

quest 51

autumn 1966

Aesthetics and Literary Criticism

R. B. Patankar

The Hungarian Revolution

Michael Polanyi

Education, Science and Development

Amlan Datta

Socialism Revised

M. M. Sankhdher

Projecting the Indian Image

Gulabdas Broker

A Tribute to Keshavsut

Dilip Chitre

The Mizo Problem

Hirendranath Phukan

Editor : Abu Sayeed Ayyub

Editorial Board : R. Bhaskaran, Buddhadeva Bose, Amlan Datta, Rajni Kothari,
Daya Krishna, Raj Krishna, M. P. Rege and A. B. Shah



Kabir — 15th - 16th Centuries

A great poet-reformer, Kabir preached the brotherhood of mankind. While orthodox scholars wrote in Sanskrit, he preached and composed in Hindi, thus bringing spiritual knowledge within the grasp of the common man, while also enriching Hindi Poetry.

Faith gains a living language in India and Germany — over 400 years ago !

Martin Luther — 15th - 16th Centuries

Luther — writer, reformer, man of vision, preached the brotherhood of mankind, at the same period as Kabir. His masterly translation of the Bible, the first in German, brought it within the reach of ordinary man, and gave Germany its modern common language.

Joint efforts for common progress today

Today India and Germany work together for the common man. In arts, sciences, education, technology, their new ideas promote his progress — the progress of mankind.



**Shared ideals in the past ...
shared endeavour today**



FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY



The Seed Corn : The times that Jamsetji Tata lived in were different from our own. Every venture he started and that was successful was used to generate other ventures. From the textile mills came the resources which ultimately flowed into and made possible the power schemes and the steel schemes.

There is one quick way of bringing a farm to an end, and that is to rob the farmer of his seed corn. Out of each harvest, a farmer must put by a percentage of his corn to plant again in the next season. And if he has to expand and to plant new fields, then he must retain more and more of his crop to have more and more seed corn. Profit is the seed corn of industry. As the corn grows and the seed increases, so profits flow out of industry. They are not a weed, to be scythed by the scythe of taxation or to be eradicated by the hoe of nationalization. They are the measure of an industry's efficiency. They are the new power generated by that industry for the creation of further industries.

JAMSETJI TATA
1839 - 1904



TATA ENTERPRISES

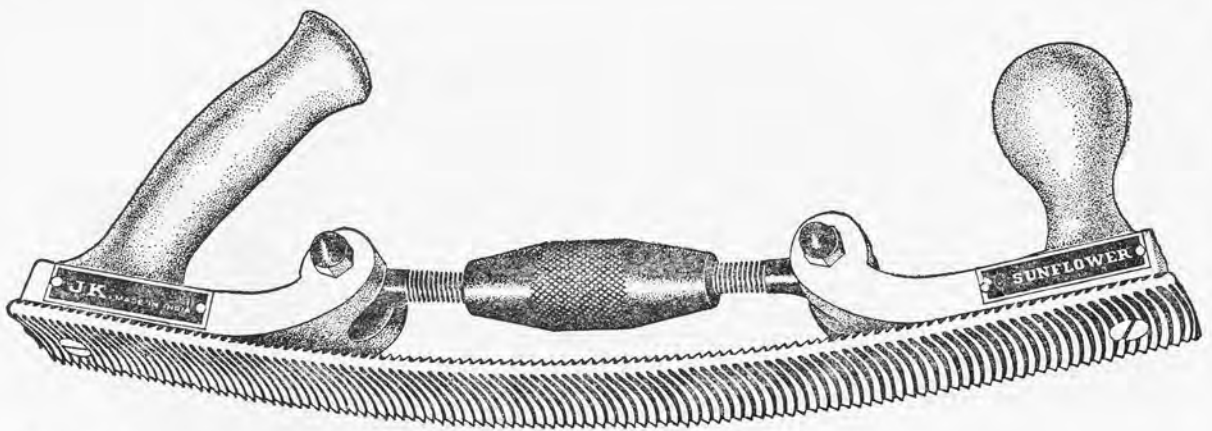
ANOTHER J.K. FIRST

JEKEFLEX is the first flexible file with a holder made in India. □ This versatile file is self-cleaning and most suitable for smooth and rapid work on cast iron, bronze, lead, aluminium, zinc, babbitt, plastics and any annealed tool steel. It is extensively used in the automobile industry. □ The J.K. holder may be used for both 12" and 14" files and these can be flexed by rotating the turn-buckle. □ J.K. Engineers' Files are manufactured in the most comprehensive range. Manufactured under strict supervision at every stage, each file is tested for quality before it is marketed.



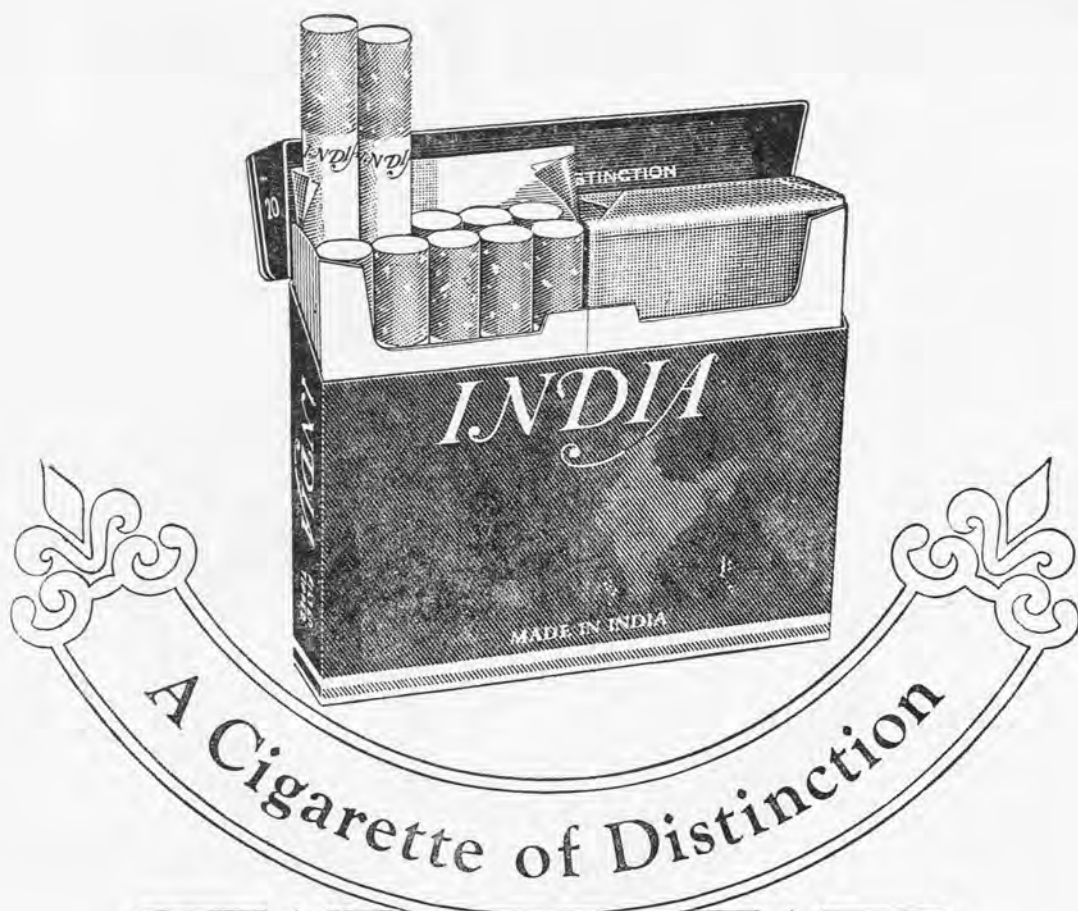
A J.K. product

THERE'S A J.K. FILE FOR EVERY JOB



JK
ENGINEERS'
FILES

SOLE SELLING AGENTS: IMPEX (INDIA) LTD., J. K. BUILDING, BALLARD ESTATE, BOMBAY 1.



*India Filter Tipped are cigarettes of distinction.
Made for the most discerning smoker,
they are in a class by themselves — undoubtedly
the finest filter cigarettes you can buy.*

INDIA
FILTER TIPPED CIGARETTES

IT IS TIME TO PLANT WINTER VEGETABLES



*In the field, in your backyard
or in pots on your terrace*

transplant seedlings or sow seeds for raising seedlings of **tomato, cauliflower, cabbage, knol khol**; and plant directly seeds of **turnips, radish, carrot, beetroot, spinach** etc.

RAISE YOUR OWN KITCHEN GARDEN

Help in Food Self-sufficiency

DA 66/346

JAMSHEDPUR STEELMEN WIN SHRAM VIR NATIONAL AWARDS

In March 1966, the Government of India held the first ceremony to honour the country's new heroes—technicians and industrial workers—with *Shram Vir* National Awards. These awards will be made every year in recognition of suggestions leading to higher production at less cost.

Of the 27 awards this year, no less than five, including two top prizes, went to Tata Steel employees—the largest number won by any industrial unit in the country.

At Jamshedpur, during the last 20 years, employees have put forward over 12,000 suggestions, of which nearly 1,000 have been accepted. These suggestions have helped to increase productivity and make operations safer, and have led to the utilisation of local know-how and materials for self-reliance.

Tata Steel is proud that it pioneered the Suggestion Box Scheme to encourage initiative from the shop floor... a scheme which is becoming a standard industrial practice in India today.

TATA STEEL



The Tata Iron and Steel Company Limited

JWTTN 3274A

The
beautiful look
lasts all day—
without
touch-ups.



PAN-CAKE: THE TWELVE HOUR MAKE-UP!



*Now here for you in India—
in four lovely complexion
matched shades*

Of course, you enjoy putting your prettiest face toward the world. BUT do you really have to retouch, retouch, retouch all day to stay pretty? FORGET about touch-ups with Max Factor Pan-Cake. This classic make-up, used by more women in public life than any other, gives a smooth, matte finish that requires *no* upkeep—and looks flawless all day long. It does take longer to apply. You put it on with a damp sponge, blend evenly, then blot. But the lovely effect—flattering, natural, well-groomed—will LAST. AND LAST. AND LAST. Discover the fabulous forgettable make-up soon: Pan-Cake, exclusively Max Factor.

MAX FACTOR

HOLLYWOOD • LONDON • PARIS

© 1955 MAX FACTOR & CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS.CMMF-14

Q U E S T

A Quarterly of Inquiry, Criticism and Ideas

Edited by ABU SAYEED AYYUB

ARTICLES

Aesthetics and Literary Criticism	9	<i>R. B. Patankar</i>
Education, Science and Economic Development	21	<i>Amlan Datta</i>
The Message of the Hungarian Revolution	28	<i>Michael Polanyi</i>
Socialism Revised	37	<i>M. M. Sankhdher</i>
Projecting the Indian Image	41	<i>Gulabdas Broker</i>
A Tribute to Keshavsut	45	<i>Dilip Chitre</i>
Approach to the Development of Tribal Areas	50	<i>C. V. Raghavulu</i>
The Grooves of Academe	54	<i>D. Anjaneyulu</i>

CURRENT AFFAIRS

The Mizo Problem	59	<i>Hirendranath Phukan</i>
Anatomy of Developing Politics in Nigeria	63	<i>Kejawa Assaf</i>

DISCUSSION

Matthew Arnold and Keats	69	<i>Vinod Sena</i>
Matthew Arnold and Keats	74	<i>Devindra Kohli</i>

POETRY

Miracles	79	<i>Naresh Guha</i>
Sakuntala	80	<i>Naresh Guha</i>
Two Poems on Death	81	<i>Gauri Deshpande</i>
The Solution of Servants	68	<i>Gieve Patel</i>

SHORT STORY

Sword and Shield	82	<i>O. P. Bhagat</i>
The Zamindar of Pallipuram	88	<i>Sujatha Bala Subramanian</i>

BOOK-REVIEWS

Towards a Theory of Social Change	91	<i>P. C. Chatterjee</i>
Foreign Policy in the Sixties	94	<i>A. G. Noorani</i>
India's Policy of Recognition of States	96	<i>S. B. Mookherji</i>
Confessions of a Native Alien	98	<i>R. K. Kaul</i>
The Symbolism of Virginia Woolf	100	<i>Nita Pillai</i>
Poems	101	<i>K. N. Kutty</i>
Universities and the Life of the Mind	103	<i>A. M.</i>
Journal of the Sangeet Natak Akademi	105	<i>L. F.</i>
T. S. Eliot	107	<i>K. N. Kutty</i>

CORRESPONDENCE

Secularism in Letter and Spirit	109	<i>Punya Sloka Ray</i>
New Indian Poets: An Anthology	110	<i>Howard McCord</i>
Dance of Shiva and other Tales	110	<i>Swapan Majumdar</i>
A Reply	111	<i>David McCutcheon</i>

Reviews Editor : NISSIM EZEKIEL
 Asst. Reviews Editor : MRS. LAEEQ FUTEHALLY
 Business Manager : MISS SHEELA SINGH

All contributions, which must be type-written, and correspondence regarding contributions should be addressed to THE EDITOR, *QUEST*, 5 Pearl Road, Calcutta 17. For book-reviews, subscriptions and other matters please write: THE BUSINESS MANAGER, *QUEST*, 148, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay 1.



He is gay and dashing, always first with the latest in everything. He's so different from me, which makes it all the more difficult for people to believe that Anil is my brother.

When he got married, I forced Anil to take an Anticipated Endowment Assurance Policy. He did so reluctantly. "It's only because you're my brother," he told me "I would have refused any other Life Insurance agent "

For some time, Anil paid his premiums regularly. But soon he found himself short of money. There was some new furniture to buy, or some interesting place to visit or extra entertaining to do. Anil began to spend the premium money instead of paying it in.

I had a long talk with him. "When you let your Policy lapse," I told him, "you lose practically everything. You've paid premiums for 2 years so you will not lose all the money you have paid. It will just be locked-up until the time your policy would have matured. What good is this to you? What's worse, you lose the substantial security your policy guarantees your family throughout the period, no matter what happens."

Anil refused to understand.

But his wife did. She promised that she would save a little from her household expenses each day and pay the premiums. The policy was reinstated.

About 3 years later, Anil got a wonderful opportunity. He was given a technical scholarship abroad, but he had to pay for his passage there and back.

Anil had no savings. He would have found it difficult to get so much money. But I remembered that the first instalment of his Anticipated Endowment Policy was due very soon. This would be more than enough for the present expenses.

Anil was so pleased to get the money. And from that day, I had no more trouble with his premiums.

Aesthetics and Literary Criticism

R. B. PATANKAR

I PROPOSE to discuss in this paper the problem of the exact relationship between literary criticism and philosophical aesthetics. I am afraid the whole area is enveloped in a mist of mutual misunderstanding and suspicion; and unless serious efforts are made at this stage to clear the mist, future contact between the two disciplines is apt to remain as fruitless as it was in the past. I do not subscribe to the view so ably, provocatively, and insistently expressed by F. R. Leavis that literary criticism has nothing to do with philosophical aesthetics, and that literary critics would cease to be good critics if they allowed themselves to be corrupted by philosophers.¹ But I think it is not difficult to see why critics like Leavis came to this desperate conclusion; one almost sympathises with them. Critics in the past expected the wrong type of guidance from philosophers and naturally felt irritated when philosophers betrayed an utter lack of critical sensibility, total ignorance of the problems that a practical critic has to face, and a cavalier attitude to literary issues. Some critics were duly impressed by the philosophical lore but did not know what to do with it. In either case the contact was not beneficial. The philosophers are also to blame for this. For they should have realised that to talk on literary problems was not like talking about the weather, and that literary appreciation and criticism require specialised training. Again, if they had been better aware of the limitations of philosophy, they would have realised what philosophy can do and what is beyond its

purview. This would at least have saved them from the arrogance they usually show while dealing with 'lesser disciplines'. The results of the confrontation between the two disciplines in the past were therefore invariably disappointing. But if inter-disciplinary cooperation has yielded good results elsewhere, there is no reason why we should despair. However in order to ensure that the contact is fruitful an earnest attempt must be made to demarcate the areas of co-operation. The critics must know what sort of guidance they should expect from the philosophers; and the philosophers must give up their omniscient attitude and overweening pride. What is required is the right combination of a passionate interest in literature and an ability to philosophise. This perhaps cannot be achieved unless critics become philosophers and philosophers critics.

Let us see at what stage the literary critic feels the need for extraliterary guidance.

I am aware that the concept of criticism is a 'disputed' concept. But there appears to be general agreement on what critics, as a matter of fact, have been doing. They have been engaged in two sorts of activities: (a) analysis and interpretation of individual works of art and (b) their evaluation and grading. It is disputed whether the second is a legitimate critical activity. In the 19th century critics who were fascinated by the methods of natural sciences eschewed evaluation and restricted their activity to interpretation and analysis. They and their modern followers refrain from making overt value judgments. But that some valuation is involved even in the avowedly interpretative criticism should

¹ F. R. Leavis — *The Common Pursuit* (Peregrine Books) pp. 212-222.

be evident from the free use most of them make of emotive language. Again, if they really believe that it is possible for a literary critic to make valuationally neutral statements about 'facts' in literary works they are sadly mistaken. In natural sciences scientists championing different hypotheses are at least agreed on what facts there are. But when critics differ the dispute is often as much about what the facts are as about their correct interpretation. It is indeed surprising that two disputing critics do not call attention to the same facts. They appear to *select* such facts for comment and interpretation as would explain the value of the literary work under consideration. Hazlitt while commenting on Pope's *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady* praises the poem for its strong and spontaneous emotionality; F. R. Leavis, on the other hand, invites attention to the metaphysical wit of the poem.² To the Victorians *In Memoriam* was primarily a philosophical poem tracing the 'Way of a Soul'; to Harold Nicolson,³ on the other hand, the philosophical part of the poem is an unfortunate addition which the poet made in order to please the Victorian audience, an addition which stifles the central emotional nucleus of the poem in which its strength lies. Critics are not concerned with facts as such but with relevant facts. What relevant facts there are depends upon what the critic is looking for. It is the insight the critic has obtained into the nature of poetry that ultimately decides the question of relevance. Hazlitt and Leavis do not invite attention to the same facts because different insights guide their critical investigations. For literary criticism valuationally neutral facts do not exist. All facts worth noticing and commenting upon are facts *within a valuational framework*.

If evaluation, explicit or implicit, is involved in all critical endeavour, the search

for valuational criteria becomes one of the chief concerns of literary critics. In the absence of criteria, critical evaluation and grading becomes merely arbitrary. Though a critical judgment is not exactly like an ordinary cognitive judgment, it resembles the latter in so far as it is contestable (e.g. *In Memoriam* is a better poem than *Adonais*). On the other hand, a statement expressing subjective preferences (e.g. 'I prefer *In Memoriam* to *Adonais*,') is not contestable. When people express their different preferences they are not contradicting each other. Critical judgments, on the other hand, can be contradicted and a discussion about the rightness of a literary judgment is always possible. That is chiefly because literary judgments imply the use of criteria which make it possible for us to give reasons in support of a particular judgment. That valuation and grading imply criteria has been challenged by F. R. Leavis. But it should be evident from the strategy he employs to combat the 'one-eye-on-the-standard' method that he is not so much against the use of criteria as such; he is rather against the employment of simplified criteria which can be expressed in slick critical formulas. I suppose he would not object to the criteria which arise naturally from the critical practice of a critic, the criteria Eliot had in mind when he said: 'An impression needs to be constantly refreshed by new impressions in order that it may persist at all; it needs to take its place in a system of impressions. And this system tends to become articulate in a generalized statement of literary beauty'.⁴

If we analyse critical writings we shall notice two interesting features of critical discourse. (a) Critics appear to use not just one criterion with a limited application, but a spiral of criteria, each criterion depending upon a more general criterion for its justification (b) We shall also observe many such spirals of criteria continuously competing for supremacy and therefore always living in an uneasy atmosphere of precarious co-existence. That there is an inevitable tendency to go from narrower to

² *Revaluation*, ch. 3.

³ Harold Nicolson — *Tennyson: Aspects of his Character & Poetry*.

⁴ T. S. Eliot — *The Sacred Wood*, (The Fountain Library) p. 14.

more general criteria should be obvious from the way a literary judgment is defended. Suppose we say, '*The Return to Payton Place* is certainly a good novel, but it is not great because its symbolism is rather crudely obvious and the author is not able to maintain detachment throughout'. If we are asked why this should be a sufficient reason for not calling it great we might say, 'Is not all literature expected to make use of the subtle suggestiveness of symbols? And is not every literary artist expected to be detached?' In trying to defend our particular judgment we passed by easy transitions to general criteria which apply (—at least we hope that they do apply—) to all literature. There is also another route by which we come to general statements about literature as a whole. Suppose we are discussing the merits of *Volpone* and *Measure for Measure*. The two plays obviously do not belong to the same class; yet they can both be called comedies. But suppose we are also judging the merits of these two and *Hamlet*, which is like them in its pre-occupation with the problem of moral depravity, but which cannot by any stretch of imagination be called a comedy. It is here that we find that the criterion which applies to only comedy or only tragedy will not do. We have to use a more general criterion of value. The larger the field we wish to consider, the greater the heterogeneity there is in the works to be evaluated and graded, the more general the criterion is apt to become. Thus the critic who begins modestly with 'Is this a good poem?' invariably ends by asking 'What is good poetry?' The process usually does not stop here if the critic is acquainted with two or more arts. If literature is a representation of life and if the same is true of painting, can we not say that all art is a representation of life? The constant exchange of terminology between the critics of different arts strengthens this belief. Thus we are led to make statements like 'Poetry is the music of ideas', '*Thais* has the hour-glass pattern', 'The loneliness of Antonio in the first act of *The Merchant of*

Venice is balanced by the loneliness of Shylock in the fourth act'. The literary critic now feels that in order to be a good critic he must know what art in general is. And thus criticism leads to aesthetics. That is why Richards begins his *Principles of Literary Criticism* with the consideration of the general theory of value. Those who do not have Richards' equipment humbly accept the division of labour forced upon them by circumstances and, leaving the task of finding out and justifying the general aesthetic criteria of all Art to the aestheticians, are content merely to use these criteria in their own special field. The relationship between aesthetics and literary criticism is often conceived on the analogy of the relation between pure science and technology.

At this point the critic looks up to the philosophical aestheticians for guidance. Why is the philosophical aesthetician regarded as pre-eminently suited for this job? It is pointed out that philosophy is the science of sciences; that whereas the individual sciences study their narrow fields the philosopher makes the whole of reality his province, and claims to understand its ultimate nature. The philosopher, it is assumed, can not only give us the most general criterion of beauty but also show how beauty and art are related to other things in the universe in the ultimate analysis. The metaphysician is of course ever willing to oblige. But it must be noted that the metaphysician does not come uninvited. It is the overweening pride of artists and critics that makes his intervention inevitable. Every cobbler likes to be called an artist; and every artist likes to be called a mystic, a seer, a prophet, a legislator of humanity. Artists think that the activity they are engaged in is so valuable that it must be intimately related to supreme value. Thus Shelley and Richards assert that art provides a way to attain the greatest moral value; Clive Bell claims that art is the window to ultimate reality; many Sanskrit aestheticians held that art experience is the twinbrother of mystic experience. The metaphysician naturally finds this very

tempting. If he does not agree with the artists and critics he can flatter his ego by picking holes in their theories. If he accepts their claims he promises to make them appear philosophically respectable. For he feels that he, and he alone, will be able to show what broadly is the relationship between art and ultimate reality.

The guidance provided by the metaphysical aesthetician is very deceptive. On the one hand it satisfies the pride of the artist and the critic; but on the other, it does not have any real effect on the actual practice of either. Suppose it is proved that art experience is like mystic experience. Does this realisation make a poet a better poet? Does it add to the equipment of the practical critic and make it easier for him to identify art experience when it occurs? For one thing, mystic experience, if there really is a non-relational experience of that description at all, is certainly not common nor easily accessible to common readers. When the standard of comparison is not available, the comparison merely obfuscates the issues. Again, it is doubtful whether the metaphysician who says that art experience is like mystic experience takes the comparison seriously. For if the mystic experience is non-relational, art experience, being through and through relational, can never be like it; the difference is not one of degree but one of kind. Perhaps all that is meant is that art experience is unlike everyday cognitive, conative, and affective experiences. Mystic experience being also unlike common experience, it is tempting to compare the two. The only thing they appear to have in common is their unlikeness to common experience. In that case the comparison is like saying that blue is like red because both red and blue are unlike orange. Mystic experience is sometimes compared to the experience of the sex-act. I wonder whether aestheticians would like art experience to be regarded as the twin-brother of sexual enjoyment. One advantage of this comparison would be that the standard of comparison would at least be within the reach of common men. But this will never do be-

cause sexual enjoyment does not have the emotional halo which the mystic experience possesses.

Further, metaphysical aesthetics has a tendency to dissolve the whole fabric of aesthetic facts and concepts. Suppose we take the position of Absolute Idealism and say that beauty is the sensuous manifestation of the Absolute. This appears to help the critic in that it gives him an aesthetic criterion, viz. unity in diversity, which is a criterion of beauty and is the character of the ultimate reality. The criterion is metaphysical in so far as it is derived from a metaphysical principle. And if to accept the aesthetic principle presupposes the acceptance of the metaphysical principle certain queer results follow. If everything that there is, is a part of and a manifestation of the Absolute (and it must be so because nothing exists outside It) every sensory presentation is in some way and in some degree a sensuous manifestation of the Absolute. And every sensuous presentation of the Absolute being an instance of Beauty every sensuous presentation is beautiful. This amounts to cancelling the distinction between beauty and ugliness. If there is ugliness at all, it must be defined as a low degree of beauty. But surely this is not what the practical critic had asked for. He wanted a metaphysical principle to enable him to distinguish clearly between beautiful things and ugly or aesthetically indifferent things. And he is told that the concept of ugliness has no use in aesthetic criticism. This predicament is not peculiar to Hegelianism. If we accept St. Thomas's characterisation of beauty as the 'effulgence of Form' the same results would follow. It is indeed foolish to expect anything from a philosophy which denies the validity of critical concepts.

All philosophical aestheticians are not metaphysicians. There are some like Osborne who have voiced an open hostility to metaphysical aesthetics. The philosopher-aestheticians of this second group are more vitally concerned with the problems of practical art criticism. Their aesthetic

theories are the outcome of their genuine interest in arts and criticism. They base their aesthetics on the following assumptions: (a) There is a body of works of art which are universally recognised to be aesthetically excellent; and any theory which denies their excellence should be summarily dismissed. (Thus, for example, these thinkers would not attach much importance to Tolstoi's theory according to which folk literature is artistically more valuable than Shakespeare's *King Lear*.) (b) Critical judgments that common men and professional critics make are valuable and significant; the chief job of philosophic aesthetics is to clarify the concepts used in actual critical discourse. (c) Critical discourse, however, often becomes confused and self-stultifying because the critics do not maintain self-consistency in their writings. It is the business of philosophic aesthetics to reduce this confusion, by introducing logical discipline in critical discourse.

Earlier in this paper I said that a close analysis of critical discourse would reveal the spectacle of different spirals of criteria living in an atmosphere of precarious co-existence. There is co-existence only till the contradictions are fully exposed. Not only the common man but even the professional critics often use criteria which are mutually exclusive. Dr. Johnson provides a good example of this type of unexposed self-contradiction in his *Preface to Shakespeare* when he praises Shakespeare for having given in his plays the most realistic representation of reality, and in the same breath condemns him for his alleged a-morality in the way he presents the problem of human suffering. According to the Neo-classical critical theory it is the duty of the writer to show the world as it really is, and Shakespeare is great because in his plays he reveals the stable truth about human life. But then it is also the writer's duty to make people virtuous by showing that under divine dispensation a man gets only what he deserves, that the wicked die an

ignominious death and that the good prosper. Shakespeare's weakness lies in that he sacrifices virtue to expediency and sends his virtuous and wicked characters to the same type of end. The two criteria obviously contradict each other. For if it is the duty of the writer to show the world as it really is, it follows that he must show that good people often suffer and the wicked prosper because that is how things happen in real life. Many such contradictions go undetected, till philosophically trained aestheticians expose them. Osborne and other aestheticians of this school have indeed rendered a great service to criticism by making critical discourse more disciplined.

It is difficult to distinguish very clearly between metaphysical and non-metaphysical aestheticians. The points of difference are of course very obvious; but one must not forget that there are some similarities as well. The chief difference appears to be that the metaphysicians in trying to make aesthetic principles philosophically respectable end by denying the validity of all critical discourse; the non-metaphysical philosophers recognise the validity of critical principles and only aim at making them more consistent in order to make them universally applicable. The relationship between the aesthetician and the critic, in this view, is like the relationship between the logician and the common man as thinkers. Men did not learn from Aristotle how to think syllogistically. They were doing it ages before Aristotle was born. He merely made them explicitly conscious of the logical form of their reasoning, in order that they might carry on their customary intellectual activities in a more disciplined manner. Similarly, Osborne's theory of Configurationism⁵ is not like a newly invented electrical gadget of which no one had ever dreamt before. Osborne claims to have merely made the critics explicitly aware of the criterion which they were actually using. He has thus laid bare the universal form of the aesthetic life.

But in order to discover the true form of this province of human life Osborne has

⁵ Harold Osborne: *Aesthetics and Criticism*, 1955.

to consider different claimants to that position. His initial statement about what he proposes to do is disarmingly impartial. He does not begin by thrusting on us a particular criterion of beauty. He rather says that one can have any criterion one likes; but then it is one's responsibility to stick to it in all relevant contexts. He gives a fair trial to certain criteria he does not accept, e.g. hedonism. He shows that the criterion which we are required to abandon at some stage in our enquiry into the nature of beauty cannot be regarded as the expression of the form of aesthetic life. For example, the hedonistic criterion would be valid only if it can be proved that pleasure is the necessary and sufficient condition of the experience of beauty. He proves that pleasure is neither a necessary nor a sufficient condition of the aesthetic experience. He takes up theory after theory for consideration and rejects them all as inadequate. It is only when we have come half way through his *Aesthetics and Criticism* that we realise that he has a theory of his own to recommend and that his impartiality in the opening chapters is really a part of his strategy to vindicate his own theory. It is his thesis that only the theory of Configurationism can be universally and consistently applied in all arts.

The criterion of self-consistency and universal applicability is perfectly justified if the form of aesthetic life is like the form of our reasoning which Logic identifies and gives in the form of a unified theory. But is there really an analogy between the two forms of life? Can we ever hope to discover a criterion of beauty which can be looked upon as *the only* criterion which fully embodies the form of the whole of aesthetic life? There are a number of criteria which claim to have universal application and which can be applied self-consistently. How are we to judge between their conflicting claims? Are we to regard them as different hypotheses only one out of which will emerge triumphant at the end? Are we sure that for the sake of self-consistency and universal applicability we are not pay-

ing too heavy a price in terms of possible bona fide aesthetic experience? If the answer is that we are paying a heavy price, then the aestheticians of this school resemble the metaphysicians in that they are required to deny the validity of a part of the aesthetic life though not the whole of it.

It is at this stage that philosophers of the Intuitionist and Emotivist or Analyst schools can be of help. Intuitionist aestheticians insist that we must subject the notion of beauty to critical analysis before we undertake the study of different universal aesthetic propositions. If there is a real analogy between goodness and beauty, beauty is a unique, simple non-natural property which attaches itself to different classes of things. As beauty is a simple property it cannot be defined because definition is the analysis of a notion and only complex notions can be analysed. As it is a unique property it cannot be equated with any other simple or complex notion. If we define beauty as X, or equate it with a simple property X, beauty and X become identical in meaning. Then the statement 'X is beautiful' becomes analytical and not informative. Again, if we say that 'This X is not beautiful' we shall be making not just a false but a self-contradictory statement. To ask 'This is X; is this beautiful?' becomes meaningless. But obviously the statements and question given above are significant and not tautologous or self-contradictory or meaningless. From this it follows that the alleged definitions of beauty are synthetic propositions in which beauty is ascribed to something which is not identical with beauty. That other thing, viz. a set of properties which demarcate a class of things, becomes the criterion of beauty.

Once we accept that the universal aesthetic propositions are statements not about the meaning of beauty but about its criteria, we can conceive the possibility of there being many criteria of beauty. It is only if we say that a universal aesthetic proposition is a definition of beauty that we are indissolubly wedded to only one set of beauty-making properties. Moore says that different

classes of good things might have nothing in common except their goodness. He gives the instance of love and admiring contemplation of beauty and shows that these two have only their goodness in common. The same is true of the different classes of beautiful things; they might have nothing in common except their beauty.

The Emotivists rejected the Intuitionist view that beauty stands for a property. All adjectives, they pointed out, do not stand for properties. 'Red' and 'triangular' obviously do; but 'good' and 'beautiful' do not. When we say that a particular flower is red we know how to verify the statement; but when we are told that the flower is beautiful we do not know how such a statement could be verified. They concluded that the second statement is not cognitively meaningful at all. Perhaps we might say that the second statement is cognitive because in it a property as real as red is predicated of the subject, the only difference being that the former is non-natural while the second is natural. But it will be pointed out that there is no analogy between the statements because the so-called non-natural properties are dubious entities, perhaps no better than figments of the heated brain of someone suffering from hallucination. The earlier emotivists came to the conclusion that aesthetic judgments are not meaningful statements at all because they contain an element which is not verifiable. They are rather like interjections and other emotional expressions. Soon however the emotivists modified their extreme position and granted that these value words have a definite use and that they are not meaningless sounds. When we call something beautiful, we are praising it, commending it to others and not primarily describing it. But that does not mean that no descriptive element is involved in our aesthetic judgment. Though the descriptive and verifiable element does not form a part of the meaning of the value words, it is contextually implied in the use of these words. Different

commendatory words contextually imply different sets of properties. Consider for example 'pretty' and 'sublime'. Both of them are words of commendation; but the properties they contextually imply are entirely different. It is ridiculous to say that Mt. Everest is a pretty mountain peak, or that a child is sublime. It must however be noted that all value words do not move within a narrow range like 'pretty' and 'sublime'. Wherever 'pretty' occurs it will contextually imply the presence of a limited range of properties; but what words like 'good' and 'beautiful' will contextually imply will depend upon the particular situations in which they are used. That is why it is easy enough to identify 'pretty-making' properties, but it is almost a wild goose chase to identify and fix for ever the good-making or beauty-making properties.

The realisation that there could be many sets of beauty-making properties is, if rightly interpreted, a charter of freedom for the aesthetician and critic. Richards was one of the first to recognise that naturalistic definitions of 'good' and 'beauty' cannot be given because the words carry a strong emotional charge which is not brought out by emotionally neutral terms. He took a hint from Bentham and suggested in *The Meaning of Meaning* that value words can be naturalistically defined if their emotional charge is neutralised. But he did not recognise the fact that there could be different formulas which could claim to give the whole of the meaning of the terms so neutralised. That is why in spite of his correct characterisation of value words as words with an emotional charge, he follows the traditional pre-Intuitionist method when he offers the definition of beauty in terms of synaesthesia. There is another temptation which we must resist if we want to grasp the whole range of meanings of words like art or beauty. We must not use the crude Collingwoodian device of abolishing ambiguities by arbitrarily fixing the meaning of these words. Collingwood brusquely dismisses all inconvenient facts by labelling them 'art falsely so called'.⁶ This is due either

⁶ R. G. Collingwood — *Principles of Art*, ch.5 2-5.

to utter failure to understand correctly the logic of value words or to dangerous intellectual dishonesty. We must study the facts patiently in order to discover what different classes of things are called beautiful and for what reason.

But, it might be asked, is not the term 'beauty' maddeningly ambiguous? Are we not required to use the axe of 'not properly so called' somewhere if the term is to have any place in aesthetic discourse? It is perfectly understandable to say that we have no right to withhold the application of 'beautiful' to a thing which is called beautiful because it is a significant semblance or because it is a configuration of a certain type, or because it shows purposive arrangement without a purpose; but would it not be correct to say that when we call a soup beautiful we are not making a proper use of the term? It may be pointed out that the word 'beautiful' even when applied to a soup serves the same purpose that it serves when applied to the Taj Mahal; it is used to commend the thing. But very often the word can be substituted by words like 'agreeable' or 'pleasant'. The two formulations are of course not identical. For 'This soup is beautiful' contains something more than 'This soup is agreeable to the palate'. The second statement might be a statement describing someone's subjective reaction to it; or if it contains a predictive element—(viz. This is agreeable to me; such a soup has been found to be agreeable to many people; it is safe to predict that it will be found agreeable in future also) — it might be a purely descriptive statement; but it is not in itself a way of commending the soup as the first statement is, though in some contexts it might be a way of commending. However, if the statement 'The soup is beautiful' is translated into 'I like it; do so as well, please' we shall not object to the analysis. But we shall certainly object to a similar translation of 'The Taj Mahal is beautiful', something deeply rooted in our nature would revolt against it. It is wrong to link value judgments with judgments of

likes and dislikes. When the latter are challenged we just shrug our shoulders and forget the whole matter. But when our valuational standards are challenged we feel deeply involved, and as profoundly disturbed as we would be if someone were to tell us that two plus two do not make four or that the effect precedes the cause. In matters of value there is a sense of commitment which is not present in judgments of likes and dislikes. (It is needless to say that what I have said does not apply to people suffering from ethical and aesthetic anaemia). Whenever there is a sense of deep involvement we can say that we are using the word 'beautiful' as a value term and not merely as a term of commendation. But even after we have restricted the scope of 'beauty' as a value term we do not get the much sought for unity of principle. Many different valuational criteria are seen to be contending for supremacy. How are we to reduce them to a unitary criterion?

One result of the impact of modern philosophy on aesthetics and criticism is that critics are now very chary of accepting simplified aesthetic formulas, which claim to apply to all the arts. There was a time when the aesthete was regarded as the law-giver in all branches of criticism. The critics had the humble task of applying these criteria to facts in their limited field. When these could not be applied critics had no option but to twist facts. There was another way out which appears to have helped a large number of critics; they could practise deception and self-deception. They talked one language as aestheticians and another as practical critics. Critics who came under the influence of Idealist aesthetics provide a touching example of this sort of double-talk. As aestheticians they had to maintain that the world of art is an alternative world with its own laws of organisation; as practical critics they spent their time and energy in showing how the art world was like the real world. One has just to compare Bradley's 'Poetry for Poetry's Sake' in *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* with his *Shakespearean Tragedy* to realise how even great literary critics have

fallen a victim to this habit. But it is time to explode the system which gives rise to unconscious dishonesty.

Aestheticians in the past assumed that 'beautiful' *must* have the same meaning in whatever context it appeared. The assumption is acceptable if it means that the word is always valuationally loaded. But if it is further meant that the word is permanently tied up with one definite set of properties the assumption is questionable. It is a mere prejudice to suppose that a general term always denotes a well defined class of objects characterised by a definite set of properties. The term 'planet' might signify a definite set of properties which are fixed once for all; but to suppose that the same is true of terms like 'art' and 'beauty' is to betray total ignorance of the difference between concepts in natural sciences and value concepts. But unfortunately this ignorance has vitiated the aesthetic and critical theories of many able thinkers. A genuine interest in one of the arts impels an aesthetician to undertake the search for the basic concepts of aesthetics. If he is also endowed with the ability to theorise he is often able to arrive at some general formulation of the 'basic' principles of that art. Then he raises these 'basic' principles to the status of the 'basic' principles of all arts. More often than not this is done without a corroborating insight into the nature of other arts. Sometimes, however, the aesthetician is genuinely interested in more than one art. Then he either tries to keep the two valuational schemes at a respectable distance from each other; or, he allows his interest in one art to overpower the interest in the other. If he theorises he invariably shows a tendency to force the valuational scheme of one art on the other art. What makes him blind to the possibility that this extension of the valuational scheme might be illegitimate is the fact that similarities do exist between the two arts. Obviously to mistake partial similarity for total identity is to lay a weak foundation for an aesthetic

theory. The result invariably is confusion or critical despotism. Richards provides a good example of this. That he is one of the greatest of modern literary critics is a well established fact. But Richards was, at least in his earlier writings, hopeful of evolving a general theory of aesthetics. His procedure was simple enough. He merely extended to other arts the theory which expressed a genuine insight into literature. The inevitable result was that his chapters on music and the plastic arts in the *Principles of Literary Criticism* are the weakest in the book. That the extension of the literary theory to other arts is illegitimate can also be seen from the conclusions he draws from his theory. According to him a valuable experience is one in which the largest number of important impulses attain the maximum satisfaction. He also tells us that poetry makes such experiences available to us. As he does not make a distinction between ethical value and aesthetic value, poetry becomes a great moral educator of mankind, because the experiences which poetry induces in us *are* moral experiences. This theory has some plausibility if it is restricted to literature. The stuff of which poetry is made is often valuationally loaded and one who knows how to organise such material in poetry *might* be able to organise it in real life. But it is difficult to believe that the ability to organise sounds in music would teach one how to organise one's practical life. There is at least no evidence to support the view that such a transference of ability takes place.

We get another example of an illegitimate extension of criteria of one art to another in the writings of Mardhekar. Mardhekar was interested from his childhood in poetry but was more deeply interested in the 'qualities of visual sensations, the shape of things, their lines, colours, massal forms.'⁷ He felt a dissatisfaction with poetry because of its impure medium; he says 'it is tainted by the traffic of this human world... To the constancy, the changelessness of the delight which the eye has afforded me I find nothing similar in the

⁷ B. S. Mardhekar — *Arts and Man* (Popular Book Depot) p. vii.

pleasures that even the highest poetry can yield. May it not then be that the former gives a truer, at any rate relatively truer, glimpse of eternal reality than the other.⁸ The purer the art (that is, the less representational content it possesses) the better it is. On this view literature is on the lowest rung in the hierarchy of arts. In plastic arts his position is the same as that of Clive Bell and Roger Fry. The only difference is that Mardhekar tries to turn the *reflective* principle of form into a determinate concept concretised in the three Laws of Rhythm, viz. the laws of harmony, contrast and balance. A beautiful object is an object in which pure sensations are organised in accordance with these three laws. He declares that the essence of *all* art is form, and by form is meant organisation of elements according to the laws of rhythm. This applies also to literary art. 'A work of literature consists of a number of sentences which weave a pattern of emotional relations variously interrelated into a whole by the laws of rhythm. A rhythmical whole of parental love and filial affection may be governed by the law of harmony. Love and hate will give us contrast. Alternating serious and comic or light scenes may provide us with a crude example of balance'⁹ I do not know whether the Mardhekarian laws of rhythm really work in the plastic arts; but I seriously doubt whether they will ever work in literature. The question is not whether some determined persons cannot apply them; there is indeed nothing impossible for a partisan and a fanatic. The question rather is whether Mardhekar has really grasped the form of the literary art. The only answer is that he has not! I have argued elsewhere¹⁰ that like cognition, aesthetic experience involves the employment of *a priori* categories and further that there

are alternative sets of categories in aesthetics. These are *a priori* because they are not derived from experience, but rather are the conditions of the possibility of aesthetic experience. But that does not mean that they are arbitrary. They are categories only because they have an application, because they reflect the form of aesthetic reality. Categories which have no application are empty. I am afraid Mardhekar's laws of rhythm as forcibly applied to literature are an instance of empty categories. People have regarded literature as valuable for its truth value, for its emotional appeal, for its adequate expression of emotions, for its style...but never for a fantastic thing like its observance of the laws of rhythm. To say that *King Lear* is beautiful because it exemplifies the laws of rhythm is to talk sheer nonsense. Why did Mardhekar take this false step? Being convinced that the laws of rhythm work in plastic arts, he thought they could be extended to literature also. They *must* have an application there because otherwise the self-consistency and universality of the aesthetic principle were in danger. If literature hoped to be regarded as an art it must use the procrustean bed of the three laws of rhythm, which are, incidentally, strongly reminiscent of the deadly Three Unities of neo-classical criticism. In order to prove his impossible thesis, Mardhekar had to prove (?) that literature is not a temporal art,¹¹ he had to misrepresent Richards,¹² and do great injustice to Aristotle (whom he calls the Liliputian of poetics) by subjecting his theory of imitation to the crudest mangling.¹³ He had to do all this only in order to avoid all straightforward and natural ways of understanding literature. That he concedes the importance of the content while discussing greatness in literature does not make his theory of literary aesthetics valid, for the principles of beauty and greatness remain two separate principles with no necessary connection between them. And yet for some time people thought that Mardhekar did a great service to literary criticism by giving it a philosophic foundation in aesthetics. It is

⁸ Ibid, p. ix.

⁹ Ibid, p. 45.

¹⁰ See my paper 'Identity of a work of Art' — *Journal of Philosophical Association* Nos: 31-32, 33-34.

¹¹ op. cit. p. 50.

¹² Ibid p. 11

¹³ Ibid, 14-22

time we realised that the aesthetics of literature is nothing but poetics and the critical examination of the concepts involved in it. It is an error to suppose that literary aesthetics is the application of extra-literary principles to literature.

I do not wish to endorse Prof. Passmore's view that though criticism of different arts is possible, aesthetics, as a general theory of all arts, is impossible.¹⁴ It is of course true that there are significant differences between different arts; and it is consequently wrong to think that there could be a simple formula that could apply in a straightforward way to all arts. But we must not ignore the fact that there are similarities also. Representational painting and sculpture and literature overlap, though there is no total identity between them. Lessing was certainly trying to grapple with a real problem. Again, the verbal music of poetry is in a sense like music proper, though the two are not identical. In some literary forms, e.g. drama with music as an organic part of it, different arts co-operate towards the creation of one artistic whole. Again, the analogies so frequently used by literary critics, e.g. '*Thais* has the hour-glass pattern', are certainly illuminating if they are not stretched beyond the proper limit. That an analogy is not wholly correct does not mean that it is wholly wrong. The whole field of aesthetics shows a criss-cross pattern of similarities and differences. Philosophers usually tend to simplify matters by ignoring the similarities or the differences altogether. To grasp the underlying form of aesthetic life is to realise its complexity.

Critics can learn this important truth about value concepts from the Analytical philosophers. These philosophers do not have a body of ready-made doctrines and principles to offer. What they teach is a method of analysis. This brings with it the hope of freedom; the critic is no longer

required to submit himself to the rule of the metaphysician who gives criteria which cannot be applied, or of the traditional philosopher-aesthetician, who promises to provide simplified criteria at a very heavy price in terms of bona fide aesthetic experiences. Literary critics will become more self-reliant once they realise that aesthetic aid cannot be had from extra-literary fields. They will begin to scrutinise more critically the concepts used in literary criticism and arrive at a better understanding of the form of literary life. There is a host of critical terms awaiting analysis. To take a concrete example, consider the pity and terror formula of tragedy consecrated since Aristotle's *Poetics*. First of all there is a textual problem. Did Aristotle really mean to include pity and terror in the definition of tragedy? Or, the book being a compilation of lecture notes, was the reference to these two emotions added to the definition which without it is complete? Why should these two emotions alone be specified? Is it likely that Aristotle did not mean the two emotions to be taken as characteristic of tragic experience, but mentioned them because Plato had mentioned them in his attack on poetry? Further, what did Aristotle mean by the two terms, viz. pity and terror? But these are problems for the scholar and the critic might accept the verdict given by Butcher or Bywater or Murray. The real problem for the critic is whether pity and terror, their arousal and the catharsis brought about through such an arousal, give a sure clue to the nature of tragic experience. Are these emotions the necessary and sufficient conditions of tragic experience? If it is proved that the presence of many other emotions and ideas is necessary to make an experience tragic, the two emotions are obviously not a sufficient condition. Are they at least necessary? Surely there are tragedies which arouse pity or terror but not pity and terror; and there are tragedies in which we experience neither. Tragic experience is not a simple, easily identifiable experience; it is rather a spectrum of experiences. And to start with the assump-

¹⁴ J. A. Passmore 'The Dreariness of Aesthetics' included in *Aesthetics and Language* - (Ed.) Elton.

tion that it could be put in a straightforward and simple formula is to be blind to facts. Again, what about the two terms pity and terror, themselves? Do we mean always the same thing when we use the word 'pity' or 'terror'? Closer scrutiny will show that these terms themselves ought to be analysed in the manner in which Prof. Ryle has analysed 'feeling'.¹⁵

A large number of such concepts need careful analysis. And it is the job of the critic who has received philosophical baptism at the hands of Analysts to analyse them. The Analysts themselves will not do it. For, frankly speaking, they are not passionately interested in literary problems. They are either bored with the dreariness of the whole subject or they look upon the analysis of literary concepts as a mode of intellectual relaxation. Stuart Hampshire provides a good example of the latter. He has tried to prove that there cannot be any such thing as aesthetics or even literary criticism. The sole justification for the existence of these two disciplines lies in the assumption that general criteria of aesthetic excellence can be discovered. But he tries to show that there can be no such *general* criteria because every work of art is *unique*. The thesis that every work of art is unique is a legacy of Idealist Aesthetics. Croce for example maintains that beauty is a universal which has individual members but no classes. Croce could not have taken any other stand because he had identified art with intuitive knowledge. Intuitive knowledge is knowledge of particulars as particulars. Every particular at the intuitive level is unique because it is at least numerically different from every other particular. If art is intuition, and if every intuition is unique, every work of art is unique. But surely that is not how the word 'unique' is used in critical discourse. Critics do say that *Hamlet* is unique, but they only mean that it is a rare achievement. It is rare perhaps because it is qualitatively very much superior to other plays, perhaps because in it we get a combination of elements which exist

singly in other plays but very rarely together as here. This shows that 'unique' is an additional value word in critical terminology; it is not a way of characterising every work of art. 'Greatness' is another such word. The word 'unique' will lose all its significance if all works of art are called unique. Further, once we understand how the word is used in actual critical discourse (—and not in philosophical treatises on aesthetics—) we shall be able to see that the conclusions which the philosophers draw do not follow. If it is a fact that every work of art is unique, it follows that works of art cannot be classified and compared and graded, and also that there can be no general criteria of aesthetic excellence and thus the occupation of critics and aestheticians is gone. But if the concept of uniqueness is correctly interpreted, these consequences do not follow at all. We must tell the Analyst, as he would tell the Metaphysician, we do not want a philosophy which denies the validity of the life we lead.

I do not mean to suggest that Analysts are, like the metaphysicians, doomed to fail because of their peculiar method. Their method is excellent; but it will be serviceable only if they know what the problems are. In order to understand the problems the Analysts must take a passionate interest in literature and in the craft of practical criticism. People who combine passionate interest in literature and ability to analyse have written very illuminating papers on literary problems. Max Black's paper on 'Metaphor', Stevenson's on 'What is a poem?', Bouwsma's on 'Expressionist Theory of Art' are good examples of what interdisciplinary cooperation can do. But at least today there are very few Analysts who are interested in literary problems. The critics therefore must undertake the analysis of literary concepts on their own. The freedom that this programme brings is likely to appear terrifying to critics who do not want to deny themselves the false comfort of simplified formulas. All freedom brings with it responsibilities. But that is no reason why we should reject it.

¹⁵ Stuart Hampshire — 'Logic and Appreciation' included in *Aesthetics and Language* (Ed.) Elton.

Education, Science and Economic Development

AMLAN DATTA

ECONOMIC development is not simply a process of quantitative growth. It involves a continuous qualitative change in the economy and society. Capital is not simply 'accumulated'; stocks are not simply 'replaced' and 'expanded'; but new capital goods are introduced and the old structure is all the time reorganised. Hours of work are not just shortened (or lengthened), but the nature of work changes. Income does not simply grow, but the way of life is transformed. The quality of goods that form the standard of life and the quality of knowledge that enters into the production of these goods change and evolve through a kind of mutual dependence.

What kind of knowledge does a developing economy need? Do we have in our country a policy and an institutional set-up reasonably well adapted to providing this kind of knowledge? How well does our system of education and research meet the demands of a developing economy? Such are the questions we intend to discuss in the rest of this paper.

I

Adam Smith noted that division of labour and increasing specialization are basic characteristics of economic development. Correspondingly, the system of education and vocational training in a developing society has to provide for an increased range of specialization. In its absence the educational system falls out of step with the needs of the economy and the discrepancy is reflected in unemployment, lack of correspondence between jobs and acquired skills and aptitudes, and a slower rate of economic growth. This is

widely recognized in this country and, as a matter of fact, the point has been made in several official reports. Thus, for instance, the Sapru Committee of 1934, after an enquiry into the causes of unemployment in U.P., came to the conclusion that 'the real remedy is to provide diversified courses of study at the secondary stage and to make that stage more practical and complete in itself and more closely related to the vocational requirements of different types of students'. More recently the Mudaliar Commission observed: 'At the High School or Higher Secondary stage, diversified courses of instruction should be provided for the pupils'. This recommendation has as a matter of fact been adopted and an attempt is being made to let Higher Secondary education flow in seven different 'streams'.

This change in the system of secondary education in this country may seem to correspond to the inherent structural tendencies of a developing economy. But the correspondence is spurious; both the recommendations quoted above and their attempted implementation are based on a misconception; and unless the errors in this system are quickly rectified great harm will be done to the development of science and education in India.

Higher secondary education is properly to be regarded as a preparation for university education. It is an error to make it 'closely related to the vocational requirements of different types of students' and to diversify it accordingly. Let us develop this point briefly.

There is a clear distinction to be made between vocational training, of which the main aim is to teach a person the art of

doing or making a thing with due care and skill, and scientific education at the university level which should teach students to investigate causes, sift evidence and contribute to the careful building up of a body of systematized knowledge. It is no more certain that a mechanic is potentially a true scientist than that a housewife has an aptitude for philosophising meaningfully about life and the world. In a developing country which is interested in building up a tradition of scientific education and research, and which does not have unlimited resources to dispense with, it is necessary to be careful about selecting students for university education. Since the last two or three years of higher secondary school should be a preparation for university education, it may be best to make this selection, say, at the age of fourteen.

Let us spell out the point more carefully. It is of great importance that primary education should be compulsory and it is a pity that this objective still remains unfulfilled in our country. With a wide base we shall have a large population from which to choose students for admission to higher education. But if we want to improve the quality of our higher education a careful selection must be made at some stage of our secondary education. It may be a good idea to make the selection at the age of fourteen. A substantial section of students can profitably be directed at this stage to technical institutions. In these institutions they can have further general education combined with specialized training in some craft or practical vocation. Still others could be attached to some industry and have training on the job. This is a point where diversification will be useful and necessary. But for those who are allowed to pass on to the last two or three years of higher secondary school preparatory to university education, there should be in the main a consolidated course with relatively few elective subjects.¹ The languages, particularly the mother tongue and English, should be more carefully studied

at this stage than is done now in most schools. The so-called 'core' subjects, particularly mathematics, which are dropped now in the last year of higher secondary school, should be persisted with till the very end and a higher standard established. Not only should the core sciences be taught, but an elementary course in scientific methodology may do good. Little diversification should be allowed here beyond, perhaps, a distinction between the sciences and humanities. Just as in the national economy there is such a thing as the social and economic 'infrastructure' on which rests a diversified superstructure of multiform productive activities, so in the sphere of learning, encompassing both the sciences and the humanities, there is a basis of common knowledge to be firmly laid if we want to build up a tradition of intellectual activity which will be vigorous and responsible, specialized and supple at the same time. If this is what the higher secondary school should aim at, the time is not yet come when it can open its doors indiscriminately to all.²

II

In a traditional society and a stagnant economy the state of the arts and techniques is unchanging or very nearly so. So is the state of knowledge. In a dynamic society knowledge, together with the arts and techniques, is in a state of flux. This has profound implications for methods of teaching. So long as awareness of these implications is not reflected in our methods

¹ Alternatively, the diversion of a section of school students to technical institutions and training centres may come at the age of fifteen. In that case the next two years of 'higher secondary' education can be taken out of 'school' and organised in 'colleges', as 'intermediate' courses once were. But it will suit better the means of a large section of our young people in the next ten years if they are allowed to join technical institutions or on-the-job training at the age of fourteen.

² In all this we have something to learn from the experience of the Soviet Union. In the early years of planned development of the USSR there was a tremendous increase in the number of

of teaching, there will be little 'advancement of learning' in this country.

In a traditional society the teacher is supposed to know the truth and the whole truth, which he transmits to the student. The ideal relation of the pupil to the preceptor is one of unconditional trust as of a child to its parents. It is the same in the sphere of the arts. The technique of production is transformed by tradition into a hallowed ritual which is handed down from father to son without change or addition. In a dynamic society problems and their solutions, techniques as well as products, are continuously changing. It is, therefore, not enough to transmit to young students a body of settled conclusions. It is particularly important to build up in them a capacity to react positively to new situations and problems. This can only be achieved by drawing the student into some sort of a dialogue with the teacher. Teaching has to be problem-oriented. But this change in the method of teaching can not be made effective without a corresponding change in our system of examination. Our students would be drawn as readily to

an intellectual activity unrelated to final examination results as traders would respond to motives other than profit. If teaching through discussion is to be promoted, we must discard sole reliance on written tests at long intervals and start grading students on the basis of their participation in seminars and class-room discussions and the papers they prepare for this purpose. Our examination system has often been criticised on the ground that its results are not 'just'. But the more important criticism is that the existing system is an adjunct of an outmoded method of teaching, and both reflect and help to perpetuate the ethos of a traditional society. The alternative we are suggesting here will not necessarily be more 'just'. We must try to make it as fair as possible; but it is the need for dynamism in our educational institutions, and through these in our intellectual tradition, which must guide us in our choice of a new system of examination. It is exactly like that in our economic policy too. A dynamic economy is not at every point more just than a static economy. We have to try to make it as just as possible, because a minimum of justice is needed even to sustain dynamism; but it is dynamism which we have to make our first concern whether in economic policy or in education and science policy.

Any serious attempt to change the system of teaching would involve as a necessary corollary a new programme of training and retraining for the teachers themselves, changes in pay scales and conditions of work, etc. But this is a matter into which we cannot enter here. What may still be worth adding is that if we decide to wait for all 'preconditions' to be fulfilled before the new methods are introduced, we may never get started. We had better begin at a few selected points and then push ahead through trials and errors. There is no sufficiently good reason why a beginning should not be made, for instance, in post-graduate classes in the leading universities.

students as well as educational institutions. The number of universities, for instance, increased from 129 in 1928-9 to exactly five times as many (645) in 1932. Simultaneously, the level of university education declined. In 1932 it was officially recognized that 'abuses had appeared, mainly apparent in the one-sided attention directed to increasing the network of educational establishments and the number of students, whilst insufficient attention had been given to the quality of teaching; the subdivision of specialization had also been carried too far.' Subsequent reforms of the Soviet educational system make sense in the light of this basic criticism. It is significant that while the number of pupils in elementary and secondary schools increased from 21 mn. to nearly 32 mn. between 1932-3 and 1938-9, the number in universities and higher technical schools rose only from 504 to 603 thousand. Moreover, in 1940 comparatively high fees were introduced in the three senior forms of secondary schools apparently setting aside the constitutional guarantee of free education for all. 'This measure was designed to make it somewhat more difficult to receive secondary higher education and to divert some of the school population towards Artisan, Transport and Industrial Schools'. (See Baykov, *Soviet Economic System*, pp. 219, 346, 355). These fees were abolished sixteen years later.

III

While capital has been moving from the richer countries to the poorer, scientists have tended to move the other way. In traditional international trade theory we are told that while capital is mobile between countries, unless its movement is restricted by special measures, labour is more tied to the country of its origin. Obviously this is not so true of labour of the highest quality, the movement of which is, moreover, more difficult to restrict in a democratic society. In recent years there has been a certain amount of discussion on the problem of outflow of talents from this country. There is, however, another aspect of the same problem which has engaged less of public attention, but which is even more fundamental. It is not simply that we lose our scientists to foreign countries. But those who come back after doing good work abroad often cease to do research of any value on their return. It is possible that we lose more in this way than through any outright defection of our trained scientists. Moreover, the two phenomena are interconnected; and if we could stop the one we might go a good way towards stopping the other.

The fact is that we have not been able to create in this country a climate in which scientific research flourishes. It is this situation that we have to remedy. If we want to retain our best students and promote simultaneously a climate of creative work in our universities, the best strategy might be to select a few centres spread over the country and bring them up to the highest academic standards we are capable of. This may be better than trying to upgrade all educational institutions equally at the same time. Something like this happened naturally, without any central planning, in many pioneer countries. Japan did it consciously in the early period of her industrialization with her select imperial universities. The main points of this strategy are simple. No student will normally be allowed to proceed abroad

for higher studies until he has completed the highest courses that the best universities at home have to offer. On passing out of these universities students will get assured jobs commensurate with their abilities. It is after they have thus established themselves in life, struck roots in their own society and formed some idea of what they want to look out for in other societies that they should make their foreign trips which, therefore, would be purposeful and not of indefinite duration. Meanwhile, the best universities of the country should be provided with all necessary equipments and facilities for study and research, a large number of scholarships of sufficient value to attract talented students, even if poor, from all over the country, and the best available teachers from all over the world. *Mutatis mutandis* the same policy should apply to our leading research institutes.

It is widely felt that there is too little team work in our research institutes. A brief comment is made here on one aspect of the problem only. In our institutes and other seats of learning the head is usually a senior member of the team. In a traditional society, where experience is another word for knowledge, and men, like old wine, are deemed to mature and gain in value by being preserved longer, promotion is naturally by seniority. In a progressive society men are more like fruits that first ripen and then decay. One is continually running to keep pace with growing knowledge, and one ultimately falls behind. This does not necessarily mean that research institutes should be headed by young people. It may be better not to embarrass a young researcher—and the same holds good for a young teacher—with administrative duties in the most productive period of his life. Moreover, the brightest man in a team is not necessarily the best fitted to be its head just as the brightest member of the cabinet will not always make the best prime minister. Age does confer a few advantages: an older man, for instance, would be less

likely to arouse envy. But in the peculiar situation of a growing society the head should have a proper conception of his role. He may or may not be the best scientist in the group. He should not be perturbed if he is not; for his task is not to compete but to coordinate. Where other members of the group are often his superior in their own lines, coordination demands mutual consultation. In some cases it may be best to form a small committee at the top with the post of the chairman rotating. Even if this is not acceptable, there should be firmly established conventions to make joint consultation effective. More generally, it is important to foster among scholars, research workers and teachers a sense of belonging to the institution where they are enrolled and of pride and responsible participation in its work and achievements. Further, an attempt should be made to promote simultaneously specialization and inter-disciplinary dialogue. It is by these methods that creative teamwork can be developed in depth.

A few words may be added here on the vexed question of promotion in educational and research institutions. In research institutions promotion should go by research output, in published form or circulated otherwise, the evaluation being done wherever possible by an independent and competent body. In educational institutions both the quality of teaching and the output of learned work should count. The former is particularly difficult to assess with any show of objectivity: a possible aid to assessment might be a vote of, say, the best one-fifth of the students who have passed out of the institution in the previous five years, or, a certain proportion of this population taken at random if the total is large. Whatever one may think of

this, the main point is quite straightforward. If advancement in places of learning appears to depend on adventitious considerations, these will be plagued by what in India we call 'politics', the essence of which is the substitution of a skilful combination of sycophancy and factional intrigues, a game with a negative sum, for the more productive work of pursuit of knowledge.³

IV

It is usual to make a distinction between scientific discovery, invention and innovation or development. That in the long run there is a vital connection between scientific discovery and industrial development is easily understood. But the lag between an important development in pure science and its repercussions in productive enterprise can be long. 'In general', writes J. D. Bernal, 'the industry of the nineteenth century depended on the scientific and technical achievements of the late eighteenth century'. (*Science and Industry in the Nineteenth Century*, p. 6). Similarly the great discoveries of the 19th century in the physical sciences, resting essentially on the law of conservation of energy and the interchangeability of its different forms, took decades before they made a notable impact on industrial processes. It is true that the lag between advance in pure science and industrial development has, generally speaking, narrowed in our century. But the relation between the two is still sufficiently remote to make it potentially unwise to leave the organisation of scientific research to private initiative. Even in matters of invention and development, where the link between science and industry is closer and where industries should be both expected and encouraged to make investment in research, public funds must supplement private. Private investment is bound here to fall short of the social optimum for a number of reasons. The social value of an invention would often be greater than its value to

³ A section of our teachers wants to keep 'politics' out by making promotion depend on 'experience' or 'seniority' more than on anything else. But this is to perpetuate in educational institutions the rules of a traditional society. The problem is to evolve clear-cut criteria of efficiency, and teachers should strive and agitate to formulate and get accepted such criteria.

any individual firm because it is of use, directly or indirectly (e.g. by making other inventions easier), to a much wider range of enterprises than the one where it originated. Also the funds necessary for organizing research on an effective scale are often beyond the means of individual producers or productive units. This is best illustrated in agriculture. As Nurkse rightly observes, 'innovation in this sphere (i.e. agriculture) cannot be relied upon to happen in response to market incentives alone. Even in the United States the agricultural extension service has long been a classic example of a non-market method of development policy in a progressive and market-oriented economy'. (*Patterns of Trade and Development*, p. 42).

In India where most intellectuals are by no means partial to private enterprise these propositions would be readily accepted and it is unnecessary to dwell on them longer. But there is one point that does need to be enlarged upon. It is possible to have, with or without government aid and encouragement, a good deal of research and cultivation of science at the top and yet very little material development at the bottom. Let me use an illustration to drive the point home. In Japan the Imperial Agricultural Experiment Station and its branches were established in the 1890's. In India the Imperial Agricultural Research Institute was founded not much later by Lord Curzon in 1906. In the mid-1920's a historian could truthfully report that 'since its establishment, during the thirty years of its activity and development, the Station has contributed remarkably to the rational management and rapid progress of Japan's agriculture'. The Agricultural Research Institute in India had several important discoveries to its credit, but the food-

producing sector of our economy remained a classic example of stagnation, which we have not yet quite broken at the end of sixty years of organized agricultural research. Our research like our administration has remained curiously suspended in mid-air.

Evidently we need a system of links or lines of communication by which scientific knowledge at the top can pass to common people engaged in the ordinary business of life. In agriculture, for instance, local adaptations are necessary before the results of research at higher levels can be used in the field. Our agricultural research organization seems to have lacked local links to help on with such adaptations.⁴ Another major difference between India and Japan is, of course, that while Japan eradicated mass illiteracy at the beginning of this century, we have still to achieve this. This brings us back to the question of education. Our society cannot afford to carry on with a few eminent scientists at the top and colossal ignorance at the bottom. The contrast between Russia and the United States in the nineteenth century helps to bring out the point forcefully. In natural resources the two countries have a certain resemblance. Russia in the 19th century produced scientists of the highest calibre, such as Lomonosov, Jacobi, Lobachevski, Mendeleev, and many others. The tradition of scientific work in her academies was, if anything, superior to America's. But the Russian masses remained ignorant while in America education spread rapidly. This is one of the handicaps which the Soviet Union determined to remove.

The Middle Ages evolved a priestly class which mediated between God and man, and explained the scriptures in simple terms for simple people. If science is to be brought to the common people we need a class of dedicated intermediaries. Even after mass literacy is achieved a large section of people will go without university education. Most people will not specialize in science. A major objective of science policy in this country must be to promote

⁴ In industry too we come up against a similar problem to which a complete answer cannot be found simply in more public investment. What is also needed is that enterprise and government-sponsored research and training institutions should develop a special kind of fruitful collaboration. This should extend to both manpower training and industrial research proper.

a varied scientific literature for such people. It is quite obvious that such literature must, for the most part, be in the regional languages. Nor is it enough to have popular scientific literature. There should be organized guidance for people who need such guidance outside of their working hours. We need, for instance, night schools fitted with libraries and laboratories, at least, in all the bigger cities to begin with, where working adults will be able to take science courses. By such means interest in science can be made to percolate through a society. It is in such society that new knowledge finds ready acceptance. Given also a tolerably good system of incentives to productive work, development of knowledge can enter into that process of interaction with material needs by which economic development is sustained and quickened.

V

A sound science policy needs to be rooted in an appropriate philosophy. To this statement an objection can be raised immediately. Science has grown in combination with diverse faiths. Pascal was a devout believer; Cavendish 'non-religious'. America, by and large, has believed in a divine purpose from the days when the Pilgrim Fathers founded a settlement in New England; the USSR believes in history's broad design, but not in God's. It might seem that the growth of science is unrelated to any particular philosophical conception of life and the world. This is both true and untrue. Wherever the scientific revolution has taken place, an adjustment of the old tradition in a particular *direction* has been found necessary. What science demands of its devotee is not that he accept or renounce faith in God, but that he believe, broadly speaking, that the universe in its measurable aspect is subject to measurable laws. Science is intole-

rant of magic. It calls for a critical scrutiny of religion itself to rid it of pre-scientific, magical remnants. Much of the philosophical-religious revolution in the West from Occam through Bacon down to Kant can be explained in these terms. A properly conceived science policy must be friendly to a similar philosophical revolution in this country. Let us face the fact that religion in India is permeated with magic. Many of us seem to think that it does not matter. The leaders of the Indian renaissance, such as Raja Rammohan and Vidyasagar, thought differently. Perhaps they knew better. The path of scientific progress is strewn with trials and experiments gone wrong, and the scientist too needs a faith to sustain him through the journey. Even when superstitions retreat from the field of the physical sciences they continue to impede the advance of the biological and social sciences. In their own ways both the West and the USSR have faced this problem. Science policy in India cannot afford to ignore these facts. It must give the country a sense of direction.

VI

A few controversial measures have been suggested above. Some of these will possibly be opposed on the ground that they are 'unpractical'. The existing system is always practical. Through years its rough edges have been polished off and the whole system works with an impressive interdependence of parts and the whole. Change is always 'unpractical'; for all things do not change equally readily and discrepancies arise between one part and another. How, for instance, can we make a success of the new system of teaching? Where do we get the teachers? Where are the books? Where are the conventions that make such a system work smoothly? Let these come first. And, of course, they just cannot come first. There is point in the practical man's objection. But beyond a certain point, in social life as in economics, the glorification of equilibrium is the hallmark of conservatism.*

* This article was written before the Education Commission submitted its report. No attempt has been made to revise the article in the light of the Commission's findings.

The Message of the Hungarian Revolution

MICHAEL POLANYI

LAST February it was ten years since Khrushchev denounced the insane regime of Stalin at the 20th Party Congress. Four months later, in June 1956, the repercussions of this act led to an open rebellion of the Hungarian writers at the meetings of the Petöfi Circle in Budapest. This was the actual beginning of the Hungarian Revolution which broke out violently in October of the same year.

It has often been mentioned, but never realised in its full importance, that the rebellion of the Petöfi Circle was an uprising of Communist Party members. There were many among them who had won high honors and great financial benefits from the Government. They had been, until shortly before, its genuine and passionate supporters.

The Petöfi Circle, where this first rebellion broke out, was an official organ of the Party, presided over by trusted representatives of the ruling clique. But in June 1956 other party members, forming the bulk of the audience, overcame the platform. They demanded a reversal of the position assigned to human thought in the Marxist-Leninist scheme. Marxism-Leninism taught that public consciousness is a super-structure of the underlying relations of production; public thought under socialism, therefore, must be an instrument of the Party controlling Socialist production.

The meetings rejected this doctrine. They affirmed that truth must be recognised as an independent power in public life. The press must be set free to tell the truth. The murderous trials based on faked charges were to be publicly condemned and their perpetrators punished; the rule of law must be restored. And, above all, the arts cor-

rupted by subservience to the Party must be set free to rouse the imagination and to tell the truth. It was this outbreak that created the center of opposition which later overthrew the communist government of Hungary.

Has the response of the West to these events been adequate? I am not asking whether we ought to have aided the Hungarian Revolution by money or the force of arms. I am asking about our intellectual and moral responses.

What did we think, what do we think today, of this change of mind among many of the most devoted Hungarian Stalinists? Do we realise that this was a wholesale return to the ideals of nineteenth century liberalism? In the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 its fighters were clearly going back to the ideals of 1848, to Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. After the French Revolution the ideas of liberty had filtered through the whole of Europe, and in 1848 these ideas aroused a chain of insurgences. Starting from Paris, rebellions swept through the German states and through Austria into Hungary. The Hungarian revolutionaries of 1956 revived these same ideas; they believed that the ideals of truth, justice and liberty, were valid and they were resolved to fight and conquer in their name.

I ask you again: What do we say to this? It has been a long time since history was last written in the English language as the inevitable progress of truth, justice and liberty. I think J. B. Bury was the last to do so fifty years ago. Our current interpretations of social change and of the rise of new ideas are nearer to the theories of Marx than to the views of Bury, or those of J. S.

Mill, or of Jefferson, or Condorcet and Gibbon. Our interpretations are couched in terms of a value-free sociology, of a historicist historiography, or of depth psychology. We can then hardly be expected to acknowledge the aims which the Hungarian rebels professed to be fighting for. Our most popular explanation of unrest in the Soviet countries is sociological. It says that the methods of Stalin had fulfilled their purpose of carrying out the rapid industrialization of the Soviet Union, but that these methods were no longer suited to a more complex society and hence the need had arisen for new ideals, more appropriate to the new situation. This is said to have caused the renewal of thought in the Soviet countries since Stalin's death.

Such theories are put forward without any supporting evidence, and nobody asks for evidence. It is ignored that two of the most highly industrialized regions of Europe, namely Eastern Germany and Czechoslovakia, have produced the hardest Stalinist governments and resisted reform the longest. Any mechanical explanation of human affairs, however absurd, is accepted today unquestioningly.

Listen to the story told two years ago in *Encounter** by a distinguished expert on Soviet countries, Professor Richard Pipes, then Associate Director of Harvard's Russian Research Center. Professor Pipes wrote:

Four years ago, when writing an essay on the Russian intelligentsia for the journal *Daedalus*, I wanted to conclude it with a brief statement to the effect that the modern Russian intellectual had a very special mission to fulfil: 'to fight for truth'. On the advice of friends I omitted this passage since it sounded naive and unscientific. Now I regret having done so...

Thus at the most influential academic center studying Soviet affairs, it took three years after the rebellion of writers at the Petöfi Circle, for it to be mooted for the first time that this kind of unrest was due to a craving for truth. Even then this suggestion was

suppressed in deference to expert opinion, because to speak of intellectuals fighting for truth was held to be 'naive and unscientific'.

Professor Pipes continues this passage by explaining why he thinks now (four years later) that in the case of Russian intellectuals it is not unscientific to attribute to them a craving for truth. The reasons for this apply equally to the conditions under which Hungarian intellectuals rebelled, and thus the argument applies to them too. Professor Pipes writes:

The reason the word 'truth' is in disrepute among us is because we attach to it generally moral connotations; that is, we understand it as a concept which implies the existence of a single criterion of right and wrong — something we are not willing to concede. We react thus because in the environment in which we live our right to perceive is not usually questioned; what can be questioned is our interpretation of the perceived reality. But in an environment where the very right to perception of reality is inhibited by claims of the State, the word 'truth' acquires a very different meaning. It signifies not true value but true experience: the right to surrender to one's impressions without being compelled for some extraneous reason to interpret and distort them.

We are told here that it is unscientific to speak among us of 'truth' and that the word merits its current discredit because we attach moral values to it. It is legitimate to recognize that the Soviet intellectuals fight for truth, because they are demanding merely the right to perceive reality and not to convey any interpretation of it in terms of values believed to be true. However, the writers who rebelled in the Petöfi Circle ten years ago were not demanding the right to have certain 'perceptions of reality.' They demanded that the execution of Rajk, based on faked charges, be publicly admitted and that they be free to denounce the tyranny forcing its false values on the people; they were demanding the right to write the truth in novels, in poetry and in the newspapers.

I think that to understand this rebellion we must see it as part of a major historical progression, composed of three stages to be seen jointly. The first was the defection of

* *Encounter*, Vol. XXIII, Jan. 1964 p. 83.

leading intellectuals of the West, abandoning 'the God that failed.' Some turned away during the trials of 1937-38, others after the Stalin-Hitler pact of 1939, others still later. But by the end of the Second World War there was an ardent band of former Communists desperately warning against the Soviets, whose philosophy made them impervious to our values.

The next decisive change occurred in Soviet Russia itself on the day Stalin died. The first act of his successors was to release the thirteen doctors of the Kremlin, who had recently been sentenced to death on their own false confession of murderous attempts against Stalin and other members of the government. This action had a shattering effect on the party. If party-truth was to be refuted by mere bourgeois objectivism, then Stalin's whole fictitious universe would presently dissolve.

The alarm was justified. After the further revelations of the 20th Party Congress, it became clear that the new masters of the Kremlin had acted as they did because they felt that their position would be safer if they had more truth on their side and less against them. They sacrificed for this end the most powerful weapon of terror, the weapon of faked trials; no such trial was held in the Soviet empire after the Jewish doctors were set free. A radical change of the foundations had begun.

The third major step in the growth of the power to vindicate the truth – and the human values resting on the right to tell the truth – was the rebellion of Hungarian writers. We can see this now as part of the historical process which had started with the numerous defections from Communism among Western intellectuals about fifteen years earlier.

The rebellion of the Petöfi Circle was a change of mind by dedicated Communists forming an intellectual *avant-garde*. Though undertaken against the still ruling Stalinism, it spread under the very eyes of the

secret police, until one day it brought the workers out into the streets and won over the army to its support. The government was overthrown. And, though a few days later the Russians moved in with new tanks, they did not restore the Stalinists to power. Since the 23rd of October 1956 ideas have never ceased to circulate freely in Hungary. You cannot fully print them, but you can spread them effectively by word of mouth.

When seen in this context, these events might appear self-explanatory. They would indeed be so, if the truth of the Enlightenment appeared self-evident today. But though these truths still dominate our public statements and largely dominate also the day-to-day judgments of men, they are, for the most part, ignored by social scientists. Most academic experts will refuse to recognise today that the mere thirst for truth and justice has caused the revolts now transforming the Soviet countries. They are not Marxists, but their views are akin to Marxism in claiming that the scientific explanation of history must be based on more tangible forces than the fact that people change their minds.

Such a split between laity and the learned is not unusual in the history of thought, and has at times been beneficent. But I think that the major responsibilities of our time require a clarification of these inconsistencies. I have quoted the hesitations of Professor Pipes of Harvard and have criticised the advisers mentioned by him for their reluctance to acknowledge the fight for truth among Soviet intellectuals. I will now take a look at the principles governing this attitude. I shall use as my source a distinguished textbook, entitled *Politics and Social Life: An Introduction to Political Behavior*, published in 1963.* This textbook, composed of 70 contributions by well-known academic scholars, covers 830 large pages. It claims to teach the *Science of Social Behavior*, both its principles and its application to several subjects. The introduction, by Robert A. Dahl of Yale University,

* *Politics and Social Life, An Introduction to Political Behavior*, Ed. Nelson W. Polsby, Robert A. Dentler, Paul S. Smith, Boston, 1963.

declares that the proper subjects of science are 'events which may be observed with the senses and their extension.' This excludes from science any statements of value. Values admittedly enter into the lives of social scientists, but in the pursuit of science the scientist makes only statements of fact that can be observed by our senses. To state, for example, that the Supreme Court of the United States has nine members is to state a fact, while to say that its decisions are impartial is not to state a fact, and this kind of statement is to be excluded from the science of political behavior.

Professor Dhal follows up these principles by an attack on traditional political science. He says — and in this he is right — that this kind of enquiry is concerned with such questions as 'What is a good society?' He derides such a pursuit by calling it mere 'political theology.'

To see how these scientific principles work in our case, I shall now quote some detailed evidence of the mental transformation among Hungarian Communists and other Soviet intellectuals. Here is a passage written at the beginning of October 1956 — that is, a few weeks before the outbreak of the revolution — by Nicholas Gimes, until lately a firm Stalinist.

Slowly we had come to believe, at least with the greater, the dominant part of our consciousness... that there are two kinds of truth, that the truth of the Party and the people can be different and can be more important than the objective truth and that truth and political expediency are in fact identical. This is a terrible thought... if the criterion of truth is political expediency, than even a lie can be 'true'... even a trumped up political trial can be 'true'. And so we arrived at the outlook which infected not only those who thought up the faked political trials but often affected even the victims; the outlook which poisoned our whole public life, penetrated the remotest corners of our thinking, obscured our vision, paralysed our critical faculties and finally rendered many of us incapable of simply sensing or apprehending truth. This is how it was, it is no use denying it.

Speaking of faked trials, Gimes must have had in mind foremost the trial and hanging of Laszlo Rajk. The grave of Rajk was visited at about this time by a procession of many thousands, led by communists. The pilgrimage took place on the sixth of October, the day that traditionally commemorates in Hungary the hanging — at the orders of the Austrian Emperor — of thirteen revolutionary generals in 1849.

Let me add here some extracts from a later and non-Hungarian document. It is a long poem by a leading Bulgarian communist, Dimitar Metodiev, published in the official party organ of Bulgaria in January 1962.* It describes in passionate terms the great change that by this time was universally imposed by the Party. The poem entitled *Song of our Faith* starts with the verse:

If one had told me yesterday:
— Friend take off your glasses! —
I would have laughed
in a black rage
at the mortal insult.

and it continues later:

On the ground now
The glasses lie smashed
And I look at them stunned.

* * * * *

Friends!
the great hour of the twentieth congress
has struck our earth.
Oh let its holy justice
solemnly, inexorably go forth today.

Returning once more to Hungary, look at a case in which 'the smashing of the glasses' happened, long before its official enforcement by the Party and even before any public manifestations by the Hungarian intellectuals. It happened to the Hungarian communist writer Paloczi-Horvath, while imprisoned at the orders of Rakosi, as described in his book *The Undefeated* (Boston 1959). Since his arrest in September 1949, Paloczi had suffered incessant cruelties, inflicted on him to make him confess to false charges: yet he had never wavered in his communist faith. Then suddenly, after two

* Quoted from *East Europe* Vol. II, April 1962.

years in prison, in a matter of a few days, he changed his mind and rejected the Party. His sufferings in prison continued unchanged, but from this moment he felt free, even happy — a new person.

Let me now confront the science of political behavior with these pieces of evidence and see what such a science can make of them. Let us take a generous view of the range included among 'events which may be observed by the senses and their extension.' Thus we may accept it as a scientifically observed fact that two very different ways of seeing political affairs have been current in the Soviet countries: one until Stalin's death in March 1953 and another from about two years later, after the Twentieth Party Congress. A pair of hitherto indubitable spectacles were smashed and everything looked different from then on. Science can record this fact.

But does it account for *the act of smashing the spectacles*? Does it explain this act, which in Hungary amounted to a revolution? Our science could acknowledge this fundamental change of outlook as a fact — and perhaps even class it as an intellectual achievement — if the change could be regarded as the correction of a hitherto current theory by the discovery of new factual evidence. But this is not what happened. Palocz-Horvath acknowledges with amazement that all the facts he was seeing in a new light after his defection from communism had already been known to him as facts before his change of mind. Arthur Koestler has described this phenomenon in looking back on his time as a communist. 'My party education had equipped my mind (he wrote) with such elaborate shock absorbing buffers and elastic defences that everything seen and heard became automatically transformed to fit a preconceived pattern.' (A. Koestler, in *The God that Failed*, London 1950 p. 68). Stalinism was a closed system, a system of the kind I have described in *Personal Knowledge* as capable of accommodating any conceivable new piece of evidence. Such a system, what can interpret in its own terms any possible

fact, can be shaken only by preference for a total change of outlook. The Bulgarian Dimitar Metodiev was right in describing it as the smashing of one's spectacles.

Remember that the whole person is involved in trusting a particular comprehensive outlook. Any criticism of it is angrily rejected. Its questioning is felt to be an attack on an existential assurance, protected by the dread of mental disintegration. We have many testimonies by communists, that their minds clung to Marxism-Leninism for fear of being cast into the darkness of a meaningless, purposeless universe. Palocz-Horvath himself describes how, after his abandonment of the communist faith, he at first felt lost, incapable of coherent thought. It was only after a few days that he began to experience a new way of making sense, which he felt to be a more honest, decenter way of thinking, — bringing him a happiness that transcended his sufferings in prison.

Nicholas Gimes confirms this emotional value of a comprehensive framework. Looking back on his time as a devoted member of the Party, when he believed that advantage to the revolution was the criterion of truth and of all other human values, he feels horrified by the mental corruption caused by this doctrine. The scornful rejection of objectivity as a bourgeois delusion and fraud, which he had previously accepted as an intellectual triumph, now appears to him as an abysmal loss, the loss of the capacity to see any truth at all.

We have many descriptions also of conversions in the opposite direction. Thousands of leading intellectuals have joined the Communist Party because they found in Marxism an interpretation of history and a guide to action far superior to the outlook predominant since the French Revolution among progressive circles in the West. In 1917, when President Wilson was confronted by Lenin on the world scene, these people laughed Wilson's language to scorn and dedicated themselves instead to Lenin's doctrine, which they felt to be intellectually and morally superior.

We may take it, then, as an established

fact that during the past half century radical changes of mind have taken place, which were motivated each time by passionate affirmations of value. And we can return again, with these facts before us, to the science of political behavior and ask how this science deals with such conversions from one basic conviction to another.

I shall admit once more the widest possible interpretation of this scientific method, and shall concentrate on the question, how the method treats the moral motives of men when they smash the spectacles and put on new spectacles instead.

The behavioral scientist acknowledges that moral values motivate him in private life. He may meaningfully observe that moral motives are claimed by people for their actions. Such reference to alleged values was sanctioned by Rickert in 1902, in his book *Die Grenzen der Naturwissenschaftlichen Begriffsbildung*. When he taught here that value judgments are beyond the competence of science, he excluded *Werturteile* from science, but allowed that *Wertbezogenheit* is observable by science. Through the mediation of Max Weber, this doctrine has since been used to reconcile moral neutralism in science with observing the experience of moral motivation in persons studied by the scientist. According to this theory, the scientific method can establish, for example, that the rebellious Hungarian intellectuals attributed moral value to the freedom of truth and felt that the doctrine of party-truth caused a moral corruption of public life; but it cannot observe whether this moral judgment was right or not, since this observation would constitute a moral judgment, which science is not competent to make.

* This claim is not impaired by the fact that the application of true values may be subject to exceptions. Arsenic is rightly known as a poison and aspirin as a harmless drug, though some people are immune against arsenic and every year a few people die from taking a tablet of aspirin.

And let me note that contrary to Kant, the universality of moral standards applies only to the judgments of men and not to their behavior, for men's situations are often incommensurable.

However, this doctrine can be proved to be inconsistent by two complementary arguments, one starting from the existence of the scientist as a moral agent (outside the range, as he alleges, of his scientific activity) and examining the implications of his (extra-scientific) moral judgments for the statements he makes as a scientist; the other moving from his allegedly value-free scientific pronouncements to his (extra-scientific) moral judgments.

The first argument is as follows. I. All men, whatever their professions, make moral judgments. II. When we claim that an action of ours is prompted by moral motives, or else when we make moral judgments of others — as in recognising the impartiality of a court of law — we invariably refer to moral standards *which we hold to be valid*. Our submission to a standard has universal intent. We do not prefer courts of law to be unbiased in the same sense in which we prefer a steak to be rare rather than well done; our appeal to moral standards necessarily claims to be *right*, that is, binding on all men.* III. Such a claim entails a distinction between *moral truth* and *moral illusion*. IV. This distinction in turn entails a distinction between two types of motivation. The awareness of moral truth is founded on the recognition of a valid claim, which can be reasonably argued for and supported by evidence; moral illusion, in contrast is compulsive, like a sensory illusion. V. Thus once we admit, as we do when we acknowledge the existence anywhere of valid moral judgments, that true human values exist and that people can be motivated by their knowledge of them, *we have implicitly denied the claim that all human actions can be explained without any reference to the exercise of moral judgment*. For to observe — in our present case — that the Hungarian writers rebelled against the practice of faked trials because they *believed* this practice to be wrong, leaves open the question, *why* they believed this. If true human values exist, the Hungarians may not have been driven by economic necessity, propaganda or any other compulsion; they may have

been rebelling against a *real evil*, and may have done so *because they knew it to be evil*. But this cannot be decided without first establishing whether faked trials are in fact evil or not. Therefore: VI. *This value judgment proves indispensable* to the political scientist's explanation of their behavior.

The inconsistency of a science professing that it can explain all human action without making value judgments, while the scientist's private actions are said to be often motivated by moral motives, can be more simply demonstrated the other way round. If the social scientist can explain all human actions by value-free observations, then none of his own actions can claim to be motivated by moral values. Either he exempts himself from his own theory of human motivation, or he must conclude that all reference to moral values – or any other values – are meaningless: are empty sounds.

Such a conclusion, though repulsive, would at least appear consistent.* But there exists another consistent position that makes better sense, namely the kind of position affirmed by the Hungarian revolutionaries. They expressed their horror of a philosophy which taught that truth, justice and morality, must be subservient to the Party, and demanded that these values be recognised as free powers of the mind. Their moral motives were confirmed by their claim that the standards of truth, justice and morality must be recognised as independent powers in public affairs. A passion for freedom confirms thus the existence of the freedom it fights for.

This analysis shows that a science that claims to explain all human action without making a value judgment not merely discredits the moral motives of those fighting for freedom, but also discredits their aims. This is why the Hungarian revolutionary

movement, which revived the ideals of 1848, and which claimed that truth and justice should be granted power over public affairs, has met with such a cold reception by the science of political behavior. Modern academic theories of politics give support, on the contrary, to the doctrine which denies that human ideals can be an independent power in public affairs.

It goes without saying that these implications of their science were contrary to the sympathies of the scholars wedded to this science. It is true that Professor Pipes hesitated for three years before he first tried to state the obvious fact that Soviet intellectuals were fighting for truth. But when he was stopped from doing so by his more fastidious colleagues, he did not give up; after another four years he produced a labyrinthine theory which allowed him to state this fact.

Such scholarly prevarications may appear harmless, but they are not, for they obscure great events which dominate our history. No vision of these events can then arise to guide us. We are bogged down in meaningless details.

Think of the great figures of the Enlightenment. Think of Condorcet hiding in Paris from the Jacobins and completing before his death his triumphant forecast of universal progress. And then look at the article in the volume on the *Science of Political Behavior* which deals with 'Soviet Domestic Politics since the Twentieth Party Congress,' an article originally published in 1958. Its author expects to see a growing influence of indoctrination in Russia on the grounds that extreme measures to secure ideological conformity, like those of the Zhdanov period, have been given renewed prominence since mid-1957. This is the kind of hand-to-mouth foresight which the science of social behavior has produced, for the lack of a vision showing what is actually going on.

Remember now the contemptuous rejection by the science of social behavior of such questions as 'What is a good society?'

* Once it is acknowledged, however, that *any* claim to truth entails a recognition of standards, even the scientist's 'value-free' statements of fact are seen to be unable to claim their own truth in the light of his own theory. For the purpose of the present argument, however, it is not necessary to follow through the epistemological implications of the doctrine to this ultimate self-contradiction.

Such enquiries, belonging to traditional political science, were derided as 'social theology'. But what the revolution in Hungary — and the whole movement of thought of which it formed part — have declared, was a doctrine of political science in the traditional sense of the term. The movement condemned a society in which thought — the thought of science, morality, art, justice, religion — is not recognised as an autonomous power. It rejected life in such a society as corrupt, suffocating and stupid. This was clearly to raise, and to answer up to a point, the question 'What is a good society?' It was to establish a doctrine of political science.

Actually, the current transformation of thought in the Soviet countries has added to political science new and remarkable insights. We have seen that this social transformation was achieved by a smashing of spectacles. Its typical utterances, such as those I have quoted, manifest the deep emotional upheaval caused by recognising once more that truth, justice, and morality have an intrinsic reality; and this is the decisive fact. Paloczi-Horvath remained in prison, but his conversion made him free; and that symbolises the character of this whole immense political movement. It was not started by demands for institutional reform, and it went on without materially changing the institutional framework of the countries it transformed.

I know how very peculiar was this transformation of the Soviet countries, for I have often been challenged about it during the past years. When I spoke of the radical changes going on in the Soviet countries, I was faced sharply with the objection that these movements had brought no constitutional changes and could therefore be reversed at any moment. But this argument misconceives the foundations of power in this age ruled by rival philosophies. I myself yielded in a way to this error when, at the beginning of this talk, I called Stalin's regime 'insane'. His regime was actually well founded on the strange assumption that neither truth nor justice, nor art, nor human

feeling exist except in the service of the Party and subject to its rule. This conviction went so deep, was so fully accepted even by its victims, that when faithful communists were executed on trumped-up charges, they went to their death shouting 'Long live Stalin!' And this logic works also in reverse: Stalin's regime virtually ceased to exist when its basic conceptions of intellectual and moral reality lost their hold on thought.

But we may yet ask, why trust this change of basic conceptions? Could people not go back to their previous outlook, which supported Stalin so long? There is indeed nothing to prevent them from doing so, except the fact that their present conception of mental reality is far nearer to the truth, and they feel this and enjoy it. In this sense, and in this sense alone, can we say that what has happened has not been merely a *changing* of spectacles, but a *smashing* of spectacles. And this is a change more radical and more lasting than any constitutional reforms could be.

We have seen that the vagaries of philosophy, which have hardly ever been followed literally among men before, often control our fate today. The Soviet people have gone through a philosophical experiment which revealed to them the nature of mental reality in a way not recognised in our universities. They are turning away from the site of their calamities and seek support in the West. This we fail to give them. Our scientific methods search for truth by turning a blind eye on the values which the rebellious communists have recognised, and our traditional schools of political science fail to take the chance that history has given them to vindicate these values. They are disabled by the anti-metaphysical pressure surrounding them.

Meanwhile, in the Soviet countries, the ideas of mental independence are not only renewing the grounds of thought, but are daily revealing new sights previously blocked by official fictions. Hungarian newspapers have recently published complaints by

Party members that scant respect is paid to them. They say that the government itself prefers non-party members. We can understand what is happening here. Those who still hotly profess the Marxist interpretation of history, who proclaim the surpassing achievements of revolutionary socialism and predict the proximate coming of communism — these people are increasingly looked upon as ignorant fools. The young are immune against their teachings. The Old Believers' authority is drained away by the superior intelligence surrounding them. Everywhere outside China this change is clearly in progress.

The change is bound to be accelerated by the gradual acceptance, since 1963, of Liberman's critique of detailed planning as inferior to market operations controlled by profit. It is becoming clear that there is in fact no viable socialist alternative to the market. Thus the Russian Revolution, which had conquered power in order to achieve a radically distinct form of economic organization, one that would be far more productive and also morally superior to commercial management, has now demonstrated the fact that there is no such possibility. By the time its fiftieth anniversary is celebrated, the Revolution may be widely recognised by its very successors as having been virtually pointless. It may live on henceforth in its emblems, as the Mexican Revolution has lived on without making much difference in substance.

On the 40th anniversary of the Russian Revolution, close on 9 years ago, I published an article in *Encounter* under the title *The Foolishness of History*. I complained that

our scientific approach to history debars us from envisaging the part of folly in shaping history. I wrote that:

...volume upon volume of excellent scholarship is rapidly accumulating on the history of the Russian Revolution, but as I read these books I find my own recollection of the event dissolving bit by bit... The Revolution is about to be quietly enshrined under a pyramid of monographs.

Yet I know that it was something quite different. Not only when it actually happened; but all along, up to this day — for it still lives in our own blood. It was boundless; it was infinitely potent; it was an act of madness. A great number of men — led by one man possessing genius — set themselves limitless aims that had no bearing at all on reality. They detested everything in existence and were convinced therefore that the total destruction of existing society and the establishment of their own absolute power on its ruins would bring total happiness to humanity. That was — unbelievable as it may seem — *literally* the whole substance of their projects for a new economic, political, and social system of mankind.

I think that this is now dawning on the minds of people all over the planet. The realisation of the fact that we have wasted half a century of European history and in the process well-nigh destroyed our civilisation, may lead to terrible thoughts beyond my horizon. On the other hand, the final dissolution of the bogus salvation promised by our revolutions may exorcise at least the bogey of its hellish powers. Once the disasters of the past fifty years are clearly seen to have been pointless, Europeans may turn once more to cultivate their own garden. Such a new flowering of Europe may yet save this planet from the familiar mortal danger threatening us all today and for future times to come.

(Copyright © 1966 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. By permission of the publisher)

Socialism Revised

M. M. SANKHDHER

CONVENTIONAL definitions of socialism, like the one given in the Oxford English Dictionary—'a theory or policy that aims at or advocates the ownership or control of the means of production (capital, land, property etc.) by the community as a whole and their administration in the interest of all' are clearly formal, ambiguous and give a misleading picture for they hide the complex nuances in the term in practice. Used first in Italy in 1803, by Robert Owen in 1827, by Saint Simon in 1832 and by Karl Marx in 1867, the word has meant different and sometimes contradictory things. Today, due to the incoherence or lack of unity of the doctrine the task of giving it a precise definition has become all the more difficult. Some socialist theoreticians reject its Owenite parentage as utopian while others denounce its Marxian legacy as 'new utopianism'. The division into orthodox and revisionists creates further complications in comprehending this body of beliefs. For this reason, perhaps, socialists in the West face a dilemma: how to keep faith in socialism without loss of face! To bring it up-to-date they are injecting new *motifs*, for instance, the British socialists tend to identify it with the idea of the welfare state by giving priority to social justice over what has been traditionally their slogan of 'ownership' or control of the means of production. Instead of the cause of the workers—industrial or agricultural—as it had been, the cause of 'the common man' enjoins their enthusiasm. A metamorphosis thus seems to have overtaken socialist thinkers, most of whom now regard themselves as liberal empiricists. The issues of liberty and the feasibility of ideals have become

their major concerns, for they have discovered that no claim for any uniform social or economic organization can express socialist ideals in the context of social change. Under the new caption of socialism is envisaged economic security to the workers, full employment within a mixed type of economy, extension of social services and increase in the living standards of the masses. A wide departure from rigid positions is an interesting phenomenon in the current theories of socialism.

This pragmatic orientation of the socialists can be accounted for by the coming into power of the Labour and Socialist parties in several countries. And although there has been a tendency to bracket the Labour and socialist groups together, it may not be so that the workers and others are led by socialists. In fact, the label of 'socialist' to labour movements is greatly mistaken. That is why when a 'labour' party forms a government, it only superficially maintains a socialist bias and its policies are not always consistent with the 'avowed principles'. Their socialism becomes less doctrinaire and more and more experimental and conciliatory.

A study of the socialist programmes would reveal that both in industrially developed countries and in the emergent nations, the problems of economic betterment and social justice are faced and straightened out, and shibboleths and slogans have little effect on actual policy. The vision of society is one in which problems of acute poverty, squalor, disease and shortage of houses do not exist. The observable features of the goals or ideals of socialism make it commensurate with welfare state thinking. The programmes

are cast and broadened in order to win the suffrages of the trade unionists, middle class consumers, small tradesmen, white-collar workers and the like. A marked change of emphasis has come about in the unideological character of socialism and its insistence on the tentativeness of measures and policies. There is a far greater concern with the reduction of income disparities through graduated taxation, the socialization of transport, electricity and mines, shorter day for workers in private industry, minimum wage, provision of old-age, sickness, unemployment and maternity relief, and less furore about equality of wealth and nationalization of the means of production. Indeed, the socialists though they use a slightly different vocabulary, are little different in their policies from the non-socialists or conservatives, except that they profess an ideology which others do not.

Underlying their attempt at setting up general theoretical postulates is an urge for rapid social change implying economic prosperity—prosperity which must percolate to the lower levels of social living. Socialism, from this point of view, is a derision of Marxist ends and means. It means a 'social-engineered' evolution of society in which the individual intelligence will play a significant part. Socialists thus adopt individualist arguments to give respectability to their creed. It is like stealing someone's clothes to wear and appear gentlemanly. Hugh Dalton and Crosland as two foremost British socialist writers plead for an adjustment and harmony on society as against the old school of Fabians who read too much in the class war.

Both practical and theoretical socialists have become more moderate, democratic and eclectic in their attitudes. They formulate various tentative schemes with a practical bearing on the partnership between owners and workers, and relaxation of centralized bureaucratic control in many cases where such control hampers production. 'Nobody manages industrial undertakings worse than the state'

observes Otto Bauer, a socialist. Recent socialists advocate greater trade union activity for this reason. The trade unions lend cooperation in the form of suggestions or complaints in the administration of private and state enterprises. Sometimes their plans provide for semi-autonomous boards for the management of some specific state undertakings so as to make them representative of distinctive interests such as manual labour, producers, technicians, consumers and bureaucrats.

Socialist theory may continue to affirm allegiance to revolution or the proletarian conquest of political power, equality, confiscation of property, but it has adopted caution as its watchword. Each step towards socialism is to be measured at the anvil of practical results; progress in this direction is to be achieved without radically upsetting the established institutions, and with popular approval. The craze for innovation or reconstruction of society has been replaced by a sober assessment of the situations and problems for which remedies of an adhoc nature are suggested. Since the workers in any country are a minority of the total population, political considerations tend to make the socialist advocate the cause of society versus the individual instead of espousing the workers' cause. These socialists, therefore, hardly differ from the liberals or the conservatives, except that they use ideology as a gloss over their electoral manifestoes. For instance, in England the conservative Chamberlain advanced a socialist type of idea in the proposed 'three acres and a cow'. In fact, the liberals and conservatives did more for the welfare of the working classes than the socialists, despite the fact of the socialist goad behind such measures.

Contemporary socialism repudiates the classical economic doctrine of *laissez-faire* as also the liberal Spencerian notion of the individual, but accepts several implications of capitalism. Capitalism as such has no pejorative connotation. It recognizes, among others, the motive of self-interest as

one of the basic impulses of human nature and a powerful factor in social dynamics. But the selfish interests of the individual are to be kept in check for social good. It takes into account the limits beyond which the state should not extend itself in human affairs. Let the state manage those enterprises which are privately ill-managed; let the state invest in those sectors where private capital is not forthcoming for want of adequate profit; let the state own social services and public utilities, and so on. Private capitalist cooperate rather than compete, the employers' own interests demand the welfare of their workers. But, of course, those wage-owners and consumers who are exploited on must call on the state for help. The state should guard against any eventuality of property-owners' collectivism, but it should also protect the capitalist interest by loans, subsidies, tariff regulations and trade concessions. In the new concept socialism, hence, not a coexistence of the two classes but an active collaboration of the two with the state as an umpire, is gradually seeping in.

Humanism in preference to dogmatism has transformed the character of socialism today though fundamentally the primacy of society over the individual is still maintained giving rise to vagueness. Disillusionment with dogma has come in the wake of the proved falsity of Marxian analysis and prognosis. The humanist appeal of Marxism has had a great impact on socialistic thinking, but facts tell a different story—facts that deny Marxism, e.g. the misery of the masses has not increased in non-socialist countries, concentration of wealth has not eliminated the small owners, class-conflicts have not taken revolutionary form, the middle class has not disappeared, economics is not the only spur to activity, industrialists do not always exploit their employees, the state can not always be trusted to perform the moral function in society, the state shows no signs of withering away, capitalism has the chance and scope for socializing itself.

These and other inadequacies of Marxism have helped socialism to evolve a new psychology and ethics. Besides economics, other factors like culture, philosophy and politics are accepted as involved in the dynamics of society.

In the new conception of socialism based on pragmatic experience and empirical facts, the socialist orthodoxy only persists with 'the corners rubbed off', just as the new capitalism is deprived of its poisonous fangs. The workers' faith in socialism is therefore skin-deep, for socialism supplied them with no idealism and had the tradition of fostering hatred and violence against the haves. When socialism spreads in its new form, many of the inherited prejudices are likely to die away and the utopian slogans like 'you have nothing to lose but your chains' will have lost their appeal. Of course, the contribution of socialism towards making the people conscious of the spiritual degradation to which *laissez-faire* individualism holds them, can by no means be underestimated. Agitations sponsored by socialist parties did bring immense benefits to the masses. But in process socialism lost its moorings. And by adaptation it has come to embrace the welfare state idea.

The practical service of socialism today as it has been in the past is to improve the material welfare of the masses, to relieve them from fear of hunger and unemployment, sickness and other handicaps and thus to make them free and safe in yielding to nobler moral impulses and devoting their efforts to intellectual and aesthetic pursuits. De Man rightly says: 'The resentment of a class has been an indispensable means of procuring for millions of men better and healthier conditions of living, and by reducing their working hours, new possibilities of cultural enjoyment'. Yet, the socialists tend to forget that all this is equally possible within the framework of free economy patterned largely on the Keynesian model. The socialist demand, then, has reduced itself to the attainment of a certain minimum of well-being though

they only haltingly renounce their age-old faith in the equal distribution of wealth and happiness. In fact, they have unconsciously or consciously adopted a position quite opposed to what they professed.

To sum up, Socialism absolves itself of the diabolic class war and revolution; maintains its roots in political democracy; uses individualist logic; hitches its bandwagon to society rather than to the proletariat; tries constitutional means to gain power; and proclaims its goals of common welfare, social justice, tolerance and equity. The task of socialism, wrote Sidney Webb, is to make the democratic philosophy of 'the worth and dignity of man a

working fact'. Herbert Morrison redefines socialism as 'the reassertion of social responsibility for matters which are properly of social concern'. A welfare state, in abstract, could not be defined better. The case of socialism is common with municipal socialism, gas-and-water socialism, the social service state: in a word, the welfare state.

Thus present day socialism, by its emphasis on social justice, has transformed itself into welfare statism and the identity of socialism as an independent creed has been lost in transit. In short, the socialists are now reconciled with what can be called 'regulative capitalism' aiming at social welfare.

Projecting the Indian Image

GULABDAS BROKER

EVERY culture has an image of its own. It projects it on the canvas of the life of the people that it encompasses, so that this image becomes not only part and parcel of the life of the people concerned but also familiar to the world in general outside. As a matter of fact, that culture becomes distinguishable from other cultures through the projection of its particular image.

In talking about the projection of its image I have used the word 'culture' and not the word 'country.' A particular culture may be the same for a number of countries grouped together under it, either through a common religion, or a common outlook, or a common way of life. Western culture is a case in point. Many different countries with different languages and governments and personal and parochial interests of their own, share that culture in common. They also differ from one another in many ways, and are many times antagonistic to each other, but they differ in characteristics, not in culture. The image that they project outside, is the image of their culture and not of their different characteristics, and we can recognize their civilized identity only through their pattern of culture. Hence, when we talk about the projection of an image of a people we can talk about it in terms of its culture alone.

But this is all talking in the abstract.

Coming down to the concrete, let us ask ourselves 'what is an image of a culture and how is it projected?'

Culture is reflected to a great extent in the mode of life of a people, but to a much greater extent in their thought processes and outlook on life. These—the mode, the thought processes, the outlook and the

innermost longings of a people are best expressed through their arts and letters and hence the arts and letters of a people very ably project the image of that cultural group. One has not to go far to see the point. The arts and literature of ancient India are entirely on a different level—from the point of view of outlook, vision and approach—from those of ancient Greece. Both India and Greece have created imperishable works of art during their periods of glory, but the pattern and the expression are entirely on a different level. Take the case of drama for instance. The tragedy of Greece is of an entirely different species from the drama of India of that period, which by its very nature never ended on a tragic note. The blood, the violence, the conflict, the action of the one, are entirely absent from the slow-moving and verse-punctuated subtleties of the other. Both of them, though, have produced masterpieces in the realm of drama which have endured through centuries, and hold promise even now to endure through more centuries to come. The different patterns of culture that each of these countries had evolved was, it is apparent, responsible for this difference. Aesthetically, as works of art, they are on the same level of excellence and yet they are so different! The image of India that one can get through these dramas of the classical Sanskrit period, or for that matter through the paintings and sculptures of Ellora and Ajanta is vastly different from the image of ancient Greece obtained through the plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles or Euripides or through the sculptures of those great days. The very symmetry and muscular beauty of the Gods and Goddesses of

Grecian sculpture contrast so vividly with the pose and repose of the anatomically not so perfect Buddhas and Bodhisattvas of Indian sculptures! Even the beauty of women adored by both the countries is depicted in entirely different ways by master artists of both these lands.

One need not labour this point any further. It is so self-evident. The only question one may ask oneself at this point, is: This different manifestation of the creative impulse by peoples with different patterns of culture is there, of course, but does the difference express itself through an automatic process so to say, or is it achieved on purpose, consciously? i.e., does a pattern of culture or tradition impose such and such a form or content on such and such a work, or does such a work result almost unconsciously out of the process of creation by people in certain cultural regions?

Tradition, of course, plays a big part in any aspect of life, but is not tradition itself a creation of the innermost urges of a people? Once a tradition is formed, people begin to adhere to it, but the fact of a particular tradition being formed connotes some inner forces and compulsions peculiar to the way of life of that people. Hence there is no question of certain things being created in a certain form and manner simply on account of a persisting tradition of that kind. It is the genius of the people which has given rise to that form or method or manner for expressing its innermost longing desires and aspirations, for bringing out its joys and sorrows, its loves and hates. That thing has gone deep into the psyche of the people of that culture group, and therefore its expression in that particular way is almost a subconscious process.

Thus we see that through an almost subconscious process working in the mind of an artist or an author of a particular cultural group, the image peculiar to that group is projected in its creations. Those creations may vary a thousand or a million fold in the handling of their material, and in the expression of the manifestation

of life in its inexplicable variety, but even so, they will bear a stamp of their own cultural origin, as the stories of the Mahabharata or the Ramayana or the Iliad or the Odyssey bear their own different stamps. The writer or the artist is so much a part of his own cultural pattern, the stream of his own cultural life flows so much through the blood in his veins that he cannot but reflect its image and project the same.

If thus we see that each culture projects its own image, what particular image has the culture of India to project?

We have already cursorily glanced at that image when we talked about the plays of the classical Sanskrit period or the paintings of Ajanta and Ellora or the ideals and aspirations depicted in the great epics of the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. We find from these that the Indian spirit though it fights big wars, hankers for peace, though it gets great kingdoms to rule after violent struggles hankers for a life of joy in renunciation, that it enjoys mellow colours in paintings and tries to bring out the inner soul of an individual or a group rather than portray those individuals or groups in their anatomical perfection or symmetrical exactitude. That the Indian even when he portrays the tragic, even when one of his great dramatists declares in so many words that *eko rasah Karuna eva* (Karuna is the only Rasa), does not portray the tragic ending in blood and violence or in a titanic struggle against uneven forces, but mellowing down into the embrace of the *Santa* of the Calm, The Beatific.

This is true of India not only in its classical ancient period, but of India throughout the ages. Works as recent as those of Rabindranath or Sharatchandra, of Premchand or Govardhanram project this self-same image of India, which was projected throughout two thousand years or more of its civilization and culture. A Gora finds after his none too mild adventures of the spirit that there is no religion greater than that of love for all humanity and a

Saraswatichandra ends his final days in a quest for the joy of the life of the spirit. Poems from Tagore compared with poems of say, Goethe or Rilke would bring out an entirely different line of approach to things. The human spirit is, of course, one in its innermost depths and all the emotions portrayed through the Arts and Letters of different lands and Cultures are part and parcel of the human soul. If it were not so, no foreigner could have grasped the inner beauty of the things we try to portray and no Indian would have enjoyed the force of the Art of the West. But, this variety of approach is still there. It is inevitable, it is part and parcel of the unconscious of a cultural group, and none can escape that. It is no accident that the Buddha, and a Mahavira and a Gandhi are products of India. They are just a human manifestation of the cultural pattern India has tried to evolve through centuries of its disturbed life.

If a culture projects its image on a huge canvas of history as well as the life of its people as manifested in its arts and letters, it evolves its own symbols, too. These symbols are apparent in the particular flowers it honours, the particular birds it depicts as its own and a hundred other things. The flower which symbolizes India is the lotus. In its exquisite purity and openness it suggests many things. Indians have chosen that flower as the seat of its goddess of wealth and beauty, and they have delineated the face, the breasts, the feet, the hands of the beloved through the symbol of that flower. Not only do the Indians acknowledge that flower as a symbol of India, but foreigners also do the same. Wherever the lotus is seen or mentioned or portrayed, India comes to mind.

I remember an incident. I was travelling in Rome. There I met a young friend—Orsini by name. He was a very nice young man, who loved India. As a matter of fact, he had married an Indian girl. He once took me in his car to an out of the town village which had an ancient church. Showing the church he took me under-

ground, where there was a vault. Standing me against a pillar, there in the vault, he said: 'Now look carefully here. Do you see anything?' I looked. There was that pillar and over it there was that church. But that could not be all. Otherwise why should he ask me to look very carefully at that mass of stone? I looked again. The pillar stood on something. What was that? Yes. I realized; it was an inverted lotus carved in stone. I said so. He smiled happily: 'See how your symbolic flower travelled here years back? That is how we exchange our good points, no?'

I agreed. The lotus is there, the peacock is there, the kumkuma mark on the foreheads of our women is there. There are a thousand other symbols embedded in the pattern of our culture, and they, together with our whole view on life, form an image which represents the best and the greatest in our culture and our country. Here we can mix up the two because our country has evolved our own culture—Indian culture and they can be talked of together.

If, then, India has an image to project and through that not only to retain but to transmit its own cultural identity, and if it has done so in years gone by, how do we, the present day writers and artists of India project that image through our works? Or do we project it all? That is a pertinent question we should ask ourselves.

The India of the present day seems to be in a sorry plight. Sometimes it seems to be in danger of losing its moorings also. Sometimes it seems to be heading downwards towards disaster. It is no wonder, then, when such a state of affairs seems to be prevailing, that its writers and artists seem to be acting like people who have lost their way. They see all around them a mad race for power, for privilege, for ill-gotten wealth, for unseemly display. The virtues and values that its religion has extolled and its culture has embedded seem to be imprisoned in its books of faith and works of art of the past. The peace of the soul that it has always desired is no longer

apparent anywhere but only the simmerings of ghostlike desire are there for anyone to see. Over and above that, life during the modern times has undergone cataclysmic changes. There is no security apparent anywhere and only a dark future seems to loom large on the horizon. The Arts and Letters in the West, through which we have been drawing our inspiration for the last many years, have also undergone a sea-change. New forms have sprung up, which could not have been even imagined a century back.

In this welter of confusion and change the writer and the artist in India could not be a complacent watcher of events or a mere sitter on the fence. He too is trying to project the world as he sees it around him. He too is trying to create new forms as his brothers in the West are doing. He too seems to be sending up a cry of despair, where once he used to send up a shout of hope. His colours have become dark and gloomy, his voice has become strident, his imagination sees things stark and ugly. He is at the cross-roads of culture.

In that stage, what he would create would not project an image of India, peaceful and happy, and devoting itself to the things of the spirit and the joy of life. The image that his creations would project would be an entirely different one. But if he is a genuine artist, that image, too,

would be an Indian image, and not an imitative one. Where imitation comes art perishes, and one sees, at the present juncture much imitation and more pseudo-art passing under the name of the genuine article. Our writers and artists seem to be, at times producing works under an influence, but without the emotional impact necessary for such productions. Their goods thus become a little fake and they do not reflect either their personality or the thing flowing in their veins.

It is never necessary that any creation should only talk about the goody goody things, only about the high and noble things of life. The only necessary thing is to see that it should be genuine. The very genuineness of a creation would ensure a projection of the innermost things in the spirit of its people. If that spirit is at the moment a little depressed and a little unsure, let our works proclaim that. But that too should be an almost unconscious, an almost automatic process, and not a pre-determined, pre-arranged imitation. Then the image that it would project would be a genuine one, though it may not be a happy one. Then it would have, in spite of anything an individuality of its own. Art, though universal, is individual. That individual is not only the person who creates it, but it is the creating individual who also is a part and parcel of a cultural pattern.

A Tribute To Keshavsut

DILIP CHITRE

TO recreate vividly the time and place Keshavsut inhabited, I should have chosen another medium, the film perhaps. Things have changed beyond recognition since his death about sixty years ago. Two World Wars took place between his death and the day on which I first read his poems in a classroom in suburban Bombay. Besides, India is politically independent now, and there is a great change even in the Marathi sensibility, a change perhaps for the worse. We have achieved a kind of moral insensitiveness to human issues, and poetry has become an almost academic vocation with an audience consisting of horn-rimmed spectacles and pedantic mouths. We have aestheticians substituting for creators of organic beauty, linguists instead of critics, politicians in lieu of more moral animals, promoters of talent in place of seekers of genius. Poetry is read less than criticism, and criticism is read less than the weekly drool or fortnightly invective of news magazines full of photographs and false documentation, garnished with flippancy.

This man, Keshavsut, left no photograph. Even details of his life are barely known. The exact date of his birth is being debated this year, the year of its centenary*, and threatens to become a major attraction in literary magazines. His horoscope has become a source of concern for literary critics, because it is the only available proof of his date of birth.

In the meanwhile, there is a scramble to claim him as an ancestor among pedigreed poets, critics, and politicians. The Marxists hail him as a people's poet, the first pro-

gressive poet of post-Industrial Age Maharashtra, pointing to his social consciousness and proletarian sympathies. On the other hand, the cult of pure poets also claims him, and to them he is perhaps the first *Symboliste* in Maharashtra. The fragments he will be smashed to—particularly this year—will each reflect a unique aspect of his poetry. He will be labelled a Dadaist, a Surrealist and so on, a purely native one at that, a counterpart of his European contemporaries. He will also be hailed as a Revolutionary, not to mention as a great Hindu Mystic, and so on.

We all have a right to see in our past a *Gestalt* of our own choice, and all of us use it. There is not one Keshavsut then, there are many—as many as the individuals who may approach him. Keshavsut, the maker of poems, is a product of those poems and their readers. Those poems themselves are mere formal metaphors: they are Janus-faced, multivalent and void, powerful and ambiguous, concrete and deceptive. They are as variable as any creation in language.

Yet I, as another poet, seek to define Keshavsut. My tools are different, and the trade we have in common allows an infinite spectrum of practice. We have a language in common, but in usage it changes its striking-power and capability. The world he made his poems out of was a different world: yet my own world contains his poems. I use his poems in my own way, and yet I cannot fully exhaust their use. Out of an awareness of all this, the substance of his poems inevitably begins to shape an image of Keshavsut in my mind. It is an image that is perfectly durable in my contemporary world, an image as alive as the image of

* Keshavsut's birth centenary is being officially celebrated in October this year.

Baudelaire, or Rimbaud, or Hart Crane, or Rilke is in my mind. It is the image of both a still influential precursor and a perpetual contemporary.

This is so because Keshavsut was not merely a talented poet nourished mainly by literature: he was, on the contrary, a rather less talented poet than many others who followed him. But he was a genius: he was inspired by life. He did not follow the norm; he shocked his readers into a new sensibility, a new way of feeling.

In fact, what strikes me as Keshavsut's failure, is what I can attribute to the lack of vital articulation in his literary models. For, unfortunately, Keshavsut's models were drawn from *The Golden Treasury*, and his contemporaries pursued mid-Victorian English literary ideals. They were cut off, by their own choice, from the rich tradition of Marathi literature on the one hand, and on the other, were so far removed from the living English language that they followed only a transient and weak literary movement in that language like conscientious but foolish students. Their knowledge of English was not likely to have been good, but then it was easy enough to read the Romantics and at least begin to spell 'love', 'beauty', 'nature' and such words in capital letters. A keen perceptiveness in feeling the mobile beauty of a foreign language helps: but a thoughtless imitation of subject-matter, as far as it is alien to your own sensibility, only paralyses. Keshavsut's generation, and even those following, failed to establish a native poetic personality; an identity in the truest sense. Only Keshavsut struggled, although not very consciously, against these influences, which tended to atrophy rather than to help liberate. His famous followers such as Balakavi and Govindagraja fell easy victims to this derivative Romanticism. The former, at his best, showed a Keatsian flair; and the latter, a Byronic effervescence. What they borrowed were not poetic techniques, but poetic attitudes. This set of 'poetic' attitudes easily decayed into Parnassianism (I use the term arbi-

trarily here, as Hopkins used it, to denote the normal performance of established poets which is rather mediocre as poetry. I do *not* have the mid-19th century French poets in mind). One's social identity as a Poet began to matter more than anything else, and this even became a subject of numerous poems which projected an image of the poet as the only kind of human being capable of love, adventure, and revolution. From the 'Twenties onward, these attitudes started becoming too grotesque and ridiculous, and verse became too florid and decorative to be of any use to grown-ups.

To return to Keshavsut—he was not exactly a Romantic in a derogatory sense. Romanticism, as an '-ism', tends to distort. In exalting the sensibility above the intellect, for instance, it deprives the sensibility of its organic integrity; in exalting nature above artifice, it ignores the simple fact that any poetic vision is itself an artifice; in posing a dichotomy between the inner and the outer world, it weakens the verbal link between them; in placing energy above restraint, it makes energy useless and inarticulate. Keshavsut indulged often in Romantic distortions: on the other hand, positively, his verse lacked classical frigidity. In his best poems, however, the sanguine and barbaric element in him attains articulate control: the savagery also reveals a terse, rugged expression: an economy, a grip, a functional pertinence. This is no mean achievement: this is the Keshavsut survives a period, a chapter of literary history, a large following, a whole movement in poetry. Let me attempt to reconstruct Keshavsut's time in an interpretative manner: he started writing at the age of 19, in 1885, we are told, and I assume it to be true. In Maharashtra, this period is called 'the High English Period', which is culturally, quite an apt term. This was the period in which intellectual re-orientation began in Maharashtra, and a new intelligentsia emerged. Such a change-over is always very stimulating and often proves very productive in diverse fields. But a

change in sensibility is the product of a more comprehensive process than a change in ideas and beliefs. Ideas and beliefs may change quickly, and may eventually lead to a change in sensibility, but sensibility, the receptive, responsive ability of an individual or a society, is slow to change. Therefore, I suppose, in poetry, the immediate effects of this great change were rather distressing. In fact the dislocation from the native tradition and the implantation of a foreign substitute made poets of this period incapable of powerful and controlled articulation.

Poetry is the analogue of living experience: and often, though not always, it is made out of an experience of living. Its vocabulary can be mundane, although it may be read and made with an ultra-mundane motive. Now, it is easy, in times of rapid change, to express changes in ideas and beliefs. But it is almost impossible to create a work of Art out of an idea or belief one has not lived long enough with. The Marathi Romantics failed just because of this. It was easy for a reformist then, to welcome the idea of a widow's remarriage, and it was easy to write a poem on the subject perhaps. But it was far less easy to marry a widow. I am not trying to say that a poet ought to practice what he preaches: I only say that it is futile for a poet to preach anything except to himself in his lucider moments. The idea of social injustice for instance does not hurt as really as an act of social injustice confronting one's sensibility. The resultant poetic action of the sensibility will ring truer, because it will be more truly committed to a fact of experience. The poetry of statement is a difficult achievement. It takes a Dante, a Shakespeare to handle it. It needs a Tukaram, a Donne, a Rilke, an Eliot to co-ordinate it with feeling. But it may, occasionally, also be the achievement of a Blake, when it becomes very difficult to explain. Keshavsut's vision of the world and of human existence is as mystical as Blake's. This does not disagree with his so-called 'social consciousness'. In fact, his

'social consciousness' is his moral sensitiveness, and basically he is a religious man, in fact a perfect Hindu. That he is a better Hindu than most, makes him more incomprehensible.

I am not myself taking sides here. But if in a poet's vocabulary, I find a constant preoccupation with certain religious beliefs, certain metaphysical terms and certain key words and symbols having a religious import, I cannot overlook it for the sake of a neat theory. The Hindu philosophy of Advaita is not only the basis of Keshavsut's mystical and metaphysical poems, but also of his so-called 'social consciousness' poems. This makes him incidentally, a better Hindu, than the popular image of a Hindu as one who believes in the caste-system, and worships cows. What is more significant about this Advaita philosophy of his is that it is perfectly in consonance with his Romanticism. In fact, it is perfectly consonant with all improvisations on Romanticism as a base doctrine, including symbolism. The belief in a correspondence between Man and Nature, images and states of minds, symbols and spiritual facts—is a mystique which an Advaitist will readily accept. And the only paradox an Advaitist will allow is the paradox involved in expressing what lies beyond speech in so many words. This again is a patent Romantic practice, which in poetry tends to use abstract nouns and adjectives far in excess of verbs, with the hope of adequately expressing the inexpressible.

All this leads to flaccidity, and many of Keshavsut's poems suffer from it. But he has a vast range, and one can choose one's own Keshavsut as I said earlier. He often grapples with words and it is not an ugly struggle to watch. In fact, very few Marathi poets have struggled with words so profitably. Although both his versification and vocabulary generally tend to be heavily Sanskritized, in his best work there is slimmness in the metres, a syncope of rhythm, a cadence full of lively intelligence, and an admirable closeness to speech-usages in the choice of words.

From Miltonic to Skeltonic verse is a wide range indeed: in Keshavsut's Marathi versification we find a parallel range. His longer, Sanskrit meters are poetically less successful: but the short ones are lively, full of quick alliteration and emphatic rhymes, a sort of tumbling verse, which he uses for his near-didactic poems, but also with surprisingly good results in some of his metaphysical poems. Keshavsut's metaphysical poems are a distinct achievement. It is in these poems that he uses organic metaphors, and also functional rhythms instead of still-born meters.

On a higher level too, this metaphysical tendency proves a redeeming feature of his poetry. That he felt the need for a cosmology is evident when one reads his collected poems: if he had lived longer than his 39 years, he would perhaps have been a modern mytho-poet, he shows a remarkable ability to charge symbols with power. And, like Yeats and Hart Crane, he could create his own symbolic cosmology.

I am critical of Keshavsut but I am sure this is entirely due to the fact that I write in the same language, and some self-preservative inhibitions cloud my judgement to some extent. On the other hand, I am equally sure that his work will prove my interpretation of him irrelevant, and my praise of him miserly, to more perceptive readers.

In the sixty years following his death,

things have undergone a stupendous transformation. The age-old creak of the bullock-cart continues to be heard, but I hear it through the ceaseless din of automobiles. There are almost primitive huts even in Bombay today, but there is also an Atomic Reactor in the neighbourhood. There have been two World Wars. India is an independent nation. Before they are married, a Hindu couple still walks around the sacred fire seven times, but they may premaritally hold each other's hands in a public place without anybody taking special notice. In the morning we read about Viet-Nam in the papers, as well as space-flights. Books pour in onto the pavements from remote countries, although they have cut the imports recently, and we know who is doing what everywhere. Keshavsut, if he were to visit my world today, would feel like an alien. But so do most of us at all times anyway. Only if we were to do the *Inferno* together today would I be able to tell him how its social, moral, cultural, and political topography has changed. But then, the worlds we make our poems out of are smaller than the world of poetry. All of us must have our little periods in history, one can only hope for a mouth that will survive it all.

I translate his poems as a tribute to him. It is a very small bunch of poems. I have tried to make them in another language. Neither a legislator nor a building-contractor, I cannot raise a monument.

TO KESHAUSUT

DILIP CHITRE

Here I sit breaking my head and heart
 Over your poems, because
 I suffer from a different sort of mouth:
 A more tortured mind, a more
 Twisted mode, than yours;
 Measure your movement, your sweep
 As someone might see it today
 In some phrases that survive you, some
 Spiritual clockwork that's a self-winding self,
 Made common and mysterious with the uses
 We go on inventing of your words.
 It's good you are dead
 And it's better your poems
 Continue to be made.

Do I see you in your objectified actions
 Those atrocious rhyme-schemes, those
 Terrible meters, those Sanskritised phrases,
 And those idiotic poetic lapses
 That would deserve your a burial in Palgrave?

No, not there, I see you only
 In what I consciously avoid:
 The glittering norms of Anglo-Saxon verse.
 And what I envy you for is only
 Your helpless lapse into a more native speech.

Approach to the Development of the Tribal Areas

C. V. RAGHAVULU

IN recent months public attention has been focussed on events taking place in the tribal areas. There has been some discussion of our policy approaches towards the tribals and the problems relating to them. An attempt is made in the present paper to appraise the policy in regard to 'tribal land' and examine its implications in terms of the development of the tribal areas and integration of the tribals with the rest of the population.

The problem is important enough to recapitulate some background details on State policy towards the Scheduled Tribes. They constitute a special category among the Indian population in view of their relative geographical isolation, general economic backwardness and distinct socio-psychological characteristics. In recognition of this fact certain Constitutional and statutory safeguards are provided. Provision is made for their special representation in the Legislatures and preferential treatment accorded in recruitment to public services. The Scheduled Areas were notified and rules framed restricting the transfer of tribal land to non-tribals. Increasing attention has been paid by the Central and State Governments to improve their living conditions; a number of special measures have been taken to serve the needs of the tribals. These include the introduction of Special Tribal Blocks, the setting up of Multi-purpose and Forest Labour Cooperatives and Finance and Development Corporations, opening of Ashram Schools and Boarding Homes, formation of Tribal Land Development Colonies and the setting up of Agro-industries like coffee and sericulture.

In spite of these special efforts no sub-

stantial improvement seems to have been made in the tribal areas. Recently an expert group of the Social Security Department (Government of India) has observed that 'very little benefit seems to have gone to the tribals from the development schemes in the Plans,' Mr. Tarlok Singh who, with a team of senior officers, studied the situation in the Hills districts of Assam, has reported that 'so far even the surface of the problems of development has not been scratched'. Among the reasons for such poor performance may be mentioned the acute shortage of key personnel, scarcity of inputs, absence of proper communication facilities, difficult climatic conditions, delay in getting financial sanctions and the low absorbing capacity of the recipients. Quite apart from these, the policy relating to the protection of tribal land is in no small measure responsible for the absence of substantial economic activity in the area, as we shall see later.

Prevention of transfer of tribal land to non-tribals has been a cardinal feature of the State policy both before and after Independence. The British rulers conceived the issue of non-alienation of tribal land as a sequel to their policy of 'isolationism'. 'Isolationism' as advanced by them was aimed at keeping the aboriginals in their areas untouched by the civilization of the plains. They feared that contacts of tribals with the Hindus and Muslims would disturb their culture. It was argued, for instance, by some British members of the I.C.S.¹ that contact with the Hindus would introduce the social evils of untouchability, early marriage and purdah into them. Under these circumstances non-alienation of tribal land was instituted to protect them from the

evil effects of contact with outsiders. After Independence the policy of protection continued in its entirety. That the tribals require some special treatment from the Government so as to rise their living standards is not disputed. But to include the protection of tribal land as a necessary adjunct to the policy of special treatment appears to have been somewhat misconceived. The implications of such an approach have got to be fully understood. Three questions seem to arise in this connection. Firstly, how for the policy of protection of tribal land is based on justifiable assumptions? Secondly, what have been its effects on the development of the tribal areas? Thirdly, how for is this policy conducive to the integration of the tribals with the region and the nation? Let us answer these questions one by one.

The continued reliance of the Government on the policy of protection of 'tribal lands' is based on the assumption that all outsiders are exploiters and that there are no exploiters and exploited among the tribals themselves. N. K. Bose² and S. C. Dube³ dismiss this assumption as patently absurd. Notwithstanding the tribal characteristics of honesty, truthfulness and simple living there is exploitation of some tribes by other tribes. Dube gives evidence of a particular situation in Madhya Pradesh. 'In certain parts of M.P. ... in Chattisgarh region, the Kamars represent about the lowest strata, being food gatherers. One of the problems there was the exploitation of some particular tribe by the Raj Gondas who in that area happened to constitute the tribal aristocracy. The Zamindar himself belonged to the tribal group and a great amount of exploitation was there⁴.

Secondly, the expectation that if the innocent tribals are protected from the aggressive materialism of the plainsmen the former would improve their economic position, is not borne out by experience. There has been large scale alienation of tribal land in spite of the protective legislations enacted by the States. Reference has already been made earlier to the low level

of response of the tribals to many of the development programmes. The implementation of the scheme of Tribal Development Colonies very well illustrates this point. During the second and third plan periods comprehensive scheme of tribal colonies were taken up. Under these, the selected tribals were provided houses, land and other accessories like irrigation facilities, credit, seed, fertilizers, pesticides, bullocks, agricultural implements, etc. The design of the schemes was very soundly conceived but the results were disappointing. In several cases the tribals either refused to settle in the allotted places or abandoned them after staying for some time. Among others the experience of the Asoknagar Colony⁵ (Warangal Dist.) in Andhra Pradesh is worth mentioning. Within a decade of their settlement, the settlers of the colony to whom land was assigned, sold out 75 per cent of the land and returned to their original habitations. In the case of the Todas of Nilgiris⁶ the Government of Madras offered to assign land to them in a particular locality. The Todas refused to accept any assignment outside their existing habitations. 'They preferred to perish in their own homes to being forced to other places'.⁷ These are only stray cases. Indeed, all the Committees⁸ and Commissions⁹ which studied the land problem, have commented on the large scale transfer of tribal land. What was the reason for this? The low level of response of the tribals is a factor to be reckoned with. Apparently sufficient attention has not been paid to the motivational factors; our approach has been conditioned by too much of sentimentalism for the tribals. Much of the confusion in the area of tribal development has been due to our inability to sort out sentiments from considerations that govern policy formulation. As a specific category the tribals in general differ from many other sections of the Indian society in the strength of what psychologists call 'achievement motivation'. Their ecological isolation and a long history of stagnant standards of living bred in them certain attitudes that are not conducive to

quick economic growth. For a large majority of them are psychologically oriented more to survival than to hope and aspiration. Even then the kind of productive organisation, with its backward technology and lack of specialisation, existing in many tribal areas of the country cannot support the tribals for more than three to six months in a year. This has been revealed by the researches conducted by the Anthropological Survey of India.¹⁰ It follows that the tribals cannot progress rapidly on their own initiative and enterprise. Nor can they mobilise the resources of the land and forests to the fullest extent even with Governmental assistance. The Government also suffers from obvious limitations in allotting financial resources on a large scale to tribal welfare schemes. Under these circumstances there is a justifiable case for allowing the non-tribals to acquire properties in the tribal areas. This would be one way of strengthening the economic base of the tribal areas.

The issue may be approached from another angle. The manner in which the problem of tribal development has been attempted, is not conducive to the integration of the tribals with the neighbourhood and the nation. The policy of keeping the tribals in isolation as initiated by the British, was pursued even after Independence. Indeed a case has been made out by some anthropologists for their temporary isolation. It is maintained that the tribals must grow according to their own genius and that the tribal areas should not be over administered by importing many plainsmen. Dr. Verrier Elwin describes the keynote of the Administration's policy in the N. E. F. A. as 'the tribesmen first, the tribesmen last, the tribesmen all the time'. That a certain degree of tribal 'exclusiveness' has been deliberately fostered by the Government's policy is beyond doubt. In brief, the Government's approach towards tribal integration has been a negative one. Added to this, the special treatment policy of the Government has, curiously enough, engendered a feeling of separatism. The

political consequences of this approach became evident at the time of the Chinese attack in the N.E.F.A. Its inherent weaknesses have been exposed time and again in Nagaland, the Mizo Hills and elsewhere. Let it be clearly stated that we can no longer afford to support the 'isolationist' school and view the tribal problem from the tribals' angle alone. For keeping them in isolation for any length of time would only strengthen the feelings of separatism, thus making ultimate integration all the more difficult. It is imperative that the tribal problem must be viewed from the point of view of the region and the nation. Prof. Dube has very ably summed up the problem: 'The approach to the tribal problem so far has been either aesthetic or political. Not much thought appeals to be given towards developing a philosophy for action in tribal areas that would harmonise and synthesise tribal interests with larger regional and national interests. Action programmes for tribal areas must strive to achieve this goal if they seek to promote welfare of the tribes largely using the tribal frame of reference, without making them a liability to the region and the nation'.¹¹ As already mentioned, the association of plainsmen with the tribal areas would provide the main 'push' to rapid development in these regions. At the same time, it would foster the much desired integration of the tribals with the people of the adjoining plains. Further, improved practices and techniques of production of the plainsmen could be transmitted to the tribals. When mixed habitation is systematically developed it would bring about radical changes in the technology of production and is bound to accelerate general economic development in the area. Available evidence¹² on the Adivasis lends support to the view that the built-in social resistance of the tribals to the adoption of improved practices, can be overcome through contacts with plainsmen.

A fundamental objection is often raised against the importation of plainsmen into the tribal areas. It is sometimes argued that

by opening the tribal areas to non-tribals we are throwing the innocent tribals to the wolves. Such fears cannot be easily ignored in view of the past experience of the operations of money-lenders, traders and other middlemen in these regions. Surely the plainsmen do not go there with any benevolent intentions of improving the lot of the tribals. Why should they choose to settle down in inhospitable regions without any corresponding material gains? We are, therefore, very sure of our ground while suggesting the admission of plainsmen. There appears to be some analogy between the objections voiced against the inflow of foreign private capital and those against the admission of plainsmen into the tribal areas. Of late we have been liberalising the terms in the case the former with a view to quicken the pace of industrial development of the country. And if we consider the tribal areas as 'little nations' in themselves in view of their geographical isolation, low technological development and lack of a strong capital base, considerations that weighed in favour of permitting foreign private capital have some relevance to this as well. It appears that greater Govern-

mental surveillance is necessary at least in the initial stages so as to safeguard the tribal interests. Or else the Government could be directly associated with the developmental process through some institutional device like the Joint Stock Company or some Cooperative Organisation. A certain amount of preparatory work would have to be done before the adoption of any such scheme. As a first step in this direction systematic and comprehensive surveys of the Forest regions should be undertaken to identify areas specifically suited for the development of agriculture, cash and non-cash crops, resource — based industries, afforestation programmes, etc. Such a survey was carried out in Assam with the help of the F.A.O. After the completion of the surveys in other regions, selected projects may be taken up by the Joint Stock Companies or Cooperative Societies represented by the Government, the plainsmen and the tribals. It would be, however, desirable to examine very closely the full implications of this proposal. It could be tried at least on a pilot basis and the results watched and analysed carefully.

¹ G. S. Ghurye, *The Scheduled Tribes*, 1959, Bombay, Popular Book Depot, p. 149.

² N. K. Bose, 'Change in Tribal Cultures Before and After Independence' *Man in India*, Jan.-March, 1964, p. 9.

³ S. C. Dube, 'Approaches to the Tribal Problem in India' in *Special Tribal Orient*, 1965, Tribal Orientation and study Centre, Ranchi, p. 76.

⁴ S. C. Dube, 'Approaches to Tribal Development' talk delivered at the National Institute of Community Development, Hyderabad, 8th October 1963.

⁵ Report of the State Seminar on Tribal Welfare 1963, Hyderabad Tribal Research Institute.

⁶ S. Narasimham, 'The Land Problem in the Nilgiri Tribes' in Report of the Fifth Conference for Tribes and Tribal (Scheduled) Areas 1959, Delhi, Bharatiya Adimjati Sevak Sangh, p. 188-89.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ Report of the Committee on Special Multipurpose Tribal Blocks, 1960, New Delhi, Government of India. Also see the Report of the Study Team on Social Welfare, 1959, New Delhi, Government of India.

⁹ Report of the Scheduled Areas and Scheduled Tribes Commission, 1960-61, Vol. I, 1963, New Delhi, Government of India.

¹⁰ Quoted by N. K. Bose in his talk on 'Economic Organisation among Tribal Communities and the problem of Integration' delivered at the National Institute of Community Development, Hyderabad.

¹¹ S. C. Dube, 'Approaches to Tribal problem in India' *Op. Cit.*, p. 74.

¹² N. K. Bose, 'Change in Tribal Cultures Before and After Independence', *Op. Cit.*, p. 5-6.

The Grooves of Academe

Thoughts on Higher Education and Research in India

D. ANJANEYULU

IN a discussion of the priorities for national planning, the investment on education and development of human resources is possibly the least amenable to arithmetical calculation in terms of economic return. But that does not make it less vital or significant for the all-round progress of the country as well as the unhampered growth of the personality of its individual citizens. Even on the more practical, work-a-day level, the conversion of occupation demands into educational requirements has presented economists interested in the field (especially the statisticians and econometricians) with one of the most perplexing problems in man-power analysis. But there are professors of economics in American universities who will never accept defeat. 'There is no valid reason', we are assured confidently by Professors Frederick Harbison (Princeton) and Charles A. Myers (M.I.T.), 'why human resource planning cannot be incorporated into the methodological framework of general development planning. The variables and policy alternatives can be identified, in many cases, as precisely as most other variables'.

There is an economic and a non-economic dimension to education, both in its individual and social role. In either case, it stands to reason and commonsense that education should take a high place in the scale of priorities evolved by the planners. It actually does in many of the progressive countries. Professors Harbison and Myers have noted further in their study:

Investments in man, by and large, are not subject to a law of diminishing returns. And from the social and political standpoint, investments in

training and education create ever-stronger pressures for more investments in the development of the people. . . It would be reasonable to expect, therefore, that most development plans will allow for increasing proportional expenditure on human development.

This emphasis on the ignitive task of education is based on the assumption that we are living in a fast-changing society, which demands a dynamic approach to its complex problems. The static society is no longer considered secure and in the new state of things we may have to keep on running, to stay where we are. Education here may or may not have any effect on the productive capacity of a society. But, it certainly creates not only the new skills, but the new outlook needed to operate them. As Prof. Adam Curle beautifully puts it:

No one can prove that a sensitive appreciation of poetry is, in any sense, related to a potential contribution to economic growth. Equally well, nobody can prove that it is not. There is, in fact, a case to be made that countries which produce the greatest depth and variety of skills, both 'useful' and 'useless', are in fact the most economically successful.

While it is possible to look at education from a variety of angles like that of the economist, the politician, and the educationist, it is necessary to see it whole and see it well, not to lose sight of its various legitimate functions — social, political, economic, psychological and pedagogical. Undue emphasis on any one of these interests, at the expense of the others, might adversely affect the contribution of education to development. The need for exploring ever new avenues of education,

and methods of instruction, assumes added importance, in this connection.

At this stage, we might pause a little to consider the nature of education itself as we are familiar with it in this country (with particular reference to higher education) as well as the habits of mind and attitudes to life and knowledge, apt to be developed in the teacher and the taught. It would be convenient to direct one's attention to those citadels of learning, the universities, which are looked upon as the brains trust of the nation, the nursery of the leaders of knowledge, thought, and action, on whom the future of a country and of the human race itself will largely depend. The social role of the universities at the present day cannot be over-emphasised, for they are an integral part of the life of the people. If they must justify themselves as a vital and potent force in the intellectual, cultural and material progress of the nation, 'they can no longer remain content', in the words of Mr. S. R. Dongerkery, 'to be repositories of culture. They must be the spearheads of change in the forward movement of the nation'. He echoes the thoughts of most educationists, when he says that "universities cannot become 'laboratories of national thought', and 'nurseries of national leadership' in the fields of service, culture, and public life, unless the best men and women are attracted to university service."

No doubt, there has been a change in recent years, when the service conditions of teachers in the universities have been considerably improved with the coming into force of scales of pay approved by the University Grants Commission in quite a few of the leading Indian universities. Thus an increasing proportion of our brilliant young men, some of them highly qualified abroad, are being drawn to service in our universities, not solely motivated by the expectation of material rewards. But, they are handicapped, like their predecessors in the field, by having to work under a system which has been succinctly described as 'a deteriorated copy of an obsolete model'.

As observed by an American team of educationists:

The essentially organic relationship that related teaching to learning is split as under in Indian higher education by the 'battle-axe' of external examinations. Teaching, in too many instances, takes the role of a mechanical oral rendition of a text book — and this text book is at times one which is out of date; while learning on the part of the students becomes a game of guessing the topics and cramming the subject-matter for regurgitation, when called upon to do so. The accent falls upon memory work, not education.

A marked lack of curiosity about the world outside their own fixed subject of study is a common feature of both student and teacher at Indian universities. An ill-digested heap of miscellaneous learning is not the high watermark of the enlightened mind. And when the heap is taken from a narrow branch of human learning, the result is a 'frog in the well' — to translate a Sanskrit phrase. More often than not, students here seem to live intellectually in water-tight compartments, the student of History being a total stranger to Literature and Philosophy, and vice versa, not to speak of C. P. Snow's gulf between the two cultures. Even when the student tries to equip himself with some general knowledge (lured not by the love of knowledge but by the carrot of competitive examinations for the higher services), he does not go to any standard works but is quite content with a variety of 'made-easies' and 'one thousand questions in general knowledge'.

The student alone is not to blame for this state of affairs. The teacher has to shoulder a major share of this, along with the stereotyped, examination-ridden system which leaves little scope for imagination and initiative. Dr. Punyasloka Roy, quoted by Dr. Cormack in her book, (*She who Rides the Peacock*), says:

The older academician, the man who was once a scholar and is now merely an empty shell, is a familiar phenomenon in India today... At best, this type of man is not prepared to listen to any thing which he was not familiar with in that

bygone period when he had not yet lost the habit of enquiry. When a young man brings up ideas, he meets them with a cultivated and dignified deafness. At worst, he is jealous of any tangible achievement or constructive proposal that comes from his junior colleagues or even his own students. He tries to stop them, if not to steal from them...

This, of course, holds good only for those cases in which there is something worth stealing from the junior, and the senior is able to shake off the habitual lethargy to be able to snatch the unfair opportunity. More often than not, both of them are at a safe distance from these charges, as they live in a state of blissful self-complacency, which is proof against all forms of intellectual ferment. Intellectual controversy of any sort does not interest them; personal rivalry may, and often does.

University teachers are, after all, human, like the rest of us, and nobody can quarrel with them for being concerned with the promotion of their own professional careers. The saddest part of the experience of an observer is that this pursuit absorbs their minds to the utter exclusion of all intellectual interests that are generally supposed to sustain the tempo of academic life. It is difficult to disagree with Dr. Cormack when she remarks that their favourite idol is Lakshmi rather than Saraswati. Few of them care to build up or feel proud of a well-stocked personal library. They are too worldly-wise to talk of books and authors, new ideas and novel theories, and would prefer to think of a new house or a plot of land. Writing note-books and key-books is of course a major pre-occupation, for it is the easiest way in which a college teacher can make some money. Tutoring for a millionaire's son or a minister's daughter is considered a more profitable occupation than the endless hours spent in a god-forsaken library. A new examinership is preferable to the intangible benefits of and empty reputation for scholarship. Travel is welcome, not so much for widening the mind's horizon, but as a short-cut to success, if it leads to a Fulbright Scholarship in the

States, and a Doctorate on an inconsequential subject. The decline of the intellectual in India is sure to prove a fruitful subject of research, with unlimited scope for field work and case study in the academic sphere alone. An administrator or business executive *manque*, the university or college teacher has, by and large, an admirable allergy to ideas and an engaging contempt for the things of the mind.

The prosperous academics of today are seldom guilty of such violent crimes as a battle of ideas; careeristic jealousies and intrigues are another matter. It may be remembered in this connection that it is not unusual for the dons of English universities like Oxford, Cambridge and London (to take three examples at random) to let the sparks fly from the anvil of a lively discussion, may be only of academic interest, in the columns of some of the serious periodicals. A. J. P. Taylor and Hugh Trevor-Roper have clashed more than once on the foreign policy of Hitler or some other issue relating to German History, stimulating further thought on the subject, and certainly providing a lot of pleasure and profit to their students and to a wider circle of the reading public. Richard Crossman (one-time don, Labour M.P. for long, and now member of the Wilson Cabinet) and Anthony Crossland (active politician and intellectual) have debated in the pages of *'Encounter'* the wisdom of contemporary political decisions against the background of political theory and constitutional practice. We can also think of American professors like Galbraith (Economics) and Schlesinger (History), who combine scholarship with a lively interest in contemporary events.

Who can help mentioning Dr. F. R. Leavis (of the Cambridge English Literature School), ever hawk-eyed to swoop on his prey from any distance? C. P. Snow and J. B. Priestley have both felt his claws. Not that I am holding a brief for the cantankerous academic, but I cannot withhold my admiration from a professor who would rather be intellectually alive and risk un-

popularity than be mentally dead and steer the safe and steady course of academic respectability and social approval.

Research in the Humanities, in many of the Indian universities that I know of, is another name for the collection between the covers of one book of material found scattered in several. In subjects like History and Literature (Philosophy too, perhaps), I have yet to come across a thesis qualifying the candidate for a doctorate, which throws new light on an old subject, or looks at it from a new perspective, or gives a new interpretation to a familiar theme. What is more, the process of research itself seldom indicates any intellectual initiative or fresh thinking on the part of the scholar himself, who is presumably under no obligation to set out the new proposition he hopes to substantiate by the correlation of evidence. More often than not, this research is a convenient ruse for a happy jaunt in the supervisor's own hunting ground, and the thesis itself may prove a long-awaited clearing-house for some of his hobby-horses, which he is never tired of riding to death.

Even where the research scholar in question is supposed to have done an honest job of work in his thesis, the rare contents of this heavy tome remain something of a closed book to the inquiring layman outside the sacred grooves. Not so much because copies of the thesis are inaccessible to the wider public in the university libraries as due to the intrinsic nature of its content itself. It is, by and large, not *readable*. That is almost a condition of its academic acceptability! Others might choose to wear their learning lightly; not the academic scholar, who must needs wear his (little) learning heavily. The proportion of paragraphs within inverted commas, the plethora of footnotes, and the impressive length of the bibliography (the more the merrier), have to be scrupulously maintained. With all these formalities duly observed, care must be taken to see that the argument and the exposition in the narrative proceed with all their wonted dignity from inadequate facts to untenable conclusions.

If it is a hard job to inflate the bibliography to an impressive size (I have come across some worthy research scholars in search of new entries for their bibliography), it is a harder one to pack the minimum of thought into a maximum of words. For this purpose, the pedantic jargon intended not to be understood but to be impressive, comes in handy.

Prof. A. L. Rowse (a historian in the felicitous tradition of Trevelyan) writes in his autobiography ('A Cornishman at Oxford') of the miseries he had undergone in having had to read some infelicitous American historians. His complaint was that they did not know how to write. I do not know what he would have to say of Indian historians (or, rather the text-book writers of Indian history), with the possible exception of giants like Jadunath Sircar, K. P. Jayaswal and K. A. Nilakantha Sastri. We cannot always get away from the unpleasant fact by blaming it on a much-abused foreign medium in which it is, if anything, more difficult for an honest writer, worth his salt, to be unclear and pedantic than in some of the Indian languages. Often a merely juvenile show of learning passes for depth of scholarship. We are familiar with the styles of writing, popularly known as 'journalese', and 'officialese', not to speak of 'Johnsonese'. A present-day cousin of the last is what I would call 'Academese', which believes in the alchemy of turning the familiar into the obscure, and investing the commonplace with an aura of erudite profundity.

It is by no means an unusual experience to find the average Indian research scholar beyond the reach of the intelligent layman, who may, however, have little difficulty with J. B. S. Haldane on genetics and human biology, Julian Huxley on ethnology and anthropology, or Trevelyan on the history of England and Toynbee on the philosophy of history. And, incidentally, one cannot easily forget the magnetic personality of the late Prof. Harold J. Laski (a lucid and brilliant writer, as well as a fine teacher), who used to attract pupils from all parts

of the globe. Can we, frankly speaking, now think of any professor in any of the Indian universities, with a comparable intellectual range and imaginative sweep, who can fire his students with a love not only of political science, but of all related things that matter in the contemporary world? Does any Indian student here feel drawn to a particular university, because he is inspired by the work and personality of a particular professor, or a group of them, for that matter?

In England, with its notorious conservatism, people are no longer satisfied with the dichotomy between Oxbridge and Redbrick. The new Sussex University, in the words of one of its professors who has written a book on it, seeks to cater for young people who are deeply concerned with the problems of the contemporary world, especially with the new ideas and values that are hotly debated in the realm of politics, arts and sciences. The system is described as being non-departmental, based on 'schools of studies', providing the student with a good general education, with facilities for useful discussion of chosen topics

under the tutorial system. Another new university, that of Essex, on the other hand, seems to have the accent on specialisation and research. Restricting itself to the physical sciences, social studies and modern languages (rather like many of the general educational institutions in Soviet Russia, but with the inevitable difference of approach due to the national tradition and historical background), it gives priority to research as the best guarantee of academic standards. Most of the colleges and universities we are familiar with in India do not follow either of these two patterns. Nor do they seem to have a satisfactory, individual pattern of their own. For the lover of the humanities they are not liberal enough, and for the practical-minded votary of the sciences and the languages, they are not pragmatic enough.

No one will quarrel with the Five-Year Plans in their placing a premium on economic progress, but it would be just as well to draw attention to social and psychological progress also, which are unthinkable without the right approach to and the proper emphasis on education.

CURRENT AFFAIRS

The Mizo Problem

HIRENDRANATH PHUKAN

SEPARATIST — secessionist in the hands of extremists like the members of the Mizo National Front — demands have crystallized among the hillmen of Assam because of the indifference of the plainsmen and the inability of the rest of the Indians to broaden the mainstream of Indian life to include these people as really equals.

Those who would like to contest the charge of indifference should ask themselves how many hillmen they can count among their personal friends. They may also ask themselves if they ever tried to establish rapport at a personal level with a hillman.

Even in places where large numbers of hill and plainsmen live together — Shillong is a good example — there is very little contact between the two, very little free intermixing. The plainsmen neither know the languages of the hill people nor care to know them. They would rarely if ever invite hillmen to their homes and hardly ever pay a visit to the home of a hillman. They would look down upon and excommunicate anyone of their own community who marries a girl from the hills. In schools and colleges, plains and hill students will coalesce into groups of their own communities and years may pass by without the hill and the plains student really getting to know each other.

The political leaders and the administration they helped to install have played a role which instead of bringing the goal of

integration nearer has helped the extremists among the hill people to harbour illusions. The role of the politicians and the administrators has been that of unashamed pamperers. The policy, if it can be called a policy, they have framed towards tribals is that of trying only to pamper them.

This policy finds its expression in many forms. It may take the form of deliberately overlooking the wrongness of a hill student drawing both a Government salary and a Government scholarship. It may and often does lead to undue hesitancy in taking disciplinary action against a delinquent official if he is a tribal. Its most pernicious form manifests itself in the Government's attempts to back away from collaring law-breakers till a date when these become too violent and have to be controlled by military or semi-military efforts. The recent stabbing cases in Shillong and the inability of the Government to apprehend the criminals tend to confirm a feeling among large sections of people that the Government is afraid of taking action because of political considerations.

The behaviour of the administration in the Mizo Hills provides a classic example of how belief in the effectiveness of extremist methods in trying to achieve political ends may be rapidly fostered. During the period of the mautam famine the Mizo National Famine Front — this body grew out of the Mizo Cultural Society, an organisation formed, among others, by Sri Laldenga,

then an accountant in the office of the District Council, in January 1959 with the avowed object of uplifting Mizo social and cultural life — was alleged to have incited many mautam affected villagers to loot Government rice from Government godowns. Nothing was known to have been done by the administration to find out the role played by the MNFF and no action was taken against the involved villagers. In March 1960 some military personnel were mercilessly beaten in Aijal. No action was taken against the miscreants. In August 1960 a violent clash took place between sections of Mizo youngmen and Border Security Force personnel. It was reported at the time that for want of evidence no action could be taken against the law-breakers. The clashes were believed to have been the outcome of the creed of hatred against all forms of 'Indian' authority preached by the MNFF.

These incidents put law and authority into utter contempt before the eyes of the general people. The MNFF leadership persuaded themselves and their followers that the administration could be easily intimidated and made to yield whenever they desired.

It was at this time that the MNFF began to harbour political dreams. In August 1960 the word 'famine' of the MNFF was dropped and the organization was declared a political party. It could not then disclose its treasonable object but made a show of being a peaceful political rival of the Mizo Union which had a majority in the District Council and then stood for a separate Hill State. There have been allegations that the State Government tried to keep the MNF and its leaders on its side by showering favours upon it as it opposed the separatist Mizo Union. The MNF in its turn tried to impress the general people that the Government was in actuality afraid of it and therefore conferred favours on it.

The MNF suffered defeat at the hands of the Mizo Union in the 1962 election. Soon after its defeat the party started enlisting 'volunteers' in every village. Some

of the volunteers called central volunteers were said to have been given identity cards with photographs by the party leaders. Each volunteer was reportedly asked to take a vow to sacrifice his life for the 'country and the nation' and to be ready to serve anywhere in land, air or sea. Promises were also said to have been made to them that they would be regarded as constituting the 'national army' after 'independence' was achieved.

The Mizo Union in the meantime had resigned the three Assembly seats it had won in the 1962 election in response to a call given by the All Party Hill Leaders Conference. In the by-election held in 1963 the MNF won these three seats. While becoming involved in an overtly peaceful political contest with the Mizo Union the MNF was making secret preparations with other aims in view. This is indicated by the fact that in November 1963 Sri Laldenga, President of the party, and Sri Lalmunawia, the Vice-President, made a secret trip to East Pakistan through Tuipuibari in the Mizo Hills. They were suspected to have sought Pak help in giving arms training to the party volunteers and for organizing a revolt in the Mizo Hills. The two were arrested under the DIR when they re-entered the district and were detained for two months. They were, however, released when they gave a written undertaking of good conduct to the Chief Minister of Assam, Sri B. P. Chaliha.

The MNF appeared to have become politically dormant during and for some time after the period of detention of the two leaders. The party lost a by-election in December 1964 in the Aijal East constituency.

From the early part of 1965 the MNF volunteers began to demand large sums of money from Mizo and non-Mizo traders in Aijal. The latter were threatened with dire consequences if they did not pay and were forced to sign demand notices issued by the party. Strong protest against these acts was voiced by the Mizo Union, the Church and by responsible sections of the town's

populace. In October 1965 the MNF leaders met the then Prime Minister, Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri, at Gauhati and submitted to him a memorandum demanding 'independence'.

The March uprising appears to have been precipitated by the fact that the Government sensing trouble had started to move in the 18th battalion of the Assam Rifles raised for the Mizo Hills to the district to reinforce its position there towards the end of February. The MNF leaders must have thought that they would have to act before the Government could actually strengthen itself in all parts of the district.

Effecting Integration:

The tragic outcome of the policy of pampering has by now been clearly spelt out before everyone. It must however be added that although a good and effective administration can help to win the trust of the people, prevent the hot-headed from harbouring delusions and uphold the people's regard for law and authority, that by itself cannot remove feeling of alienation and integrate people whose cultural and historical backgrounds are consciously felt to be different. Special economic development programmes would not remove this feeling though neglect to develop the economies of the hill areas can worsen matters.

It cannot be denied that Indians as a whole have failed to integrate people who live on the periphery of their culture. One needs to look not only to the cries for separation in Assam's hill districts but also to the incidents in Baster to find out the truth of this. To continue to blame the British for keeping us separate 18 years after they left us, whereas we for our part have made no concerted attempt whatsoever, except for useless hill-plains festivals and insincere lectures, to make the people of the hills feel that they are a part of us and we a part of them, and to continue to shower abuse on the foreign missionaries — where are our missionaries and what place would we, if

we could convert them to our faith, give them in our caste-ridden society? — all this is eloquent testimony to our attitude of finding scapegoats.

If integration is our aim — this must be our aim if we desire to prevent fissiparous tendencies from spreading thereby weakening ourselves through further separation — a changed approach is called for. Under this approach it is the community of the plainsmen that must change and try to become integrated with the communities of the hillmen. The aim ought to be the formation of a composite community of the hill and the plains people.

No one would stand to lose anything except prejudices if this aim were achieved, for life in a composite community with a merged ethos would be richer and more rewarding than in an exclusively Assamese or exclusively Bengali or exclusively Garo, Khasi, Jaintia, Mizo or any other tribal or non-tribal community. If this were not so, one could justifiably argue for retaining caste or communal feelings. Since cosmopolitanism is considered a benefit and an aim of the modern age, attempts to build up a composite community of the hill and the plainsmen would only be steps in the right direction.

It may be asked why the plainsmen must change first. The reason is that they constitute the majority community. Minority communities have a natural fear of being swamped by the majority. They could hardly be expected to change if that change in effect meant that they would dissolve and disappear into the maw of the majority. But if the majority itself takes the trouble of effecting changes first and forming a new society where life would not run on the parochial scale of values of a particular community, the members of the minority communities are bound to undergo changes to become parts of the new community.

There is a tendency to think that through Christianity and 'westernization' the majority of the hillmen have irretrievably become separate from the plainsmen. It is often forgotten that in outer appearance

and in several other directions, the educated plainsmen have also become 'westernized'. Expressions of 'westernization' between the plain and the hillmen vary because of the varying pulls and pressures exerted by their separate cultural backgrounds. The degree of 'westernization' seems dependent also on the economic condition of the individuals. The better off, whether of the hills or the plains, tend to become more 'westernized' in their overt behaviour patterns.

Christianity and the good education given by the missionary schools have enabled the people of the hills to become more vocal and assertive, and to refuse to play a role secondary to that of any other group or section of people. This assertiveness and resolution not to play an unequal role are all to the good for there can be integration only among equals.

When the plainsmen can live up to the letter and the spirit of the much used phrase 'our hill brethren' and can give up feelings of either superiority or inferiority — some people are apt to call the hillmen 'backward' in exactly the same way as the

Assamese are called 'backward' by many people in north India, while others are angered or overawed by the 'sahabi' behaviour of the educated hillmen — and make a determined bid to establish freer relations, the separatist tendencies in the hill areas will lose their force.

The Assamese being in the majority and living nearest the people of the hills have the greatest responsibility in making a start to achieve unity in a new composite community. The hill and the plainsman can run away from each other only at the risk of mindlessly destroying all the bright possibilities which the chance of living together gives them.

For the Government it would be essential to give up its policy of pampering. Effective administration must be ensured whether in the hills or the plains. To help in winning the affection of the hill people a concrete start could be made by setting up a non-political, non-religious organization of the nature of the American Peace Corps so that the best specimens of the plainsmen could be sent to go out and work with the hill people even in the remotest areas for their welfare.

Anatomy of Developing Politics in Nigeria

KEJAWA ASSAF

ONE of the most disturbing political phenomena on the international horizon this year has been Nigeria. The army mutiny which resulted in the assassination of Sir Abu Bakar Tafawa Balewa (Nigerian Federal Prime Minister), Sir Ahmed Bello (Premier of the Northern Region), Chief Samuel Akintola (Western Region Premier), Chief Festus Okotieh-Eboh (Federal Minister of Finance) and the detention of eleven Western Region Ministers—was but a crude expression of the rancours that had been building up for years against Sir Abu Bakar's administration.

Since independence, five years ago, the people of Nigeria have been searching unremittingly for a stable government—a government that would raise the standard of living of the people without entirely selling their birthright. But the weaknesses of the late Sir Abu Bakar Tafawa Balewa's government were very extensive, especially instability and corruption. Tribal rivalries and loyalties, echoing round the country, culminated in bloodshed and mass arrests, revealing the sad absence of any national outlook. Add to this a rather weak and explosive foreign policy, and a rickety economy.

To remedy these anomalies constitutionally and without bloodshed had been the pre-occupation of many Nigerians at home and abroad for many years. For, born on the verge of chaos, Nigeria had been enmeshed in vice, corruption and disorderly upheaval long before Britain handed over the reins of independence. Her unduly prolonged constitutional talks in London, held intermittently in the 1950s gave further impetus to the internal strife, as the different communities and tribally

constituted political parties were unable to come to an understanding with one another. Tribalism simmered especially among the three main tribes—Ibo, Hausa and Yoruba—of the three hundred tribes that constitute Nigeria. And whereas the leaders left Nigeria for London for the constitutional conference with the intention of obtaining immediate independence in the 1950s, the conference often broke down as a result of disagreement at the conference table.

This wrangling became such common practice of the leaders that at long last, the Hausa ruler of the North finally informed the other two regions that their territory was not ready for independence. Few episodes could be more tragic in history than the spectacle of this ordeal and it stands as a symbol of collective guilt against this generation of politicians.

The inability of these three tribes to come together for a united Nigeria ultimately led the British rulers to draw up a constitution that divided the country into three autonomous regions with a National Assembly in each. There were also three main ruling political parties: the Northern Peoples Congress (NPC) for the North, the National Council of Nigeria and Citizens (NCNC) for the East, and the Action Group (A.G.) for the West. The Central Government retained the privilege of directing the country's foreign policy, defence services and financial policy only.

The Eastern Region obtained its independence first, the Western region second, then the North, and finally came Federal independence (centred in Lagos) which is being celebrated as Nigeria Independence Day every 3rd October. Thus when Nigeria became independent in 1960, the country

was virtually divided into three regions—North, East, and West. As a consequence, the people were deprived of a national outlook. The Hausa (of the Northern Region) being the largest tribe, dominated the Central Government. Awolowo, the leader of the Action Group party vociferously charged the then British Colonial Secretary, Oliver Littleton, now Viscount Chandor, with alienating the most important Yoruba cities to the North (Lagos for the Federal seat, Ilorin etc. for the North), and compensating the Yorubas with what he described as unmanageable Western region cities.

Each region set to work, in defiance of the Federal Government with an exhibition of all the classical symptoms of terror. Corruption, to an extent known only to Pierre Laval's France, moved in massively. Charges and innuendos, commission upon commission, ended without ostensible result or changes. Press criticism was completely disregarded. Intellectual Nigerians began to lose faith in the future of their country. Political Parties, more or less the regional governments, were maintained by individual tribal political entrepreneurs who found them a convenient focus for attracting the support of various economic, ethnic, social, religious and age groups, which in turn viewed politics only as incidental instruments through which to gain advantage in spheres of life important to them.

Coker's Commission, for example, found the Western Region Government to have misappropriated over fifty million pounds; four Ministers in the Federal Government were alleged to have shared nine million pounds among themselves. A commission was set up to investigate the Eastern Region Government's investment in Zik's Bank where all the Government funds were alleged to have been turned into assets of the Bank. Nor could the Northern region produce any authentic record of its financial transactions during that period. More light is thrown on Nigerian Government corruption by Ronald Wraith and Edger Simpkins

in their book *Corruption in Developing Countries*.

The Hausas who have cultural and religious affinity with the Yorubas—the then leading community in education and culture—considered them too delicate to cope with, so they quickly sorted out their differences with the Ibos of the East and formed a coalition government to run the machinery of the Federal Government. Awolowo became the Leader of the opposition at the Federal House of Representatives 1954-59. He later became the Premier of the Western Region Government from 1960-62.

Within a short space of time after regional independence, representatives of non-Yoruba towns and cities that had been incorporated into the Western Region complained bitterly in the Federal House that their area would have to secede from the Western Region owing to lack of any appreciable progress in their sector. The NPC-NCNC coalition Government voted in favour of secession of the area concerned and a Midwest state with a National Assembly was born to make four regions in Nigeria (North, West, East and Midwest), the ulterior motive being to paralyse the Action Group party's voting power at the Federal House of Representatives.

Towards the end of 1962, Awolowo changed his position as Western Region Chief Minister and became Leader of the Opposition in the Federal House. He fell out with Chief Akintola, the A. G. Premier for the Western Region who had succeeded him, for yielding to the forces of reaction by allying himself with the Northern NPC; consequently riots broke out at Ibadan the seat of the Western Region Government. The Federal Government suspended the Government and Legislature of the Western Region and for a time Awolowo and his men were restricted. Soon afterwards, Awolowo and others were charged with treasonable felony and conspiracy to overthrow the Federal Government of Nigeria. They were all sentenced to imprisonment ranging from fifteen to seven years.

According to Mr Alun Davies Q. C., the transcript of their trial in Lagos makes it all too clear that this was unsatisfactory from start to finish. In the first place the Chief Prosecution witnesses were a pretty miserable bunch, one of them a convicted forger and thief. Secondly, there was no jury; thirdly, Awolowo's counsellor from Britain was not allowed to defend him. And in order that Sir Abu Bakar's government might carry out its aim to the full, it kept these men in gaol until the country got its republic so that they could not appeal to the Privy Council in Britain.

Strictly speaking, there was no case to answer. Mr. Davies effectively demolished the pathetic and often ridiculous attempts to implicate Awolowo and his men in a hare-brained scheme for a coup d'état. The feelings of all Action Group members coupled with tribalism reached almost paranoid intensity. But they could hardly do anything except wait for the election. So began the Action Group members' intensive two-year campaign over upto the last October election in the Western Region. The result was said to have been in favour of the Premier, Chief Samuel Akintola's newly formed NNDP (Nigeria National Democratic Party). But as all the inhabitants of the towns and villages had unanimously given their votes to A. G. members, when the Radio announced that Premier Akintola's Party had won, the voters were enraged purporting that the election had been rigged. A curfew was instantly imposed and the police was called upon to check rioters.

While there were demonstrations everywhere at Ibadan, an armed man was reported to have forced his way into the announcer's room at the Broadcasting House to remove a tape of a broadcast by the Western Premier Akintola, and replace it with one of his own on October 15, 1965. This followed widespread indignation about the circumstances in which Akintola was re-elected). Mr. Wole Soyinka, a Nigerian Writer, who made no bones about his dislike for the power politicians who controlled Nigeria's Government, was arrested and

charged with the armed intervention. Confusion raged throughout the country.

Awolowo in jail and confusion everywhere in the Southern region gave Sir Ahmed Bello (Northern Region Premier) some sort of respite to plan ahead. He was not unaware of the press criticism that had swept across the Southern Region against his administration. He had also seen through to the possibility that the Southern region, though at loggerheads, might sometimes sort out their differences and join hands to oust the Northern region from Central Government at the election. So at the 1964 census, six months before the general election of January 1965, the Northern Region was said to have unfairly augmented its figure to exceed the Southern Region Census figures, making it constitutionally legal for it to rule the Federal Government alone without the coalition of any other political parties. The Southern region refused to accept the Northern census figure and was prepared to send out a commission for a new Northern region census. The Northern region refused the Southern Region's proposed commission and also refused to dissolve the Federal House of Representatives for a general election unless the Southern regions accepted the census figure.

The future of Nigeria was then at stake. Sir Ahmed Bello's government, said to be surrounded by a teeming galaxy of assorted unadulterated advisers, began to eject what an editor described as: 'Indo-Pakistan age-long religious-fanatical politics' into his policy. His rodomontades that he controls Nigeria by sending his Lieutenant (meaning Sir Abu Bakar Tafawa Balewa) to the Federal House to implement his views became intensely irritating to other regions. He went to Tripoli for instance to tell the Libyans that the Hausas are Arab by descent and not indigenous Africans. While in Egypt, he was said to have guaranteed Nigerian armed forces to the UAR for use against Israel without the consent of the other regions.

Sir Ahmed Bello, among other things, had abandoned his earlier pledges, made during

the transitional period of independence, to recruit his Executive officers from the Southern Regions until there were qualified Northerners to replace them – but instead he started to recruit magistrates and civil servants from other Muslim States and repatriated the few Southerners in the Northern Civil Services back to their respective regions. Sir Abu Bakar later implemented this policy in the Federal Government by importing magistrates and judges from other countries whereas Nigeria has more than enough lawyers and legal experts.

A more curious episode still was that of the Federal Civil Service Commission. Entry into the Federal Civil Service and Foreign Service was no longer by qualification. If, for example, there were six vacancies in the Federal Civil Service, the North must of necessity occupy the three most senior executive posts (irrespective of whether its candidates were qualified or not) or they were to be filled by any other race appointed by the North to take its place, no matter the secrecy the post carried; of the remaining three posts, one went to the East, one to the West and one to the Midwest. The national outlook was thus vitiated and the ethos of brotherhood which had been thinned out was about to shatter.

The Southern regions no longer subscribed to any move initiated by the North and communal conflict became an impediment to progress. Each region began to survey the other with the mutual suspicion that a dirty trick was being planned. Sir Ahmed Bello and his elite were still *pocourante* to press criticism. All of which partly explains the obsessions, the unbecoming features, that plagued Sir Abu Bakar's aura – not that these irregularities justified his being struck down.

The crudity of Sir Abu Bakar's foreign policy was nauseating to the ardent African nationalist. He was unwilling to fulfil the moral obligation required of him towards the oppressed Africans in South Africa, Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique etc. while committing some sections of the

Nigerian Armed forces to Moise Tshombe of Congo. His activities in the Organisation of Africa Unity and the United Nations were not so encouraging as to give impetus to cohesion within the black race. This policy was so exacerbated towards the end that Nigeria was branded as an appendage of the Western bloc. Nigerians living in other African states were vehemently victimised as a result of his policy.

He was also accused of lacking the resplended vision of an any authentic movement to foster unity either among his people, or on the international level, among the uncoordinated human race. He was far from being an idealist. And against this smouldering background of political passions, economic perils and collapsing moral values, the Nigerians at home and abroad viewed their future with dismay.

Increasing social tensions consequent upon social change were to be expected since Abu Bakar assumed control of the Government, yet they were not all attended to. The fundamental problem was neither economic policy nor foreign policy (though there were never to be discontinued), but the creation of a strong, united nation out of heterogeneous peoples. Nigeria as well as other African states, is comprised of several communal groups in different regions living at different economic levels: tribal and cultural consciousness and economic differences combine to produce mutual antagonisms which menace the unity of the state. Carving a united front government out of these different communities ought, therefore, to have been the first pre-occupation of Sir Abu Bakar Tafawa Balewa.

For this reason, there has to be a complete break with the style of politics adopted by Sir Abu Bakar Tafawa Balewa, in accordance with the need to organize society on contemporary scientific and economic lines if Nigeria is to take her niche among the developing nations with political stability.

In order to ascertain what sort of Government or society would be best suited to

these more often than not conflicting communities in Nigeria, it is expedient first to summarise the failings of the previous government. We may therefore wistfully consider what kind of people constituted the previous government. Most of the M.Ps and Ministers were semi-literates with primary and secondary school education who had made politics their career. They earned several times as much in office (not counting the illegal earnings) as they could have done in the open labour market and consequently could not allow themselves to be driven out of office. They had no commitment to democracy. They used such incendiary materials as tribalism, communalism etc. at the electoral campaign to blindfold the people and hold themselves in power. Above all, their office carried power, prestige and money. Most Ministers considered themselves to be above law and were always treated as such by the Police.

They dressed themselves in sprawling uniforms, built palaces for themselves, brought all other traffic to a standstill when they drove down the roads, and generally demanded to be treated as *Shahanshah* — Persian Emperors. No educated man whatever his distinction could reach high rank in the Civil Service unless he was prepared to prostrate before the family of the Ministers. Many Nigerians with their unsubmitive ego, resisted this and left the country indignantly. These Ministers cannot be blamed for they knew no better. To them independence meant merely that they had succeeded to the autocracy vacated by the British rulers, their Civil Servants and Commissioners. So they modelled themselves on the arrogant and arbitrary pattern set by their predecessors.

Some of them only heard the word 'democracy' for the first time being used by their more enlightened colleagues in the Parliament. The honourable gentleman who once represented my constituency had to be told when to put his hand up when his party wanted to vote for or against a bill. All that was published on him during his

years in Parliament was that he was the best dressed man in the House. These people had never experienced democracy. They knew neither philosophy nor history. Even among the so-called educated ones, not one per cent understood the interpretation of history. They lacked fact, they lacked perception. They abused power jejeunely. Any writer who refused to be bought risked his job, if not his life, in criticising them; and for these reasons, violence, corruption, and vulgarity set into the administration.

Any attempt to improve the running of their offices was ruthlessly repulsed. Not love of their country and of their people was in their hearts, but the lust for power and wealth. They did not bother what happened to their fellow-men next door. Nigerian foreign policy was consequently weak. Moreover, the British democratic system which Nigeria had adopted in the previous Government was unsuitable to our social conditions and environment. This system is not only undemocratic in Nigeria where it was adopted but also in the country from which it emanated, because it does not allow the opposition an effective voice in decision-taking (as when the Conservative Party overruled the other parties at the time of the Suez Canal dispute). In Nigeria under the last administration, whenever a party came to power in any region it either organised or barricaded itself against other political parties (NPC for instance) and stuck to a dictatorship of the extreme right; yet there was an opposition.

The new regime will therefore have to model out a political institution to cope with the turbulence created by economic and political development. A country with widely differing regions could hardly be well governed from one town or city which monopolises decision-making. The best approach would be to establish a sound Civil Service to man *provincial devolution*. The press must be free to criticise, and no tribe or community should be brought forward to the centre of the Government to

rule or dominate other tribes to provoke civil war. A body of OMBUDSMAN to check and report technical administrative faults, mal-practices and complaints arising from all districts, provinces etc. may be chosen from the senior well-established, well-to-do barristers of all regions, lest

corruption set in again. A strong and responsible government can only grow out of a social base of affluent people, humane and educated to the realities of the scientific revolution who can afford the luxury of transcending the limited vision of personal gain and protection of status.

THE SOLUTION OF SERVANTS

If I were suddenly to open
 The door, switch on the lights
 And break in before them smiling,
 There would be a scramble,
 Separation, and then
 An air of apology, not anger.
 Yet on my leaving wouldn't they
 Continue as before? Or sleep
 Apart for a night — time enough
 To brook dismay?
 Do I rate their love
 Less that deeply as this
 An image of the master
 Prevails? Or is it protection:
 The keeping me apart,
 Ignoring my bigness
 As ever-present but having
 Little to do with *their* lives,
 Providing exchanges
 But otherwise distant
 And rejected? If so,
 Then sleeping in a room
 Shut against eyes
 And to such extent intact,
 But rebelling at the thought
 Of the hidden face,
 Its beard weighty,
 Acknowledged by agents,
 And sometimes heavier
 Than you and I,
 Its possible presence
 A challenge to our find,
 Why dont we let up
 And try
 The solution of the servants.

GIEVE PATEL

DISCUSSION

Matthew Arnold & Keats: A Rejoinder to Mr. Kohli

VINOD SENA

MR. DEVINDRA KOHLI's article, 'Inner Resonance: A Note on the Odes of John Keats' (*Quest*, No. 48), makes provocative reading, not only stimulating one to view afresh a group of poems whose position as established minor classics encourages one to take them for granted, but inviting sharp disagreement and criticism. This is not to imply that Mr. Kohli's reading of the poems in question is highly idiosyncratic. In commenting on the individual Odes he has one's full assent and much of the weight of Keatsian criticism behind him. It is the thesis which he goes on to propound which one cannot legitimately accept.

As the author himself tells us, what aroused him to write on the subject of Keats's odes was Matthew Arnold's^a assertion in his celebrated essay on Keats that while 'in one of the two great modes by which poetry interprets, in the faculty of naturalistic interpretation, in what we call natural magic, he ranks with Shakespeare,' nonetheless 'for the second great half of poetic interpretation, for the faculty of moral interpretation which is in Shakespeare, and is informed by him with the same power of beauty as his naturalistic interpretation, Keats was not ripe.' Outraged by such an estimate and taking the odes as his example, Mr. Kohli would argue:

I am convinced that the odes are stamped with

the cumulative pressure of an active and impressionable participation in life. And it would simply be shocking to believe, as Arnold would have us believe, that a poet whose poetry captures him in the act of knowing life with all its fluctuating rhythms, or rather in the act of transcending in the sense of mastering it ... by the grandeur of a tragic vision, had remained unfermented by 'moral ideas.'

Any attempt which seeks to establish and reinforce the serious nature of Keats's artistic genius must call for one's sympathy and support. No matter what some of his admirers may have thought, Keats is as little like the late-nineteenth century aesthetes as the young Milton is like his mid-eighteenth century imitators, or Yeats like his Rhymers' Club colleagues! His poetry springs from a full participation in life, and even where it seems purely sensuous it has a vigour and freshness so different from the effete hot-house feel of his successors. But while Mr. Kohli's mission is wholly laudable, one is left quite dumbfounded by the fact that of all critics it is Matthew Arnold he picks on for an exercise of his corrective labours. For when one turns to the Arnold essay in question, one finds that far from dismissing Keats as a type of the artist whose 'hypertrophy in the field of naturalistic interpretation' reduced him to the level of a merely sensuous poet, the Victorian critic

was at pains to establish the very opposite:

We who believe Keats to have been by his promise, at any rate, if not fully by his performance one of the very greatest of English poets, and who believe also that a merely sensuous man cannot either by promise or by performance be a very great poet, because poetry interprets life, and so large and noble a part of life is outside of such a man's ken, — we cannot but look for signs in him of something more than sensuousness, for signs of character and virtue.

Lord Byron and the early reviewers may have projected a public image of Keats which emphasised his sensuous genius at the expense of the more serious side of his artistic make-up, and the publication of Hayden's memoirs and of the poet's love letters may have tended to confirm this. But Arnold (no less than Mr. Kohli) is outraged by such a simplification. He subjects Keats's life and letters to intense scrutiny to arrive at the conclusion that while he had an indubitable gift for the sensuous,

But the thing to be seized is that Keats had flint and iron in him, that he had character; that he was, as his brother George says, 'as much like the Holy Ghost as *Johnny Keats*, as that imagined sensuous weakling, the delight of the literary circles at Hampstead.

Viewing Keats in this fashion and explicitly attributing to him a clarity and awareness of human character and problems superior, say, to Byron's, Arnold could hardly have been guilty of dismissing his poems—far less the great odes—as mere sensuous poetry. Speaking of Keats's treatment of the problem of beauty so central to his odes, he unequivocally asserts:

The truth is that 'the yearning passion for the beautiful,' which was with Keats, as he himself truly says, the master passion, is not a passion of the sensuous or sentimental man, is not a passion of the sensuous or sentimental poet. It is an intellectual and spiritual passion. It is 'connected and made one,' as Keats declares that in his case it was, 'with the ambition of the intellect.' . . . He has made himself remembered and remembered as no merely sensuous poet could be; and he has done it by having 'loved the principle of beauty in all things.'

Arnold might be unable to accept that 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty' is all we mortals 'need to know',† but he insists:

. . . it is true, deeply true, and we have deep need to know it. And with beauty goes not only truth, joy goes with her also; and this too Keats saw and said, . . . It is no small thing to have so loved the principle of beauty as to perceive the necessary relation of beauty with truth, and of both with joy.

If, far from ignoring the serious side of Keats's genius, Matthew Arnold was deeply concerned with the need to recognise and understand it, we are led to ask ourselves why Mr. Kohli with his perspicacity should have developed a blind-spot in viewing him. The only explanation that offers is that in the untempered zeal of his Keatsolatry, he was so offended by Arnold's assertion that for 'the faculty of moral interpretation . . . Keats was not ripe,' that, in utter disregard of his entire argument, he took it to mean that Arnold was positing that, 'Keats's genius was not 'ripe' for the moral interpretation of human experience because of its hypertrophy in the field of naturalistic interpretation.' There are some enthusiasts of art who would not brook of qualifications in one's praise; and so if Arnold is unwilling to grant the young Keats the full status of the mature Shakespeare, Mr. Kohli would have none of him. It would not do to say that the seed of moral seriousness was there, that Keats was making a heroic 'effort to develop' it, but the effort was 'frustrated and cut short by misfortune, and disease, and time.' If Keats is among the greats, then—no matter what a work like *Otho the Great* might say to the contrary—he is unqualifiedly with the author of *King Lear* and *Tempest*.

It is all very well to talk of Keats as Shakespeare, but would such a position stand up to critical scrutiny? The one fact we cannot afford to forget is that Keats died at an age when Shakespeare was still in the midst of his first phase. To have developed at the rate he did, moving within two years from *Endymion* to the revised

Hyperion, and to have accomplished so much in so short a time must remain one of the miracles of art history. But to claim more for him than his work actually warrants is surely to do it positive disservice. It is easy to talk of 'Beauty' being coincident with 'Truth'! But the question is: 'What Beauty?' and 'What Truth?' Are the levels of meaning at which Keats is speaking identifiable with those at which the Dante of the *Paradiso* or the Shakespeare of the last plays operate? The truth is that while Keats was no escapist, no degenerate aesthete in quest of ivory towers, vital and alive and capable of growth as he was, at the time when his artistic career abruptly ended he was successfully accomplishing the difficult transition from what thinkers like Kierkegaard would call the 'naturalist' to the 'ethical' plane of human experience. A man of keen sensory perception deeply sensitive to physical loveliness, Keats, more fully and totally than any contemporary of his, was caught up in the naturalistic plane of human experience. But to one who is capable of vital growth and who does not turn his back on reality, such a plane cannot hold his loyalties for long. More completely than any other, it is subject to the ravages of time. And so in Keats we find a growing realisation of its limitations and of the need to turn to something else.

What gives the great odes their 'inner resonance' and intensity is precisely the fact that they dramatise this critical point in Keats's inner development. It is the union of a peerless youthful beauty and love as embodied by Psyche and Cupid that catches the poet's attention in the first piece of the sequence. 'Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,' he tells us, and the recollection of the short-lived bliss of the two lovers in the Greek myth helps us to see why Keats lingers on 'but had not bade adieu.' The threat of time to young Love and Beauty, as Mr. Kohli has already demonstrated, becomes more explicit and insistent in the poems that follow. In the *Nightingale* and *Grecian Urn* odes Keats attempts, by

turning in turn to nature and art, to discover a Beauty that escapes Time. The bird's song has altered little with the changing panorama of human life ('The voice I hear this passing night was heard! In ancient days...'), while the lovers on the Urn cannot outgrow their youth nor the boughs shed their leaves. But, for all that, the bird flies away without warning just when the poet is at the height of his ecstasy, reminding him of its alienation from the human world; and the Urn, though (unlike the bird) it embodies human passions and aspirations that leave 'a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,' remains a mere 'attitude,' a 'shape,' a 'Gold Pastoral.' Or, to adapt Mr. Kohli's words, 'The possibility of escape has been rejected in [these] so-called escapist poem[s].' The 'Ode on Melancholy'—a poem Mr. Kohli inexplicably ignores—begins at the very point where its two predecessors left off. It accepts as its starting point the inevitability of Time. Hence the 'Melancholy' in it. But accepting this inevitability the poet arrives at the recognition that an awareness of Time, of Mutability—'Joy whose hand is ever at his lips/Bidding adieu'—is the necessary condition for a full and intense participation in the richness and exultation of Beauty. It needs a 'strenuous tongue' to 'burst Joy's grape against his palate fine.'

With the 'Ode on Melancholy' we have thus moved a long way from the Keats of the earlier odes. The progress is from a floundering attempt to evade Time towards a clear recognition of its inevitability and need. As the poet proceeds further, increasingly mastering his problem, he grows more concentrated in his expression and less personnal in his mode of utterance, his poems becoming shorter and more objective in form. But to recognise the limitations of the naturalist plane of experience is one thing, to accept them with one's whole being another. If we required any evidence of Keats's capacity for arriving at such acceptance, we have the 'Ode to Autumn.' Its language, without loss of intensity, displays a relaxation of rhythms that *enacts*

more vocally than any explicit statement could have done Keats's complete transcendence of the problems that had distracted him earlier. There is a momentary cry, 'Where are the songs of spring?' to remind us of the deeper meanings below—the rest is a serene and unruffled surface of wholly impersonal description. But in a sense the Autumn ode is not so much a finale as an 'epilogue' to the ode sequence of the spring of 1819, embodying an attitude which makes their tensions quite irrelevant, in another sense it is a 'prologue' to a new and different phase of inner and artistic development. In arriving at a full acceptance of the limits of the naturalist plane, Keats was at last free to cross beyond it. The difference between the two versions of *Hyperion* is not merely one of form, Miltonic or Dantesque, but of modes of awareness. The first, like the odes of the spring of 1819, is pre-occupied with the inevitability of Mutability and its pathos:

'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.

The second moves on to the problem of suffering, human and super-human, of which the dialogue on poets and dreamers and the account of Moneta's face are the high-lights:

Then saw I a wan face,
Not pin'd by human sorrows, but bright-blanch'd
By an immortal sickness which kills not;
It works a constant change, which happy death
Can put no end to; deathwards progressing
To no death was that visage; . . .

Being very fragmentary, the revised version can at best only give us a glimpse of the vast scope and potential of the new phase. But, as everyone since Shelley's *Adonis* has lamented, fate intervened and blighted the sapling before it could arrive at full blossom and maturity.

The Keatsian canon we have is single and continuous. Each phase of it can only be fully appreciated by being related to what precedes and follows. The odes written in

the spring of 1819 can and should be related to the one 'To Autumn,' just as this should be related to the revised *Hyperion*. But to relate them thus is one thing, to *collapse* them into each other, confounding the earlier with the later, quite another. It is the fact of steady growth and development that Arnold underlines in his essay on Keats and this that Dr. Leavis so brilliantly demonstrates by his analysis of individual poems. Both critics are unstinted in their praise of Keats's actual achievement; both, viewing his rich and concrete language, his quest for impersonality and his amazing capacity for growth, are generous in estimating his 'Shakespearean' promise whose fulfilment fate denied. But at no point do they confuse promise with performance or mistake compositions of an earlier phase for those of a later one. With Mr. Kohli, however, the case is quite otherwise. Not content to see the tree as latent in the sapling, he must have the sapling as the tree. He must condemn Arnold for denying a poet of twenty-four the kind of maturity that Shakespeare arrived at in his forties, and turning to Dr. Leavis, must argue:

I cannot help thinking that Leavis' criticism of the Moneta passage is an equally appropriate criticism [not only of 'To Autumn' but of all] the odes I have discussed.

It could be only through such a perversion of the principles of artistic growth that the term 'tragic impersonality' that Leavis uses exclusively for the second *Hyperion*, is transposed by Mr. Kohli to the odes and we hear not merely of 'tragic joy,' 'the sense of the tragic,' 'the tragedy of suffering,' etc., but of the 'grandeur of a tragic vision.' Keats in his wildest moments could never have been guilty of mistaking the vision of his odes for that of the great tragedies of Sophocles or Shakespeare! The odes are elegaic in their movement and full of a haunting sadness. But in what sense are they 'tragic'? If the pathos of mutability, of youth that grows pale and of new love that does not pine beyond tomorrow, is by itself 'tragic vision' then popular romance with its

endless store of jilted loves is no less 'tragic.' Yeats may have remarked, 'We begin to live when we conceive of life as tragedy,' but he did not fail to add that the 'Vision of Evil' was an essential pre-requisite, and specifically classified Keats among 'the great lesser writers' distinct from 'the supreme masters of tragedy' (*Autobiographies*, London, 1961, p. 273). 'Sailing to Byzantium' may put one in mind of 'Ode on a Grecian Urn,' but the parallel is perfunctory. Keats's desire for a sensuous music more perfect than any which physical instruments can make — 'Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard/Are sweeter' — is a very different thing from the later Yeats's quest for prophetic song: 'to sing . . . Of what is past, or passing, or to come.' Keats may, glimpsing young love, discover 'a burning forehead and a parching tongue'; the Irish poet, however, turns his back upon

it, praying to the 'sages standing in God's holy fire':

Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

Anyone familiar with Yeats's interest in Alchemy and the Cabbalah would know that the 'gold mosaic,' or 'the hammered gold and gold enamelling' he is speaking of are mystical symbols, and the 'artifice of eternity' a totally different thing from the arrest of time represented by Keats's Urn.

Keats may be related to Yeats just as he can be related to Shakespeare. The establishment of such connections is one of the primary modes of critical thought. But while, in estimating Keats's achievement, one must not overlook the promise of so brilliant and rapidly-maturing an artist, it would be ridiculous to confuse the promise of a writer who died so young with the actual performance of the mature Shakespeare or the older Yeats. If we are to do justice to the real genius of Keats we would, in approaching his work, do well to imbibe something of the humility and sense of 'fact' that distinguish him:

I know nothing, I have read nothing; and I mean to follow Solomon's directions: 'get learning, get understanding.' There is only one way for me. The road lies through application, study and thought. I will pursue it.

* To be more accurate, Mr. Kohli also names Arthur Symonds, but he is mentioned only in passing and it is Arnold who is the chief subject of criticism.

† In one of the two versions of the Grecian Urn we have, the words of the Urn to the spectator end with "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'". If this be the truer version, then, as suggested by Prof. David Daiches at an informal discussion, the formula: "that is all Ye know on earth and all ye need to know," is directed not at humanity (as Arnold and other critics, including Mr. Kohli, have assumed) but is an ironic Lambsonian comment on the "protected" world of art which does not have to reckon with life's realities as we know them.

Matthew Arnold and Keats: A Reply

DEVINDRA KOHLI

MR. SENA in his rejoinder to my article makes two main points which I would like to answer. First, he wonders why I developed 'a blind-spot' towards Arnold's criticism of Keats in 'utter disregard' of the latter's qualifying remark. Secondly, he questions the propriety of attributing to Keats's odes the sort of tragic intensity which one discovers in the mature Shakespeare or the older Yeats.

It is true Arnold refers to Keats's 'yearning passion for the beautiful as not merely sensuous and sentimental' but 'an intellectual and spiritual passion.' But so what? He does so by subjecting as Mr. Sena himself confesses, 'Keats's life and letters' (not poetry) to 'intense scrutiny'. Indeed this tendency to generalize about poetry on the basis of the kind of man Keats was rather than the kind of poetry that he actually wrote is a limitation which has to be reckoned with in gauging the authority and authenticity of Arnold's comments on Keats. One recalls how he dismisses Shelley so crudely: "in poetry, no less than in life, he is 'a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain' without saying anything about his poetry. I can assure Mr. Sena that I was aware, while writing the article in question, of Arnold's qualifying remark, but I was also aware of Arnold's monumental failure to see the text of Keats's poems 'steadily and whole' which failure Mr. Sena in his 'untempered zeal' to defend Arnold carefully overlooks. As such, Arnold's comment that Keats was not ripe for moral interpretation appears suspect to me and I find it difficult to accept it without reservation, as Mr. Sena does. Secondly, it must be obvious that when Arnold says that the odes ('shorter things') are both 'perfect' and

immature; perfect because they have 'rounded perfection and felicity of *loveliness*', the density of sensuous exuberance, so to speak; and immature because their moral vision is thin, he is suggesting that while the seed of moral seriousness is revealed in the scattered patches of awareness, the superstructure is largely that of sensuous density, thus pointing to an *excessive* emphasis on the latter at the expense of the former. This is deadly unjust. Thirdly, we should remember that moral seriousness of character¹ is one thing, but moral seriousness projected in art another. Arnold not only evades the latter but makes an unfortunate assumption in saying: 'But in *shorter* things, where the *matured* power of moral interpretation and high architectonics which go with complete poetic development *are not required*, he (Keats) is perfect' (*italics mine*). How is 'matured power of moral interpretation' not required in shorter poems? I should rather think that at the time we are concerned with poetry we are concerned with the *cumulative quality of experience* that is communicated to us; the size of form (shorter or longer) is a matter of choice or chance (both in the case of Keats). Thus those who harp upon the moral immaturity of the odes are concerned, if at all, with the individual patches of perception and not with the cumulative quality of experience behind them. Of course, it is true that a longer poem or a play offers more scope, range and variety for an extended flowering of the particular experience, but it does not mean that the matured faculty of moral interpretation is a monopoly of longer poems or plays. And surely in the light of what *Otho the Great* turns out to be, and his painful dissatisfaction with *Hyperion* and the

sonnet form, Keats seems to have felt comfortable, when he died, only with the ode.

An important error which Mr. Sena commits is to exalt his dogmatic insistence upon a rigid chronological order for these poems written in the course of four or five months at the expense of the presiding unity of the poems which are 'variations on the same essential theme' and the fact that *The Fall of Hyperion* happens to be a fragmentary revision of *Hyperion* on which Keats had been working off and on from September 1818 to April 1819 – the month in which he wrote *Ode to Psyche* and drafted *Ode to Nightingale* followed by *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and *Ode on Melancholy* in May, and *Ode to Autumn* in September. But before he wrote *Ode to Autumn* he had already finished the first 180 lines of *The Fall of Hyperion*. Those who blatantly argue that suddenly with *Ode to Autumn* and *the Fall of Hyperion* Keats becomes tragically impersonal ignore not only the circular pattern of Keats's artistic growth but the objectivity and detachment of *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, *On the Grasshopper and Cricket*, *After Dark Vapours*, *What the Thrush said*, *Ode to Psyche*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, *Ode on Melancholy* and the impersonality of *Ode to a Nightingale*. However accepting the inescapable fact that Keats died at about 26 and not indulging in conjectures as to what he might have done had he lived longer², I should think of the odes as the culminating stage, rather than a mere transitional point, in the history of Keats's artistic growth (which has the completeness of an ode if not that of a play or an epic), and of *The Fall of Hyperion* as an attempted extension of the area of experience projected in the odes.

II

It was the Shakespeare of the mature tragedies who fired Keats's soul while writing his odes and who subordinated the density of Spenserian exuberance whose preponderance in his early poetry makes Keats's

moral commitment rather thin. Although the sonnet *On Sitting Down to Read 'King Lear' Again* was written in January 1818, it clearly predicts the creative influence which that particular tragedy was to exercise on him as the affective principle behind the vision of the odes. Speaking of 'the bitter-sweet of this Shakespearean fruit' (mark how close this phrase comes to tragic joy), he invokes Shakespeare as Milton invokes, in *Paradise Lost*, 'the Heavenly Muse', and her 'aid to my Adventurous song,/that with no middle flight intends to soar/Above the 'Aonian Mount':

Chief Poet! and ye clouds of Albion,
Begetters of our *deep eternal theme*,
When through the old oak forest I am gone
Let me not wander in a barren dream,
But when I am *consumed in the fire*,
Give me new Phoenix wings to fly at my desire.
(italics mine)

It is obvious that the 'deep eternal theme' is the theme of tragic experience, that 'the oak forest' refers to 'realm./Of Flora, and Old Pan', that the fire in which Keats wishes to be consumed (Yeats also wishes to be consumed away in fire so that he may be transformed) is the fire of tragic experience which would spiritually rejuvenate him, baptize him and help him transcend through the achieved vision the life of 'barren dreams(s)', and that the desire at which he wants to fly is the desire to write about tragic experience. Apart from 'the pangs of despised love' of which Hamlet was also a victim, there was with Keats the slowly enveloping apprehension of death coming at a frightfully early age. Could there be, Mr. Sena needs must be asked, a more sharp and powerful tragic experience, for Keats, than this growing, at times giddy, apprehension? But the paradox is that the more he felt, in 'the living year's of his life, 'consumed in the fire' of this inescapable apprehension, 'the more his poetry deepened and dazzled. Keats, thanks to this 'inner resonance' would not have been led to complain, if he had lived longer, that 'when I had been young my Muse was old'.

Long before Yeats was struggling out of the shadowy, crepuscular world of *The Wind Among the Reeds* (published when Yeats was 34) and had stopped wishing

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:

and long before he had confronted 'the cold heaven' (the bitterness of life) and 'the blood-dimmed tide of cosmic violence'. Keats had (at 24) touched the 'deep eternal theme.' Mr. Sena should remember that at 24 Yeats was writing *Crossways* which contains poems like 'The Song of the Happy Shepherd', 'The Falling of the Leaves', 'Down by the Salley Gardens', whose inspiration came directly from the Pre-Raphaelites. And when he was 28, he was still unwilling to give up the 'dreaming wisdom' of the Druid for the daylight world of reality, and was writing 'The White Birds', 'The Man who dreamed of Faery-land' and 'I will arise and go now, and go to Innis-free' where he would 'live alone in the beeloud glade.'

It is only in 1910 (at the age of 45) that Yeats made the recognition

Through all the lying days of my youth
I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;
Now I may wither into the truth.³

This is a revelation of the new promise (which came rather late) whose flowering begins in *Responsibilities* written when Yeats was 49, although at the end of the above volume he is still writing his new manifesto of 'walking naked' in 'A coat'. But when I come across the following lines in *Sleep and Poetry* (written when Keats was 21)

And Can I ever bid these joys farewell?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts....

I am only amused at the ignorance of the facts which made Mr. Sena resent my

attempt to discover in the vision of the odes certain dimensions of Yeats's later poetry, at his implication that all artists follow certain established principles of growth and that maturity necessarily depends upon the number of years one lives and not upon one's capacity for the intense and rapid absorption of experience. I wonder, despite my avowed admiration of Yeats, if there is anything that he wrote before *The Wild Swans at Coole* (1919) to which Keats's odes are not superior. Besides it should not be forgotten that Yeats also wrote shorter poems. And would Mr. Sena say, like Arnold, that Yeats's later poems, short as they are, did not require the matured power of moral interpretation? And in what sense, one might ask, Yeats's dissatisfaction with the ephemerality of natural life — where 'whatever is begotten, born and dies', — and his confrontation of the irony of the old age, in *Sailing to Byzantium* and *The Tower* constitute a 'vision of evil' — the sort of evil which Mr. Sena has in mind, presumably the Shakespearean type? Yet, would he deny tragic intensity to these poems? If not, then why must he deny this significance to Keats's vision of the dissolving, withering life in *Ode to a Nightingale*, and to his dissatisfaction with the 'sensual music' and his longing for a more enduring one in *Ode on a Grecian Urn*? The only problem precipitated by Keats's early death and open to conjecture is whether he would have succeeded in projecting his tragic vision into a longer poem, or through the interplay of various imaginatively conceived characters in a full-fledged play which it was his ambition to write.

We as human beings are apt to learn more from *Ode to a Nightingale* than even from *Ode to Autumn*: the difference between the two being, in Murry's words, the difference between an 'ecstatic' and 'serene' acceptance of life. In the ghastly vision of this world as the endless store-house of suffering, 'where men sit and hear each other groan', the ode reminds one of Shakespeare's vision of the futility of life and its barren shadowiness in *Macbeth's*

speech in which he accepts the inevitability of 'dusty death' ('sod' is Keats's word) and speaks of life 'but as a walking shadow... a tale/Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury/Signifying nothing', or of Eliot's vision of 'shape without form, shade without colour,/Paralysed force, gesture without motion' (cf. Keats's 'where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs' and 'leaden-eyed despairs'). Further, in the confrontation of the two levels of experience: illusion and reality, fancy and fact, dreaming and waking, or to use Tennessee Williams's phrase from *The Night of the Iguana* 'the fantastic and the realistic', the central vision of *Ode to a Nightingale* is, essentially, qualitatively, not different from that of Shakespeare's mature tragedies.⁴ Mr. Knights rightly finds in *Macbeth* 'a third theme' — closely related to 'the two main themes' — 'that of the deceitful appearance, and consequent doubt, uncertainty, and confusion.' Keats's temptation to be led away by 'fancy-the deceiving elf' is as conspicuous as the doubt and uncertainty as to the nature of reality (mark the ambiguity of 'Do I wake or sleep?'). Lear suffers because he fails to distinguish between these two levels of experience and is blinded, in the beginning, by the despotism of his own thinking. Hamlet's problem, although the stress of the outer circumstances is more explicit (because it is a play) than in Keats, whose 'slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' — his illness and 'the pangs of despised love' are sharply, though implicitly, behind the third stanza, is essentially the same: the effort to transcend the plane of ugly actuality which precipitates 'the heartache, and the thousand natural shocks/that flesh is heir to'. The fabric of Hamlet's youthful idealism has been exploded by his mother's conduct. The soliloquy pictures him vacillating between the need of a solid acceptance of 'a sea of troubles', and 'the heartache' (cf. Keats's 'My heart aches'); and the illusory comfort of suicidal death coming as 'a consummation/Devoutly to be wish'd' (cf. Keats's 'Now more than ever seems it rich to die') not only of the tragic pressure but also of

the desired joy of relief. The point is that the burden of tragic experience has brought both Keats and Hamlet to a moment when they consider 'the possibility of seizing any formula' for facing 'the complexities of living'. Keats feels that he has, though temporarily, through empathic joy, 'shuffled off this mortal coil'. And in the quest to perpetuate it, he thinks, as the final act of transcendence, of a permanent 'shuffling off'. But then for both 'there's the rub'. Hamlet is frightened by the fear of not returning from 'the undiscover'd country' — which fear, puzzling his will to die, brings him back to the realistic plane with the commitment 'to bear those ills we have'. So is Keats brought back to this plane by the sense of the inevitability of becoming 'a sod' to the nightingale's 'high requiem'. Although Shakespeare, in his more personal moments, is also seen raising an identical cry.

'Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,

Yet the cry in *Hamlet*, as in *Ode to a Nightingale*, is as sharply rejected as placed in its tragic context.⁵

Mr. Sena, disturbed by the phrase 'the grandeur of a tragic vision', asks 'what beauty?' and 'what truth?' Knowing that I have already crossed the length prescribed for this reply, I shall be content with a reference to Mr. D. G. James, with the hope that it will satisfy Mr. Sena. Mr. James, (in *Three odes to John Keats*) connects *King Lear* with *Ode on a Grecian Urn* on the ground that the last two lines of the ode express 'Keats's belief... that if we could see the world, however tragic, as a god sees it, or as the great poet in *King Lear* sees it, we could see it as having a form of beauty, the ways of God would seem justified.' My only comment on this is to reinforce it by connecting it with Yeats's 'A Drinking Song' (written at 45)

Wine comes in at the mouth
And love comes in at the eye;
That's all we shall know for truth
Before we grow old and die.
I lift the glass to my mouth
I look to you, and I sigh.

Neither Alchemy nor the Cabbalah nor mysticism would, I hope, stand in the way of Mr. Sena in recognizing how close is Yeats, in this poem, to the Keatsian stance and how accurately he has poetized Keats's idea of 'negative capability': 'when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason.' There is no beauty bigger than that of life (with its joy and

suffering) and no truth more authentic and more profound than the realization of it. Human knowledge begins and ends with this. That is why Yeats could say 'I am content to live it all again/And yet again, if it be life to pitch/Into the frog-spawn of a blind man's ditch' and Keats that 'the poetry of earth is ceasing never'. Is it merely a recognition of 'the limitations of the naturalistic plane of experience' or a whole-hearted acceptance of them?

¹ One example of Arnold's attempt to find 'signs of character and virtue' in Keats is when he speaks of 'the admirable wisdom and temper of what he (Keats) says to his friend Bailey, *on the occasion of a quarrel between Reynolds and Haydon*.' Arnold, it may be remembered, is concerned more with demolishing the image of sentimental Keats conjured up by his letters to Fanny Brawne etc. than with his poetry.

² Who knows but that Keats too, as Yeats once contemplated at 45, 'might have thrown poor words away' and, marrying Fanny Brawne, 'been content to live.'

³ From *The Green Helmet and Other Poems* before which 'Yeats was', as J. M. Cohen puts it, 'a minor poet. . . who used Irish myth and theosophical theory as a picturesque decoration for essentially Decadent poetry.'

⁴ It would not be wrong to speak of these odes as condensed tragedies. Cf. W. J. Bate: 'In each (ode) we are dealing with a miniature drama.'

⁵ It is not accidental that on April 15, 1819 he wrote to George and Georgiana Keats: 'Do you not see how necessary a world of Pains and troubles is to school an Intelligence and make it a Soul? A place where the heart must feel and suffer in a thousand diverse ways.'

POETRY

MIRACLES

Count the blessings that save me in Calcutta:
Lamps still guard the evening lanes;
Dawn digs water at the tap; next door
First-floor rails flap dripping saffron
Sari-ends; hourly the roosters crow—
Make midnights ripped by bandit-shouts—
From the neighbouring slums; what tireless will
In a black drop of a fly can tease middays
With billowy buzz; and a march of ants
Each day picks off with scrupulous guile
Grains of sugar left from tea.
Windows hang there all year round
Yards of violet, blue, orange, gray
Slices of the sky; and the room glows blue
If a thin match is struck in the nameless dark.
Buy a new book (smell: English antique)—
Then save it from grabbers, this letter from your girl.
Miracles all. Thus come Sundays,
Beaming red,—some floating buoy
After days of drifting since the wreck.
The bristly paws of breadwinning stab,
And one still goes home every week-end
With a whistle or two for this indolent day.
And look, in the mail-box, there they lie,
Envelopes of sunlight: left by whom?
What spectral mailman delivers them?

NARESH GUHA

(Translated from the Bengali by the author)

SAKUNTALA

Those crooked streams are cloud now, days turned dim:

Sakuntala,

When shall I repay my debt to you?

Moon's phases have filled many cycles,

And the sky heard oboes of many autumns.

Granted that you are gone,

Granted that you may not ever turn back :

Heavens still laugh and the gilded mornings blush;

Birds change into songs, songs into melody, and flowers flame.

When buds, like anguish, wilt on all branches,

July hawks water in cascading clouds.

Must then your dark hair in undone piles

Forever hide my dreams each night?

And must a voice I never can escape

Invade my room and trouble my sleep

Though the world is composed for the Dipper's plunge?

Dawn, I climb down the steps, go grind:

Mud marks me, and steam and smoke drown.

When sin and disgrace rub my soul,

You still endure! and why does Time,

The trickster, add to my burden? Say,

When shall I repay my debt to you?

NARESH GUHA

(Translated from the Bengali by the author)

TWO POEMS ON DEATH

I

The leaves yellowtipped early this year.
 Winter caught me all unready thinking
 upon the brief Indian Summer.
 The dusty half-hearted fall of a goodbye
 had not told me you were gone
 until this yellow winter laid the shearing hand
 of shame on me and counted the woof lines
 one by one.
 The poor summer dissolved in an iterative image
 of a caress impatient to be done with my face
 and feet faster than my heartbeat
 thudding down the street.
 On the nightwind come
 Waves of mangoblossom
 deluging my dreams.
 Waking I know I am here, too much here.
 Then what do we the living know
 about you the death?

II

How long must I walk
 these long and windsome streets
 before I meet
 you? In the rim of a starred black sky I stand
 looking up trying to think
 of all those meetings and partings
 which are my life.
 As footfalls dim past me I wonder
 if I'll recognize your step
 once so longed for.
 Remembered passion flutters my eyes
 and stays my breath a moment yet
 I hurry on to be there on time
 where first we met
 and gazing in your face I fled.
 I return now searching every stranger
 for your face your dark eyes.
 Return to beg for the sanctuary
 not of love, only of your arms.

GAURI DESHPANDE

SHORT STORY

Sword and Shield

O. P. BHAGAT

IT was Lala Sadhu Ram who inspired me to buy a cow. When I bought one, he made me sell her immediately.

'Get rid of this cow,' he said, with a note of warning in his voice. I had no doubt, and still have none, that he was a well-wisher of mine. But whenever I think of that cow, I feel that I parted with a good thing for no reason.

I came to know Lala Sadhu Ram when I rented a house in the lane in which he lived. I liked him the moment I met him. He was almost twice my age—he was in his early sixties—but we got on so well that soon we became friends. Everybody was surprised, Lala Sadhu Ram more than others, as he told me later.

Spare of build and rather tall, he was remarkably robust for a man of his age. His hair was gray, but his sight was undimmed and his teeth intact. And for walking he never used the stick he carried about. You would have said that he was just forty, with prematurely gray hair. His clothes, however, were an index to the generation he belonged to.

He wore a loose, collarless shirt, with one large pocket on the breast and another on the side. His *salwar*, which stood a little above the ankles, was heavy, its pleats swelling like the folds of a cumulus. Also heavy were his slippers, with curling toes. Seven yards of muslin went to make his turban: the size in vogue at the time I speak of was five yards. White, starched

and carefully wrinkled to smooth out angularities, the turban lent much dignity to Lala Sadhu Ram.

In spite of its weight and size, the dress did not clog his movements in any way. In fact, it was as natural to him as feathers to a bird. He was active all day. He rose early and went for a walk to the river-bank—the river was more than a mile from our lane. He bathed there, and was back home by the time the sun rose. Quite often he woke me up as he passed by my home.

After an early breakfast, Lala Sadhu Ram went out to his work. He acted as a broker for the Pathans who brought camel-loads of chopped straw and firewood to our town, Daryapur, for sale. The job involved a lot of walking. Lala Sadhu Ram would lead the Pathans, two or three at a time, through the streets, with the laden camels trailing behind. Usually he found buyers for the straw and firewood an hour or so before noon. Though this meant at least five miles of walking, and much talking at the same time, he looked fresh at the end of it. But on certain days he returned home pretty late, and looked tired.

'I don't know what bad omen I saw this morning,' he would say. 'The straw was clean and the firewood dry, but no one would stop to buy them. At last, we threw them away for whatever we were offered'.

After a short nap in the afternoon, Lala Sadhu Ram was active again. He would

go to the bazar to buy vegetables and other necessities for the family. And in the evening he went to a public garden, where he 'ate' fresh air for about an hour. His day was, however, not over yet. One important task remained—that of telling a story or two to his grand-children at bedtime. He told them old tales and anecdotes and stories of everyday adventure he had heard from people.

Like most elderly people he did not favour the drinking of tea. He regarded this beverage as a physician's brew, for he drank it once in a while when he had a cold or a headache. It was, indeed, a physician's brew that he sipped: besides tea leaves, a cardamom, a little aniseed and a bit of cinnamon went to make his cup.

'Once I went to attend a ceremony,' he told me. 'At the end they served sweets and other things with tea. I ate something, but refused the tea. 'Why, Lalaji?' asked the host. 'I have no ailment today,' was my reply. He was puzzled for a moment. Then he smiled and sent for a glass of milk for me.'

Lala Sadhu Ram drank milk, preferably buffalo's, with cream on top. A drink he would have in place of milk was buttermilk, with a pinch of salt and pepper. If neither was available, he had plain water.

Now and then he bantered me for drinking tea daily. 'You have become a chronic patient,' he would say. But, strangely enough, I converted him into a tea-drinker, though he would not have more than one cup a day. But he did not stop railing at me or drinking a physician's brew.

'You have become an addict, Prakash,' he said one day. 'Cut out half the cups, and drink milk instead.'

'With three children, my milk bill is already quite big, Lalaji,' I explained.

Lala Sadhu Ram reflected. 'Why don't you buy a cow?'

'I can't afford one.'

'And I have enough work to do at home,' put in my wife.

'I am not suggesting anything expensive,'

said Lala Sadhu Ram. 'A cow will yield you milk enough and to spare. I shall ask the local milkman to take away all the spare milk from you. Thus the cow will be earning her keep.'

'But why do you want to increase my duties, Lalaji?' asked my wife.

'You won't have any trouble, Rukmini. Feeding a cow is not much of a job. As for cleaning the stall, you may engage a maid for three or four rupees a month. And imagine the comforts: you will have as much milk, cream, curd and butter as you like.'

While Rukmini was thinking over it, Lala Sadhu Ram added, 'Prakash will also help you to look after the cow. And I shall get you the finest possible straw in the town.'

Rukmini smiled. 'All right, Lalaji. But where to buy a cow from?'

'Leave that to me.' And he asked me to go with him to a certain place next morning.

He called me a little before daybreak. He had already taken his bath, for he was not going to the river that day. He took me to a dairy, where he spoke to the owner. The man led us to a stall and pointed to the cow tied there. It was a medium-sized animal, white, with short horns. Soon a servant came up with a pail. He fastened the cow's hind legs and began to milk her. We stood by while the jets of milk musically filled the vessel.

'That will do,' said Lala Sadhu Ram. 'Leave some milk for the calf.'

The servant obeyed.

'Now bring the measure. Let us know exactly what the yield is.'

While the man was measuring out the milk into another vessel, the cow swung her tail violently. 'What is the matter with her?' said Lala Sadhu Ram. Then looking at the cow, he said, 'Oh, her tail has no tuft.' And with that he lost all interest in the milk.

'Almost six seers,' declared the servant.

'May you enjoy it!' said Lala Sadhu Ram.

'Is it not enough?' asked the dairy owner. 'In her yield of milk this cow compares with a buffalo.'

'That is right. But what about the tuft?'

'She lost it in an accident. But as a milch animal she has no flaw.'

'But as an animal she has. She is like a jar with the handle broken: useful for storing water, but defective as a decorative piece.'

The dairy owner stared at Lala Sadhu Ram. He seemed to be wondering whether the man was wise or cranky. But he said, 'Come on, Lalaji, I shall show you another cow.'

He led us to a spotted animal, larger than the first. Before he could say anything to recommend her, Lala Sadhu Ram remarked, 'Rather old. Let us go, Prakash.'

As we left the dairy, the man who had milked the cow came running after us. 'If you want a good cow, I can suggest one to you,' he said. 'My uncle wants to sell his cow. She yields more than six seers of milk in the morning, and as much in the evening.' And he gave us his uncle's address.

In the evening, we went to see that cow. It was a beautiful black animal, with white legs. Her horns were smooth and shining, and her tail had a bushy, white tuft. I took an immediate liking to her. But Lala Sadhu Ram did not stop to have a second look at the cow. Catching hold of my arm, he led me away.

'Anything wrong with her?' asked.

'Yes, a lot.'

'I thought it was a beautiful animal.'

'Maybe. But she will prove inauspicious to the buyer.'

'Why, Lalaji?'

'Because all her legs are white. Such a cow, buffalo or horse is always inauspicious.'

'Really? I never heard such a thing before.'

'Many have not. That is why such animals find buyers.'

'But, Lalaji,' I argued, 'there are many such cows, buffalos and horses, and they

are owned by people. Do the owners come to grief?'

'That is none of our business. We have to safeguard our own interest.' He paused and added, 'If that cow had had a white patch on head, I would have considered her. An animal with white legs and a white patch on the head is not inauspicious.'

I reflected over this.

'Don't worry, my boy,' said Lala Sadhu Ram. 'I shall find you a good cow soon. Tomorrow, we will go to a village—five miles from here. I am told that a farmer has a cow for sale there.'

We set out for the village much before dawn. It was only then that I realised how energetic my elderly companion was. He walked fast and without stopping all the way, and quite a few times he outpaced me. We reached our destination just as the sun was rising.

Again, it was a black animal, but instead of whitelegs she had white-spotted flanks. The tuft of her tail was white, too. I liked the cow's appearance, and wondered if Lala Sadhu Ram would okay her. He made no comment. Apparently, he had approved of the cow's exterior.

With a pail between his knees, the farmer squatted to milk the cow. He did not get up until the pail was full and the bubbly foam almost overflowed.

'I hope,' he said, 'you will like to drink a tumbler of milk while it retains its warmth?'

'I don't mind,' said Lala Sadhu Ram. 'But I am afraid my young friend will say no.'

The farmer chuckled. He filled a large tumbler for Lala Sadhu Ram who drank it slowly like a connoisseur. I watched the expression on his face. It was one of satisfaction.

'Is it creamy?' asked the farmer.

'It is, my man,' Lala Sadhu Ram said, draining the glass. He wiped his mouth and added, 'Now, about the price. Be reasonable.'

They talked and haggled. At last, they settled the price. The farmer agreed to

lead the cow to my place, where he would get the money.

Lala Sadhu Ram paced up to the cow and patted her. The animal snorted and shook her head violently at him.

'What!' cried Lala Sadhu Ram. 'This is an ill-natured cow.'

'Not ill-natured, but a bit lively,' corrected the farmer.

'Well, you may call her so. But she certainly lacks gentleness, which is the prime quality of a cow. I cannot take her.'

'She is gentle,' pleaded the farmer. 'But as you are a stranger, she was rather touchy. See!' And he patted and thumped the cow all over. The animal stood calm and quiet.

'Still I cannot take her,' affirmed Lala Sadhu Ram. 'There are children at home. If they go near her, she will gore them.'

The farmer pleaded further, but in vain. Lala Sadhu Ram thanked him for the tumbler of milk and, motioning me to start, turned the way we had come.

'Don't worry, dear boy,' he said in a consoling tone. 'We will find a good animal in a day or two.'

But the three or four cows we saw next also met his disapproval. One was 'not so pretty to look at.' Another ate 'as much as a buffalo does.' In the case of the third the bargain fell through because the owner demanded a few rupees more than Lala Sadhu Ram was ready to concede.

'Why should you pay more?' he said to me. 'So long as I am in the picture, I shall see that you are not cheated of a single pie. But I tell you that fellow will come down and request us to take away his cow.'

The man did not. Lala Sadhu Ram tried to console me as well as himself, saying, 'That was not the last cow. There are many more. We will soon come upon the right animal.'

I told him that I was not impatient.

'It is kismet that decides everything,' he added. 'Your family is to drink the milk of a certain cow. You do not know where she is, but you will be guided to her without your knowing it.'

We continued to search for *the* cow. But, in fact, I had lost half my enthusiasm. Perhaps kismet had marked no cow for me.

Soon Lala Sadhu Ram happened to go away from Daryapur for a couple of days. The day he left, an acquaintance told me about a cow that was for sale. I was not keen to see the cow. But my wife, whose enthusiasm was unabated, made me go.

An hour later, I returned with the cow and her calf. It was a red, medium-sized animal, as gentle as a cow should be. Her legs were not white, and her tail ended in a thick tuft of hair. I had seen to everything to which Lala Sadhu Ram would have. As for the yield of milk, the man I had bought her from said it was ten seers a day. If the evening yield was not five seers, I could return the cow.

My wife liked the cow, and the children were happy with the little, spotted calf. Home became a bee-hive of activity. We tied the cow and the calf out at the door, as other owners of cows in the lane did. Then we emptied a large packing-case and converted it into a manger. One of the buckets was reserved for the cow. My son and a bigger boy of the lane ran to the bazar to fetch some grass.

Several neighbours came to see the cow. They approved of her in every way. 'I never thought,' said one, 'you were capable of driving such a good bargain.' I felt flattered. If only Lala Sadhu Ram were there! He would praise me in more glowing terms.

Soon it was time to milk the cow. I called in the local cowboy. The yield was five seers. I asked the boy to come daily, and to take the cow for grazing from next morning.

The next day Lala Sadhu Ram was back in town. His wife told him about the cow, and he came to me immediately. He looked happy like a guru whose disciple has mastered all knowledge in the shortest possible time. Unfortunately, the cow was out grazing, and he could not see her. But she would be returning soon.

'Is she gentle?' he asked.

'Very gentle, Lalaji,' I replied. 'She loves the children as much as she does her calf.'

'That is fine. What about the milk?'

'Five seers in the morning and five seers in the evening,' said Rukmini. 'And it is so creamy. Won't you have some, Lalaji?'

'I should very much like to,' said Lala Sadhu Ram. Laughing, he added, 'No more tea for me in this home.'

'I have decided to cut down my tea,' I informed him.

His face beamed with joy.

'Ten seers of milk is too much,' said Rukmini. 'I don't know what to do with what is left.'

'I shall ask the milkman to collect it from you.'

Rukmini brought him a tumbler of milk. The sight of the thick cream gratified him. As he was going to drink, there came a tinkling sound from outside.

'The cow has come!' said Rukmini.

Lala Sadhu Ram put down the tumbler and made for the door. We followed him.

'What have you bought, Prakash!' he almost shrieked as he saw the cow.

We were taken aback.

'Just look at her horns!' he added, in the same tone.

One of the horns was gracefully curved, but the other was straight and grew downward. I had noticed this fault at the time of buying. Certainly, the cow did not look as beautiful as she should have with the other horn also curving upward. But when I considered the other things, I ignored that defect.

'Do you know what that means?' asked Lala Sadhu Ram. 'The curved horn stands for the sword, and the straight one for the shield. They mean battle. Never can that home be happy to which this cow belongs. There will be quarrels there every day.'

Rukmini and I stared at him, and then at each other.

'Get rid of this cow,' he admonished, 'unless you want quarrels at home.'

Seeing the manger empty, the cow was a little restless. She shook her head, making

the bells round her neck tinkle. The sound was so pleasing. I wondered if the producer of that pleasing sound could bode ill. I tied the cow to the peg, and Rukmini filled the manger with fodder. The cow set to eating heartily, unmindful of her accuser.

'Your milk is getting cold, Lalaji,' said Rukmini.

'Oh,' said Lala Sadhu Ram. His fit of anger had passed. His voice was low and husky. On his face was a look of concern, that concern which an elder has for the young.

I led him away from the door.

'Is the milk cold, Lalaji?' said Rukmini.

'No,' he said, without touching the tumbler. Then he picked it up and began to drink mechanically.

'Is it not thick and creamy?' asked Rukmini.

'It is,' he replied. 'But get rid of this cow. Quarrels are not pleasant. I should be grieved if there were any between you two. And they are bound to occur if this cow remains with you.'

None of my family was willing to part with the cow, whom we had come to love. But we could not ignore Lala Sadhu Ram's warning. And that look of anxiety on his face. He treated us as his own children. If we disobeyed him, he might be heart-broken.

I could not take the cow back to her previous owner now. So I looked for a buyer, and luckily found one. Obviously, he did not know what sword-and-shield horns signified, for he just said, 'What a beauty this cow would be if her other horn was curved too.'

Parting with the cow was quite painful. Worse than that, I felt guilty at heart. I had knowingly sold to an ignorant person something that boded ill for domestic peace. So that when I came across him the next day, I tried to avoid his eye. But he had seen me and greeted me cordially. Luckily he was with an old woman in a fast-moving tonga, and I was spared further awkwardness.

About an hour later, I passed by that spot again. Someone called me from behind. I turned and saw that man. He was on foot now. I felt embarrassed.

'I was in a hurry then,' he said in a friendly tone. 'I live in a nearby lane. Won't you come for a chat?'

I tried to excuse myself, but he dragged me along like an old friend. He was in high spirits. Nothing ominous seemed to have happened at his home yet.

Once in his sitting-room, I forgot everything else. He was a great talker, and a pleasant one, too. He told me all about himself—what he did for a living, how many children he had, for how much he was insured, what his likes and dislikes were, and so on. As he rattled on, the talk turned to the old woman with whom I had seen him going.

'She is my wife's mother,' he said. 'Her name is Shanti Devi, Goddess of Peace. But in my mind I call her Goddess of

Strife. While she was here, my wife picked up a quarrel with me every day. Why? In my absence her mother would incite her.'

At the mention of quarrels that sense of guilt filled my mind again. I felt ill at ease.

'Thank God the woman has left for her town—I was taking her to the station,' the man went on. 'She got an urgent letter from her son—his wife is not well. I feel so happy today.'

His son brought two tumblers of milk and some sweets.

'Let us celebrate her departure,' he chuckled, pushing a tumbler towards me.

He sipped the milk and smacked his lips. 'Lovely milk,' he remarked. 'Thank you for selling that cow to me. I never drank such thick and creamy milk before.' He paused a moment and added, 'This is a lucky buy. The cow came to me yesterday, and today that Goddess of Strife is gone.'

In his joy, he emptied the tumbler at a draught.

The Zamindar of Pallipuram

SUJATHA BALA SUBRAMANIAN

YOU all think I am a little touched, don't you? 'The old man,' you say, 'the poor old man, he is not quite all there. It is only to be expected,' you whisper and shake your heads solemnly. 'Look at his shock of white hair, his skin wrinkled like a dried prune, his glazed eyes. Poor fellow,' you repeat, 'he must have been through a lot. What things he has seen in his day and now this—.' Well, go on, say it. You don't have to hide the fact that I am nothing more than an appendage now. Don't you think I am aware of it every minute of my life? Why! Even that fellow Raju, he looks at me queerly. 'Old man's in his dotage,' he thinks perhaps, 'it's best to humour him.' He thinks I don't know that he puts back all the money I give him everyday. It is like this. I wake up in the morning and he is there at my bedside with my coffee. And there is no denying that he has a deft hand with the razor. You know, I just can't get used to shaving myself, never done it in all my life. Then on to the bath and the water is exactly as I want it, steaming hot. Raju lays out my clothes and brings me my pan box. I dress, sit down on the cot and slowly make myself a pan. I am getting used to doing this myself for Raju would put enough chunam to choke a horse! I chew the pan and look at Raju. He goes to the cupboard and fetches a lacquer box. I open it and take out a handful of coins, all gleaming rupees though no longer silver. I pour the money into his hands. He accepts it and touches my feet before he turns away. And do you know what he does? That rascal of a servant comes back to the cupboard after I go out and puts all the money back! Not a single coin is missing, I counted them myself. Raju is an

honest rogue if anything. And he thinks I don't know about it. So goes the play-acting. It is all my son Santhanam's doing. He has put this fellow up to all these tricks. 'We'll try to give the old man almost the same kind of life that he is used to,' he conspires with that Raju. 'He is accustomed to giving large tips to the servants who attend on him. It is all make believe,' he says, 'you take it with one hand and put it back with the other. And when Sankranti comes, I shall give you a really good tip,' he promises. A really good tip indeed! A paltry five that I would be ashamed to throw down for having my shoes wiped. What does he know of tips? Sankranti—that was the season. Two hundred—three hundred, how many families were there in Pallipuram? And each man, woman and child newly clothed and feasted; flowers in their hair; the smell of boiling milk; stacks of sugarcane and freshly harvested paddy. They all file into the courtyard where I sit in a huge armchair. A chorus of voices wishing 'our master' long life and prosperity. Each with his own offering, a lump of gur, a few seers of rice, a bunch of coconuts. A flash of dark eyes as a young woman from the crowd glances appreciatively at my immaculate silk shirt and jewelled fingers. You know, at that moment, I would not change places with the King of England. Later, the manager brings the accounts. 'Expenses for Sankranti, Rs 3000. Gifts received in kind, 20 seers paddy, 6 viss gur—' The first time, I raise my eyebrows at the round figure and ask 'What is that for?' The manager stands behind my chair and whispers deferentially. 'It is customary for our master to clothe and feed the entire village during Sankranti—.' The next year I don't question his accounts

anymore. But the next year, I am happy. I have Mallika! See this pan box. Can you make out the figure of the woman on the lid? Oh! Yes, it is quite old and faded, but have you no eyes, man? Every time my fingers glide over this box I dream of Mallika, her smooth, supple body, voluptuous and yielding. The first time I see her, I know I have to have her. 'Lovely dancer—name is Mallika—shall I arrange for a private performance?' the manager asks. 'All right,' I assent grudgingly. Almost every month, a dance session is arranged for me and a few of my friends. We sit on the cushions and clap our hands as the woman gyrates on the floor. The silver goblets are kept filled and there is a lot of ribald laughter and slapping of the thighs. I've seen it all many times and I don't expect anything new this time also. But the moment I set eyes on Mallika I know. I sit up and gaze at her like a moonstruck calf! This time there is no laughter, no hand-clapping. Perhaps, she feels the intensity of my look. She falters in her step. I sit through the hour impatiently and in the end beckon to the manager. 'Tonight—the girl—.' He listens to me and nods his head, showing his discoloured teeth in a wide smile. He goes over to the girl's mother and whispers importantly. The old woman looks at me. You don't think I was a shrivelled up thing like this before, do you? She sees the regal arrogance of my bearing, the youthful ardour in my eyes and smiles, a knowing, triumphant smile. And so you see, Mallika comes to the Green House. And she dances for me. My eyes alone are privileged to see her sculptured beauty. Honestly, those were the days! You know, each one of us has his own version of Paradise. For me, it is always the Green House with Malli in it. There's a woman for you to rave about. They talk of film actresses these days. Bah! Do they call that beauty? You should see my Mallika. What a figure! The way she dances, as light as a bird! And for all that, she really loves me, you know. Lying on the softest of couches, my

legs being pressed gently by this apsara as she sings in her soft voice 'Manchi Dinamu—', why, even our good Lord Vishnu has not anything better, has he? One day, I go to the Green House with a present for Malli, an emerald necklace, a nice piece even if I say so myself. As usual, she is at the door to greet me. I open the lid of the box and her eyes grow round with wonder. 'Oh! How beautiful! Is it for me?' she asks dancing around with delight like a little girl. Then she becomes serious. 'You are too good to me.' She looks at me with large, worshipping eyes. I sit on the chair and watch her radiant face. The blood pounds in my chest and I hold out my arms to her. She comes. Her lips press down on mine with passionate abandon. Her perfume pervades my entire self. Ah! That is a day that I shall long remember! Later, I stretch out my hand for my pan box. It is not in its place by the couch. 'I must have left it behind in my haste,' I murmur to myself. She is up in a flash and runs inside. 'Here, let me make you a pan with my own hands.' She brings out a silver pan box with the figure of a woman etched on it. Her soft fingers tear the veins from the betel deftly and pop it into my mouth. Idly, my hands caress the figure of the woman in silver. 'Take this with you,' she urges, 'something, some little thing from me to you.' I laugh at her and again fold her up in my embrace. The silver woman stays with me as a memento of that evening. Shall I tell you something? Live as long as a man may, it is a day like this that illumines his whole life, lights it up like a landmark. But everything passes, even this moment. While I am returning home, this fellow the manager sidles up to me and hands me a plush covered box. 'What is this?' I grunt. 'Er—it is customary—for our lady—,' he explains. 'Oh! You mean for Radha? All right, give it to me.' I smile to myself as I take it. When one gives a present to one's mistress, it has to be duplicated for the wife. Such is convention! It is not as if Radha does not know about Malli. By now, she is sure to have got all

the details. But it makes no difference to us, to Radha and me. All these new-fangled ideas, thank God, we didn't have them in our days. Why! She even knows about the Green House! The other day, when our Santhanam is put to school for the first time, Radha comes with him in the carriage. There is a band and a whole crowd of people walking behind. And this young fellow, do you know how smart he looks in his dress of velvet and brocade? The school is decorated with flowers. All the children stand outside singing a song of welcome. Actually, you know, the school itself was built by my father when I went there first. But, where was I? Ah! You know, this Radha, she is not such a simple one. The carriage stops near the Green House and someone brings out an arati for the boy. Radha turns to the woman next to her and asks something. The woman nods and points to Malli who is watching from the balcony. The two ladies look at each other and I almost fancy I see a smile on Radha's face. But all this is old stuff. Now, there is nothing left but the silver woman. At least she will never leave me. They take it all away, all that I know and love. Then that young upstart of a collector has the cheek to come to me with a bit of paper. 'Government—compensation—,' he stutters. I grab the paper and want to throw it in his face. 'Compensation! You think this fancy piece of paper can compensate for my land and my people?' I want to shout, 'Get the hell out of here with your blasted paper!' But this fool Santhanam is at my side. 'Father, don't be hasty,' he says in a whisper, 'think of the future, of mother, of myself—.' The future? What future is there for me away from my Pallipuram? But I don't throw the paper at that pint-sized officer. Instead, I pick it up, fold it with unsteady hands and give it to my son. It is as if I have handed over my whole life into another's keeping. When they go, I call for my pan box and make myself a pan. My fingers flow over the silver woman.

Mallika—Malli—. And so it all becomes a dream. Like my grandmother's fairy tales. 'Once upon a time, there was a king called Dasaratha.' Who is that at the doorway? Appu? How are you, Appu? Doing well you say? So you have a hotel now, have you? Well, that's good. You came to see your old master and get his blessings once more? Do you remember the many times I cuffed you on the head for bringing my coffee too hot? You were always hasty. But your jelabis—h'm, those were really top class. That was why I engaged you in my service, didn't I? I can still taste those juicy things. Remember? One day, we sit down for a session of poker. The Nawab of Dholapur has come and he is a great hand at the game and at the brandy. I have phenomenal luck. As my manager rakes in one more pile of notes, I call out, 'Send someone to Appu for jelabis. At once.' I turn to the Nawab and say 'You must try our Appu's jelabis. They are out of this world.' In no time at all, a tray of hot, syrupy jelabis appears in front of us. The Nawab is in ecstasies over them. I am bursting with pride. I take another mouthful from the glass. 'Call that fellow here,' I tell my manager. Do you remember how you came and stood there, arms folded respectfully? 'Appu, today, even our Nawab Sahib has praised your jelabis,' I say. 'Manager, see that this man is handsomely rewarded—a thick gold thoda for the hand that makes such delicious jelabis.' Then, you are really dumbstruck with joy aren't you? What is that? You will never forget my generosity? Oh! You sold your thoda to start the hotel. Well, we are glad that you are getting on well. H'm? What is this packet here? Jelabis? Special ones for me? Why? Appu! That's very nice. You are leaving now? Well, you just can't go emptyhanded. Let me see, what is there that I can give you? Ah! Here you are. Take this silver pan box. From the Zamin-dar of Pallipuram.

B O O K S

CONSIDERATIONS TOWARDS A THEORY OF SOCIAL CHANGE by *Daya Krishna*
(*Manaktala*, 190 pp. Rs. 16.00)

DR. DAYA KRISHNA'S book presents the modern philosopher's approach to an important problem in sociology. This problem has, in the past, been dealt with both by sociologists and historians. The former have given us detailed pictures of particular societies or social groups undergoing change, while the latter, represented by scholars such as Toynbee and Spengler, have indulged in philosophico-historical speculation. Daya Krishna proposes to steer a middle course, for he contends that although abstract theorising is at a discount today, facts without theory are sterile. He feels that there is an over-emphasis on the accumulation of facts, and little value is placed on wisdom. Wisdom is the ability to see things in perspective and to focus attention on what is important. This is what he sets out to provide in regard to the concepts clustering round the problem of social change. His book is a prologomena to a theory of social change.

Dr. Daya Krishna tells us that the word 'social' points in two directions. Anything is considered as social if it is 'derived from' the larger background in which the individual person exists. Thus if we leave out purely reflex activities, almost everything about a human being is dependent on his heredity, the culture and society in which he lives. Again, almost all that an individual does 'points to' or 'has consequences for' other human beings. Thus the concept of the individual is reduced to a cipher. Man is social through and through.

But if this approach is carried to its logical conclusion, certain unacceptable consequences follow. Firstly, the only contrast of the term 'social' is that provided by the term 'natural'. Secondly, we are unable to speak of interpersonal relationships which are specifically 'social' and provide examples of states of affairs which we value for their own sake. Thirdly, the individual is sought to be completely explained, if not determined and explained away, by events external to him. Thus uniqueness or 'specificity' as Daya Krishna rather unhappily calls it, is denied and no place is left for the operation of freedom. Any theory of society which denies the uniqueness of man and makes him completely determined must be considered as false. This is the central point of his theorizing to which Dr. Daya Krishna returns repeatedly in his examination of various approaches to the problems of social change.

As a result of this preliminary excursion Daya Krishna concludes that by social we can reasonably mean interpersonal. He goes on to point out that we need other persons in two different ways. We need them firstly as 'instruments'. A person performs a function or plays a role. Secondly other people are important as ends in themselves. Certain interpersonal or group-relationships which we consider intrinsically valuable such as love, could not exist but for 'society'. Interpersonal relationships, according to him, involve values but he does not subscribe to the view that all value-oriented activity is interpersonal. The hermit's search for God is value-

oriented even though it does not involve other persons.

The heart of Dr. Daya Krishna's book is taken up by three chapters which are entitled *The Problem of Causal Autonomy*, *The Problem of Relative Freedom* and *Causal and Non-Causal Understanding*. He explains and criticises certain well-known attempts to understand society. These approaches are wrong because they are based on a false notion of the nature of society. He therefore expands his own theory and then explains how a society being what it is, it can be correctly understood.

The whole conception of 'explanation' or 'understanding' is taken over from the postulates and procedures of natural science. Explanation means causal explanation. It is not individuals but classes of events which are explained: every narrower class is explained in terms of a wider class within which it exists. Thus in the ultimate analysis science seeks to be a unitary system in which everything is explained in terms of physics. Two factors give this approach a semblance of plausibility. In the first place the establishment of a unitary master science is held up as an ideal goal to be progressively achieved. Failure to explain psychological events in terms of neurology, for instance, is put down to a limitation of knowledge. Secondly, explanations of this sort are usually made at one stage below the level of events to be explained. Thus we try to explain psychology in terms of neurology. But if explanation were to be attempted at two steps remove, as for example the explanation of sociology in terms of neurology, the apparent plausibility of this procedure would vanish. Dr. Daya Krishna's main point, however, is that causal explanation of a group of events in terms of a wider group, leads to a denial of 'specificity'. But can we provide causal explanation of one event in terms of other events of the same type? Our author examines this question and gives a qualified assent. There are difficulties in defin-

ing what is meant by 'the same type of event' and even if these are surmounted there remain problems in devising criteria to determine 'essential specificity'.

Dr. Daya Krishna suggests that instead of trying to understand 'essential specificity' in causal terms we should consider it in terms of the values or objectives that an activity sets out to achieve. The seeking of values, he points out, depends on two factors. Firstly, every activity implies the existence of a social structure which makes it possible. For example, in ancient Greece it was possible for the nobility to pursue knowledge and the arts because slaves were there to do the drudgery. The caste system performed a similar function in ancient India. Secondly the activity is designed to achieve certain objectives or ends believed to be valuable. Thus for instance if we wish to understand an activity such as scientific research we must appreciate what it seeks to give us, viz. an objective description of some aspect of nature. Then we would be in a position to understand why research workers might object to political interference in their work. Dr. Daya Krishna describes these two sets of conditions as the realms of existence and value. Whereas the former prescribes the limits of freedom, the latter is the realm of freedom. The two realms are relatively autonomous but they also act and react on each other. The upshot of this seems to be that the causal approach can take us some way in the understanding of society but there is an essential autonomy between the realms of existence and value which goes beyond a causal understanding. This brings us to the question of non-causal understanding.

Dr. Daya Krishna's point is that while nature can be understood in terms of the causal approach of science, a different type of understanding is required for, and is exemplified in the appreciation of the arts. For what is important in the work of art is not that it is an instance of the universal but that it is individual and cannot be repeated. The important questions we have

to ask in order to understand a work of art is not, how was it produced, but what does it mean, what does it seek to convey and how well does it do this? These questions imply a new conception of 'understanding', understanding in terms of meaning and value. And it is this conception which has to be applied in understanding society. 'For, though society is not exactly a work of art, it is very much like one. Even at the risk of exaggeration, I would like to say it is more like a work of art than an object of nature. It is a human creation and shares with others of his creations the characteristic that it is not understandable in causal terms alone'. (p. 89).

Dr. Daya Krishna is aware that this statement is an exaggeration which has to be corrected. He tells us that society is also unlike an art object. Society is not a finished object which men contemplate as if from the outside. The curtain never falls, man is never off the social stage, he is thoroughly involved in the action. Nevertheless it shares with art objects the characteristic of being concerned with ideals. Society, therefore, represents a third order of existence. 'Embedded in the causal realm of nature, concerned with enduring survival and perpetuation of its members, happy only in its dreams, proud only of what it stands for, it is the self-conscious creation of continuing generations who are in love with it and sick of it at the same time'. (p.99). A complex object of this kind requires to be understood in a complex way.

Before outlining his theory of social change, Dr. Daya Krishna draws our attention to certain preliminary difficulties. For instance, if we are going to speak of a society which undergoes change, then what do we mean by 'a society', how do we delimit it? His contention is that the unity of society must be sought in many directions. Unity is sometimes provided by unitary political control. At other times we see it in 'causal autonomy' or in the style of living. Most important, however, are 'the values that men live by which

gives a stamp and differentiation to individuals and cultures'. (p. 123). Similar problems of definition are involved in speaking of change. What is it that endures? How widespread must the change be before we recognise it as a change in society? Is it the number of individuals affected which provides the criterion for change or is it the importance of the group affected? And is change in one aspect as significant as change in some other aspect? After discussing these points the author sums up the position as follows: 'The change, then, to be relevantly noticed and ascribed to society has either to be in the field of institutions which are primarily and predominantly concerned with the very existence of a society and its functioning in a more or less viable manner, or in the values which it seeks and tries to realize beside the one of existing and perpetuating itself'. (p. 152).

Dr. Daya Krishna contends that while in the past societies were stable, modern societies are in a state of perpetual change. Changes in ancient societies were the result of political and religious disturbance. Populations were static, the structure of events was equally static and technological innovations were few and far between. This gave ancient societies their stability. But today these three factors are in a state of continuous flux. Changes in technology, which are themselves based on a whole technique of discovery, keep society continuously on the move. 'Novelty has been brought to the very heart of the social system'. (p. 167). Apart from this technique of discovery, is the modern awareness of diverse social groups and their differing systems of values. Conscious of these possibilities, one is not able to make a choice and the result is a chaos of values. Thus in modern society everything is permitted. But Daya Krishna does not view the situation with disfavour since it keeps the door open to man's social creativity.

The basic source of change in society lies in the freedom of man. But if freedom is the source it is also the ultimate problem. Hope lies in realizing that 'A think-

ing which is not *for* freedom... has forgotten its function and lost itself to matter or sold itself to the devil'.

Dr. Daya Krishna's book will repay careful reading. There is much in it which is instructive and illuminating. But it is a difficult book to read and its obscurity leaves one with a sense of dissatisfaction. The main grounds for this are indicated below:

Dr. Daya Krishna tells us that he proposes to steer a middle course between the large scale speculations of philosophical historians and the sociologist who may tend to miss the wood for the trees. There is undoubtedly scope for such middle-of-the-way studies. But Dr. Daya Krishna seems to lose himself in abstraction and metaphor. Had he applied his principles in some detail, it would have made his views concrete and clarified his meaning. The book abounds in felicitous generalities which have the appearance of profundity; one is left wondering what they mean.

The want of detail and concreteness is especially unfortunate in the case of certain fundamental concepts. Take for example the concept of freedom. We search vainly for a definition. From Dr. Daya Krishna's criticism of the scientific approach to nature which is deterministic, we may be led to conclude that by freedom he means indetermination. But does he mean only this and is this the most important sense in which we speak of freedom in social and political spheres? A comparison with the views of the existentialists, and an attempt to meet well-known criticisms might have been useful.

A similar criticism seems relevant to Dr. Daya Krishna's treatment of society. I feel he should have expanded and developed his thesis on the nature of society in considerable detail. The nature of social institutions, the organisation of groups, the part played by custom and culture in the social organism could have been profitably explained. As it is, Dr. Daya Krishna's statements about society are largely negative. He mentions the respects in which it

is different from natural objects on the one hand and art objects on the other. He concludes that it is *sui generis*—which makes it all the more necessary to have an independent description. I find this the weakest part of the book. In this context, to distinguish society from natural *objects*, seems to be somewhat perverse. Surely if such a distinction has to be made, it would be appropriate to distinguish between society and *nature*, rather, than society and natural *objects*. The analogy between society and art objects appears to be not only artificial but even from Daya Krishna's point of view unnecessary. The only important point of similarity he finds is that both are said to be the result of free activity. But if freedom means indeterminism, the author has sufficiently shown that there is freedom in nature itself. Greater definition of key concepts would have added to the merit of Dr. Daya Krishna's suggestive book.

P. C. CHATTERJEE

Untidy Coalitions

FOREIGN POLICY IN THE SIXTIES: Edited by Roger Hilsman and Robert C. Good (John Hopkins Press, 292 pp. \$6.95.)

THE forties were the years of war, it has been remarked. The Second World War bowed out to a cold war no less pervasive. The fifties saw the play of the alliances forged in the Cold War, which are now so weakened and in such disarray. Truly, the sixties are the decade of fundamental change. 'We are now largely dealing with an inchoate world, post-dating the old structures and predating new and as yet not clearly discernible relationships. Accordingly, the degree of unpredictability in world politics has vastly increased.'

New issues have come to the fore and there are also new instruments in aid of policy. This collection of essays discusses both, and, besides, those perennials of foreign policy which will survive change, such as the techniques of balance of power

and the problem of ethics in statecraft. Published as they are in honour of Arnold Wolfers, a scholar who has 'excelled in making theory relevant to policy and in making the analysis of policy yield insights that further refine theory,' the essays reflect their authors' understanding of the current realities based on a sound theoretical study.

Raymond Garthoff, an authority on Soviet military doctrine, surveys the cracks in the Red monolith and concludes 'We can detect now, more clearly than ever before, the harbingers of the dissolution of Communism.' No such neat conclusion emerges from Laurence W. Martin's appraisal of the state of the Atlantic alliance. 'The U.S. must resign itself to an untidier coalition than is perhaps congenial to the American political genius. In a sense the design for Atlantic community fails, not because it is ahead of its time, but because it reflects too much the shape of the past'. Interesting as are these contributions and those on the changed and changing Afro-Asia and the U.N., the *piece de resistance* for an Indian reader is Charles H. Heimsath's 'Non-alignment Reassessed: The Experience of India.' He traces the rise of non-alignment, despite the initial scepticism with which both the super-powers greeted it, to its full acceptance. Korea marked the turning point, followed by the Geneva accords on Indo-China, Suez and the test ban controversy.

Non-alignment became respectable. The core of Mr. Heimsath's thesis is that while it was, and still is, relevant to the 'dominant State system' of the super-powers, it is not to the 'subordinate State system' of South and South East Asia. India's power declined as China's increased. The author, while noting India's isolation in South East Asia, fails strangely to see the connection between that and her cultivation of closer relations with China. When the latter changed course India was too flat-footed to mend fences with her natural friends in the region, a flat-footedness which still continues. 'The decline of India's power in Southern Asia was in part also the result of India's diplomatic style', which offended many Southern

Asians who were sensitive to notions of Indian cultural superiority and political leadership. Whether or not it was aware of that sensitivity, the Indian Government gave little evidence that it was interested in improving its diplomatic means of influencing Southern Asian governments.'

The neglect of military strength *vis à vis* China was due to the illusion of power which 'the success' of non-alignment bred. 'The possibility of committing its people to one system or the other gained for India the capability of influencing the policies of other States,' more precisely, the U.S. and the Soviet Union. But, 'Neither Pakistan nor China — nor, for that matter, the other Asian or Middle Eastern states — interpreted the long term struggle between the Communist and democratic systems in a manner that made India's non-alignment crucial to their respective national interests.' In this, the most crucial task, Indian foreign policy has been a total failure. Mr. Heimsath suggests a policy which would 'concentrate on winning support for India among those Asian states which already have adopted anti-Chinese positions, on reaching a military agreement with Pakistan for joint defence, and ultimately on assuring the neutrality, at the very least, of those states which refuse to align their policies with an anti-Chinese coalition. A plausible first step that the pursuit of such a policy would require would be an attempt to reach certain understandings of a military and political nature with Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand, and South Vietnam — understandings which would not commit India to Western strategies but would define common interests of Asian states alone.'

The instrumentalities depend on the policy adopted and the book contains interesting case studies on the 1955 Summit, the U.N. in Congo and the Cuban crisis. More pertinent to our predicament is Roger Hilsman's study of South East Asia. 'The United States' political objective in South East Asia should be something between the two extremes of attempting to make the area an American base or letting it become

a Communist satellite. The ideal objective is easily stated, '... independent countries free to develop in their own ways.' Is India prepared to play her rôle in the attainment of an ideal so very much in her interests? That would require an understanding of statecraft which the Indian publicist and politician both lack to-day.

The part on the perennial issues of foreign policy has a study of the Franco-Soviet Pact as an exercise in the balance of power and a philosophical discussion of 'National Interest and Moral Theory.' The debate on this latter theme has yet to begin in this country. Mr. David S. McLellan writes of Dean Acheson to illustrate the *Rôle of Political Style*. That great Secretary of State was not only a great stylist but was in the best sense of that word, an intellectual, and one steeped in the lore of statecraft. Mr. McLellan's summing up of his outlook shows the gap between a truly developed theory of international politics and what passes for it in India. 'Acheson invariably began policy-making with a searching appraisal of what was existentially desirable and what was humanly possible. He recognized that no policy is a universal solution or cure-all; no policy devised by me, no matter how morally satisfying, could hope to resolve the cold war overnight. Since the power that policy can call upon is always limited, Acheson's mind was on how to maximize its efficiency. The art of devising such policy lay in mastering a knowledge of all the elements present and potential in a situation and determining what new increment, if added, would make a difference. The trick was to produce a policy which by its form and substance would transform a hopeless situation into a viable one. Policy for Acheson began with knowledge of the problem, not with some *a priori* moral abstraction to which policy had to conform.' It is only when our leaders shed their fond abstractions and our publicists acquire the knowledge and insights reflected in this volume that we can have a foreign policy worthy of the Indian democracy.

A. G. NOORANI

Of States and Governments

INDIA'S POLICY OF RECOGNITION OF STATES AND GOVERNMENTS by K. P. Misra (Allied Publishers Delhi, 214 pp. Rs. 16.)

EARLY writers on International law, Hugo Grotius and Pufendorf among them, did not pay much attention to the problem of the recognition of States and Governments. They did not regard it as important enough to be dealt with directly and specifically. But recognition claimed increasingly greater and greater attention as the 19th century progressed. Lorimer at the end of the century called it 'the basis of International Law, with a fair measure of justification.

Recognition has been differently defined by different writers. It is, according to one, 'a formal acknowledgment or declaration by the government of an existing State that it intends to attach some customary legal consequences to an existing set of facts'. It is, in other words, the procedure through which admission of the validity or existence of some 'act, fact or situation is made' by a subject of international law. Scholars like Quincy Wright and Ti-Chiang Chen regard it as a legal act; others like Philip Marshall Brown hold that it is a political act. According to others again, Hans Kelsen being the most important among them, recognition has legal as well as political implications. The Soviet legal theory, it may be noted in passing, asserts that recognition is a legal act pure and simple.

The volume under review deals at some length with the application by India of the rules of recognition to the People's Republic of China, Israel, North and South Vietnam, the German Democratic Republic, the Congo, the G.P.R.A. or 'Provisional Government' of the Algerian Republic, Syria and Mauritania. India has accorded recognition only to the first two. But she has not recognised North and South Vietnam, the German Democratic Republic, the Congo, Syria and Mauritania. The G.P.R.A., formed in 1958 was not recognised by India till 1962. Algeria was recognised by India only

after the conclusion of the Evian Agreement between the French Government and the G.P.R.A. on March 18, 1962, a country-wide referendum in Algeria and President De Gaulle's proclamation transferring power to the G.P.R.A. in the following July. The French power in Algeria came to an end on 2nd July. The Government of India recognised it two days later on 4th July.

A comparative newcomer to the international scene that India is, her policy and practice in the international sphere have been shaped largely 'in the framework of the recent past which has been unusually complex'. One remarkable thing about India's policy on the recognition of new states and governments is that it has been more consistent than that of most other nations which, unlike India, have been ruled during the last eighteen years by different parties and personalities 'sometimes holding diametrically opposite views'. In India, on the other hand, the same political party — the Indian National Congress — has been in power for eighteen years and more since Independence. Within the party the influence of the late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, who was also his own Foreign Minister, was supreme for over sixteen years. India's foreign policy bears the stamp of Nehru's personality. He not only enunciated the principles of his country's foreign policy but was responsible for its implementation as well.

India holds, rightly, that a state is at liberty to recognise or not to recognize another state, that recognition is a matter of discretion on the part of the recognizing country. Her recognition of a state has been generally conditional on its admission to the United Nations. She has also recognised states as soon as conditions of statehood have been fulfilled by the latter. When the situation was doubtful at the outset, India watched and waited, and took a decision after the conditions had become more or less normal. Mauritania has been the only exception to this rule. India's cautious approach here created misunderstanding even among some of her best friends.

Owing to her own tragic experience India has been against all partitions of countries and she has refused to recognize countries dismembered after World War II. She has not, therefore, recognized North Vietnam, South Vietnam, North Korea, South Korea and the German Democratic Republic. Her recognition of the Federal Republic of Germany is perhaps the only exception to this general practice. The exception is due to India's position as a partner of the Allied army during and soon after World War II. Considerations of dynastic or constitutional legitimacy have not influenced her policy of recognition. India has often promptly recognised governments formed after successful revolutions, whether communist or military. India has almost always ignored considerations which influence many other countries, such as the kind of revolution, the ideological basis of the revolution, the leaders it has thrown up and the persons it has brought into power. Unswayed by these considerations or those of self-interest, India has relied substantially on the principle of effectiveness and has always pleaded for the recognition of effective governments. Recognition and non-recognition, approval and non-approval, India holds, should not be regarded as either reward or punishment. She has always refused to recognise emigré governments or governments in exile set up outside the territorial limits of countries whose governments they claim to be.

India has not always followed recognition by the opening of diplomatic relations. Israel is a case in point. In 1961, the number of states recognised by India since her own independence stood at eighty-one. But she had no diplomatic relations with twenty-four, i.e. about a third of them.

Young and comparatively weak as India is, her policy and practice in the international sphere have been determined by generally accepted principles of international law rather than by considerations of seniority and economic interests. She has been in this respect more honest and more idealistic than many nations. The volume

under review will prove useful to students of current history and international affairs. A fairly exhaustive bibliography makes it specially useful to research workers as well, although the price is high.

S. B. MOOKERJI

Rootless

CONFESSIONS OF A NATIVE-ALIEN, by
Zulfikar Ghose, (Routledge, 159 pp. 21s.)

IT is unusual for a writer to publish his autobiography at the age of thirty but Mr Ghose has a point. The great danger in writing an autobiography is falsification of the past. The more remote one's childhood gets the more one is likely to forget the details. In the absence of accurate memory most writers invent, or at least distort in terms of later beliefs and preoccupations, and Mr Ghose is determined not to falsify.

One of the charms of his autobiography is that it supplies the background to his collection of poems published in 1964. His grandfather with his beard dyed in henna, his grandmother dramatizing her isolation, his nomadic father, his mother to whom tears came when understanding failed, all emerge in greater detail and vividness from this book.

Mr Ghose is concerned with the problem of 'roots' as he calls it. The book is called *The Confessions of a Native-Alien*. He was born in Sialkot before the formation of Pakistan. Before the partition took place, his father had moved to Bombay. In 1952 he migrated to England. Which of the three countries is his home? From his poems it appeared that he was critical of both India and Pakistan and an alien in England. Why was he more critical of India than of Pakistan? In the poems the reason seemed to be political. But from this book it appears that he is in fact more Indian than Pakistani. He knows us more closely and hence attacks us more unsparingly.

When he travelled in the train in Pakistan during his return to the sub-continent he

admired the farmers of the Punjab from a distance. That admiration was possible partly because he knew that he wouldn't have anything to do with them. Consider for example the following:

At another station a local landlord entered wearing a white tunic shirt starched stiff, a splendid white shalwar... and a splendid white turban the top of which fanned out like peacock's tail above his head. He was carrying a rifle. He sat down, all silence and majesty, staring at all of us in turn from behind his great moustache. (p. 128)

This is a class of people he admired rather as he might admire beings on a different planet. He did not have to converse or eat or drink with them.

By contrast, in Bombay he made numerous emotional attachments during his school days, though mostly of an unsatisfactory character. He did once, on his return, seriously consider the possibility of taking up a job in Bombay — a possibility that did not occur to him in Pakistan. He is merciless to the Westernized Poona society:—

The social set did nothing and seemed to be deriving excitement from an idiotic parlour game called tambola. (p. 130)

It is significant that he does not mention the opposite number of the Poona crowd in Pakistan.

In comparison with his reactions to England, however, his reactions to India sound querulous. He found the dust, the dirt and the stink very disagreeable in India, immediately on his return from a long stay in England. You would not gather from his account of England that slush, sleet and smog were a part of one's environment there.

After reading his autobiography it becomes clear that Mr Ghose has found roots in England — that is the country where he is likely to live for the rest of his life. As long as he was studying at Sloane School, Chelsea, he felt that he did not belong; but the day he joined the student community at Keele University he became one with the English speaking world. Thereafter his personal relations were with

English speaking men and women, British, American and European.

Mr Ghose is not handicapped by any false sense of modesty about his vocation. Although he makes money by reporting cricket he is dedicated to the vocation of writing poetry. When advised to marry and settle down in the sub-continent Mr Ghose soliloquized in the following manner:—

And what am I to say to that? Oh my people, how can I tell you that I woo the English language each morning and that she divorces me each night? (p. 138))

The one thing that makes him an alien in India and Pakistan is his refusal to accept responsibility for what happens to his parents and sisters. His father felt estranged from him because Zulfikar did not take any interest in his father's business. While his father's fortunes declined, Zulfikar:

stayed in my room, avoiding the family as they arranged for the business to be reduced to one tiny shop and the house to be sold. Yet, during those months, I wrote some poems which were later to win me some fame... (p. 99)

Mr Ghose is too much of an individualist to fit into the tribal family structure which still prevails on this sub-continent.

What is the character of the man that emerges from this book? Essentially Mr Ghose is the bard. The Byronic cult influenced him early in life. In its wake followed not only passionate promiscuity but also limping. Thereafter it was Hopkins, Yeats and Dylan Thomas. He mentions scores of other English poets, but the real shaping influence was that of the more expansive writers. Indeed it is surprising that he does not mention D. H. Lawrence. In his poems he appears to express himself in the language of understatement and irony but in his prose he is uninhibited.

As an autobiography his book is in the Boswell Rousseau tradition. The most ecstatic chapter in this book is called 'An Intimacy with the Sun'. It is prefaced with the warning:

Listen reader, I'm trying to be precise, unsentimental, truthful. It's difficult. Look, with what a

complicated existentialist statement I've begun. The obscure profundities of thought one resorts to when plain statements are elusive! (p. 101)

After this introduction Mr Ghose plunges headlong:—

Listen, reader, Gay was beautiful.

Gay was an undergraduate at one of the ancient universities, and I met her at a poetry reading. It was London in mid-winter, I had one poem to my name and she was already a poet. Her warm, American voice was also beautiful.

Somehow, for some reason, we began to write to each other. The poetry which had become clogged within me since I had come down from Keele, was suddenly liberated. I wrote poems to her. I was in love with her. (p. 101)

This is followed by twenty pages of the most authentic lyrical prose. Mr Ghose's reader is swept along with the writer.

The secret of Mr Ghose, as that of Rousseau and Boswell is that he creates the impression on the reader of merely recording his experience, of giving us the whole truth. If in the process he has to give details either sexual or scatological he does not fight shy of them. The account of his own circumcision must surely be unprecedented in history. He tells us of his moments of self-importance, of humiliation, of shame, of splendour in all their original freshness.

Although philosophy was one of the subjects he studied at Keele his disposition is most unphilosophical. He tells us quite bluntly:

I draw no conclusions from what I observe: I use only my senses because it is through senses that I apprehend the pulse of my generation. And that is what I have come to do at a University. (p. 83)

Similarly he is not concerned about consistency:

My confessions are not entirely about myself. I create personae which aren't just fantasies but different approaches to the same self: the desperate lover, the poet, the worried alien. (p. 100)

It is unfortunate that his physical appearance makes the stranger take him for a citizen of this sub-continent. Emotionally there is nothing Indian or Pakistani about

him. He does not mention a single writer of Urdu or Hindi among his literary influences, not even Ghalib. The omission of Mohammed Iqbal is a very serious one. But then this was not a matter of choice. Mr Ghose in fact does not believe in the freedom of choice:—

For choice is a retrospective attribute conferred on past incidence; a present lingers among the trivia of preoccupation like holding one's head during an attack of sinus. Choice is the accident of being somewhere. (*The Loss of India*, p. 38)

The choice in favour of England as his spiritual home was made for him by circumstances.

It would be false for him to pretend that spiritually he belongs to India or Pakistan. That may well prove to be a serious handicap to him as a poet. As the epigraph to his book he quotes Hopkins, 'send my roots rain'. He chooses to overlook the meaning intended by Hopkins. For Hopkins the rain was not a matter of climate but of faith. Now Mr. Ghose was born into Islam. That is a religion for which he has no sentiment beyond that connected with his grandfather. He began to hate religion after witnessing the religious riots in 1946 (p. 32). He has not found Christianity any more acceptable. Among the English poets he is particularly fond of is Yeats who, like him rejected the religion he was born into. Yeats, however, could find an acceptable substitute in the pre-Christian past of Ireland. There is no comparable tradition that Ghose can inherit. If he rejects Pakistan and Islam there is no substitute for him. I suspect that his poetry is likely to lack the third dimension.

R. K. KAUL

Levels of meanings

THE SYMBOLISM OF VIRGINIA WOOLF by N. C. Thakur (Oxford University Press, 164 pp. 21s.)

THE solid sense of pleasure found in a particular writer, is among the first impressions conveyed by Mr. N. C. Thakur's

book 'The Symbolism of Virginia Woolf'. Mr. Thakur chooses to limit his discussion to an interpretation of Virginia Woolf's use of symbols and the reasons why she leans on symbols throughout her novels. Here, he makes particular mention of her frequent debilitating illnesses, and links her susceptibility to visionary states of mind, with her natural, almost necessary use of symbols. This point emerges re-inforced when he analyses the last three major novels. Throughout Mr. Thakur utilises Mrs. Woolf's diaries and critical writings extensively. He also arrays a span of thought including, among others, the Chhandogya Upanishad, the Persian Sufis, De Quincey, Bergson and Dr. Radhakrishnan.

Mr. Thakur's approach to Virginia Woolf is one of sympathy. With extreme thoroughness he fastens links between images, and does add dimensions to one's total impressions of any one of the novels. In the early novels, he tries to indicate the manifold and original ways in which Mrs. Woolf goes beyond the integument of her chosen indictment: the individual soul *vis-à-vis* society, civilisation. For instance, the opening chapters of *Jacob's Room* need not rise above a pictorialisation, however spontaneous, of a pretty widow's ineffectual struggles with life, her three sons. Mr. Thakur however, analyses image after innocuous-seeming image to suggest very plausibly a tightening web of fear and instability which is the world of *Jacob's Room*. He tracks details relentlessly, frequently uncovers implications one might pass by the way — like the three half-flying geese chased by Johnny, tellingly associated with Mrs. Flanders' fears of a second husband maltreating her sons.

But Mr. Thakur's assiduous pursuit of symbols seems to rob him, sometimes, of a sense of critical detachment. He does not query the success, or should I say, 'convincingness' of a symbol or character or idea sought to be conveyed by Mrs. Woolf. For instance, to him, Jacob's death is that of a profound thinker, who 'might have helped to solve the problem of civilisation,

therefore is indeed very disturbing'. This is to lend Jacob a portentousness nowhere developed by Mrs. Woolf. Jacob has the right sensitive reactions to the state of modern civilisation, but as the pivotal figure in the novel, he remains nebulous. Whereas, in quite a different way, Percival in *The Waves*, who never appears directly, acquires a positive value, which Jacob fails to do. Again, he is less than adequate on Mrs. Woolf's controlled criticism of Clarissa Dalloway; a detail: Mrs. Dalloway's castigation of Miss Kilman's 'possessive' love and 'ugly' religion, is not surely a recognition of evil in Miss Kilman, at the expense of clearing Mrs. Dalloway of sentiments equally despicable in themselves?

Discussing the later novels, Mr. Thakur concentrates on the working of Mrs. Woolf's sensibility, more specifically her attempts to reconcile the flux and the fixity of life. Here he rises above the morass of individual image piled on image to a penetration of Mrs. Woolf's visionary state of mind. Mr. Thakur suggests that although theistic symbols held little meaning for Virginia Woolf, her vision of life was similar to traditional mystic belief. To substantiate his argument, he quotes several relevant portions from her diaries. Why then the need to tack tag after tag from Shelley, Buddha, T. S. Eliot, Wordsworth, Dionysius, the Areopagite, Maulana Rumi, the Chhandogya Upanishad, Farid-ul-din-Attar, St. John of the Cross and St. Teresa, into a wavering chain of Being?

The two chapters on *To the Light-house* and *The Waves* are sound. I would note in particular his understanding and interpretation of the validity of the relationship between Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay and Lily Briscoe in *To the Light-house*. Again, an interesting comparison between Mrs. Ramsay's and Lily Briscoe's vision, and what he calls 'god-intoxicated people like the Sanyasins of India', leads to the observation that the contemplative mystic who seeks to transcend the world also toils in it. This is a point not clearly recognised by many critics including Miss Bradbrook, who carp

that because of Mrs. Ramsay's markedly domestic orientation, she is never able to transcend the world entirely.

Perceptive, too, are his analyses of the disjointed chatter of the children's reactions at the beginning of *The Waves*, particularly when he construes the symbols associated with Bernard and Louis. Unaccountably, Percival is passed over in silence.

Gradually the tenor of Mr. Thakur's thesis shifts. Discussing the posthumously published *Between the Acts*, he says that he is tempted to conjecture that Virginia Woolf 'had started feeling the need of some type of religious faith'. He notes from her diaries that she was reading St. Paul and Renan at the time. Using Lucy Swithin's 'simple Christian faith' and her sympathy for birds, beasts, insects and fish, as an axis, he spins the values of the book into a theme of universal brotherhood. To my mind, the emphases are oddly balanced. The relationship between Isa and Giles is side-stepped. Mrs. Woolf's attitude is not a simple recognition of universal oneness — she moves on to an acceptance of life where she no longer balances spiritual maturity against the vitality of life.

This study of Virginia Woolf covers original ground. There is no major 'insight' involved, but this is not to underrate either the value or the interest of the book. Mr. Thakur's exposition is consistently lucid, extremely detailed, often perceptive. The book is a result of a British Council travel grant enabling Mr. Thakur to go to Oxford, with ten years study of Virginia Woolf behind him. Whatever travel (and the citadels of learning) are purported to do, they have certainly done well by Mr. Thakur.

NITA PILLAI

Native Poet

POEMS by Gieve Patel. (Nissim Ezekiel, Bombay 8, 31 pp. Rs. 5.00.)

WHILE writing on Commonwealth poetry in the *New Statesman*, Dr. Donald Davie expressed the view that

Commonwealth poets should be read 'less for what they say than for how they use English to say it'. I do not deny that such a neatly outlined approach is eminently useful in writing a doctoral thesis, but it cannot produce any useful criticism of Commonwealth poetry, which is still groping towards establishing something more than geographical identity. My main objection to Dr Davie's approach is that it is too rigid, academic and one-sided. Implicit in his statement is the wholly unacceptable assumption that poems written in English by those whose mother tongue is not English are at best exercises in the mastery of a foreign medium.

To me, what a poet says, through whatever medium he chooses, is infinitely more significant than how he says it. I do recognise the latter's importance in literary criticism, but the fact is, academic critics usually tend to exaggerate it. Besides, isn't it a commonplace now that the 'what' and the 'how' in a poem are not so easily separable?

Let us admit that we have as yet not produced a recognisable body of good poetry in English. But what little there is, it is a lamentable fact, has not received any serious critical consideration. The snobbish and negative attitude of writing it off as poetry written in bad English still persists. This is not a critical conclusion but a preconceived prejudice which, I maintain, has seriously hampered the growth of Indo-Anglian poetry.

If the criticism of Indo-Anglian poetry is to be of any value, it must be based on a study of its own background. Particularly at this stage, if the merits and defects of Indo-Anglian poetry are to be examined, it must be done not by comparing it with contemporary Anglo-American poetry, but with the poetry written in English in India in the past and the poetry that exists in the Indian languages. To assess the worth of one Indo-Anglian poet, it is best to compare his work with that of his co-practitioners in India. Let us not compare Kamala Das' verse with Sylvia Plath's or seek affinities

between Peter Porter's poetry and Gieve Patel's. Let us judge Gieve Patel's work against the background of the work of his own native contemporaries. This I tried to do and found the poems in his first collection refreshingly different from those I have read of a number of other Indo-Anglian poets.

The most striking aspects of Mr. Patel's verse are: it is not derivative or imitative, it is not couched in clichés and it is neither romantic nor sentimental. Feeble though it is, he has a voice of his own. He does not bore the reader screaming aloud his personal frustrations in ungrammatical English. A large number of Indo-Anglian poets including the much over-rated Dom Moraes are mainly poets of self-advertisement who do not seem to realise that self-advertisement is good only when the selves advertised are interesting. Mr. Patel is not one of them; his aims as a poet go far beyond such exhibitionistic gimmicks. This is Mr. Patel's achievement and pretty impressive it is in one so young whose poetic sensibility is still in its formative stage.

Mr Patel is a poet of involvement. He is observant and sensitive. Sensitive not merely to the reality of himself, but to the reality around him. His clinical experiences have lent a sharp edge to his sensitivity. His world is peopled by peasants, servants lepers, beggars, invalids, old men and women. In short, it is a world where the greatest reality is pain. His poems reveal the pain, the boredom and the horror of the wretched existence of these people around him. But his involvement and compassion do not make him sentimental. The following lines from *Servants* will bear this out:

*They sit like animals.
I mean no offence. I have seen
Animals resting in their stall,
The oil flame reflected in their eyes,
Large beads that though protruding
Actually rest
Behind the regular grind
Of the jaws.*

Nargol, Naryal Purnima and Pavement,

the longest poems in this collection, encompass in them a good deal of powerful experience and they are among Mr Patel's most successful poems. A close reading of the lines quoted below from the first two, would give the reader some idea of the richness of Mr Patel's verse. When all his resistance to charity towards the leper woman breaks down and he gives in, he says:

*I have lost to a power too careless
And sprawling to admit battle,
And meanness no defence.
Walking to the sea I carry
A village, a city, the country,
For the moment
On my back.*

The poet's anger at the callousness of devotees on *Naryal Purnima* day when they offer coconuts to the belching sea-god and not to the hungry urchins is vividly brought out in:

*The urchins strip to plunge.
The oily ones are startled. The men
Look flustered, imperiously order them
Away; the women squawk in their sharp
Brittle clothes. But the drifters stay:
As coconuts are tossed and touch water
My present identities dive, snatch libations
From under god's nose.
The rains may truly fail this year
Our prayers may go unheard.*

Control of verse movement and terseness of expression are what Mr Patel has to cultivate as a poet. His lines are often bald, almost plain, devoid of any suggestive content. But with greater mastery of his medium, he should be able to explore his experiences more fully and realise them poetically in a tougher diction.

K. N. KUTTY

Mass Literacy

UNIVERSITIES AND THE LIFE OF THE MIND
by G. K. Saiyidain (Asia Publishing House,
231 pp. Rs. 20.00)

AT a time when higher education in India appears to have reached its low-water mark, any serious attempt to pinpoint problems and suggest methods of improvement must be welcomed. And when it comes from an educationist of Mr Saiyidain's standing and experience one is even hopeful that the ideas put forward will be perspicacious, forceful and above all constructive; for only from such ideas can we hope to get reforms that are boldly imaginative yet practical.

Universities and the Life of the Mind, however, contains thoughts of a tamer breed. It begins with a mawkishly sentimental dedication to Pandit Nehru in the form of a posthumous letter. This is followed in the Introduction and ensuing chapters by a laborious demonstration of obvious truths: Man's dual nature demands the satisfaction of his physical as well as his mental and emotional needs; material and spiritual development must be kept in harmonious balance if there is to be true progress, the predicament of modern man is the result of a failure to achieve this balance; man can only be saved from disaster through the pursuit of 'Culture.' By Culture Mr Saiyidain means the cultivation of the right values which are defined as 'freedom, tolerance, respect for truth, personal dignity, recognition of the humanity in other men, justice and honour'. This leads to an enunciation of the function of the University: it is to create an atmosphere in which the right social and moral values may be imbibed and practised.

All this is painstakingly put forward and is followed by an equally extended discussion of 'the role played by the mind of man in the broadening and deepening of man's life'. The first and greater part of the book (173 out of a total of 231 pages) consists only in such needless emphasis on familiar

themes and is so larded with quotations from Russell, Bronowski, Huxley, Radhakrishnan and others, that it seems to be no more than a re-hash of the reference works which the author has consulted. Mr Saiyidain's patent sincerity does not mitigate the faults: inordinate repetition, unoriginality and grandiose generalisations delivered in tones of prophetic warning: 'When it (i.e. knowledge) fails "to stir up the entire fabric of personality" it is time to sound the alarm and take measures to save the soul of the university'.

This is what Mr Saiyidain has been doing right along, sounding the alarm; we don't get to the measures until late in the book. The chapter entitled *General Situation in Indian Universities* begins at last to get down to brass tacks. In this chapter Mr Saiyidain examines the situation prevailing in Indian universities to-day. Most of the points raised are drawn from the replies of Vice-Chancellors to letters asking them to state how far in their opinion our universities have succeeded or failed 'to promote the life of the mind'. With a few exceptions the Vice-Chancellors are of the opinion that the universities have failed to perform this function. From their analyses of causes emerges a picture that is authentic and immediately recognisable. All the salient features are present: over-crowding, paucity of resources, lack of teacher-student contact, emphasis on examinations instead of scholarship, poor teaching methods, uninspired teachers and, frequently, exploitation of groups within the university by leaders of political parties.

To this list may be added another issue of a more general nature which is of special concern to Mr. Saiyidain. It is the narrow utilitarian attitude which, instead of regarding the acquisition of knowledge as a good in itself, looks upon it as a means to earning a livelihood. In Mr. Saiyidain's opinion the only true end of education is to develop and illuminate the mind. This sounds well and few of us perhaps would seriously contest this view. But it also raises important social and economic issues which

cannot be glossed over with grandiloquent phrases.

Directly connected with the utilitarian attitude is the excessive emphasis which is being placed today on technological studies to the exclusion of the humanistic tradition. The result is a decline in values which, according to Mr Saiyidain can only be prevented if technical training is supplemented by courses in the humanities. This of course is not an original thought. It is the solution that has been found by many technological institutions in the West to the problem of overspecialisation.

An overall and basic condition of improvement for which Mr Saiyidain makes an impassioned plea is a change of attitude towards scholarship and learning in the larger context of society. Greater respect and recognition must be accorded to the university in its role as a formulator of values, and to the academic life, seen as the search for truth. It is strange that the case for higher salaries and more rewarding conditions of work for teachers is not advocated with equal passion. 'The question of adequate money rewards also enters into it *to some extent*' (italics mine.). Why this reservation? Because, explains the author, 'monetary rewards by themselves (do not) lead to the production of creative work'. True, but without them can we hope to attract really gifted men and women with first-rate minds to the teaching profession? It is time we divested our minds of the image of the teacher as a *rishi* or *guru* living in a hut, scorning the comforts of the flesh. We *must* think of him realistically as a person prone to the desires, ambitions and frustrations of a normal individual. Once this is recognised, it will be seen that what we need is greater social recognition *and* salaries which compare favourably with the highest in other professions.

These two conditions and a third in which Mr Saiyidain has faith: smaller institutions with greater freedom for experiment, would seem to provide the answers to most of the problems outlined by the Vice-Chancellors. They would also put an end to student indis-

cipline of Mr Saiyidain is correct in thinking that is 'largely due to lack of personal contact, of love for scholarship and concern for values.' But this surely is a very limited and superficial view of the question. The causes of student unrest have their roots deep in a social and economic structure that breeds frustration and a feeling of closed doors. Perhaps also, agitation, protest and a sense of victimisation are the legacy we have inherited from our immediate political past.

Mr. Saiyidain does not omit to mention the importance of research as an adjunct to teaching, the necessity for students to have complete mastery over the language of instruction, and of the need to restrict university education to a carefully selected few. There is, however, one crucial question which he ignores altogether. It relates to the vital connection that must inevitably exist between education at the school and the university levels. Unless the quality of school education can also be improved, the university will not be able to function satisfactorily. A certain degree of awakening and disciplining of the mind must already have taken place before a student enters college for the university to succeed in taking it forward to the highest levels of scholarship. Saving 'The Goal of the University', therefore, must begin at school.

In conclusion it must be stated that Mr. Saiyidain has not thrown any new light on the subject. But if it is useful to have all our pre-existing knowledge on it brought together under one cover, he has done that for us. The only pity is that he ends where he should have begun, he stops just when we have become interested and wish to proceed further.

A word on the numerous printing errors and faults of language and expression scattered throughout the book. These would be inexcusable anywhere but are especially so in a work that preaches high standards.

A. M.

Differing Styles

JOURNAL OF THE SANGEET NATAK AKADEMI, Editor Uma Anand (Published bi-annually by the Sangeet Natak Akademi, Rs. 6 per annum)

THE DISAPPEARING DAIS by Frank Whitehead (Chatto and Windus, 259 pp. 15s.)

A HANDFUL OF RICE by Kamala Markandya (Hamish Hamilton, 233 pp. 25s.)

ONE does not usually associate either good looks or readability with Government and semi-Government publications, but the first two numbers of the *Journal of the Sangeet Natak Akademi* have set a high standard in both. The choice of format, typography, and paper are excellent without being extravagant. Indeed, a less elegant appearance in journal of aesthetic criticism could not have gained the confidence of its readers. A minor, but from the practical point of view important, feature is that the size and shape of the journal is capable of being stood up on a book shelf; while the cover is thick and strong enough to ensure it a long life.

For anyone with a serious interest in music, dance or drama, the *Journal* promises to be an indispensable repository of scholarly exposition, analysis and criticism. The formidable editorial board, headed by H. H. Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar Bahadur is obviously more active than most editorial boards, for the names of several members figure in the list of contributors. A refreshing feature is the strong emphasis on the arts of other Asian countries. Prof. H. W. Wells writes on *Asian Drama and Lyric Poetry*, Dr. Tram Van Khe on *Music Theatre in the Chinese Tradition*, Roger Ashton contributes a technical dissertation on the music of West Asia, which is supplemented by Prof. Szabolesi who traces the connections between Asian and European music. Fernau Hall's spirited description — illustrated by splendid line drawings and photographs — of the *Dances at the Commonwealth Arts Festival* includes accounts of many African dances. It seems that a truly cultured man today dare not be unfamiliar

with the idioms of the art forms of any of the major civilizations. In spite of this, perhaps the most useful article, because it consists of first hand working ideas, is the short one by E. Alkazi called *Style in the Theatre*. Style is something we all most conspicuously lack just now. This journal will have served the nation well if it succeeds in creating, once more, a consciousness of Style.

The Disappearing Dais is about the teaching of English — to English children. To that extent it may be thought quite useless for Indian conditions, but, in fact, ninety per cent of the material seems to me highly relevant for us. The only adjustment we have to make is to upgrade the school children and think in terms of University students instead. In other words, the techniques so carefully evolved for the English schoolroom can be used with great advantage, I think, in our college and tutorial classes. 'The main business of the English teacher,' says the author, 'is not instruction in any direct sense, nor even teaching in the sense which may be applicable in some other subjects. It is the provision of abundant opportunity for the child to use English under the conditions which will most conduce to improvement. . . . Our lecturers as well as our students need to make a greater effort not only in the classroom, but outside it. There must be systematic listening to the radio, talks, conversation, debates and even films in order to gain familiarity with the language.'

A perennial problem with Indian students is their disinclination to read anything outside the prescribed college text book. The average English child, says Mr. Whitehead, reads between 50-60 books a year, the brighter ones getting through 70 and over. The problem there is to wean them away from trashy books and teach them to prefer good writing, and, what comes to the same thing, good thinking. Still, there is no comparing the two problems of not reading at all, and reading only for entertainment. The important thing is to form the reading habit.

Dr. Johnson made the point when he said 'I would let (a boy) at first read *any* English book which happens to engage his attention, because you have done a great deal when you have brought a boy to have entertainment from a book. He'll get better books afterwards.' Left to themselves, children can and do learn to assess the quality of books in time, but Mr. Whitehead uses an imaginative method to help them. He asks his pupils to analyse many different advertisements; which one is information giving, which appeals to the emotions, which one relies on reason. It is good practice in the objective assessment of written material. Mr. Whitehead, in short, is in extremely sensitive, thoughtful teacher, and his book is full of pointers, which, if intelligently used, could turn a bad teacher into a good one.

Kamala Markandaya seems to be more successful when she writes about working people than when she writes about the middle classes. There is an implausibility in the behaviour of her middle-class characters which is absent from her poorer characters. Or perhaps the explanation is that my own ignorance about the domestic habits and ways of the working classes prevents me from being over-critical. Of course, it is also true that poverty constricts both mental and physical movement. To write about an ordinary working man is to write in the passive tense, about a hero who has no choice of action and who has to allow things to happen to him rather than go out and create incident.

Judged, then, against the background of my regrettably slight knowledge of the urban working classes, the hero Ravi seems to be a type fairly true to life. He moves to a town, loafs around sleeping on pavements, is accepted into a darzi's household, learns the work, marries the daughter, longs for a bicycle with shiny spokes and a spring bed, achieves neither, has several children instead, and, one way and another is poorer, more hopeless and more frustrated at the end of the book than he was at the beginning. The main deviation from realism

seems to be in asking us to believe that a darzi who was willing to work hard should lose his customers and become destitute at a time when more money than ever before is being spent on clothes.

The real loss of authenticity, of course, takes place at a more subtle level. There is the standard, unsolved problem of how to translate Indian habits of thought and speech into the English language. The staccato English slang, which Miss Markandaya uses, does not convey the flavour of Indian speech, and encourages a withdrawal of belief.

'Troubles?'

'Sort of.'

'Soon cure that,' Damodar winked 'Spot of the old medicine?'

'Don't go in for that, now,' said Ravi... 'Old married man and all that, you know.'...

Until some other writer can do much better than this, the style which Kipling so magnificently invented for rendering Indian thinking into English must remain unrivalled.

L.F.

Criticising the Critics

T. S. ELIOT. *Homage from India*. Edited by P. Lal (Writers Workshop, Calcutta, Rs. 12.00.)

I HAVE always viewed with suspicion Indian attempts at writing criticism of English and American literary works. With all the enthusiasm with which Indians read, teach and write about Western literature, with all the seminars and conferences yearly held by Indian writers in and teachers of English and with all the doctoral theses approved by our universities, we have reluctantly and with a terrible sense of shame, to admit that India has yet not produced a first rate critic of Western literature. We know of continental critics who have written original criticism of English and American works of literature. Could Indians do it? Are we willing to undergo the rigorous and sustained intellectual and critical discipline that produces good criticism of enduring value? The prospects seem to be dismal judging from the present stand-

ards of literary criticism in English in India.

I did not approach the Eliot commemoration volume edited by Mr Lal with suspicion, for I have always had considerable respect for his literary efforts. I expected to be stimulated by his book and went through the whole of it (a marvellous feat of human patience, I feel now) carefully and with an open mind. The result was disappointing. It only confirmed my suspicion.

If Eliot's scanty acquaintance with Sanskrit, the Upanishads and Buddhism which is not qualitatively different from Ezra Pound's dubious familiarity with the Chinese language, had not been publicised so much, and if Eliot had not ended 'The Waste Land' with the *Datta*, *Damyata*, *Dayadhvam*, *Shantih*, *Shantih*, *Shantih* mystical abracadabra, I feel he would not probably enjoy half the popularity which he does now in Indian literary and academic circles, and perhaps we would have been spared an immense and forbidding pile of cliché-ridden and muddle-headed 'assessments', 'analyses' and 'appreciations' of Eliot's poetry.

Mr Lal, poet, critic, translator and editor, is the most active and enterprising Indian writer in English today. I am here concerned with only Mr Lal the editor. As editor of the Eliot commemoration volume, his performance has been embarrassing. His generosity could be called an editorial disaster. I wonder whether he looked through all the sixty-one commissioned contributions in the book, half of which, I must regretfully say, do not rise above the college-miscellany level. Publishing any bilge by Indian writers in English under the disarming title of '*Homage to Eliot*' merely serves to encourage their laziness and to boost up their idiotic self-importance.

There are contributions in this volume which struggle to make meaningful statements about Eliot's poetry. But on reflection one finds that even here what one gets is nothing but a crude rehash of much that has been said before by Western critics of Eliot. What these Indian critics of Eliot add to it is not of any significance.

I must now deal with some of the contributions individually. Mr Ahmed Ali hardly does anything more than catalogue some universally known aspects of Eliot's poetry and quote 'memorable lines' from Eliot. What did Mr Bantleman want Eliot to be? A social reformer, a revolutionary, a Gandhi or a poet? I wish he had tempered what appears to be his genuine annoyance with Eliot's poetry with a certain amount of critical detachment, instead of thrusting it down the reader's throat with a fury suggestive of an adolescent beatnik. To give the reader some idea of Mr Bantleman's 'critical insight' and the kind of prose he writes, I need to quote only two of his sentences.

'.....why the hell couldn't he go and measure his life out with coffee-spoons?' And the second. 'No doubt he was a grand old man thrilling the dilettantes and frightening the pants off people with his pedantic-pseudo-prophetic poems'. Now, could a 'p-p-p' poem frighten anyone? Mr Bantleman should know better. Eliot was not Allen Ginsberg and certainly did not 'howl'.

What inspired Mr Lal to ask Sujatha Bala Subramanian to write about Eliot is a mystery. Prof. David McCutcheon's 'T. S. Eliot - An Irritated Reaction' is among the few essays in this book which reveal clear and disciplined thinking on Eliot's poetry. Prof. McCutcheon's approach, besides being balanced, reflects the present attitude of younger poets in England and America towards Eliot and his work.

What on earth makes Prof. C. D. Narasimhaiah think that the predicament of Western man has not yet become our predicament and that Eliot does not include

Indians when he writes, 'We are the hollow men/We are the stuffed men?' Indeed, the land through which the Ganges flows, which produced the *Gita* and the *Upanishads* just cannot have any hollow men! He naively writes that *The Waste Land* and *The Hollow Men* contain a warning to Indians not to go the Western way and glibly comforts himself and his countrymen with the happy thought that all is not lost and there is still hope for us to 'save our souls'. The only comment one can make is that it is terrible today to hear these pious platitudes from an intellectual who has been a student of Dr Leavis for some time. How long should Indians deceive themselves with this kind of spiritual bunkum?

Mr Agehananda Bharati's forceful piece on 'Fringe Reference and Non-Commitment', among other things, corroborates what has been said about the appeal of Eliot's poetry to Indians. Mr Adil Jussawalla on 'Eliot and the Historical Sense', Prof. Nissim Ezekiel on 'The Cocktail Party', Prof. S. N. Mitra on 'Eliot and Arnold' and Mr Lal on four critics of Eliot are particularly interesting. Prof. E. L. Rodrigues is good on a bad poem of Eliot.

Mr Ka Na Subramanyam's 'Reading T. S. Eliot' is pure crap and its inclusion in the book is unpardonable. For lack of space I refrain from mentioning several other contributions in the book which besides reflecting on the editor's sense of judgment and proportion, are an insult even to the average Indian reader's intelligence and sensibility. If only Mr Lal had been a little more patient and a great deal less generous, his effort, commendable as it is, would have been easier to appreciate. K. N. KUTTY

OUR REVIEWERS

P. C. CHATTERJEE works for All India Radio. He is a keen student of both Western and Eastern philosophy.

A. G. NOORANI writes political commentary for *The Indian Express* and *The Sunday Standard*.

S. B. MOOKHERJI is head of the History Department, Swendranath College, Calcutta.

R. K. KAUL lectures in English literature at Rajasthan University.

NITA PILLAI teaches English at Wilson College, Bombay.

K. N. KUTTY is on the staff of Mithibai College of Arts, Bombay, Department of English.

CORRESPONDENCE

SECULARISM IN LETTER AND SPIRIT

Sir,

The thesis of Shri N. W. R. Pande that the Indian Muslims are a half-cut branch of the main Indian tree, and must either fall off or reintegrate, needs a few comments.

1) It is not valid to assume a single Indian tree, or its alternative of a tropical jungle. A viable society can be focussed several partly separated and partly overlapping, partly competing and partly cooperating centres. India of our time has the legislative and the executive, the Union and the States, English and Hindi, the Right and the Left etc., with no prospect of merging these divisions into homogeneity. There is also no extensive coincidence between the rich, the influential and the powerful.

This polycentric structure of patriotic feeling is hard to understand for people accustomed to life in a monocentric society. A typical aristocrat, used to a single visible social nucleus, or a typical bureaucrat, habituated to single cadre culminating into a single head, would necessarily find a polycentric society as something that has no right to exist. India is a federal republic, and federal republics have been rare and resented in history. Switzerland, and later the USA, were for long regarded as utterly contemptible.

The concept 'Hindu' too is not as simple as it looks. A monocentric kind of Hinduism was propagated by Dayanand, and later by Vivekananda, but neither very successfully. In pre-Muslim India, as we know it from the Manu Samhita, or from the reconstructions of modern scholarship, society was clearly bicentric, and the Brahmins competed with the Kshatriyas as often as they cooperated. Even under the Mughals, there was no great empire until they had the Rajputs with them and after they had alienated the Rajputs. The Indian tradition is that of polycentrism, or as our President puts it, of unity in diversity.

The viability of this Indian society has been proved by the light of the September War, in which Muslim peasants and soldiers, as well as officers and politicians, came out in high propor-

tions to defend India. It could have been doubted even earlier only by those who did not care to study the character and the intention of the Indian Nationalist movement.

2) Responsibility goes with power. The most responsibility for the Partition rests with the British, who had the most power then and who still has the most powerful military machine East of Suez. There was no massive world opinion at that time to stop a Katanga game. By accepting the existing realities of power, the Congress High Command lost nothing they could have kept, and only gained a valuable recognition for India as the principal and residuary successor state.

Muslim opinion of that time was largely guilty too, but only in proportion to actual power, which was very little. Even so it is clear to some students of history at least that the leaders of the Muslim League wanted Pakistan only to regroup their forces towards a revival of the Mughal Empire, that is, were not aiming against the unity and the independence of the country as such, but against its secular and democratic constitution. If the British did not insist on a Partition, they would have fought for their cause within India.

In our time, the realities of power are such as to rule out any possibility of reunion. Whether East Pakistan breaks away or not, West Pakistan can only become more medieval and more Middle-Eastern a country, fit company for Saudi Arabia and Iran, and strangers to us.

3) Moral reciprocity is necessary for any society to pull together. The Muslims who have chosen to refuse to go to Pakistan may have been wrong once, and they may still be wrong in many particulars. But they are with us now. If we are to ask for any inward loyalty, then we are also to show an inward consideration for their feelings and problems. It is for this reason that Mahatma Gandhi supported the Khilafat movement.

The penchant Indian Muslims have shown of projecting unilateral loyalties into obscure and even unknown areas of history and geography, such as the medieval past or the Middle-East, is not unique to them. Others too have sought compen-

sation in imagination, solace and heroes, for the all too obvious failures in current actuality. If we wish them less addicted to such opium, we should arrange things so that they are allowed, encouraged and even manoeuvred into greater success within this India. There is no better cure than shared success.

The opposite also holds true. The poorest and the most ignorant is not so weak that he cannot practise greater justice in exchange for the greater justice he asks for. The fear that Indian Muslims have had of the Hindus should not have blinded them from seeing the fears haunting the greater part of the non-Muslim Indians. Repeatedly conquered and divided, bullied and brainwashed, they find it very difficult to gain confidence in strength and unity. Basically, they too are very frightened human beings.

4) Parochial and even treasonable feelings in minority communities is too common a human phenomenon to excite us unduly. Even non-Muslim Indians have them. What matters are not feelings, but actions.

There is a special reason for intensity of parochial feelings in any polycentric society. If there is a visible nucleus, a single set of individuals and families who lead in wealth and influence as well as in power, then there is an easily understandable explanation for the most bitter failures of every other subgroup of the society. 'We' are being put in Second Class because First Class is already occupied.

But First Class is visibly vacant in a society like India's. This is really because India is determined to be a polycentric society. But this is too far-fetched an explanation to more primitive minds. It is much easier to believe that it is Second Class for 'us' because First Class has been taken by an invisible, intangible, unconscious, even improbable 'them'. It is not just the Communists who think up all kinds of collusions and conspiracies, ghostly solidarities of the Haves against the Havenots. The Bengalis are as convinced as the rebellious Mizos that they are being discriminated against. The Marwaris of Calcutta no less than the fishermen of Midnapore feel the need to organize themselves against an unsympathetic world. It is a common conjugation: We need it, You be the judge, They will not give it.

Such kafir-baiting ghazis, whether Muslim or Hindu, Communist or Democrat, Groupist or Nationalist, have to be checked and balanced, even divided and ruled. It is fortunate that in this India of our time, there is no single collection of fanatics in a position to dominate the nation. But this good

fortune is precarious at best and has to be carefully guarded.

17-7-1966

PUNYA SLOKA RAY

Gentlemen:

I have been interested in *avant garde* Indian poetry written in English for some time, and a long visit last summer during which I talked to a number of young poets convinced me that India, as it has so often in the past, offers a moving and sophisticated display of the interchange between East and West that is unique. Nowhere else in Asia is the English language so at home or the currents of the Western tradition so strong; and nowhere else is there such a body of profound wisdom and ancient tradition which may be placed in fertile tension with that of the West. Additionally, India faces social and economic problems of such vastness and immediacy that no poet can withdraw from confrontation with the most elemental questions that face man.

It is from such assumptions that I have begun to gather poems for an anthology entitled *New Indian Poets*. I invite manuscripts to be considered for this book from the most daring and concerned of young poets writing in English. With the poems should be included sufficient International Postage for their return, permission to publish, and a brief biographical sketch. Payment will be made on publication.

July 22, 1966

Sincerely,
Howard McCord

Department of English,
Washington State University,
Pullman, Washington, U.S.A.

Sir,

In his review of Dr. Oroon Ghosh's book — *The Dance of Shiva & other tales from India* (Quest 50), Mr. David McCutcheon has accused Dr. Ghosh of changing 'his stories in the process of retelling them'. As an example he refers to the episode of Kacha & Devayani and quotes the relevant portion.

This shift is not, I think, deliberately brought in by Dr. Ghosh. In fact, if anybody is to be charged with turning 'Kacha into a figure of saintly forgiveness' (though personally I find the novelty of the transformation more fascinating), it is none other than Tagore himself. In his shorter verse-drama *Biday Abhishap* Tagore concludes the play magnificently with a blessing instead of a curse. Dr. Ghosh is perhaps not quite aware of the change; for Tagore is more immediate and irresistible to

us than the myths of bygone days, or than the *Siddha rasas* of the Sanskrit schools of rhetoric. And since all the puranas are myths, they are necessarily subject to innumerable allegorisations.

8-8-'66

SWAPAN MAJUMDAR

In his Preface Dr. Ghosh writes: 'The tales. . . are in *all* essential respects the old stories' (his italics).

In the Introduction to the section called 'Tales of Love and Adventure' he tells us he has taken the story of Chitrangada from Tagore, but on the same page we are informed that the tale of Kacha and Devayani is 'from the *Mahabharata*'. In any case, surely Mr. Majumdar would not prefer to be given Tennyson's Ulysses rather than Homer's in a book purporting to present the legendary tales of Europe?

DAVID MCCUTCHION

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

R. B. PATANKAR, Reader in English at the University of Bombay, has published articles in the British Journal of Aesthetics and other journals.

MICHAEL POLANYI, born in Hungary, Professor at the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Physical Chemistry in Berlin from 1922 to 1933, moved to England in 1933, where he has held Professorships in physical chemistry as well as in the social sciences. His works in the field of philosophy include *Personal Knowledge* (Routledge), the *Study of Man* (Routledge) and *Beyond Nihilism* (Cambridge University).

AMLAN DATTA needs no introduction to readers of *Quest*.

M. M. SANKHDHER is Lecturer in Political Science at the Hindu College, Delhi.

GULABDAS BROKER, a well-known writer of short stories in Gujarati, has published eleven collections of short stories, besides plays, essays and poems.

DILIP CHITRE has published two volumes of poems and short stories and a novel in Marathi besides translations from European poets.

C. V. RAGHAVULU is Lecturer in Public Administration, Andhra University.

D. ANJANEYULU, a journalist by profession, is editor-in-charge, *Vani* (AIR).

HIRENDRANATH PHUKAN is a young reporter on the *Assam Tribune*.

KEJAWA ASSAF is a Nigerian journalist who writes mainly on African and international affairs.

VINOD SENA teaches English at St. Stephen's College and is currently at Queen's College, Cambridge with a Commonwealth scholarship.

DEVINDRA KOHLI is Lecturer in English Literature at Ramjas College, Delhi.

NARESH GUHA, Head of the department of Comparative Literature at Jadavpur University, Calcutta, published his first and only book of poems in Bengali in 1952.

GAURI DESHPANDE is working for a Ph.D. in English Literature in the time she can spare from her occupation as housewife and mother.

GIEVE PATEL's first book of verse called *Poems* has just been published by the Writers' Workshop, Calcutta.

O. P. BHAGAT is on the staff of *The Hindustan Times* and has published a large number of short stories in various Indian magazines and newspapers.

SUJATHA BALA SUBRAMANIAN has published over forty short stories in different Indian magazines.

Rabindranath Tagore

Boundless Sky

A collection of short stories, novel, essays, drama and poems.

Rs. 14.50

TAGORE FOR YOU

Contains some of Tagore's essays and addresses, letters, poems and parables including a biographical sketch depicting the Poet's life and activities in various fields. Edited by Dr Sisir Kumar Ghose.

Rs. 4.00

CHITRALIPI

Collection of paintings and drawings in two volumes with introductory notes by the Poet.

Volume 1 : 18 plates Rs. 20.00

Volume 2 : 15 plates Rs. 18.00

ROLLAND AND TAGORE

Letters of Romain Rolland to Rabindranath Tagore. The volume also includes articles on Romain Rolland by Rabindranath Tagore, on Rabindranath Tagore by Romain Rolland, on Rolland and Tagore by C. F. Andrews and conversations between Romain Rolland and Rabindranath Tagore.

Illustrated. Rs. 3.50

25 PORTRAITS OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

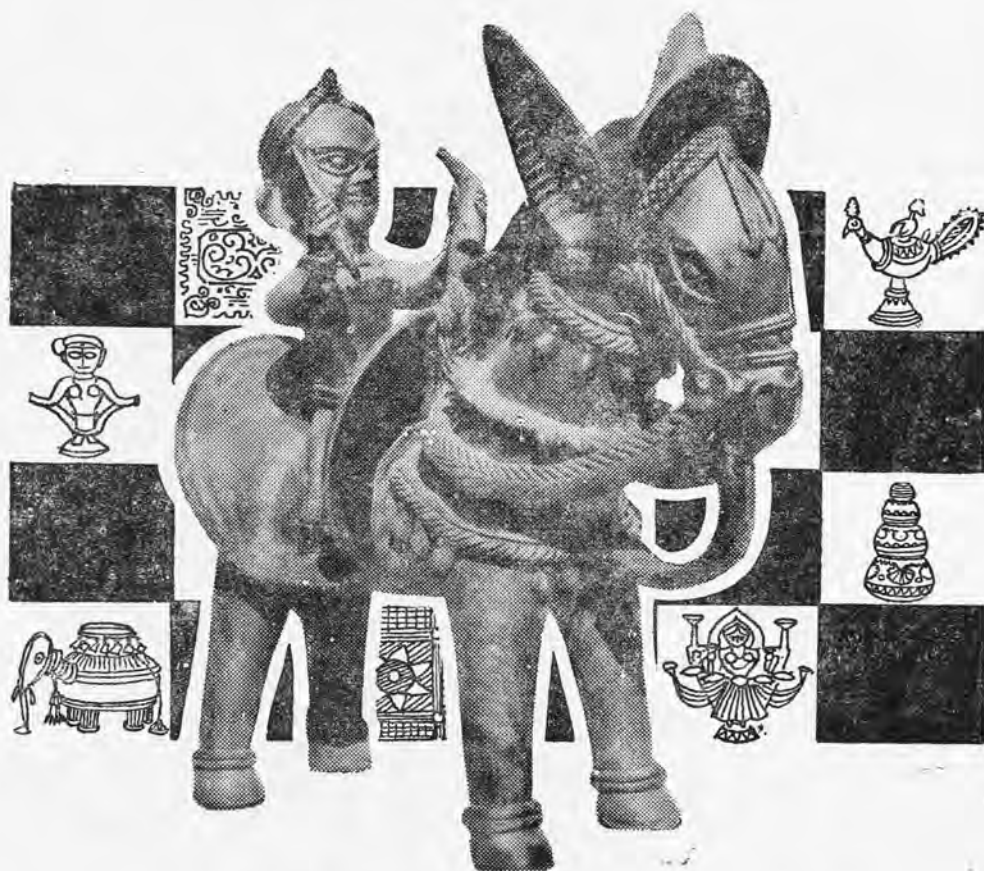
A Selection of photographs (1873-1941); including the first and last portraits of the Poet. Price Rs. 7.50 : Superior Edition Rs. 10.00

A list of Tagore's works in English, Hindi
and Bengali will be sent on request.

VISVA-BHARATI

5 Dwarkanath Tagore Lane, Calcutta 7

Happy Homes with HANDICRAFTS



Handicrafts in your home are a symbol of comfort and happiness. Meant to suit different seasons and moods, these masterly creations bring to you a perfect blending of traditional art and contemporary design — soothing and gay curtains of printed cloth, carpets with richness of colours and patterns, walnut wood tables, vases of blue pottery, terracota toys, nirmal work and ivory objects of decoration, all in endless variety.

ALL INDIA HANDICRAFTS BOARD

DA 66/293

Longcloths

"BATISTE"
TERENE COTTON FABRIC

Tussorees

Blankets

Lawns

Tapestries

Saris

Dhotis

Satin Duck

CHECK SHIRTINGS

Drills

Towels

TRONSIDE
(NYLON-COTTON DRILL)
CERTIFIED BY DU PONT
420 NYLON
FOR RESISTANCE

Poplins

Gaberdines

Mulls

Screen prints

Voiles

TATA *Textiles*

a household name for a wide range of textiles
made by these four mills:

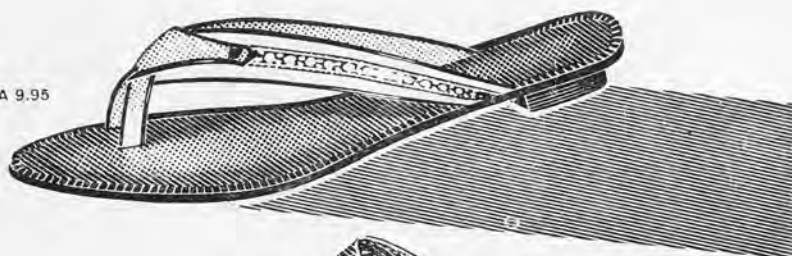
TATA MILLS, BOMBAY.

SVADESHI MILLS, BOMBAY.

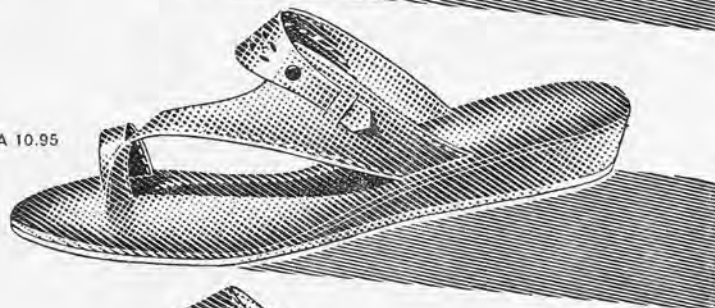
AHMEDABAD ADVANCE MILLS, AHMEDABAD.

CENTRAL INDIA (EMPRESS MILLS), NAGPUR.

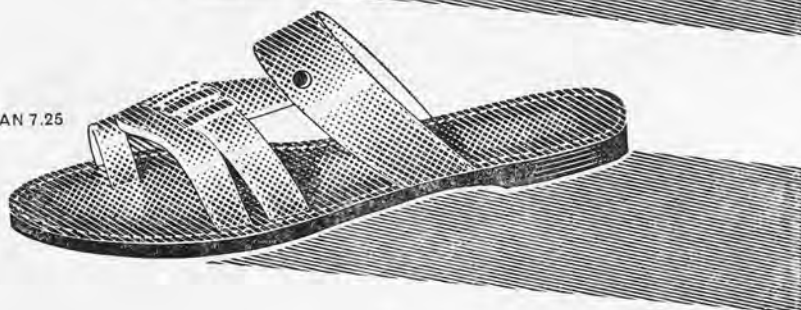
NISHA 9.95



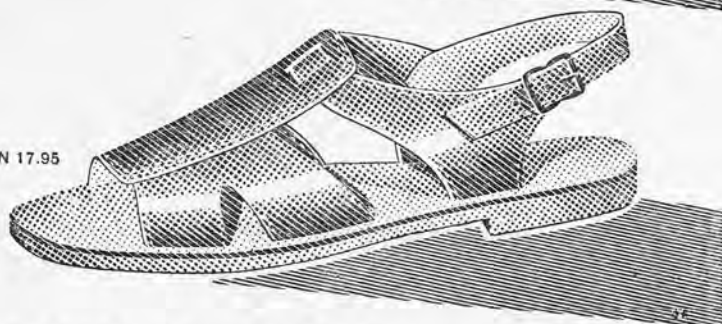
BINA 10.95



BIMAN 7.25



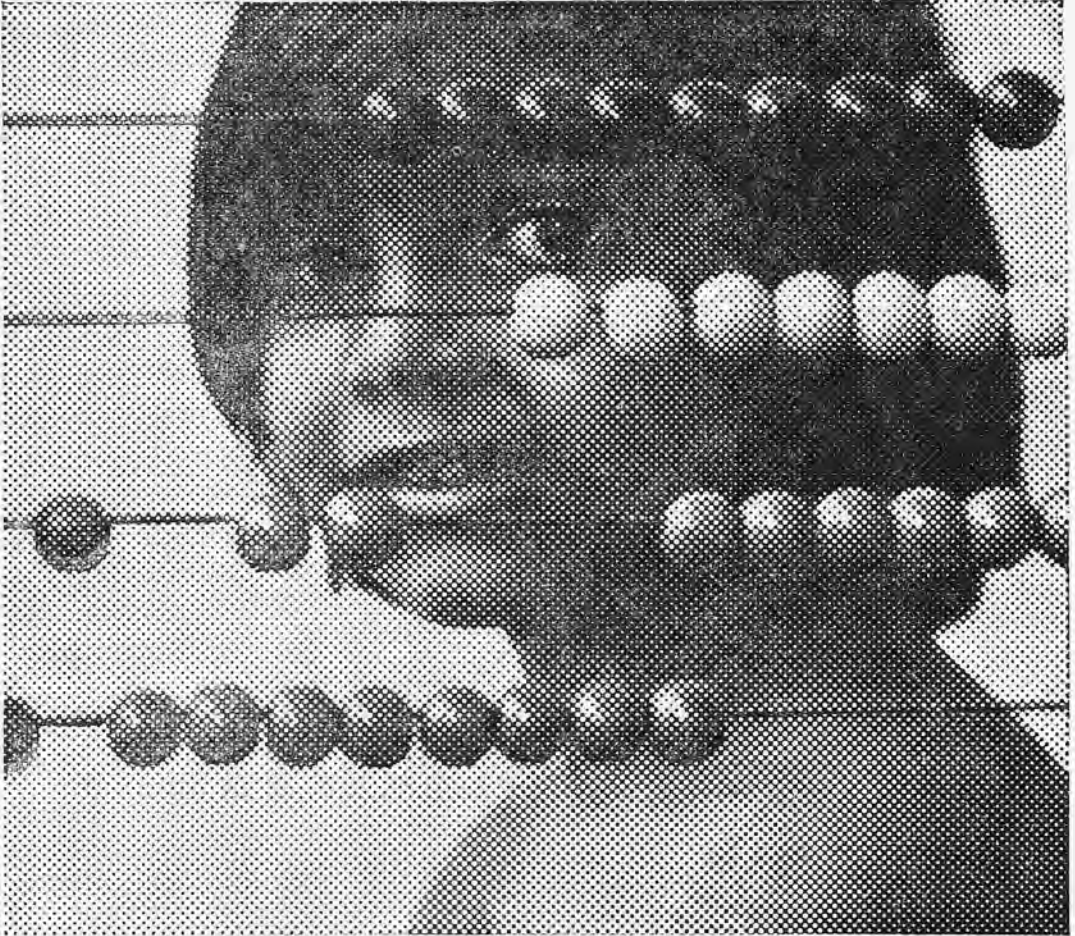
PAWAN 17.95



How to treat your feet in summer

On the pavements of summer, what a relief
it is to walk in Bata Sandals and Chappals!
Out of ordinary in cut and construction, they
help surround your feet with cool, breezy comfort,
providing priceless walking ease. Here are four
from our countless collection . . . in all the brightly
sprightly fashions of summer. Wear them 'round
the clock and love every minute of it!

Bata



Soon she'll have savings to count on!

Make your child start saving now. Open a Savings Bank Account for her, with the State Bank. She'll love to see her savings grow.

Cheque-operated Minors' Savings Bank Accounts can be opened:

- (a) by a natural or court appointed guardian who operates the account till the minor attains majority, at which time the latter begins operating the account.
- (b) by children 14 years old or above who can make deposits and withdrawals themselves.

State Bank for Service

**MODELLA
MAKES
THE
BEST
USE
OF
MY
WOOL**



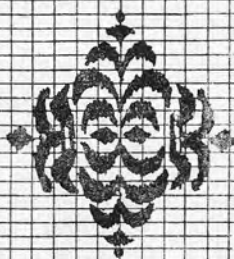
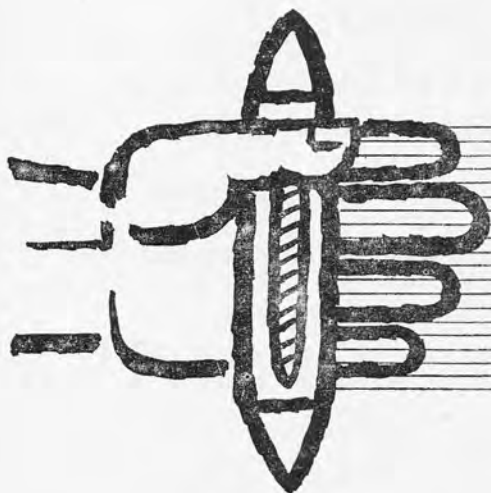
modella

For the finest in worsted fabrics,
'Terylene'/wool suitings, tweeds, velours,
blazer cloth, blankets and knitting wool.



4C, VULCAN INSURANCE BUILDING, VEER NARIMAN ROAD, BOMBAY 1.

INTERPUBLICITY MD3



HOMAGE

to Handloom Fabrics

"...I have seldom seen anything more beautiful than the handloom fabrics which we have in our country. It is craftsmanship and artistry of the highest order."

—Jawaharlal Nehru



**HANDLOOM
FABRICS**

DISTINCTIVE
DECORATIVE
DURABLE

ALL INDIA HANDLOOM BOARD

Sangeet Natak 2

Journal of the Sangeet Natak Akademi

a bi-annual publication on music, dance & drama

April 1966

Uparupakas and Nritya-Prabandhas
—*Dr. V. Raghavan*

Asian Drama & Lyric Poetry
—*Prof. Henry W. Wells*

Music Theatre in the Chinese Tradition
—*Dr. Tran Van Khe*

Dance At The Commonwealth Arts
Festival
—*Fernau Hall*

The Temperament Of Marathi Drama
—*Dnyaneshwar Nadkarni*

Documentary Theatre In Germany
Today
—*Dr. Lothar Lutze*

Innovations in Kathakali
—*V. Madhavan Nair*

Altaf Hussain Khan
—*Prof. S. K. Saxena*

Forms In Music
Dr. B. C. Deva & P. S. Nair

Notation — Views on the Akademi
Report

Sangeet Natak 3

October 1966

Forum — Folklore: Problems of
Preservation
—*Komal Kothari*

Contemporary Hindi Playwriting
—*Mohan Rakesh*

Artistic Philosophy Of Chinese Drama
—*A. C. Scott*

The Berlin Theatre Festival
—*E. Alkazi*

Attitudes of Consciousness in Indian
and Western Music.
—*Dr. H. J. Koellreutter*

Experiment In Polish Theatre
—*I. & T. Byrski*

Ariyakudi R. Iyengar
—*V. V. Sadagopan*

Book & Disc Reviews

Illustrated with photographs and sketches

Price Inland Rs. 6/- per annum. Overseas \$ 5 per annum

Order Your Copies Now:

SANGEET NATAK AKADEMI, Rabindra Bhavan, Ferozeshah Road, New Delhi

subscription form

To QUEST, 148 Mahatma Gandhi Road, BOMBAY 1

Please enter/renew my subscription from.....

to..... I am sending Rs. 5/.*

by cheque | M.O. | P.O. | in cash

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

Signature

* Annual Subscription: U.K. 20s; U.S.A. \$3; Foreign Subscriptions entered in India
Rs. 15/-

gift subscription form

Please enter gift subscription to the following in my name.

Signature

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

specimen copy form

*Please send a specimen copy of QUEST to the following with
an appeal to subscribe, mentioning my name.*

Signature

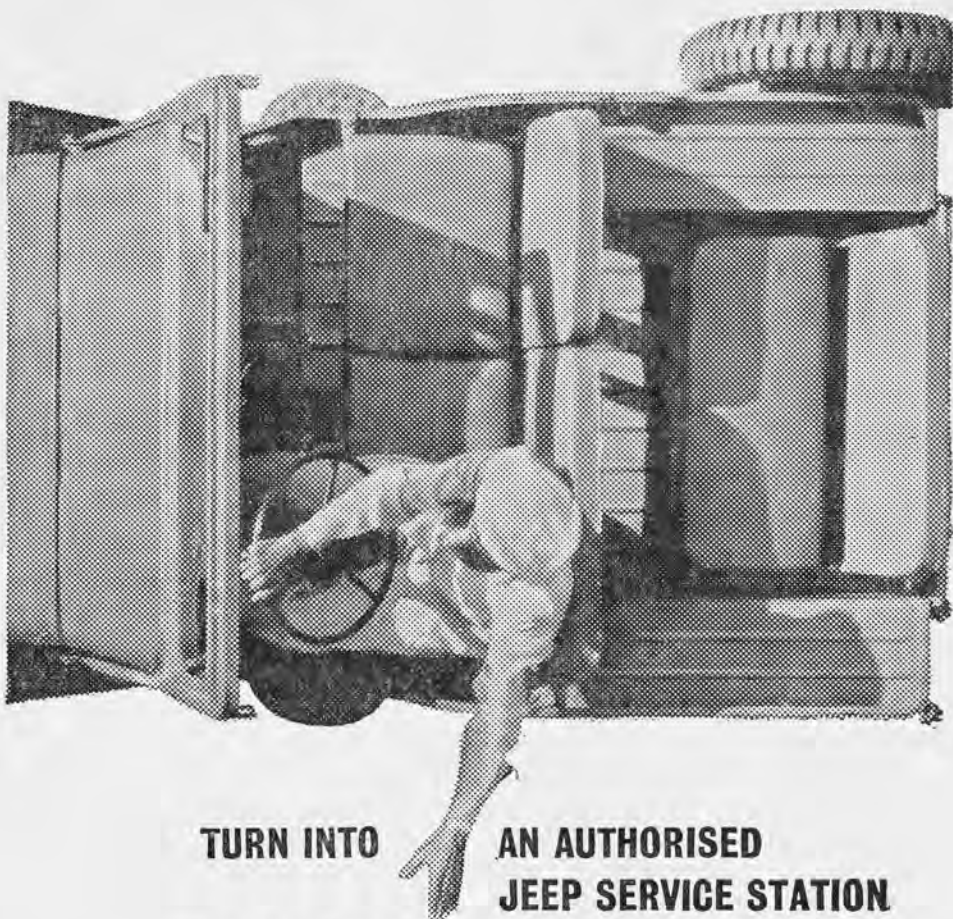
ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME

ADDRESS



TURN INTO AN AUTHORISED JEEP SERVICE STATION AND GET THE BEST IN JEEP SERVICE

Anytime your Jeep Vehicle needs maintenance or repairs, take it to a garage that displays the Jeep Service sign. Here the mechanics are regularly trained by our highly qualified and experienced service engineers, and are familiar with over 5000 parts in a Jeep.

Remember, only a Jeep mechanic should be trusted with a Jeep!



The Jeep Service sign is a guarantee that here you will get only genuine spare parts...anyone of over 5000 of them

PRESTON/14/14/14



MAHINDRA AND MAHINDRA LIMITED

Automotive Division • 5 Ferguson Road, Worli, Bombay 18

Printed and published by MISS SHEELA SINGH for the Indian Committee for Cultural Freedom, Army and Navy Building, 148 Mahatma Gandhi Rd., Bombay 1 at Inland Printers, Victoria Mills Buildings, 55 Gamdevi Road, Bombay 7.

what happened to the rest of the milk?



IT JUST isn't there! About 5 oz. of milk is what *you* get per day—if all the milk India produces is equally shared by her people!

That includes milk products, too! Not enough? Precisely. More milk has to be produced. Distribution has to be widened. That means more dairies and equipment: milk cans, can-washers, pasteurising plants, special storage tanks, bottle-washers and fillers...even foil caps for bottles! And that is the range of our products for the dairy industry alone—from a foil cap costing a few naye Paise to complete dairies worth several lakhs of rupees! When you next open a milk bottle, consider—

Who puts the wheels on milk cans?



We do—but not exactly on cans! Large dairies need large quantities of milk. And it has to be collected in time. A special job for road tankers—virtually tanks on wheels like the ones we make.

Here, food preservation is not a problem!

...but in the tropics foodstuffs deteriorate fast. Take milk, for instance.

Tons of it! That is what a large dairy handles *every* day! Milk is collected from distant centres, weighed, tested, clarified, pasteurised and chilled. It's then stored in insulated tanks or cold stores.

Next comes filling and capping of lakhs of bottles. A complicated process? Certainly.

Something that cannot be done well enough—fast enough—without special plant and the know-how—exactly what we provide.



How many hours to churn 11,500 litres of cream?

If by hand—well, it is impossible! But with automatic butter-making plants, in just a day!—and fully packed, too! Special equipment

of this type that we supply to

milk-products factories, include those for making cheese, milk powder, condensed milk, ice-cream—even ghee!



Larsen & Toubro Limited

Divisions: Dairy & Refrigeration • Earthmoving & Agricultural Equipment • Drilling & Mining • Heavy Plant • Industrial Appliances • Electrical Equipment & Switchgear • Instruments • Civil Engineering • Erection • Manufacture • Servicing