 'operetta-style' de-Stalinization this is more and more difficult to control. The authority of Party leadership has been eroding, for there has been gradual undermining of its orthodoxy and universalistic pretensions. This has been accelerated by the conflict with the 'Oriental Pretenders'. The measures taken by the Party to control the intellectual situation are becoming more perfunctory and, at times, give the impression that they are more concerned with clinging to ritual than with ideological salvation. Besides, from past experience one can easily anticipate that new cultural rulings will be even less effective than Khrushchev's cultural policy.

In his report Mihajlov quotes the first Soviet writer who predicted it all: Eugene Zamyatin. He said in 1921 that as long as Russian literature

will have to tremble at the sound of every heretical word, it will have 'only one future: its past'. This prophecy remained true through the whole dark night of the Stalinist era. But Zamyatin also said: 'Heretics are the salt of the earth. They are the source of a universal vitality. However silent they may be, or forced to be silent, they will always ultimately make their presence felt.'

Mihajlov rightly feels that these words are relevant to the Russian cultural situation today. After all, it is no longer the Stalinist reign of 'the total lie'. The Party leaders may still be promising a Marxist jump 'from the kingdom of necessity to the kingdom of freedom'. But what the writers want now is a much more modest passage from the world of official euphemisms to the world of a modicum of truthfulness. He was a truthful witness. For this he has been imprisoned, like Milovan Djilas before him.

In an increasingly 'polycentric communism' such measures are not only harmful to the writers and intellectuals, and not only violate civilized values, but they may even be harmful in the long run to the Party leaders themselves. Those who take such ineffectual measures, despite all the admissions about the wrongs done by the Party in the past, may now no longer be asked merely whether Stalin was really necessary. The question is also: Is Stalin really dead?

If Tito agrees that he is, Mihajlov should be free.

POETRY

Seven Poems of Agyeya

LIFE AND SHADOW

Leaning over the bridge, I see
My shadow
In the stream's clear water —
On the surface, in the middle-depths,
And on the sand-and-pebbled floor.
O, from instant to instant it
Is pierced by
How many gleaming
Color-flashing fish!

WAITING

The twelfth moon slowly climbing
The long uncertain moonlight
Over the spindly sunken lake,
The interminable trail winding dusty-white
Between three lanky palms, the stretching mist beyond
Torn by the long blade of the plover's drawn-out wail.

Like a tall coil of smoke from a hermit's long-nursed smoldering fire
Long kept-down desire arises
And my unshamed shadow lengthens out from me,
Heads for some haven long, long miles away.

HUNTER

Often, having drawn the bowstring to
 My ear and taken aim,
 I let the arrow go
 And no one falls,
 But I'm delighted suddenly,
 The quick pleasure of the hunt piercing me.

At other times,
 No target and no aim,
 Not even shaft in bow,
 I twang,
 Absently, on the string:
 I beg no game, yet someone's heart
 Is stricken miles off from me.

THE RIVER IS A FRIEND

By this same river Jamuna, another day,
 I had heard the story of your sorrow
 And answering with a sudden helplessness, said:
 'I love you.'
 Took your hands in mine with the unutterable separateness of acceptance.
 By this same river, now,
 I have said it again: 'I love you'
 And for answer heard the story of your sorrow:
 Taken your hands in mine in the unutterable separateness of renunciation.
 Perhaps by this same river once again,
 I shall not be able to speak of love
 There will be no need to hear of sorrow —
 Another day, when renunciation will become acceptance
 Of a more imperative command.
 The river is a friend;
 Nature too is a friend;
 And perhaps, after all
 So is man.

THE REVOLVING ROCK

XXV

Where sea met land
On that very seam
I sat.

Why the sea was silent
Why the land voluble,
I don't know.

On the line of meeting, absently, I sat
Watching the sea
And listening to the land;
What I could read on the sea waves
I wrote on the ruffles of sand.

I don't know
Why I sat there.

But all of this
Was by day:
Later,
When the sun, risen from the land,
Wasted with heat,
Fell into the sea,
A shaft of light cut through me,
Pinning me down to that line of meeting
Before it dissolved.
The night closed in on me wholly:
The land grew still
And the sea broke into song.

There was no more for me to see,
To read, to write.
Far down I grew clear
That this was how it must be: that the sea should sing
And the land be still; this
Was the fit state of things.

Though why this should be so
I don't know.

But will he just awakened
From now on and forever
Endure just so, pinned down to that line of meeting
By a shaft of light?

JUNE NIGHT

The river, a gorged python,
 Worms into the shadow
 Of the sagging cliff
 The moon is pale with the breathless heat
 The road winds interminably.

A weary pair of oxen pant
 Before a load that was the same
 Two scores of centuries ago
 As nightjars tell, while tireless cicadas rewind
 Their clocks.

An unbreathable vacancy has dominion
 There is no privacy anywhere, no silence.

A FAREWELL AT THE AIRPORT

Rose up the booming machined eagle,
 Became small spot, merged into nothingness.

And the snake? It got left behind, here, writhing, snapping.

In front of the eyes everything goes slowly dark —
 Fields, trees, water, hills, houses, crowding people.

All these poems have been translated from the original Hindi by Sachchidananda Vatsyayan and Leonard Nathan

SHORT STORY

The Lesser Evil

GLADYS BHAI

EIGHTY years old Miss Victoria Taylor closed her book with a sigh and gazed at the drawing on the glossy dust jacket, a grotesque death mask, its mouth twisted in a sardonic grin. It was a Book Society choice, and with the publisher's blurbs it was emphasized that no one could afford *not* to read it! The old woman shook her head sadly, deciding that it was a crazy age, for what the story told could happen, unless — and the thought filled her with a surge of emotion — unless God performed a miracle and drove fear and hatred from the heart of man.

She removed her spectacles and focussed her eyes on tall dark trees, a sight of which never failed to rouse in her a sense of awe and wonder, and she felt a stab of almost physical pain as she imagined them splintering and rending apart in a blinding flash! Millions would perish and many who survived might well wish that they had been destroyed too, and the fit ones would have to start again from scratch, wresting a living with their bare hands.

Atomic power, rocketing men and satellites into space, trips to the moon within a decade, reminded Miss Taylor of the fantasies of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells, though after seeing the way people existed in crowded city slums she thought wryly it wasn't a bad idea to expand, even to another planet.

The more she thought about the book the more frightening it seemed. It was madness when you thought that the pro-

cess of world extinction might start accidentally, as it did in the story, by a reconnoitering aircraft which crashed in flames and triggered a cold war into a mighty holocaust!

She tried not to think of it and feasted her eyes on distant peaks, now bathed by the setting sun in a rosy effulgence; soon they would appear purple, and when the fiery ball sank into the horizon, black awe inspiring peaks against a faintly luminous sky. She shivered and decided that it was time to go indoors. But where was Moti Ram?

She walked down a twisting gravel path to the gate, looked both ways up and down the deserted road. There was a sound though. What was it? She could hear the dogs barking excitedly — was something wrong? Did she hear the yelp of an animal in pain?

Hurry up, Moti Ram, she said to herself as she set off in the direction of the sounds. After a few minutes she caught sight of them and stopped, letting her breath go out in a sigh of relief.

Come on, now, hurry up! she willed them. Ah! they'd seen her, they raced toward her, one — two — and there was the third, little specks getting bigger by the second. Soon they came bounding toward her, the two Labradors and the hound of doubtful ancestry, greeting her with their doggy exuberance.

'All right, Spot, that's enough!' she said. 'Down, Rex! Judie!' And off they went,

charging back to the man approaching in the distance.

'Moti Ram,' she called as he hurried up the path, 'you know I like you to get back before dusk.'

Moti Ram, middle-aged and muffled in woollens, was out of breath. 'Yes, Miss sahib,' he said. 'I was delayed—'

'What was the excitement about over there?'

'A langur, Miss sahib.'

'Oh—for a moment I thought—' Fear of the marauding panther was never far from her mind, but thank goodness they were safe, her little family, Moti Ram, his widowed daughter busy in the kitchen, and the three dogs.

People, she knew felt sorry for her, living all alone as she did, but she thought she was lucky. Soon there would be a blazing log fire and she would have dinner cosily in front of the dancing flames. She would read again, the dogs snoozing at her feet, and then to bed.

She didn't enjoy *that* so much—worries always managed to insinuate themselves in that wakeful period before she finally managed to sleep. She would rack her brains in trying to devise a way to make ends meet, pinning her hopes on the summer visitors next season to whom she would offer some of her treasures for sale.

Her things belonged to an age of gracious living and nowadays one lived in flats with rooms no bigger than a baby's playpen and who would want to buy a dining table to seat thirty people?

She was thankful that she didn't live in a city. This had been her haven ever since the far off days of her broken romance when the dashing young cavalry officer had changed his mind and married the pretty new girl just out from home. She had hated the mountains at first—their grandeur had seemed to emphasize her loneliness; now she never thought of that part of her life and she loved the hills.

It was hard for her to decide when they were more beautiful—in the depths of winter when snow muffled everything to

an unearthly silence and the world seemed to stand still and only the cry of a lone bird would make it seem real again, or in spring when all was clothed in a fresh new green and wild flowers turned the hillsides into a riot of colour and her garden became gay with mauve cascades of wistaria and masses of creeper roses.

In another part of the grey stone house, Moti Ram explained to his daughter why he was late. 'I had to haggle with that old skinflint,' he said indignantly. 'Just imagine, he tried to tell me they weren't pure silver! I told him that Miss sahib had given you the anklets when you were a bride and did he think for one moment that General sahib's daughter would give a present of *imitation* silver? Oh, he felt very small when I'd finished telling him. Here, Shanti,' he said, giving his daughter a small newspaper wrapped bundle, 'I think there'll be enough for the two of them. Is the soup ready?'

The sound of a vehicle straining up the hill penetrated the thick walls. Oh—good heavens! it was Tuesday, Miss Taylor remembered. It was Dr. Lal and he'd be here in a minute.

Quickly she made a few changes in her attire, substituting an embroidered Kashmir shawl for a chunky cardigan, pinned an amethyst brooch at her throat and wore her diamond ring. She had a momentary feeling of elegance when the jewel winked at her in the firelight, but it was soon dispelled by the thought that now the ring looked all wrong on her work-worn hands. She was just in time to greet her visitor. Moti Ram appeared now in a spotless white coat, a silver tray in his white-gloved hands.

Dr. Lal raised his glass. 'Here's to you, Miss Taylor.' He 'hrew back his head and swallowed. 'That *was* good,' he remarked as he set down his empty glass.

The old woman's eyes twinkled. 'Home made,' she said, 'I'll let you into the secret some day.'

Dr. Lal laughed. 'If you lived in

Bombay,' he said, 'you'd have a nice profitable sideline in this—'

'Oh, hope I'm not breaking the law,' she said.

'There's no prohibition up here,' Dr. Lal pointed out.

'Well—I wouldn't really miss it—I think a good cup of tea serves the purpose just as well, but we do need *something* to warm us up here, don't we?'

'I think I'll get your recipe—I'll need it.'

She smiled at the newcomer in charge of the T.B. hospital. 'Why, it's not winter yet, but you'll get used to it,' she assured him.

Shooing the dogs aside, the doctor hugged the fire. 'But for the sun I'd resign,' he said. 'Don't you ever feel like packing up and going back home, Miss Taylor?'

Steady eyes met his. 'No,' she said. 'this is my home. What would an old woman without a family do in England?' Now she knew the answer. The idea of living in a dreary boarding house depressed her, and how would she be able to look after the dogs? And wouldn't she miss the sun? She was too old to go back to that other life; too much water had flowed under the bridge.

Miss Taylor chattered away excitedly and promised to lend Dr. Lal the book, and since her mind was full of it, it was the horror of an atomic war that occupied them during dinner.

'Do you know,' she said, if it did happen I wouldn't know what to do first, I mean to ensure the maximum safety against contamination from radiation and so on.'

Dr. Lal looked thoughtful. 'You have a point there,' he conceded. 'You'd think as a medical man I'd know all the answers, but I don't. Oh, I've read as much as the next man, maybe more—we get plenty of literature in my line, lot to mention the free samples—the cough cure that won't constipate, and so on,' he laughed merrily, 'but you know I'm interested in T.B. and that's a killer, a *caution* as my old prof used to call it.'

'Incredible, isn't it? I believe in some

countries even schoolchildren know what to do first and housewives at the first wail of the siren are all ready to move into a specially prepared safe place.'

Moti Ram replaced the sorp by a steaming dish of curry and all the trimmings. 'Mmm—looks good,' the doctor remarked. 'I look forward to Tuesdays,' he added, laughing. 'But I wish you'd stop rolling out the red carpet for me—I mean all this silver and I'm sure your dinner service is priceless!'

Miss Taylor smiled. 'Shall I let you into a secret? You know, Dr. Lal, I haven't any what you call sensible everyday things left—over the years they've all been broken, and why should I buy more *ordinary* things which I can't afford when I have these lovely ones to use?'

'That's one way of looking at it—'

'I think far too many of us store the good things and never feel quite happy with second best, just as we go through life full of good intentions only to die without having accomplished anything.'

For a while they ate in silence, the soft candlelight adding a cosy touch to the small table in front of the fire.

'You're not to worry about it, Miss Taylor,' Dr. Lal said then. 'You know the chap who wrote the book is no doubt very clever, but if he were an expert on the subject he wouldn't be writing novels would he? No doubt he's used some technical jargon and added sufficient touches to give it verisimilitude. I read a criticism of it somewhere—I think it was of the same book—in which it said it couldn't happen like that.'

'I hope so, but Dr. Lal, don't forget Hiroshima and Nagasaki.'

'Do you think, then, that we ought to be educated—oh, I don't mean people like you and I especially, who can afford to buy novels, I mean the masses?'

'Well—' Miss Taylor reflected, 'I'm not so sure. It's a matter for much serious thought. You see if wisdom prevails it may never be necessary and the expense of propaganda and the risk of terrifying poor

innocent people might be a big price to pay. On the other hand—' She sighed and looked at Dr. Lal's plate.

'Have some more—'

'Moti Ram has excelled himself,' Dr. Lal said, helping himself.

'I don't know what I'd do without him,' Miss Taylor said. 'In a city he could earn ten times more than what I pay him, but he refuses even to talk about it. He came to us when he was a boy — we had as many as twenty dogs in those days,' Miss Taylor explained.

'On the other hand, as I said,' Miss Taylor went on, 'well — if I weren't an old woman but had my life in front of me I'd prefer to know the *worst* that could happen and the *best* way to seek survival,' she said emphatically. 'Most of us wear blinkers because we just don't want to see. What did Bertrand Russell say? "People would rather die than think — and they do."'

They talked on, thrashing it out between them as they drank steaming coffee from big sensible cups, then Miss Taylor gave a bottle of her home made ginger wine to the doctor before he left.

The visitor gone, Moti Ram lit the oil lamp for Miss Taylor to read by and withdrew with his nightly *salaam*. She smiled when she thought how surprised her old

servant would be when he inherited the house and all that was in it. *For loyalty and devotion* she had written in her will. She wouldn't even hint about it lest she embarrass him, though she would have liked to ease his mind about the future, for she knew that he too found it difficult to manage and had to keep on selling little bits of silver to the old merchant in the bazar.

Moti Ram closed up the house and went to the servants' quarters, his work for the day was done.

'Father, there's only one anklet left,' Shanti said when her father appeared.

Moti Ram looked worried. 'Next summer the rich foreigners will come again,' he said reassuringly. 'When you think that for years she has spent so much money on feeding all those dogs —' He shook his head sadly.

'And starved herself to do it,' Shanti broke in.

'True, *we* wouldn't deprive ourselves for dogs, but she could never bear to part with any.'

'Yes — aren't you going to smoke your hookah?' she asked when her father made to extinguish the lantern.

'I'm giving it up,' he said, 'it makes me cough. Let's sleep now, daughter,' he said.

The Rickshaw Man

LESLIE DE NORONHA

IT was, of course, a mistake. It always is, to revisit the past but, despite what they said at the Pig and Ivy on Kensington High, when I came into a nice fat legacy I returned to India, to the Himalayan hill-station where I had spent the first half of my life.

So here I sit, at a table in a restaurant on the Mall (where we had Sunday morning concerts of Gilbert and Sullivan Selections) watching the crowds go by. Crowds that are strange to me, young crowds, vibrant, alive, but alien. I hold no rancour, I am glad for their sakes and, with the wisdom of middle age and what the leavening years in a cheerless bed-sitter off the Brompton Road have taught me, I sincerely wish them luck. We did our job; now it is up to them. And it is not their fault if I am not content; it is mine. India has changed, I have not, a point I had overlooked four days ago when I locked up my rooms at 33A Brompton Place, said goodbye to Mrs. Murphy, my landlady, and left London Airport for six weeks of what I fondly hoped was to be a pilgrimage to my youth. And when I saw the rickshaw man on the evening of my first day in the Himalayas, the taste of memory was still sweet in my mouth. That might have made me vulnerable to what was to follow.

I write this now as I think about the affair. I cannot express myself clearly or very correctly from the point of view of style or grammar, for I am a soldier still even though I've settled for a pen-pushing job at the Home Office. So it is hard for me to explain when or why the suspicion first crossed my mind, and even harder to express clearly the exhilaration or the sadness I was to feel.

Certainly not this first day on the Mall (named now after a famous Indian statesman) when first I saw him, the rickshaw man.

I was tired. The toy-train had chugged manfully up from the plains tooting merrily through the pines and fir trees. Halfway up we had stopped — as we had in those days, too — at a lovely garden-station and white-turbanned butlers had brought trays of tea and hot buttered toast and scrambled eggs and actually said 'Sahib' to me, something that touched me very deeply as though, after many years, I had come home again. Eventually we had steamed into the station I remembered so well. (Jock Smith was station-master then, and heavy-weight boxing champion. Damned nice chap, I remember, even though he was an Anglo-Indian ... the tar-brush brigade, we called them then.)

I had bathed and changed at the hotel, wishing I had had more time to savour the the country, for the fast jet-plane had smartly bypassed those first memories of dust and glare and the white-hot heat and the burning orange of gulmohur and the acrid smell of dung and chattering of the beggars like magpies... but I must not wander.

Then, first call at the bar for iced beer, something I had been promising myself all the way out on the plane; we have our beer warm at home. Next, lunch. The nostalgic names on that first menu... mullagatawny soup, masala pomfret, chicken pillau and Madras curry, sweet mango chutney, Bicculla soufflé... I still can see in my mind's eye the old kahn-samma at our Officers' Mess — old Ban Chor, as we affectionately called him — with his hennaed beard and the inimitable

way of saying 'Hazoor' and the wonderful curries he produced.

But I must not keep going back. Yes, that first evening. I was coming down one of those steep little wooden stairways from the Ridge when a crocodile of convent girls went by below me, smart in their beige and scarlet blazers. The same rosy cheeks, even though they were not English girls now. Behind them, rolling smoothly along in rickshaws, came the nuns. By the time I had reached the bottom step at street-level the last rickshaw was passing. It passed me quickly, and I had barely time to mark the coolie at the right front pole. Just a profile — a jutting jaw, a shock of yellow hair, a head thrust forward belligerently, a side-long flash of bright blue eyes — then a broad muscular back; and then the body of the rickshaw and a nun's coif hid him from my view.

Why did I notice him? Obviously a coolie in the Himalayas with yellow hair and blue eyes would attract attention automatically. But then, why the inexplicable fit of depression that settled over me, spoiling my evening? Suddenly I found I wanted only to return to the security of my hotel room and a reassuring whisky-and-soda.

The next few days were pilgrimages to the past, trite as the expression is. The lovely little shaded road that twisted and curled gently down to the racecourse and polo grounds... and memories of afternoon picnics, lacy parasols, cold beer, tongue sandwiches and mufti. The promenade on the Ridge with the squat, square Norman church tower on the skyline... Church Parades, followed by gin-and-lime at the Club and bridge all afternoon... the little wooden houses, vaguely Tudor, vaguely Swiss chalet, clinging to the hillsides; so dilapidated now, with gardens overgrown with weeds and broken bricks tracing out the memory of formal prize flower-beds... Colonels' memsahibs and crisp cucumber sandwiches and strawberries-and-cream after tennis, and raw sunburnt limbs and girls in cool white

linen tennis dresses... the theatre where we attended the inevitable performance of the 'Mikado' or the latest Noel Coward play and the leading lady who was named Susan, Penelope or Jill — they were all called Susan or Penelope or Jill in those days — and the bets we made at the Mess as to who would lay her first.

And everytime, everywhere I went, returning to the hotel, my after-breakfast walk, or outside the post-office or Bank, there he was.

The rickshaw wallah.

I do not want to give the impression that he was dogging my footsteps, or deliberately following me around. He was the front-right man of the team, and wherever I went it just seemed that that particular rickshaw was there... passing me as the rickshaw team came downhill in a joyous canter. Or perhaps I overtook it on an uphill stretch, the four men panting loudly, grunting as they struggled with a fat old woman, the back and floor of the rickshaw laden with shopping parcels. Or the rickshaw was parked at a stand outside my hotel, and when I emerged, there they were, the men of the team squatting and smoking a communal hookah and guffawing loudly when I passed.

I had to notice him, of course, the one with the yellow hair. As I've said before, I do not know when exactly the suspicion formed in my mind. I only know that I gradually came to be fascinated by him, the strong handsome face, the pale creamy skin, the sense of familiarity as though I *knew* the powerful body beneath the shapeless garment he wore. And without any logical reason, everytime I saw him, taller and broader than the three other grubby, dark-skinned, puny little bastards, sweating and stinking to heaven and invariably bent double, I felt a curious sense of pride, and a strange feeling of tenderness.

The knowledge must have been deep within me even at that time, else how explain why every time I saw him I had to stop and stare, out of compelling curiosity

at first, I agree, but later, hungrily, greedily, as if I could not get my fill of looking at him?

When did the suspicion become a certainty? That again I cannot answer. It was as if a thought was taking shape in my mind, like the shadow of a cloud on the hillside, and slowly the shadow was rolling away as the cloud went by leaving the details of the hillside, the bushes, the rocks, the furrows, bathed in brilliant sunlight.

How else explain the eagerness with which I looked out for him on all my walks, scanning every curve, every road, every lane, the day brightening when he came trotting around the corner, the rickshaw rolling smoothly behind him, and darkening when he went out of sight, the team padding silently along on their bare feet?

Meanwhile my holiday continued. I revisited many places I remembered so well — the wooded spots, with ghosts of subalterns carrying tiffin baskets, the pine grove where a brigadier's wife seduced me — but now they seemed to have lost their savour. I even hired a pony to go out on day-long excursions; I would leave joyously, but soon I would find myself longing only to return to the station and the frequented roads.

There was no doubt that by now the rickshaw man was becoming an obsession with me. I would buy a paper and go out and sit on the Ridge on one of those benches overlooking the panorama of hills and valleys, slyly looking behind me; then, unashamedly, I would sit on the rails where once we used to hitch our pony reins, waiting for him to come loping down towards the Mall.

I must at this juncture (I should have done it before) describe his way of running.

It was a sort of dog-trot really, squaring his shoulders, fists clutched tightly to his abdomen, head thrust well forward, jaw protruding as he weaved along in a bunched-up sort of way, jerking his head quickly around with eager looking-for-a-

fight movements, the whole suggesting a splendid, exuberant vitality, a curious debonair, virile gesture that was at variance with his ragged clothes. Both my brothers had it, and a nephew, this strange way of — I have the word I want — *inquisitively* thrusting forward his head.

It was that mannerism that attracted me, tantalized me, came to haunt me, and ultimately forced me to the one place I had avoided so far, at first because with another army, another people, in occupation, it would have been too poignant for me, and later out of a subconscious sort of fear.

So now I forced myself to go there, walk around the grounds, go inside the clubhouse, the deserted billiard room, the lounge, the cocktail bar, listen till across forty years I heard the voice of a Prep. school games coach saying 'You're fast, Matheson, but your style! You'll never make a runner, Matheson'.

And so, reluctantly, I remembered with a curious lack of emotion what I did not even realise was dormant in my mind. I remembered painlessly what I knew I would have to face up to sometime.

Now was the time.

* * *

The Officers' Club. 1938. The old days, the good days, the golden days, when we sat in our Club with our chota pegs, secure behind the 'Europeans Only' sign on the front gate, secure in our Empire, secure in our colour, secure in our superiority, but so vulnerable when it was a question of falling in love.

Her name was Margaret. I was an officer in the British Army. Rank of Captain. Aged 37. Sandhurst. We loved each other madly, desperately, passionately, etc., and I threatened to shoot myself at periodic intervals. Then this morning she had announced her engagement to another, the general's A.D.C., no less.

It hurt damnably. My life, I told myself sternly, would be the Army now and India. Forever. Then I proceeded to get very, very drunk.

I left the Club at five p.m. I remember leaving the main road and plunging down a steep hillside thick with pines. I reached the valley. I was still very drunk, and at one point I was very sick. I remember throwing myself on a thick carpet of moss and sobbing. Then I reached a clearing with a few huts and a pump. I was about five miles down the valley by now. I stripped completely and let the icy water spurt over me.

It was twilight. Then this woman walked into the clearing. She was a hill-tribe woman, a peasant with slanting eyes and high cheekbones, the type one sees with a basket on her back on the labels of tea-packets.

She offered no resistance.

I saw her frequently after that. Indeed I was very much aware of her. This was not, you must understand, usual, for we often had them sent up from the bazaar, except of course in summer when the wives came up alone from the plains, and they were a different category, needless to say. (I mean the white wives, naturally. And one would just as soon dance the can-can in the altogether during Church Parade as suggest by even a glance that one even knew them remotely next morning). But this one — perhaps it was the way I had taken her, or perhaps because of the way she looked at me... a keen, direct, reproachful look would be the best way of describing it — there was to be no tactful forgetting of this one. I saw her often enough, for she turned out to be a labourer in the Club gardens, and she was always around, always giving me that unashamed *knowing* sort of look until it frankly began getting on my nerves.

Then I recovered from Margaret.

Suddenly World War II began, we were ordered to Burma. I saw her just once before we left, and she was pointedly pregnant. But as I've said, I had recovered fully from the Margaret affair, there was a war on, she wasn't

white, and except for a mild twinge of conscience assuaged, I might add, by a ten rupee note which she took humbly enough, that was that. Besides it was not as if she was one of the educated blacks who would raise the devil of a row with one's colonel!

Then we were off. I never returned to India.

* * *

I walked back to my hotel room, stripped, and examined myself in the mirror. I was 52, well-built still thanks to plenty of roadwork and workouts in the Y.M.C.A. gym. at home, flat stomach, fists clenched to my chest. I walked to the end of the room, turned, and then came trotting back up to the mirror.

Instinctively I caught myself as my head shot forward. I jerked to a halt, stood stock still, then, still naked, I lit a cigarette and sat on the bed, a little stunned.

It was impossible, preposterous. Utterly incredible.

Yet was it? I could just see myself dressing walking out of the hotel to the rickshaw stand, going up to the squatting group and saying to him, 'Pardon me, old chap, but I strongly suspect you to be my illegitimate son!'

Absurd.

I thought frantically of leaving at once. A confused thought of returning home to London a psychiatrist or something...

Living alone too much, I thought severely, as I rang for room service and a double scotch. This is the result, Matheson, I told myself, you're going off your rocker, chum.

But was it so ridiculous? That a man by the strangest freak of coincidence does actually discover his own son?

Perhaps it was a sick imagination, inhibited by years of living in postwar London, of fog and bedsitters and gas-ring meals and solitary visits to shabby, seedy Indian restaurants in Earl's Court, hungering for the excitement of the war, the past glory and glamour of the East. Or a lonely old fool pathetically building a sordid

fantasy to gain a little limelight in his own estimation and ego.

But there was this tenderness, this pride I felt every time I saw him, romantic, lonely bloody old fool that I was.

Very well, it was true. So what? Take him back to England? I could just see myself walking into the Pig and Ivy and saying to Florence, the barmaid, 'By the way, meet my long lost son. Ran into him in India. Pulling a rickshaw. Stroke of luck, eh? Two milds and bitters, please.' Yet how explain this devastating sense of loneliness, bleakness, of bereavement almost, at even the very thought of not seeing him again?

Take him back to England? Educate him? Tell him the truth — or what I believed to be the truth? Proofs? None, save my imagination. Make a fool of myself, nevertheless? Or forget the whole affair, stop over in Paris on my way home, see a few nude shows — do me good — and just forget the whole affair as a rather foolish fancy an aging man had...

Meanwhile I must watch him very

carefully, for I had just one week left of my holiday to decide.

* * *

The rickshaw man squatted with his cronies at their usual place near the Grand Hotel entrance. He was feeling greatly relieved now that the elderly white sahib had left with his luggage on the afternoon train. His cronies had been teasing him and it was annoying him. He was quite accustomed to their teasing because of his yellow hair and blue eyes for he had been teased about them since childhood, but what was really tiresome was the way that this particular white man had been staring at him for the last few weeks. And what was even more surprising was that nothing had come of it.

For he had no illusions about what the old white man wanted. They were all the same, these white folk. Up to the hotel room on some excuse (no change, heavy parcels to carry), a locked door, a ten rupee note, a little haggling, another note, then off with their clothes and onto the bed.

B O O K S

DESIGN FOR TOMORROW by B. G. Verghese
(Times of India Press, 295 pp. Rs. 11.)

THE magnitude of the problems facing us, the scale of sustained efforts needed to begin to solve them, and the span of time over which they can be reduced to manageable proportions are beyond the compass of ordinary intelligence and courage. What we do not comprehend and what we do not feel we can achieve in our time can seldom give us hope. For economic development in an open but impoverished society hope of a better tomorrow is no less necessary than savings or organisation. Obviously a people will not save or organise for a tomorrow which they do not hope will ever dawn more brightly and cheerfully than today. We should all be, therefore, grateful to Mr. Verghese for his open avowal that there is going to be a better tomorrow. His *Design For Tomorrow* is certainly an interesting book. Moreover we should all rejoice in his discovery which has made the writing of the book possible. This discovery is the result of what he saw and heard during his travels which lasted three months and took him to 'farms, factories, mines, dams, power-stations, research establishments, zila parishads and co-operative offices, industrial estates, technical institutions, housing developments and a lot else besides from end to end of the country.' Not many of us are ever likely to see all this. And even if some of us did, few are ever likely to write so well about it all.

After seeing so much in so short a time it would have been easy to be blase, not

only about the many projects visited and investigated but about the very sweep and stride of change taking place in the country. Quite the contrary. Mr. Verghese is full of enthusiasm. For him each project is intrinsically interesting and in its varying performance holds out the promise of fulfilment. He has brought under review the whole gamut of our development activities. Even for an itinerant journalist its range is truly breathtaking — atomic research and smallscale industry, somnolent U.P., Bihar and distant Ladakh, dairy development and steel plants, coalmining and agricultural package programmes, petrochemicals and transport, co-operative movement and trade unions, urbanisation and education, irrigation and soil conservation, oil and fertilisers and machine tools.

Whatever the subject and whatever the context his writing is consistently aglow with authentic comment added to an intelligible set of facts. There can be no doubt that this has been a labour of love and his adoring devotion to the concept of development reaches out and shines through his descriptions of its imperfect actuality. It pleases him to record that the young men in the various industrial projects have the assurance and ability to carry the country through the difficult transition from the old to the new. Their counterparts in the panchayats and co-operatives have the making of an alert and openminded leadership where it is needed most — in villages. Above all there is the new technology which the country has

accepted without awe and which will transform us into a modern nation.

This is happy news indeed. But would it justify the kind of optimistic appraisal implicit in the title of the book? It is very difficult, to say the least, to see in the isolated activities of the development programme any worthwhile evidence of the conscious dynamics of a nation committed to democracy and socialism. One does not bring up these overworked words to write off all that is done or being done in our country. But it is a necessary reminder to us all who want to invest our development endeavour with hope.

Development projects may be wonderful and the excitement of beating the targets set may provide the requisite momentum to all those immediately involved. But for the Indian people economic growth is an awful compulsion. We would not submit to it unless its egalitarian purposes are reflected in our national behaviour. If the direction of growth is away from the realisation of these purposes our submission to its compulsion will cease to be willing and with that we will cease to be a democracy. One way or another our development endeavour cannot but be socialistic if we are to remain a democracy. Some may hope and many may grumble. But a lot more besides are wondering how we are going to live up to the challenge.

MAHESW DESAI

Vote For

POLITICAL BEHAVIOUR IN INDIA: A Case Study of the 1962 General Elections by V. M. Sirsikar (Manaktalas, Bombay. 275 pp. Rs. 20.)

NO greater compliment could be paid to this analysis of voting patterns in the Poona constituencies in the 1962 General Elections than to say that it is infinitely more valuable than its title suggests — a fascinating inquiry into the factors that influenced voters in a highly political region, a piece of pioneering research that confirms or demolishes the preconceived

notions of political observers and brings out the weaknesses in our present political structure. Professor Sirsikar's conclusions might not all be accepted by all of us but they deserve serious consideration because he has put in a great deal of time and effort into the work of gathering the premises. For his study, he concentrated on the elections in Poona City, taking up four of the six constituencies for the Lok Sabha and studying the voting for both the Union and State Legislatures.

Broadly speaking, he reaches the conclusion that, while institutionally parliamentary democracy is fairly firm, much is lacking in the political education of the voters. What is discernible in this study is the emotional interest in politics which results in candidates and their parties whipping themselves up into a frenzy and failing to communicate their enthusiasms to the voters. For this, there are a variety of reasons but the main one is general ignorance of the voter's power vis-a-vis the government. Far from looking on the Government as removable, the voter entertains the notion that its importance to him lies in the power to distribute or withhold small favours—possession of office, in the circumstances, is not nine points of the law but the whole law.

Obviously, the Congress is not interested in correcting this impression and the Communists, because of their basic aversion to parliamentary democracy, cannot effectively work against it. Communal Hindu parties start initially with all the other minorities ranged against them and for the Congress — and, faced by the 'threat' of Socialist parties, the vested interests elect for the Congress. Professor Sirsikar offers substantial proof that even those who had cast their votes against the Congress candidates, are chary of admitting it once the election results are known to be in their favour. Then again, the Congress alone sets up enough candidates — contesting nearly all the seats — to qualify for office; other parties resign themselves to bidding

for 'second place' which serves only to enhance the predominance of the Congress.

A third of the voters, says Prof. Sirsikar, do not understand the political issues, nearly a quarter have no knowledge of the candidates or the legislatures for which they are standing, and some 8.5 per cent vote for the symbol. About 40 per cent of the electorate voted as they were told to by the head of the family who in turn was influenced by the religious head, community leader, or caste panchayat. Though Prof. Sirsikar makes no mention of the employer as influencing votes, this is a well-known factor. The cruder forms of it occur where unskilled labour is loosely organised, yet it is not unknown in organised industry even at the trade union level. As in the matter of accusations of impersonation, exploitation of communal and regional prejudices and corrupt practices, here too the press reflects the acrimony of party politics but the individuals interviewed by the Poona research team were reticent. And, of course, it is not possible to draw up an income and expenditure account either at the party or candidate level.

Special interest attaches to Prof. Sirsikar's findings regarding the issues raised at elections and voters' preferences for candidates. The first significant feature about the voter's attitude towards election issues is that on broad policy — as, for instance, foreign affairs, peaceful settlement of disputes, the socialist society — the electorate leans heavily towards the Congress; on the other hand, on certain other issues, like National Integration and Prohibition, there was considerable apathy; while on local issues or on general questions which had a local impact, high prices and suspicion of the administration, the average voter was apt to accept the criticisms of the Opposition parties. Complementary to this is the high place accorded by the electorate to 'social service' among a candidate's qualities which ordinarily means that the man is known to the voter personally or by repute for disinterested work for public causes not related to politics.

Allowing for Poona's special character as a politically alert, socially active centre, the relevance of many of these conclusions for the rest of India holds good, though there are certain obvious exceptions to this. Even in Kerala, the influence of caste and the family persists. Professor Sirsikar raises two questions with regard to the 1967 General Elections: first, how will the Congress fare without the powerful personality of Jawaharlal Nehru? Secondly, with the present drive against corruption, how will the industrial and commercial houses react to the Congress need for election funds? Only part of the answers to these questions lie in the study of the past voting behaviour; but if one were to hazard a guess, it would be that the effect of the two new factors will be marginal.

S. NATARAJAN

Words without deeds

GANDHI, HIS RELEVANCE FOR OUR TIMES (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, 355 pp. Rs. 10.)

THIS symposium on Gandhi can be described as a combination of commentary and sermon. The commentary covers aspects of Gandhian thought ranging from an account of Thoreau's impact on Gandhi to a discussion of means and ends in politics. The sermon is on the text of the Gandhian brotherhood which not only unveils the vistas of a new world order, but suggests that the actions of the Government of India ought to be conditioned by the Gandhian ethic! Although most of these essays are competently written, it is difficult to appreciate the relevance of some articles which are not concerned with the symposium. For instance Mr. Sriman Narayan's piece entitled 'Planning for the Future' is not only an irrelevant contribution to the symposium, but also too superficial to impress serious readers. The value of this work is considerably reduced by its lack of unity and

dilution of opinion. Indeed, it is important for the reader to know what basis of selection has been adopted, and on this point the editors would, perhaps, have done well to explain their criteria.

In an address at Bikaner on October 31, 1959, Dr. Radhakrishnan, then Vice-President, deplored the fact that 'we have the name of Gandhi on our lips but not in our hearts. We invoke his name in any and every connection but do not pause to ask how he would have acted in particular situations'. Naturally we cannot blame those foreign commentators who judge our actions by the Gandhian yardstick. Gene Sharp's prediction that when China gets nuclear weapons, India will not be far behind, despite her non-alignment policy and Nehru's aversion to such means, Paul Power's endorsement of Pyarelal's conclusion that the Indian Government's action in Goa was a 'travesty' of Gandhian principles and Kenneth Boulding's observation that India's actions can be interpreted as those of a weak and petulant bully, not hesitating to use the old fashioned threat against a weak enemy, as in Goa, and refusing to make a desperately needed adjustment in the case of Kashmir are typical Western comments. These interpretations are varied enough to suggest what Gandhi would have done in regard to Goa, China and Pakistan! All these comments have a common pattern; in them the West is shocked to find that India has deviated from the Gandhian path. It is possible that these comments are Western responses to our foreign policy statements, which are usually noted for their sanctimonious display of moral superiority. However, it is neither accurate nor fair to apply the Gandhian scale of values in an assessment of India's foreign policy.

Gandhi had summed up his philosophy in these words: 'The means matter; bad means make for bad ends'. And with this background in view, it has been suggested that the Mahatma would have raised his voice against evil wherever it reared its

head, whether in Hungary or Tibet, since Gandhi did not believe in equivocation. This is probably true; but Gandhi invariably allowed Nehru to be the spokesman on matters relating to the formulation of foreign policy by the Congress Party. Mr. Nehru had simply followed a Western fashion by adopting liberalism as a stepping stone to socialism. Nehru had greater affinity with the Left Book Club of the thirties, despite his personal regard for Gandhi. And the contradictions in our foreign policy cannot be traced to our inability to apply Gandhian standards. One could perhaps argue that just as the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, the battle of NEFA was lost in the lecture-halls of the London School of Economics and in the Left Book Club of the Laskian thirties.

In her interpretation of the Gandhian impact on the desegregation movement in America, Miss Byles has stated that Martin Luther King did not consciously copy Gandhi's methods. She has argued that it was only after the movement was fully launched, did its leader remember back to his reading of Gandhi and see the likeness of Gandhi's methods to his own. It is also interesting to recall that Thoreau's criticism of the brute force of an unjust Government is the supreme moral basis upon which Gandhi challenged the concept of British rule in India. One is grateful to the editors for including Prof. Yamunacharya's thoughtful essay on 'Thoreau and Indian Thought'. For Thoreau was a poet among naturalists and as inspirer of Gandhi, has become the patron saint of the Gandhian movement in India.

The value of this symposium must vary with the purpose for which any particular reader needs it; however, what the majority of the contributors to this symposium have done for us, is to project certain issues and view them against a Gandhian background which is political, social and moral as well as ethical in its implications.

A. RANGANATHAN

Selection without Reflection

THE BEGINNINGS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY
by Franklin Edgerton (George Allen & Unwin
362 pp. 45s.)

THIS book consists of selections from the *Rig Veda*, *Atharva Veda*, *Upanisads*, *Gita* and *Mahabharata* translated for the most part by the author himself. The work has been accepted in the Indian Translation Series of the UNESCO and thus may be presumed to provide an authoritative introduction to the subject it deals with. It also claims to be 'a summing-up after a lifetime of philological study and reflection' on the part of the author who happens to be the Sterling Professor Emeritus of Sanskrit and Comparative Philosophy in Yale University.

The selection, then, may be judged from two points. It may be seen from the viewpoint of the correctness and adequacy of the departures in translation which Prof. Edgerton has made from those made by other translators. Or it may be judged from the viewpoint of its adequacy in providing a real insight into the seeds which later were to develop into Indian philosophy proper. Both the standpoints could be relevantly combined if it were shown that the new departures in translation threw light on certain strands of later philosophic thought which the previous translations left unilluminated.

Unfortunately, Prof. Edgerton seems hardly conscious of the issues raised by the title and the claims inscribed on the very flap of the book. The philological perspective, for example, though so ostentatiously proclaimed on the cover-page finds little support in the main body of the work. There are, of course, scattered discussions in the footnotes to some of the translated passages in the book; but it hardly forms the central concern of the book, as one may legitimately be led to expect from the announcement made on the cover-page. Even the introduction by the author hardly sustains the claim so advanced. Normally, if philology is supposed to provide the

perspective, one would expect the author to emphasize the major reinterpretations and focus the reader's attention upon them in the very beginning of the book. But Prof. Edgerton does nothing of the kind; his emphasis, if anything, is philosophical rather than philological in nature.

However, what is more important is the question of how far and in what respects the philological reinterpretations affect the philosophical picture which was previously held to be true. From the philosophical point of view, unless the changes are substantial and affect the philosophical picture in a radical way, they are bound to be treated as superficial and irrelevant. Judged by this criterion, Prof. Edgerton's philological innovations do not seem to add up to much for, though I am no judge of philology at all, the philosophical picture presented by the new translations does not seem to me to be substantially different from what I knew it to be before. The *Vedas*, the *Upanisads* and the *Gita* do not present a thought-pattern any different after being subjected to a 'lifetime of philological study and reflection'. The only interesting departures in this domain seem to be in the translations from the *Mokṣadharma* in the *Mahābhārata* when he disputes the usual meanings of the terms *Sāṃkhya* and *Yoga Sāṃkhya*, according to Prof. Edgerton, is not used in the *Mahābhārata* 'as a technical term of philosophy but as a word of everyday language, meaning "reasoning, ratiocination"'. (p.36). Similarly, *Yoga*, according to the author, 'never means "union (of the soul with Brahman or God)"', as has been wrongly held'. (p. 37 italics author's). Rather, it means 'to "put (anything) to active, vigorous and purposeful use"' (p.37). But even these, as anybody can see, are minor variations on the theme rather than major or basic alterations.

Prof. Edgerton has tried to spell out his own conception of Indian Philosophy in the Introduction. He subscribes to the usual view that 'all orthodox and heterodox Indian philosophy, late as well as early,

have the same aim: namely, to provide a way of salvation for man' (p. 47). He explicitly admits that it does not 'deal with the philosophies of the Buddhists and Jains' presumably 'because they rejected the authority of the *Vedas* and thus are 'heterodox' to the Hindu tradition (p. 47). Perhaps the inclusion of the selections from the two *Vedas* is justified on this ground even though the author is aware that the homage which the so-called 'orthodox' Hindus pay to the *Vedas* is mostly a 'lip-homage' and that 'their knowledge of what the *Vedas* really contain is rather limited'. (p.47).

In fact, the author's conception of Indian philosophy seems even more sharply restricted than the usual traditional one. He does not seem to think that *Nyāya*, *Vaiśeṣika* or *Mīmāṃsā* have great significance for the philosophical thought of India. There is no mention of them in the author's *Note on later Indian philosophy* which forms the concluding part of the Introduction. Nor, for that matter, are they present in the index to the book. For him, there are only two schools worthy of being considered as real philosophy in India and they are *Sāṃkhya* and *Vedānta*. Even with respect to *Sāṃkhya* the author is at pains to assert that most of it is primarily theistic in character. He writes: 'contrary to the opinion of many scholars, I hold that in the Epic atheism is never associated with the *Sāṃkhya* way of salvation. And the later so-called '*Sāṃkhya*' system includes definitely theistic works.' (p. 47).

Prof. Edgerton's perspective on Indian philosophy is, thus, obvious. It excludes *Nyāya*, *Vaiśeṣika*, and *Mīmāṃsā* as not being of great philosophical importance. It is perhaps of the same opinion with respect to the philosophical speculations of the grammarians and the aestheticians; it tends to underplay any thinking that leans towards atheism, howsoever slightly; and of course it does not want to have anything to do with those who are 'unorthodox', that is, those who deny the authority of the *Vedas*.

Such a perspective, even on the strictly traditional view, is self-condemnatory. It underwrites the prejudice that the *Vedānta* is the only worthwhile school of Indian philosophy. It ignores the fact that most so-called 'orthodox' philosophy in India was developed as a response to Buddhistic thought and speculation. It bolsters up all the well-known clichés about Indian philosophy that are so uncritically accepted and repeated by everybody. Perhaps it would be better to say that it itself is a victim of those clichés. After all, how can anybody repeat the myth of the authority of the *Vedas* when one of the so-called sacred and most authoritative texts of Hinduism, the *Bhagavad-Gita*, has a section which the author himself entitles 'Vanity of the Vedic Religion'? (p. 202). And, why should selections from the *Gita* be included in *The Beginnings of Indian Philosophy*? What relevance has the *Gita* for the logical, epistemological and metaphysical problems that philosophy in India is concerned with? It may have some relevance for ethics, but certainly not for the other branches of Indian philosophy. Prof. Edgerton has called it the 'favourite Bible' of India (p.197), but surely, that alone would hardly entitle it to be used in a selection purporting to give an insight into the Beginnings of Indian Philosophy. Selections from the Bible would scarcely form part of a Book of Readings on the beginnings of Western philosophy. Why, then, should it be any different with Indian philosophy?

This, to my mind, is the million-dollar question which neither Prof. Edgerton nor anybody else has asked himself. And unless this question is asked, I am convinced Indian philosophy can not be freed from the frozen mould in which it has remained for such a long time. A sixteenth century European writer would have made some such selection for the beginnings of Western philosophy. He would have been sure to fill half the book with the Bible alone.

A writer in the twentieth century would have cut the Bible completely out. In fact, even the thought of including it would not have arisen in his mind at all. Writers on Indian philosophy still seem to suffer from a sixteenth century perspective, even though they happen to live in the twentieth century.

Prof. Edgerton's selection, therefore, does nothing to illumine the variegated texture of Indian philosophy even as it has been traditionally conceived to be. There are, of course, the crucial selections from the *Upanisads* and some interesting ones from the *Mahabharata*, but these are important only for one strand of Indian philosophic thought. Basically, both the *Gita* and the *Mahabharata* have had a far greater importance at the level of general popular culture than for strict technical philosophizing in India. The same is true, though to a lesser extent, of the *Upanisads*. They were important only for the Vedantic school of philosophy and to none else except the general cultured public of the country. The educated non-professional literati could read the *Upanisads* and enjoy their speculative flavour but as far as the real technical works were concerned, they were a closed book to them. The importance, therefore, of these together with that of the *Vedas*, the *Gita* and the *Mahabharata* is primarily for the popular mind and at the popular level. Their real importance to the later philosophical tradition of India is grossly exaggerated. In fact, the myth seems to have become so well entrenched that to question it seems to question the obvious. Yet it has to be questioned and exposed if Indian philosophical reflection is to come into its own and be assessed and appreciated for what it is. Prof. Edgerton's selection obstructs rather than helps in this task which seems to me the only worthwhile task in the contemporary state of Indian philosophy.

DAYA KRISHNA

The Language of Thought

IS METAPHYSICS POSSIBLE? by Pratima Bowes, (Victor Gollancz 237 pp. 42s.)

THAT metaphysics as a study is impossible is the view held by those philosophers who subscribe to the schools of logical positivism and linguistic analysis. There was indeed a time when the followers of these schools condemned as 'nonsensical' or 'meaningless' all utterances which could not be reduced to the verification of data. But with the lapse of time and the advent of challenging ways of thinking like phenomenology and existentialism, the foes of metaphysics have been forced to submit to certain concessions in favour of speculative thinkers. The ruling temperament of the contemporary Anglo-American philosophy is, however, essentially anti-metaphysical.

Dr. Pratima Bowes' *Is Metaphysics Possible?* is a work devoted to the defence of metaphysics. Her point of view, reflected throughout the book, is that we can speak of a plurality of approaches in study, the metaphysical being one of them. The main characteristic of this approach, according to her, is to look for 'a form of principle, embodying the conception of a creative capacity, which can elevate a mere multiplicity to some kind of unity...' (p.189), or to explore 'the ultimate form of unity...' (p. 231). One would agree with her that the norm to which metaphysics intends to point is the ultimate point of reference in accordance with which the manifold of reality can be understood, judged or accepted.

The anti-metaphysical way of thinking was systematically propounded by the Vienna Circle thinkers, such as Wittgenstein, Carnap and Ayer. Dr. Bowes' attempt at refuting this way of thinking is very poignant. She argues that since metaphysicians busy themselves with 'linguistic innovations', that is, endowing new usage on old words, it would be incorrect to say that they indulge in futile verbiage. At the same time, she admits that the greatest

service the analytical school has done to philosophy is that 'it is no longer possible to do philosophizing in an abstractly vague and woolly fashion' (p.14)

As a matter of fact, Dr. Bowes does not anywhere represent her conception of 'abstractly vague and woolly fashion'. Her arguments in support of metaphysics are at times so unrestrained that one finds it impossible to determine which metaphysical works she would find condemnable, on account of their woolliness.

Apart from perhaps the incidental appearance of the above statements, Dr. Bowes is consistently emphatic in demonstrating the narrowness of the analytical movement. In her chapter on 'Logical Positivism and Metaphysics' she examines most of the objections to metaphysical language, and explains that the reason why metaphysicians are engaged in 'linguistic innovations' is to be found by studying the 'psychological motivation behind metaphysical activity' (45). But if this is admitted, clarity ceases to have any value and even the most confounding fuzziness will have to be given our sympathy until we are certain that it is empty of all psychological nuance.

It would have been absorbing to raise the question: what makes speculative metaphysics adopt the use of statements that cannot be cashed in terms of experience? It invariably happens that the moment a philosopher describes his perspective about 'Reality as a whole', that is, his metaphysical perspective, he inevitably comes to transgress the rules of clarity. Whether this transgression can be avoided, or whether certain forms of obscurity can be conceded to speculative philosophers, or whether the cashability of an expression should be the universal norm for all verbal behaviour are doubts which Dr. Bowes does not seem to entertain. She rightly maintains, however, that 'to the metaphysician it is profoundly important to recognize mystery, for it opens up a new dimension of awareness, throws a new light, so to say, on familiar things, without

which we do not fully understand the finite limited kind of life that we live and to go beyond which we aspire' (p. 57).

Now, if a metaphysician wishes to give expression to what Dr. Bowes calls 'a new dimension of awareness' what rules of language should he abide by? What should we say regarding the writings of mystics which are notably diffused, and yet claim to convey a vision of the beyond? What should be the test of sense and nonsense in philosophical language? How do we determine degrees of clarity, or of woolliness?

Dr. Bowes's thesis is one of those commendable analyses that have appeared recently to support the cause of metaphysics. Her appraisal of the system-building task of metaphysicians is the expression of her intense confidence in the truth of the trans-logical. The book is a powerful essay on the narrow functioning of the criterion of meaningfulness in Anglo-American philosophy, and a good awakener for anti-metaphysicians.

A. R. SINARI

The Management of Society

THE MIRACLE AHEAD by George Gallup
..(Harper & Row, 207 pp. \$ 3.95.)

A DECLAMATORY optimism is traditional in American life: the obverse, brighter face of the doomsday pietism hoarded by the earliest immigrants — as well as a competing currency of secular faith in progress, accumulating in an apparently unbroken advance of discovery, invention, and universal enfranchisement. In the sovereign popular culture accompanying that advance, religious and secular elements fuse in a complex order of sanguine expectation and recurrent dread. George Gallup's *The Miracle Ahead*, in form as well as inspiration, continues along established lines of popularization. For all its announced novelty, it draws upon familiar modes of hortatory entertainment, echoing the dogged eclecticism of a century of modernist sermons, the informed naïveté of three generations of Lyseums

and Chautauquas, and the philistine enlightenment of newspaper supplements without number.

In fact, the 'miracle' he speaks of is reminiscent of the discovery urged upon the unreluctant in that most famous of Chautauqua lectures, Russell H. Conwell's 'Acres of Diamonds,' wherein all the jewellery of material prosperity, social approval, and endless happiness were to be found right in one's own back yard — or front yard, other things being equal. Gallup asserts, praiseworthily, that man has not realized the full potentiality of his brain, and endeavours to assure his audience that techniques and technology now available can secure a future of limitless progress.

As an expression of the very latest in meliorist thinking, looking back, if Gallup would, at least to Helvétius, and forward to Teilhard de Chardin and beyond, this thesis requires some foundation upon argument for evolution as incomplete, and for an assertion of man's own inventiveness as a decisive factor in the natural process of change. There must follow an indictment of the ways whereby man has trained and exercised his brain heretofore, with particular attention to modes and content of formal education. As determined by one of his own questionnaire surveys, American education has been especially deficient, despite the fact that technical and professional training is 'second to none' (p. 44).

Apart from faults in the past and present, new ways of thought and action are needed, if all the wonders yet undone are to be made real. These ways entail changes in methods of teaching and learning on all levels, to 'train students to be creative,' while reemphasizing the fundamental of reading, writing, and 'quantitative thinking.' In so doing, the heaviest possible reliance would be placed upon all the new machinery, in particular devices for 'programmed' teaching and learning. All methods, however, would be selected and practiced only as they proved their direction towards the formation and guidance

of all activity as 'collective effort,' or 'problem solving by group action.'

Proposals are made for developing ways of discovering and encouraging people of talent and public spirit, and for involving them in team efforts, designed to surpass such older coöperative techniques as conferences, committees, and commissions — as well as to bypass much of conventional politics — in the solution of all public problems, national and local. And the 'new methodology' to be wielded by these teams would be one developing generally out of the activity so closely associated with Gallup's own life enterprise: 'the statistical analysis of mass experience.'

By asking prepared questions of anonymous, putatively representative groups of people, to ascertain what they are thinking and doing, then tabulating and projecting the responses, it would be possible to determine the problems needing to be solved, as well as the best ways of doing so. The process would be dynamic, moving towards ever advancing frontiers of knowledge and social and individual happiness. For the motion to begin, however, there would have to occur a certain cataclysmic reformation of society and its political functioning. It would be necessary, he suggests — with the usual specificity of his platform manner, '... to invent the kind of organizational design that makes ample provision for thinking and planning, and which also assures that thinking and planning are undertaken under optimal conditions' (p. 119). These total arrangements once under way, however, 'Progress would be certain, and would be far less dependent upon the emergence of great creative geniuses' (p. 71).

As remarked, the book is popular by design, and its manner of approaching non-geniuses of today is integral with its plans for educating and organizing those of tomorrow. Gallup is properly critical of the inadequacies of education, both traditional and contemporary. But his own prescription of a goal of excellence may be judged in his uncritical appropriation of

key terms, such as 'change', 'progress,' and 'happiness,' out of popular discourse; or, by the demands upon readers made in sentences such as: 'The first man-apes or near men are now believed to be the australopithecines, a tongue-twisting word, which means South African apes' (p. 12).

The very tactic of popularization itself implies a certain notion of preceptorial guidance, which is scarcely hidden in demeaning simplifications, supporting dutiful exhortations of 'the masses' to rise to educational leadership. What such 'leadership' means precisely is far less clear than that Gallup is proposing another plan for the management of society by custodians and experts, here organised into teams of public-spirited opinion-takers and statisticians. To be sure, there are provisions for programming professional dispassion, dedication to freedom of the common man, and other unmechanized virtues, into the new civic machinery. But without more of those inefficient, tedious indeterminacies of political process that Gallup disdains, his safeguards are hardly as realistic as were the strictures put by Plato upon his designedly imaginary philosopher-rulers, so long ago. And, the kind and degree of politics implied in Gallup's organizational design' is small strategy for dealing with the dangers to freedom recognizable in all modern systems for supplying organized science to social reform, since the Ideologues and Comtian positivists.

The question of who is to plan the planners surely has some place in democratic planning, and there is more to the asking than can be left to the outcomes of market research. Nor are bland acknowledgments of 'unsolved problems' sufficient reassurance, in dealing with proposals — even of 'new methodologies' — that can, and would so easily become devices for arrogating political authority. These may be advanced, to be sure, in the name of something hailed as 'science.' But, for all that there is any assurance here to the contrary, they would as certainly operate as still one more system for enforcing what

the naturally or historically inevitable is to be.

The latent image of this dread landscape has long been visible, when those methods of polling and tabulating, so admired by Gallup, have been examined in the light of politics. Withal their virtues for informing the democratic process, the techniques he apotheosizes have given sufficient reason for suspecting their capacities for subverting it, often playing a greater part in shaping, than in objectively discovering the content of public opinion. Even more ominous, however, are the signs in *The Miracle Ahead* indicating just how deeply Gallup is committed to public opinion itself, and what he really means by 'leadership.'

It may be no surprise that so ardent a technocrat admires the Manhattan Project above all precursors of the organizational miracles to come. But it is sobering, at the least, to see the man whose name has become generic for the measurement of public attitudes grounding his admiration upon the monumental secrecy of the Project, that kept knowledge about the development and potentialities of atomic force from being public information for those ultimately responsible. The point, as Gallup makes it, is not one of wartime security, but of renovating government to place the power of planning and execution beyond dependence upon disclosure and presentation as political alternatives. 'Democratic procedures must constantly be brought up to date' (p. 130), and this involves arrangements for 'political invention,' for which, he avers, the framers of the Constitution made prescient provision.

Gallup may be the traditional popularizer of pulpit, podium and feature pages, in preaching that, 'A constant search must be conducted to find new ways to solve new problems' (p. 131). And he may be no more than the dedicated technocrat in following these words with, 'The Manhattan Project found a new and important way...' But he is revealed as a menacing rhetorician of Newspeak, or an inexcus-

ably unwitting ironist, in adding, '— however some may regret the result.'

MARTIN S. DWORKIN

First Summer

SUMMER IN CALCUTTA by Kamala Das
(Rajinder Paul, Delhi, 64 pp. Rs. 5.)

KAMALA DAS' first book of verse 'Summer in Calcutta' shows her a sensitive poet, self-willed and honest, sometimes a little high-strung. The poems are obviously not written in literary repose. They are used as instruments for regaining balance, often clutched at in haste and rarely scrutinized later. Many suffer from this haste and strain, but those that succeed are very good indeed because they spring from a genuine personal conflict that forms a taut counter-tension to its solution in art. The lines, taking their cue from the conflict, dictate their own length and structure. Where art and conflict are well poised we have some of the best poems—'The Freaks', 'A Relationship', 'The Sea Shore'. Even when the poise is disturbed by sentiment becoming weak and muddy many of the poems arise as complete units, starting and ending in a full impulse. It is not invariable, however, that the impulse gets under way without gathering along its course a certain amount of 'stuffing'. By 'stuffing' I mean clichés like the following:

'The summer wind puffs and huffs',

'I take leave of you, fair city', etc.;

and the repetition of words that do not add up to greater strength—

'... an earth illogically

Stilled, and silenced, and dead, dead, dead.'

where a single 'dead' would be more effective; and again, the filling in of rhythm gaps with redundant beats—'who else', 'where else.' These may seem minor sins when Mrs. Das has better things to offer, but a poem is a vulnerable thing.

The book opens with 'The Dance of the Eunuchs'—an act of creation from those doomed to infertility. The dance releases

rain from the pent-up sky but the rain is
*'... a meagre rain that smelt of dust in
Attics and the urine of lizards and
mice....'*

The image of dancing eunuchs appears in other poems, either directly, or by implication as in 'The Freaks' where a man and woman are seen in a stalemate of lovelessness. It is once again the excessively ecstatic eunuchs when Mrs. Das says:

'..... it's only

To save my face, I flaunt, at

Times, a grand, flamboyant lust.'

'In Love' moves a step ahead, starting at the same flamboyant barrenness; but this time almost seeing no need for love—

'..... for, isn't each

Embrace a complete thing, a

Finished jigsaw, when mouth on

Mouth, I lie....'

yet ending on a timid recognition of its possibility. The change in feeling is well graded from one part of the poem to another.

I like best these poems that arise from the need for love and the alternative of 'mere' physicality. Fulfilment or indulgence in the latter prevents the frustration of love from spilling over into weak exhaustion as in some other poems.

'Summer in Calcutta' is a delicate poem with a melancholy running under its tipsy mischief. Even the posed

'.... what noble

Venom now flows through

My veins....'

becomes acceptable because of the shortness of the lines which slowly float up to the surface of the drink and give a tiny bubble-burst. The poem is self-contained, small and pleasing. I discuss it at this point because as with the preceding group of poems, I find it is when something in Mrs. Das wins over the defeat of love—liquor this time—that the poem acquires a backbone.

And now a theme that needs as much as any other to be handled by the Indian artiste—the poverty and despair in the country: 'The Flag':

*'... The wheel in the centre,
Stationary, stands
For what else but time, arrested falsely
By human hands? ...'*

It is a pity that the rest of the poem is full of obviously pathetic images and does not come up to the artistic suggestiveness of these lines.

For discussion I could sort out a small group of poems which could be called 'Childhood' poems. I do not care for them on the whole. 'Punishment in Kindergarten' attempts to evoke a childhood hurt, but not written from behind a child's consciousness the sentiment emerges disproportionate to the incident, rather like an adult taking things too seriously. Similarly disproportionate is 'Drama' where, further, the attempt to link an insult suffered in childhood to one later suffered at a lover's hands is theatrical. 'A Hot Noon in Malabar'—the most acceptable of this group of poems, has breath and colour evoked through closely observed images.

If I seem too much to be heckling I must stress that it is an open question as to how many poems in a book of verse may be expected to come up to a poet's better work. Certainly Kamala Das has a sufficient number of fine poems to make one sit up and take notice of her work. She is a genuine poet with two problems to face: first, to do away with lines wasted on 'stuffing'; and then, equipped with the honesty she possesses, to work her way towards a tougher vision—even if it be one of despair.

GIEVE PATEL

Zero plus Zero

INDIA AND REGIONAL INTEGRATION IN ASIA by Sisir Gupta (Asia Publishing House, 148 pp. Rs. 14.)

MR. SISIR GUPTA of the Indian Council of World Affairs, New Delhi, wrote this book when he was in America in 1961-63. At the outset he defined the scope of his thesis. He would deal with the official attitude of India, as distinguished from the non-official or the foreign.

Happily he did not stick too closely to his self-imposed limitation, but attempted a more comprehensive survey, which was however relevant, as was pointed out in the Foreword by Prof. Norman D. Palmer, of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. He quoted more foreign non-official sources than Indian, perhaps because they were more readily at hand to him in America.

The book is divided into three parts, with a Postscript dealing with the Chinese invasion of India in 1962-63, and an Appendix dealing with Pakistan's attempts to organise Islamic integration.

Nehru's personality and his extensive interest in international affairs gave him uncontested monopoly in foreign affairs. His dominant ambition was to seek a shortcut to international status. Lacking in military might, he hoped to win a seat at the high-table of international politics by moral exhortations and by his policy of non-alignment, by intervening as the honest broker between the power blocs, and by attempting to be friend to all and enemy to none. He projected the idea that Asia was no longer a satellite of Europe and America, and had an important role in world affairs, and that India was the pivot of Asia, and he was the natural pivot of India. As early as 1936, long before he became the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of India, Nehru was attracted to Marxism, which 'lighted up many a dark corner' of his mind by 'its essential freedom from dogma and scientific outlook.' But in 1960, he confessed that he had changed, and laid emphasis on ethical and spiritual factors. At the outset of his career as Prime Minister, he was tolerant of communism and thought that communist China was peace-loving. But the Chinese invasion in 1962 disillusioned him about it.

To Nehru, the international dividing line was not communism vs. anti-communism, but the 'haves' and the 'have nots' in the economic sphere, colonialism and racialism, which cut across communism and anti-communism. He sought international co-

operation in order to bridge such divisions, and wished to prove that democracy was more effective than communism in achieving it.

It happened that the newly independent countries of Asia were politically weak and economically poor. Nehru contemplated regional integration of such countries for their mutual benefit and made several attempts to do so either directly or indirectly. Mr. Gupta reviews them briefly and succinctly in his book. The first major effort under his inspiration was the Asian Relations Conference convened in New Delhi by the Indian Council of World Affairs, New Delhi, in 1947, before India achieved independence. Mr. Gupta next refers to the conference on Indonesia held in Delhi in January 1949; the Baguio Conference in the Philippines in May 1950; Nehru's Peace Area of Afro-Asian nations; the Colombo Powers' Conference held in Colombo in April 1954; the repercussions of American Military Aid to Pakistan in 1954 which drove a wedge between India and Pakistan; the South East Asia Treaty Organization; the Bagdad Pact; the Bandung Conference in April 1955; the Conference at Brioni in July 1956; the Belgrade Conference in September 1961; Pakistan's offer of joint defence with India in 1953; the Conference on Aid to Burma; the Colombo Plan of 1950; the Simla Conference of May 1955; and the New Delhi Conference of September 1961.

The attempts at regional integration of Asia, whether initiated by India or by

some other country, failed. In the first place, the region to be integrated could not be clearly defined. It had no common bonds in religion, race, history and political institutions. Because of immediate tensions, it was not easy to integrate India and Pakistan; Pakistan and Afghanistan; Malaysia and Indonesia; Arabs and Jews; India and Ceylon; India and Burma; and India and China. Perhaps their only common factor was their economic poverty. And, as one commentator put it, any number of zeros added together make only Zero!

Pakistan also tried its hand at the regional integration of the Muslim countries by promoting organisations like the International Islamic Economic Conference, the Motamar-e-Alam-e-Islam and the Muslim People's Organization, with secretariats in Karachi. But they did not survive, and finally, Pakistan gave up the idea. Soon after the Suez incident in 1956, the Foreign Minister of Pakistan said:

Pak-Islamism, and not Pan-Islamism, should now be the new slogan. You have no future if you indiscriminately fight or die for Muslims outside Pakistan even though they be the dearest friend of your enemy. (p. 139)

As far as Nehru was concerned, his enthusiasm for regional integration of Asia reached its zenith in 1947 when the Asian Relations Conference was held. Thereafter, it declined. And today there is very little hope of such regional integration. India's non-alignment is outmoded.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Dichotomy in Hindu Life

Sir,

Shri Nirad C. Chaudhury's essay on Hindu life is an interesting failure, interesting because of a passionate nationalism, disguised as self-criticism as it is, and a failure because that passion is guided by so uncertain a vision. His authorities on 'Hindu' psychology are Alberuni, Abbé Dubois and other foreigners of times long past. His informants are taxi drivers and petty lawyers of small experience and less responsibility. A study of British or French psychology on such principles of research would be equally unhelpful.

National character is itself a concept of limited value. The most widespread traits are not necessarily also the most decisive ones. Much depends on the individual traits of the leaders who happen to be in power. Neither Gandhi nor Nehru were typical 'Hindu's, in the same sense as those peasants who were so easily defeated by Mahmud of Ghazni. Even Shastri is hardly a typical 'Hindu' in his political decisions, whatever may be his tastes in clothing. For a typical 'Hindu' would have fought a war over Kutch.

The most widespread traits of the Indian citizens of today certainly include a number of highly undesirable ones. The mere fact of this is not surprising. For statistically speaking we are one of the most ignorant of nations. The historical causations of the undesirable traits, and even more the means of removing or balancing or

modifying them, should be studied urgently. But no such study can accomplish worthwhile results without very detailed comparisons with national characters and histories in other times and other places. Why the 'Hindu's allowed themselves to be conquered by the 'Muslim's cannot to my view be understood at all without knowing something about the reasons why most of Western Europe was once so easily taken over by the Normans.

The worst part of the legacy left by our former British masters has been an emphasis on a ruling caste. The bad example of West Pakistan has merely reinforced the effect. And yet the unity of our nation is not through any actual or potential ethnic homogeneity of the ruling class. That most of our leaders are born 'Hindu' does not mean anything comparable to what is meant by the fact that dominant Britishers are mostly 'Englishmen' or that Pakistanis who matter are mostly Panjabi. For the differences of caste and sect prevent any rise of a single 'Hindu' aristocracy. Neither the 'Rajput' princes, nor the Brahmins, nor even the Marwaris, certainly not the Bhojpuri MA's in Hindi, form any recognizable nucleus for the nation. In traditional British or 'Muslim' terms India is a unity without a nucleus, a riddle not worth understanding. I am not sure that Shri Chaudhury's preference for 'Hindu' over 'Indian' would be of any help here.

New Delhi, 30 July 1965.

PUNYA SLOKA RAY

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N. R. W. PANDE, Principal Scientific Officer (Psychology) in the Ministry of Defence, has published two books, *Pain & Pleasure* (Marathi) and *Abilities and Education* (English), besides short stories, poems and plays in Marathi.

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RAJ CHATTERJEE prematurely retired from his post of Assist. Personnel Director of the Imperial Tobacco Co. to devote all his time to journalism and fiction.

GAURI PANT has published sketches and poems in *Caravan*.

AGYEYA is the pen-name of S. H. VATSYAYAN who initiated the modern period of Hindi literature and is regarded by many critics as its most significant new voice.

GLADYS BHAI, a busy housewife, has published fifteen short stories and twenty articles in various periodicals mostly in India and some abroad.

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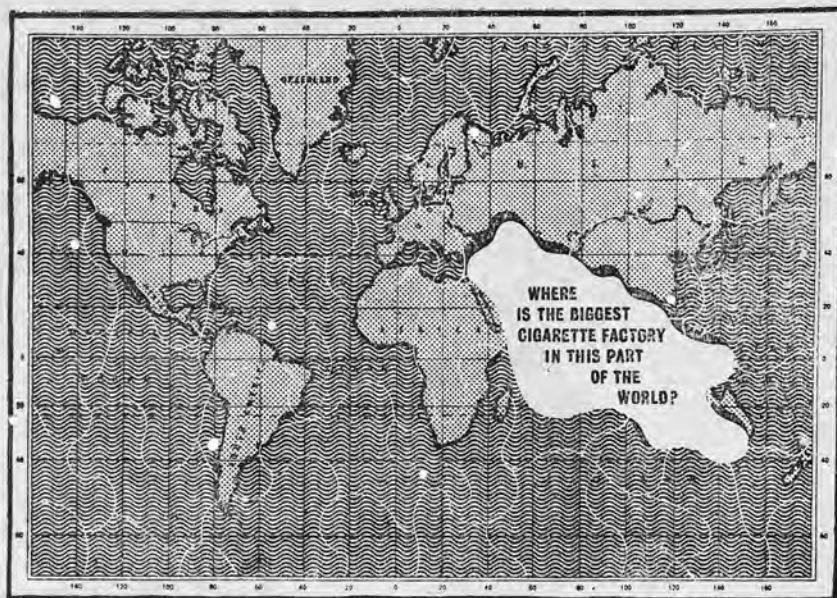
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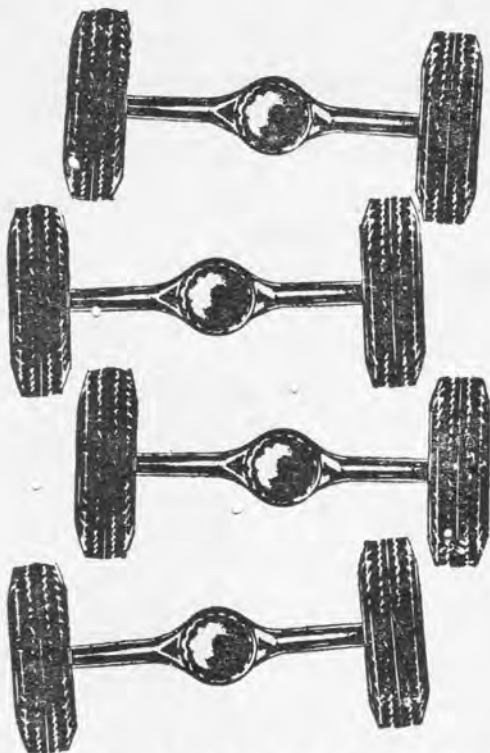
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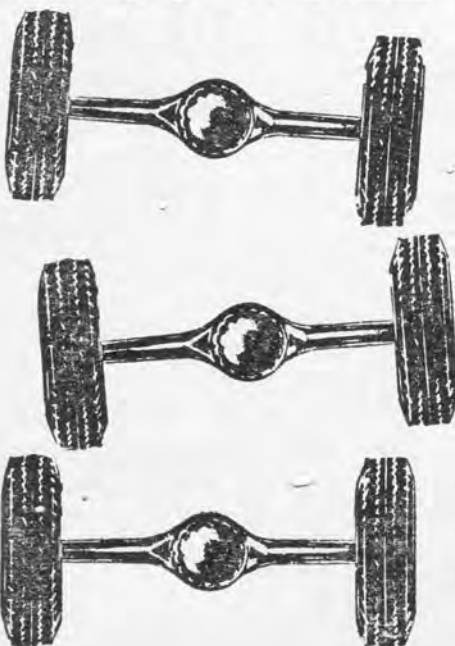
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