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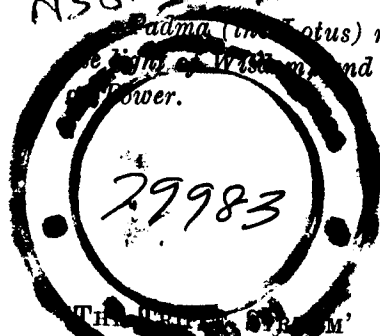
'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the spirit. All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. We count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the Triple Stream of Love, Wisdom and Power.

The 'Triveni' Symbol

The lotus represents the purity of Love, Jyoti (the Flame) the light of Wisdom, and Vajra (the thunderbolt of Indra) the splendour of Power.



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Note : On page 107, line 3, please read as wroth for 'worth'

.....he that laboureth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure!

— THE SONG CELESTIAL

THE TRIPLE STREAM¹

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAU

Nehru, as Peace-maker

In the difficult conditions created by the flare-up in Korea, the Indian Prime Minister sought to play the role of a peace-maker. The effort is certainly praiseworthy and it indicates Republican India's resolve to hold the balance between the warring blocs. As a member of the Commonwealth, India is technically allied to the Anglo-American group of countries. She is also interested in checking the spread of Communism in Asia, especially when the Communist Party of India is ranged in insurrectionary opposition to the National Government at New Delhi. Membership of the Commonwealth, however, is not the sole test of India's position in international affairs. As a matter of fact, Pandit Nehru has always emphasised India's right to determine her foreign policy, unhampered by any commitments, and even to maintain a neutral attitude in case of an armed conflict between the Powers. The recognition of Communist China by India is a clear proof of the Nehru Government's capacity to play an independent part without waiting to be led by Britain or the U. S. A. The peace move initiated by India reflects India's anxiety to localise the conflict, and prevent a world conflagration. A discussion in the Security Council with Communist China represented on it might have led to tangible results, including the withdrawal of the North Korean forces to the 38th Parallel. But America, as the controlling power in the U. N. O., took a strictly legalistic view and insisted that the question of Communist China's representation ought not to be mixed up with the immediate problem; as a proclaimed aggressor, North Korea must retrace its steps. This unhelpful attitude blocked all further attempts on India's part to ease the situation.

But India is a party to the Security Council's resolution on Korea; she is pledged to render aid to South Korea, even though that aid may be confined to the despatch of a medical mission. Russia's lightning decision to suspend her boycott of the U. N. O., and to permit her representative to preside over the meetings of the Security

¹ August 2.

Council this month must create a new situation. While India will not help Russia to reverse the Security Council's previous resolution on Korea, she is bound to vote for the representation of Communist China on all bodies of the U. N. O., including the Security Council. The latest Russian move is not an indication of Soviet Russia's desire to co-operate with all other States in the restoration of a peaceful atmosphere. On the other hand, it is a step in furtherance of her designs to weaken the U. N. O., by imposing her veto at every turn. It is also a step in her peace-offensive.

Kashmir and the U. N. O.

Pandit Nehru's efforts to restore peace in Korea have been discounted by certain sections of the British and American Press; they question why a settlement has not been reached with Pakistan over the Kashmir issue. India is accused of deliberately blocking the plebiscite in Kashmir with a view to perpetuating her sway over that State. But it was India which made the offer of a plebiscite, though the offer was made to the people of Kashmir and not to Pakistan, the unwanted aggressor. The U. N. O., bungled by seeking to place India and Pakistan on the same level, even after its own Commission reported the presence of Pakistan troops in the valley. It further complicated matters, when it virtually recognised the Azad Kashmir administration as the local authority, having a status similar to that of the Abdullah Government. The latest effort of the U. N. Mediator, Sir Owen Dixon, to find an agreed basis for further negotiations has not been successful. Kashmir has been an integral part of India ever since its accession, and the Government of India is thus charged with the duty of protecting the State against all aggressors. Any plan of demilitarisation envisaged by Sir Owen Dixon must take note of this primary consideration. Indian troops are needed not merely for the maintenance of law and order with the collaboration with the Government of that State, but also to protect the citizens of all parts of the State — including those at present occupied by Pakistan controlled troops — from violence. India has not withdrawn her offer of a plebiscite nor has she attempted to evade it. But she maintains that the withdrawal of Pakistan troops and of all outside elements from every inch of the State of Jammu and Kashmir, is a pre-requisite to the holding of a plebiscite. The subtle propaganda in favour of the eventual partition of Kashmir on the basis of the present cease-fire line must be counteracted. In her anxiety to find a peaceful solution India has conceded point after point, which she deemed of minor significance. But a limit must be set somewhere.

Any yielding on the question of the 'simultaneous' withdrawal of the Indian and Pakistan forces from Kashmir, or on the question of holding a plebiscite while yet some parts of the State are garrisoned by Pakistan troops, will prove fatal. If, however, Sir Owen Dixon can propose a solution satisfactory to India and to the people of Kashmir without the need to hold a plebiscite, India will give earnest thought to it. And Sir Owen's powers are wide enough to cover even such a solution.

Socialists and Communists

Originating as compact, organised groups within the National Congress, the Socialists and the Communists are now functioning as independent parties with clear-cut ideologies and programmes. As the general elections are drawing near, they are marshalling their forces in order to try conclusions with the party in power. They do not expect to function as the Government either at the Centre or in the various States of the Indian Union, but they hope to wean away large numbers of Indian citizens from their allegiance to the Congress. The Congress had to change overnight from a fighting organisation to a government making body. In the process of adjusting itself to the new conditions, it has made mistakes. There has not been enough time at its command to thoroughly overhaul its organisational side; conflicts have arisen between the Congress bodies and the Congress Ministries at various levels. To add to this, the presence of large numbers of 'heroes' in the erstwhile fight for freedom clamouring for rewards, has inevitably led to a certain amount of corruption and of favouritism to ensure loyalty to the party. These things happen in every country in the first stages of freedom, but the evils were accentuated in India by the lack of a vigilant organised public opinion. While a certain amount of evil undoubtedly exists, the tendency has been to magnify it and use it as a means of discrediting both the Ministries and the Congress bodies. Curiously enough, Congressmen have come to hate each other more cordially than they are hated by non-Congressmen. Even the highest dignitaries of the Congress organisation find themselves powerless to restrain their following or to bring about harmony between rival groups. In the process, the Presidentship of the Congress has been robbed of its prestige; the President is no longer the Rashtrapati, for that appellation has been quietly transferred to the President of the Republic. The Congress is today a house divided against itself, and unless effective measures are taken at Nasik to stop the rot, the great organisation will suffer an eclipse.

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But despite all this, the Congress continues to be the largest and the most widely respected political party in India. It is fairly certain to be returned in comfortable majorities everywhere, and form the Governments at New Delhi and in the States. But a strong opposition is bound to function in every legislature, and prevent the evils of perpetual one-party rule.

It is in this context that the recent moves of the Socialists and the Communists acquire some significance.

In every scheme of 'leftist consolidation', the Socialists and the Communists have kept clear of each other. The Socialists will under no circumstances coalesce with the Communists or condone their methods, for the Socialists are wedded to the ideal of 'Democratic Socialism'; they prefer to pursue democratic methods and make use of the machinery provided by the Republican Constitution to achieve their ends. In his mental make-up and his general approach to national problems, Sri J. P. Narain is much nearer to Nehru than to Joshi or Ranadive. He will not accept dictation from a body like the Cominform nor indulge in violence and bloodshed. The Socialists are also breaking up into groups but Sri J. P. Narain and Sri Narendra Deva may be trusted to keep a hold on the party, and win a position for it in the legislatures, though parliamentary power is not their prime objective. At present the Socialist leaders are unable to gather large numbers into their fold because there is no nation-wide constructive effort to their credit. The few that gather under their banner are disgruntled Congressmen or non party men who believe in attaching themselves to a party without a record—clean or unclean—in order to make an appeal to the electorate on the strength of programmes not yet tried.

The Communist Party of India covered itself with ignominy both during the war period and during the first years of freedom, by adopting a frankly anti-national attitude. Their campaign of murder, loot and arson has thoroughly discredited them. And their allegiance to an outside power is the weakest point in their armour, for, in the name of world-revolution, they are antagonising the progressive, but peace-loving, sections of their countrymen. No one believes in their recently advertised change of front; it may be yet another ruse to 'legalise' themselves and fight the elections. The country has suffered too much from their insurrectionary methods to put trust in their new professions of peaceful intentions.

The contest will hereafter lie between a rejuvenated Congress and the Socialists. The others will align themselves with these parties

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and prepare the way for a two-party system, which alone can safeguard our Democratic State.

Writers in Free India

While the leaders of political parties are measuring their strength, those who value the things of the mind continue to devote themselves to literature and the arts. The National Government of India is anxious to help literary and artistic effort, but it is preoccupied with matters of more immediate concern. Its cultural programmes are halting and infructuous; the requisite funds are not available. Private bodies like the P. E. N. India Centre, under Srimathi Sophia Wadia's leadership, are struggling against odds to keep alive the interest in the literatures in the various regional languages and to coordinate the efforts of literary persons and associations. The Conferences at Jaipur (1945) and Benares (1947) formed important landmarks in our cultural history, for they brought together the litterateurs of India and representatives of foreign cultural organisations. Further P. E. N. Conferences have not been held, because the Government of India wished to take the initiative in calling an all-India literary conference.

"Writers in Free India" is the record of the notable gathering at Benares under the presidentship of Srimathi Sarojini Devi, National President of the P. E. N., and Governor of the U. P., who proclaimed her faith that "Literature is the only way in which the truth of life can be kept alive." During the five-day session, important papers were read and discussions held on problems relating to literary expression and the responsibilities of writers. The first part of the volume gives a fairly accurate version of them all, while the second gives a brief account of the growth of the Indian literatures between the Jaipur and Benares sessions. But those were the years when the post-war depression weighed heavily on all literary effort, and the partition of the country created fresh difficulties. The triumph of the freedom struggle, however, is reflected in all our literatures.

In the early stages of freedom, maybe for a decade or two the writers are apt to be neglected. Success will come only to such of them as are able to body forth the prevailing discontent. The literature 'of the moment' will score over the literature 'of all time', but the abiding values of life are bound to assert themselves. Writers in Free India, if they are to fulfil their destiny, must not be afraid to dream, must not fight shy of sentiment. And while giving expression to their inmost thoughts, they must learn to love the work of kindred spirits writing in other Indian languages, or in languages other than

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Indian. In every linguistic area, groups of scholars must devote themselves to the study of languages, and function as ambassadors of culture by translating from one language into another. Through the monthly Bulletin, *The Indian P. E. N.*, the P. E. N. India Centre has broadcast information about the literary movements all over India, and spread 'sweetness and light'.

Pity the Students!

Politicians have their fads, and those fads must perforce be experimented upon the young. Educational theory, the capacity of the student, and even commonsense are being set at naught in South India in the excessive zeal to multiply the number of languages taught in schools. The first glimmer of light in all this chaos is provided by the Education Minister's heroic effort to let off a youngster with two languages, but leaving him free to learn four if he wishes to. Knowledge of words is not necessarily knowledge of things; it may not be a step to wisdom. The mother-tongue, the regional language, the classical language, the 'national' or federal language, and the international language—all these have their advocates. There can be no objection to anyone learning even a dozen languages, if he is so inclined, but most of us ought to be content with two. No compulsion can be exercised with regard to any language other than the mother-tongue till the child reaches the lower secondary stage; and then let him choose freely between Hindi and English as a second language right up to the end of the high school course. At present both Hindi and English are being given compulsorily from the first form. Let our leaders at New Delhi make up their minds definitely on this point—that it is injurious to teach three languages simultaneously and compulsorily at the first form stage. If students and their parents are free to decide between Hindi and English from the first to the sixth form, any possible deficiency can be made up by providing a language test in Hindi for *all-India* services for those who have not taken it during their school course.

In accordance with the recommendations of the Radhakrishnan Commission, students all over India at the University level will learn English compulsorily, though the medium of instruction may be an Indian language. In addition, we may expect that schools of foreign languages will be established at important centres, and provision made at every University for the advanced study of five or six Indian languages.

HAVALDAR

(A STORY)

By K. ASWATHA NARAYANA RAO

(Rendered from Kannada by K. Sampathgiri Rao)

(1)

Dandappa was an old Havaladar in the Bombay police service. He was fifty. He had a stalwart body; and, having trained himself in his younger days as a wrestler, he had somehow found his way into the police force. He had a broad face with bulldog jaws, and his half-gray moustaches, trimmed at the sides, and somewhat blood-shot eyes imparted a fierce appearance to his look. Blue shorts, a coat, a yellow cap, a leather hose, a heavy pair of sandals, a short baton tucked at the waist, his number in brass figures, these completed his outfit and he looked a model Havaladar.

His temperament, his grim resoluteness in times of crisis, his coolness, his skill in investigation, his devotion to duty, his power of endurance, his loyalty to the Department, — all these had earned for him the good opinion of his officers. He was in the forefront when difficult duty had to be performed; similarly, when a delicate piece of work was to be undertaken, Havaladar Dandappa was always chosen to attend to it. He had acquired the reputation of being 'a safe man' in the Department. His illiteracy was his one handicap,—or he would have certainly risen to higher positions.

It was thirty years since Dandappa had come to Bombay. He lived his early life in his village as a cultivator. He owned too an acre of land. But the rains had failed and his living had become precarious. So he made up his mind to leave his village in accordance with the well-known Kannada proverb: "When you are down and out, take to the city." He had heard a great deal of Bombay, and somehow deposited himself there. He spent about four years undergoing great privations, driven from pillar to post, in and out of jobs, until at last through the good offices of a friend he secured a place in the Police Department. His life now became more comfortable. Within two years he saved two hundred rupees, went to his village, married Ambavva whom he had fancied, brought her to Bombay, and hired one portion of a partitioned room for five rupees a month in one of the top floors of a chawl in Kandewadi, situated in one of the by-ways of Girgaon.

Ambavva was a handsome woman, slim and fair-complexioned. She had an artless and tender nature, and so docile that she was as the shadow of her husband. She was ever intent on fulfilling the least of his wishes. This purpose filled all her life. Her devotion was the result of her love for him—not unmixed with a certain amount of awe with which she looked upon him: for, though Dandappa was not lacking in tenderness towards her and showed it by his occasional presents of jewels and ~~money~~, there was still a certain amount of hardness and discipline which coloured his domestic behaviour—a natural overflow from the current of his official life. On such occasions he exhibited his temper, and the sharpness of his tongue. And she felt hurt and broke into tears. Reconciliation followed, but took some time. Such fear was ever present in her mind and always put a restraint on her behaviour, because one could never tell when he would fly off into a temper.

Panduranga was the child born to them after some years of married life. Both in appearance and disposition he took after his mother, — the same tenderness of feeling, the same gentleness and dignity of outward behaviour. But on occasions he gave evidence of some of Dandappa's courage, spirit, and unbending nature. Thus Dandappa recognised in his only child the looks he loved so well as also the traits he admired so much, and began to dote on him.

When Panduranga was a baby, Dandappa had never enough of fondling of the baby. He used to take him, exhibit him before all his friends and was indeed very proud of him. He bought dresses, ornaments and toys for the boy beyond his means. He brought sweets and eatables for him to the point of causing indigestion. Though usually so dearly fondled, when the baby was naughty, Dandappa administered an occasional whacking. And Ambavva would intervene and rescue the little one, saying, "Though his love is like milk, his anger is like fire."

The boy was admitted to school in due course, the parents stinting themselves even the necessities of life to maintain him there. Dandappa's greatest ambition was that the boy should get education, pass high examinations and secure a big job. So he spared no expense to provide the boy with books, paper, pencils and other things. He had even given him a hat and a pair of boots. That he could not engage a private tutor for him was one of the things that grieved him. Being an illiterate himself he could not undertake the boy's teaching. He contented himself with seeing to it that the boy did not waste his time at home; and this he did effectively. If now

and then the boy went a little astray, Dandappa brought down his heavy punishment and kept him on the proper path. On such occasions he acted the strong father's part rather too strongly, so as to make Ambavva venture to intervene protesting: "What—are you going to kill the boy? Please, for God's sake, leave him alone; don't hurt him so." And he replied in a voice of thunder, "If he does not read now, what should happen to him? I can't bear to see him idling his time." His behaviour was like Goldsmith's schoolmaster who, "if severe in aught, the love he bore to learning was in fault!"

The War came. The cost of living went up like a rocket. It became very difficult for the poor Havaladar to make both ends meet. How should he continue to provide for the education of his son? Poor Panduranga's education came to an abrupt end with the fifth standard. He was sixteen years old. And there was need to increase the family earnings. How should Dandappa keep him idle at home? He wanted him to take up a job. Ambavva said, "Why burden him so soon? There is time enough for him to slave till the end of his life. Let him rest for some time." Dandappa said, "What do you mean? How can any one afford to be idle these days? No—he must become an earner," and clinched the matter.

Then the kind of job that Panduranga should take came in for discussion. Dandappa said, "It is obvious: he should join the police force." Ambavva pleaded, "No, let him not become a policeman. It is enough that you are in that department. It is a place where one has to do the most unpleasant duties. If he has to earn, let him get into some other job." Dandappa got wild on hearing such aspersions against his department. "What did you say? Is my work so bad? It is the King's work. It implies authority to arrest even a millionaire. What can there be equal to it? It is because of this that we are alive now, and fairly comfortable. Don't forget that. Don't foul your own nest." Ambavva rejoined: "Yes—all the honour is only in your presence. When your back is turned, what things they can speak of you! I hear everyday—" Dandappa put a stop to her further talk: "Let them say what they please. I do not care a brass button for their opinion. Nowadays everybody has a grouse against the police. Hartals, processions and meetings almost every day. We know very well the amount of unrest and disloyalty there is in the country. I do not care for all the talk against the police. If any body attempts to speak disloyal nonsense to you, be on your guard." Ambavva at this juncture somehow took it into her head to reply: "Why should any body attempt to speak to me? Have I not

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seen for myself something of this slavery?" As soon as these words came out of Ambavva's mouth in spite of herself, Dandappa was roused like a cobra. "Ha! such words to my face! Shut up! I may have to give you a good whacking." At this moment, the son came between them and, holding his father's hand, said, "Please don't raise your hand against Mother. I am ready to join the Police Department." Dandappa was somewhat mollified. Ambavva broke into sobs.

(2)

The terrible days of August, 1942. Dandappa who had been busy all the previous night in connection with the arrest of the leaders, was now lying in sound sleep during the day. Ambavva was preparing food. It was noon, but Panduranga had not yet returned from his duty. Hour after hour the incidents of that fateful day were reaching the ears of Ambavva. The more she heard, the more she was agitated. She felt more and more concerned for her son as time was passing. It was 1 p. m. — 2 p. m. and yet Panduranga had not returned. Ambavva who was going to the door now and again eagerly looking out for the arrival of her son, now stood in the verandah in front of her house watching in anxious expectation. Another half-hour passed. Ambavva did not stir from her place; Dandappa was not yet awake. Ambavva was tired of standing and was about to go inside when an Ambulance car turned towards the house and drew up in front. Ambavva's heart beat fast. In another moment, a body swathed in white cloth was lifted out of the van by the police. Ambavva gave a shriek of horror. Dandappa got up in a hurry and came out to see what all the commotion was about.

His sight fell upon the corpse of his son. Yes; among the thousands who lost their lives that day, his son was one. The two friends who had brought the body stood with downcast faces. Ambavva fell on the corpse and broke into sobs. Dandappa was stunned for a moment and stood with a vacant look. Then it all flashed on him. One of the friends narrated the happenings in detail. The police had to open fire to disperse a procession. But this time the people, instead of dispersing, rushed forward and wreaked their vengeance on the policemen on whom they could lay their hands. Panduranga was among those victims. But the narration did not produce any impression on Dandappa. Gradually his grief gave way to anger. He found his tongue at last, and asked faltering, "Have any arrests been made in connection with this?"

"Yes; all the people were caught, but—"

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"But— ?"

"Their leader slipped away."

"Ha! slipped away!"

"Yes."

"If I cannot catch him and bring him to the gallows, what sort of a Havaldar am I?"

From that day, Dandappa addressed himself to the task of tracking the culprit, with the approval of the officers. He got to know the particulars about the leader from the persons arrested. He was a young man from Pandharpur, of the name of Deshpande. He was living with his brother-in-law in Bombay and studying at college. He was aged about eighteen. As soon as Dandappa gathered these particulars, he went to the brother-in-law's house, made a search and secured a photograph of the youngman. He arranged for the house to be watched. Three days later there were posters stuck on the walls all over the city offering a reward of Rs. 2,000 for information leading to the arrest of Deshpande. His photograph and other particulars were also widely published. Dandappa resolved to track down Deshpande and bring him to justice and thus wreak his vengeance; and he would get the reward of Rs. 2,000 in addition.

From that day Deshpande's photograph was always in Dandappa's pocket. Wherever he went he was always on the lookout for the person who bore any resemblance to the photograph. He would take out the photograph and compare the faces. He got at Deshpande's college-mates, his relations and friends, made searching enquiries regarding his habits, learnt about the places frequented by him, the picture houses and hotels usually visited by him, and started watching these places. Once while going on the Vittalbhai Road, someone looked suspiciously at him, and made himself scarce in a moment. Dandappa, after a great deal of effort, was able to capture him. But the arrested man turned out to be an old offender who was 'wanted'. Dandappa got complimented for the arrest; but this gave him no satisfaction or peace of mind. He got stray bits of information now and then; and he would follow them up with great care. Still he had not tracked down his man. He even went out of Bombay visiting a few towns on this quest. His efforts bore no fruit. But despite all frustration, he never lost hope, and his efforts never slackened. This quest became the purpose of his life.

(3)

Days passed, months passed—it was almost a year; and yet his quest had not succeeded. Sometimes a doubt crossed Dandappa's

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mind whether the culprit was still alive. And immediately he assured himself: "Why not? He is in hiding somewhere about here, and will be caught one day or other. Let us see." His officers had begun to feel displeased with his failures, in spite of numerous hints being given to him which should have led to an arrest. Dandappa knew all this. But what could he do? Was he not bending all his energies to this one task? He was beginning to feel displeased with himself.

One day he was coming out of his house with a companion on his usual hunt. "Come, Gangappa, let us have a little tea. we have to watch the whole night," he said to his companion and entered the Royal Restaurant at the end of Kandewadi. It was after dusk and the lights were on. The two settled themselves at a table at one end near the door. Dandappa ordered two single teas. While tea was arriving, he turned to his companion and said: "Gangappa, what shall I do? I am wearing out my very life on this business. And yet the Inspector is displeased. My son has lost his life; do I require a greater spur to effort than that? And there is, in addition, a Rs. 2,000 reward." As these words were uttered, there was a noise of a moving chair in the corner diagonally opposite to where they were seated. And they heard a loud cough — as what was gulped in by the person had gone in on the wrong side. Immediately Dandappa's attention was directed to the place. The man at the farther corner was getting up to leave. He had not yet taken his tea. Dandappa's suspicions were roused. He gazed at the man's face for a moment and took out the photograph from his pocket. Even in that insufficient light, there was no mistaking the resemblance.

Dandappa leaped in an instant towards that man, who for a moment looked at the door where Dandappa was standing. As if prepared for Dandappa's rush towards him, he aimed a plate full of savoury and hot stuff right into Dandappa's face, and rushed inside the hotel. Dandappa's eyes were put out of action for a moment by the pungent things thrown at his face, and, before he or any one else realised what was going on, the man got into the closet and fastened the bolt. They broke open the door, but meanwhile he had escaped through a window opening out towards Kandewadi. Perhaps he had been long familiar with this locality. Immediately Dandappa and Gangappa ran out into Kandewadi area in hot chase blowing their whistles.

Just then Ambavva was sitting near the door engaged in cleaning a quantity of rice, picking out dirt and pieces of stone from it. Suddenly she heard the sound of footsteps entering in. She looked

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up, and saw a stranger inside the open door. She got frightened. She was about to scream but the stranger, trembling all over and in a pitiable voice, said, "Mother, do not fear. Please save me; hide me; close the door." She was perplexed, and merely continued to stare. The stranger himself gently closed the door. "Good mother, I have sought refuge with you. My life is in your hands." Saying this he collapsed on the floor.

By this time Ambavva had taken a good look at the stranger and completed her survey of him. His young, slim and famished body, overgrown hair on head and chin, glistening and frightened eyes like those of a hunted animal—these filled her mother's heart with pity. Without a moment's hesitation she took the stranger's hand and led him in and made him sit down in the kitchen.

At this moment she heard someone pushing in the outer door and heard the voice of Dandappa. Ambavva was startled. He had gone on his night duty—how should he return so soon? She was greatly frightened. Her limbs seemed to get paralysed. Meanwhile Dandappa entered the house; and with great effort Ambavva came to the outer room. As soon as he saw her, Dandappa asked, "Did any one come anywhere this side?" Ambavva's limbs began to quake. She could not manage to speak and simply said, "What?" "Why are you so scared?" he asked, "Did you not see any one run in this direction? That is all I asked you. Why are you so agitated?" With great difficulty she mustered courage enough to say 'No.' Dandappa said impatiently, "So much time merely to say 'No'. Gangappa, the murderer must have moved on further." Saying this to himself, he banged the door behind him and moved out. Gangappa, who had been observing Ambavva, followed Dandappa but not before turning back and casting a suspicious glance at her. When he got on the road, he asked Dandappa, "Why did your wife look so frightened?" Dandappa merely said, "She is a timid creature. My very presence puts her in a fright. And when we spoke of a murderer, that must have scared her out of her wits." Gangappa drawled out, "That is all, you think?" Dandappa reassured him, "What else? Will she ever speak false to me? Does she not know the consequence? You have no idea how I have kept my wife?" Gangappa remained silent.

When she heard the word 'murderer' Ambavva for a moment felt like telling Dandappa everything. But Dandappa had moved out of the house. Just then, as if to strengthen her former determination, the poor stranger asked for water in a faint and pitiable voice. Ambavva went into the kitchen and gave him some water.

He quaffed it with eagerness and made signs begging for some food. Ambavva had not yet taken her meal, so she served him some food on a plate. The stranger gobbled up what was placed before him. Looking at his eagerness Ambavva thought, "Poor fellow, it looks as though he has been starving for many days."

As soon as his hunger was satisfied, the youngman pleaded, "Mother, I am not really a murderer. Don't believe it." Ambavva, not knowing what to say, merely looked up and down. The youngman proceeded, "Terrible things happened on the 9th of August." The death of Panduranga immediately came to Ambavva's mind. She said, "My son, too, lost his life on that day. He looked very much like you," and tears streamed from her eyes. The youngman responded, "Alas! How many lost their lives that day, with or without reason! For myself, I did not raise my hand against any one. I have not hurt any one in my life. I have had some education. What then? The fates are all powerful." "Many foolish things were done in the exciting conditions of that day," he added in a repentant voice. Supper was taken. He asked, "Mother! May I rest here for the night?" Ambavva hesitated for a moment. Would it be better to send him away from this place of danger? But where should he get a shelter outside? And his safety? The police may be still after him searching for him everywhere. But would it be right to let him sleep in this house? Why not? Poor fellow! Well! But Dandappa—no, he was not likely to come back yet. He was on his night shift. After the youngman had some rest, he might be roused and sent away. Yes—that is the proper thing. As soon as Ambavva came to this decision, she said to him, "All right. You sleep in the kitchen. I shall rest outside. You must get up before daybreak and go away. I shall wake you up." The youngman folded his hands in gratitude and exclaimed: "You have been my mother: I am born again, today!"

Ambavva gave him a mat and a woollen covering. The youngman dropped off to sleep in a few minutes. Spreading her bed, Ambavva said to herself, "Perhaps he has not had rest for many days, poor chap!" She did not sleep. Various thoughts crossed her mind: doubts and apprehensions troubled her. About half-an-hour must have passed by. Suddenly the front door opened. In her excitement she had even forgotten to fasten the bolt. Who should walk in, but Dandappa again! She was filled with surprise and fright at the same instant. Without knowing what she was doing, she sprang to the entrance to the kitchen—it had no door—and stood

against the doorway. Dandappa, as soon as he came in, flung his cap on the bed saying, "It is all over for me, this day. The toil of all these years has come to nothing." And he sat on the bed. Ambavva did not understand anything. She did not know what to say. So she simply asked, "That means?" "It means, I am suspended. Do you understand? What does this new officer know of my worth? He knows only about this case. I am devoting all my energies to it. But luck is against me. What is to be done? It seems that I have been given many chances: and he got quite wild that the murderer had slipped through our fingers this time. And that Ganga carried tales against me. 'You should not have done this! You should not have done that! You should have caught him, using greater skill.' These fellows presume to teach me skill! Yes, it is on account of this murderer that my job, my promotion, my pension are all ruined—not to speak of the Rs. 2,000 reward. My entire career is blasted. Ah! If only I can catch him!" And so, unasked, he unburdened himself, and relieved himself, of his distress. Ambavva said nothing. It is impossible to describe the state of her mind at the moment. After a brief silence, Dandappa said again, "Yes—let us see—bring me a cup of water."

Ambavva went into the kitchen and took a cup of water from the big metal-pot. Her hands were slightly trembling. In her agitation she did not probably put back the lid of the metal-pot in proper position. By the time Dandappa had drunk the cup of water, the lid slid down with a crash. The boy sleeping in the kitchen woke up in a fright. The noise of the waking person reached Dandappa's ears: and he asked suspiciously, "What is that?" Without replying a word Ambavva went again and stood against the kitchen doorway. It occurred to Dandappa that someone was hiding inside. He sprang up and asking, "Who is that paramour of yours?", rushed to the doorway. What courage possessed Ambavva at this moment, it is difficult to say, but she said— "No paramour—but son." What strength she mustered one can never know: but she stood facing Dandappa and blocking his way. Dandappa was furious. "Son! Your son is already dead! Who is this fellow? Make way," he shouted. But she did not stir. Dandappa was tugging at her hands to enter the kitchen.

By this time the young stranger was awake, and, realising his danger and seeing no way of escape, was trying to force open the grating of the window with an iron rod. As soon as Dandappa

sighted him, he cried out "Ah, murderer!" "No," said Ambavva, "he never raised his hands to kill any one."

"The murderer of your son," said Dandappa.

When she heard this, her arms seemed to fall limp. But she recovered in a moment.

"He did not kill him as my son—Foolish things happened owing to the conditions of excitement," she said. "Yes: you seem to be possessed. Such courage and such strength! Stand aside. This fellow must be brought to the gallows. Why not? He was responsible for the death of my son."

"If this young fellow's head is cut off, would that bring back our son?"

"My job, my pension, the reward—"

"We shall take nothing that comes as the price of this young man's life."

"Look! look again! He is trying to escape. Let me in, I say."

By this time the young man had removed a grating from the window and was trying to escape through it. Noticing this, Dandappa said to his wife with some vehemence, "If he but escapes, I shall split your head in twain—" Saying this he brought down a heavy blow on Ambavva. She did not cry out as usual, nor did she move. She only turned away her head.

Hearing the sound of that blow, the young man looked back. Dandappa had raised his hand for a second time. Ambavva was standing still as a statue. The young man quickly changed his mind, drew back the leg which he had stretched out and sprang to the side of Ambavva. He caught the uplifted hand of Dandappa and said, "Please don't raise your hand against Mother. I am ready to go along with you."

Dandappa instantly caught hold of the young man. Ambavva gave an agonised shriek. And turning from Dandappa towards the boy, she said, "See well for yourself if he is a murderer."

Though Dandappa had caught the boy's hand, he did not drag him. He was looking hard at him. His young famished and neglected body and clear eyes seemed to pierce Dandappa's soul. Long ago when he had raised his hand against Ambavva, Panduranga had intervened and agreed to do his bidding. That scene came back to his mind. The resemblance that there was between his son and this boy struck his mind. Unconsciously he relaxed his hold on the boy's hand. And he wondered that his eyes became moist. In a moment, other thoughts entered his mind. He turned towards Ambavva and

said, "See that this boy does not get away anywhere. I shall be back soon." He put on his cap and walked out.

As soon as Dandappa left, Ambavva turned to the boy and said, "Please go away somewhere. Let God's will be done! Who knows what my husband will do?" But the boy did not agree. "Mother, I have no more wish in the world. What shall I gain by escaping?" he said.

(4)

When Dandappa returned after half-an-hour, he had divested himself of his policeman's clothes. He was wearing only his shorts and a banian. Seeing this Ambavva asked eagerly, "What is this? What has happened?" He said: "Nothing—I have resigned my job—that is all." "For my sake?" put in the boy. "No — for my own sake. I am unfit for service any more. Being tired of being a servant, I wished to be a man. It is enough for me that I had a son killed" — replied Dandappa.

Ambavva shed profuse tears. Dandappa comforted her, "What is past is past. Let us forget it all. Let today be the last that we shall spend in this wretched city. It is not right we should live here any longer. Hiding yourself somehow—"

"What? I too!" interrupted the boy in surprise. Dandappa nodded his head as if to say 'yes'. Ambavva was surprised beyond measure. Her grief passed out of her mind to some extent.

"But if any one should recognise him there?", she asked. "What if? Who knows anything about him there? We have anyhow been away all these years. If Panduranga had been alive, would he not be like him? Well, he shall be our son," concluded Dandappa.

"Our son," echoed Ambavva.

The boy stood, with bowed head.

INDIA AND PAKISTAN : QUEST OF SELF

By BASUDHA CHAKRAVARTY

The horizon lay blue before India and Pakistan as they emerged on August 15, 1947 into independence. India had risen out of struggle against foreign rule; Pakistan had not been established without a civil convulsion. The background of India's independence was different from that of Pakistan's self-creation. The one derived from nationalist anti-imperialism, the other from religious nationalism. Without India Pakistan would not have been possible, for anti-imperialism was the pre-condition and it was only in fulfilment of that pre-condition that religion could come into play. India would have been possible without Pakistan; Pakistan would not have been possible without the independence of India. So it was Pakistan that forced itself into being. The background has a direct bearing on the development of both as also their mutual relation.

If heredity and environment determine the characters of men, they also influence the pattern of States. They leave their imprint on the values of life the community cherishes and wants to sustain. India's nationalism was confined to anti-imperialism, and without any positive content waiting to be given shape in the National State. Not so Pakistan's, however. It had arisen on the theory of two nations based on religion. India did not admit the theory but could not prevent Pakistan's self-materialization according to it.

That caused from the very start a difference between the courses of life on which the two States faced their destinies. India faced fresh fields and pastures new; Pakistan was called upon to discover itself from its basic being, Islam.

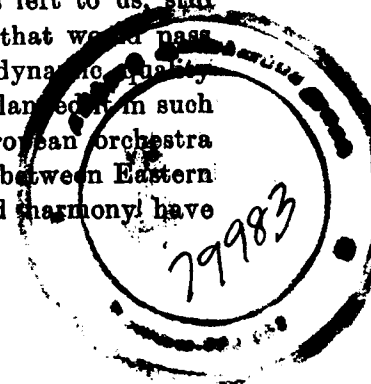
Both were however caught in the social and administrative set-up they inherited from the past rule. So the socio-economic pattern was the same in the two States, barring the rather accidental fact that Pakistan's economy was almost wholly agricultural while India had a fairly wide industrial life, thus causing a difference in emphasis between their respective problems. Rising capitalism made an immediate attempt to take control of India's political and economic life and, despite the resistance, though feeble, of a Government influenced by the all-embracing national outlook which brought them to power, refuses to let go its grip. But as it is not within the power of capitalism to solve the social problems of this age, its dominance is attended with evils like profiteering and black-marketing that are heavily corroding the cohesive essence of the national being. Yet,

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banking on the country's urgent need for industrial expansion, capitalism rules the roost almost to the point of black-mail. The middle and lower classes are involved in sufferings which palliative measures have not yet been able to redeem. Sufferings lead to struggle, and when hope for relief inspires a struggle, says Trotsky, revolution occurs. Meanwhile struggle is necessarily animated by a new outlook on life. Political terms like socialism and communism would very inadequately describe the comprehensive content of hankering for a fuller life that unrealized hopes out of independence have stressed. It is desire for a quality of life that is essentially cultural. That quality cannot be attained within the galling limitations of the present socio-economic order. The very desire for an equitable social order prescribes fraternal equality as the guiding conception of the life in view. It leads vaguely to a quest for values of life that will be an escape from the grinding inadequacies of the present state of being. The existing feudal-cum-capitalist order is however conscious of its utter inadequacy in relation to what the people want. So now it belatedly seeks to annex cultural values rooted in the irrevocable past which have so far been requisitioned to bring into being a religious State. The tendency to coalesce with the Rashtriya Swayam Sevak Sangh, which represents an attempt to perpetuate the core of medieval values in India's national being, is indicative of an effort to buttress the existing society by an appeal to the nostalgic hankering in human hearts for the past. But just as a monarchy cannot be established in India today, so the past cannot fill up the vacuum in the present. The only result of reliance on obscurantism is a fillip to still lingering communalism and this has now assumed an all-embracing character. To prove this it would be enough to mention the exclusion, contrary to the advice of Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Nehru, of the Urdu script from the national language and the largely successful move to ban cow-slaughter even for Muslim religious purposes.

Yet it would not be true to say that that is all the dead end to which independence has come. The liberal tradition of universalism, which nineteenth-century contact with the West has left to us, still provides an escape from the revivalist obscurantism that would pass muster as India's abiding message. It derived a dynamic quality from creative minds like Tagore. Independence has launched in such adventures as incorporation of Indian music into European orchestra and the bridging of the gulf so long presumed between Eastern melody and Western harmony. Efforts at combined harmony have

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been quite successful. But there are strong reasons to doubt if Indian society can proceed far with creative effort, so long as it is caught up in economic disequilibrium. Even if idea does not come wholly after reality, reality impinges on idea, and then idea can at best derive out of struggle against reality. Out of the struggle to conquer reality, art and literature might emerge. Yet free and all-round national self-expression must await the removal of the deadweight of economic distemper. As yet free India's creative self-expression remains in the realm of potentiality. Even the State is unable to throw off the pre-independence niggardly attitude towards promotion of artistic enterprise. The artists' conference held under Government auspices has not yet produced any concrete result.

India thus gropes on her way to discovery of herself in the context of independent life. Pakistan is engaged in the same quest but in an altogether different direction, exemplifying the basis on which she has been formed. Pakistan tries to build up her being in Islam — so much so that Eastern Pakistan is asked to forget that she was a part of Bengal. "Nothing in common with non-Muslims," is the directive principle of Pakistan's nation-building; but as yet it has only negative results. It is sometimes facetiously suggested that Islam is only a catchword used by the present rulers of Pakistan to keep out all popular movements and maintain themselves in power. That may be a fact; but that there is also a genuine movement to re-discover Islam as a guiding principle of life is evinced by popular trends of action including large public meetings, which were formerly not so common, to explain the tenets of Islam on the occasion of the Prophet's birthday. There is however nothing concrete to show that the lives of Pakistanis have derived any new content from the age-old concept of Islam. Meanwhile the Pakistani has to live in the day-to-day world and can hardly go back to the classic Islamic way of life. The subjective inclination to solidarity within Islam runs up against the exigencies of modern conditions of life, which have as much created class differences as they have caused individual lives to depart from orthodox Islamic standards. Pulled between these contrary forces Pakistan is hardly sure of its way to any sustaining values of life. Eastern Pakistan for example pins her faith on the folk-lore in which she possesses an old popular culture. But there are no particular Islamic traits about it; nor is there any indication of any cultural development based on it, deriving any particular Islamic content, except in the sense of expression of the lives of the Muslim masses. Unable to find any positive content Pakistan's self-

centred consciousness lends itself to anti-Indian communalism, which in its turn strengthens tendencies in India towards obscurantist revivalism. Past politics lies heavily on the mass consciousness of both countries and inhibits self-assured endeavour for creative self-realization in the world currents of thought. To Pakistan however it gives some solidity of purpose reflected in cautious but determined national policies. It is less operative in India, if only because she thinks less in terms of communal solidarity, with the result that there is a conflict between organized conservatism and progressive universalism. There is no gainsaying however that, without integration with modern arts and science, neither will realize her national being. That remains still a process at once consciously retarded and struggling through natural impulse.

Life however is complex, and the chances are that nothing like an evolution to order will be vouchsafed to Pakistan or be successful in India. The pristine purity of Islam disappeared after the first five Khalifs, and the democratic organization it laid down for the faithful has nowhere been evident since. The laws of historical development have indeed proved too strong for that. They will similarly override the tendencies in India for repose in medievalism. For the human struggle for better living incessantly adds to the feelings and experiences of the individual as well as of the mass of people. Feelings and experiences are always the background of cultural endeavour, and the struggle to get out of the intense social disequilibrium that inhibitive feudalism and ill-balanced capitalism have created, may itself supply the incentive for cultural self-expression.

Meanwhile however there is no mistaking the calculated effort of conservatism, which shields also social vested interests, to maintain itself by nostalgic obscurantism. Such an effort can have no progressive content in this age, and all it does is to foster communal clashes and, what is worse, sadistic communal torture on religious minorities. The more pronounced it is, the clearer becomes the disintegration of the present social order and the present society's inability to supply what would be real spiritual content of life. So while India gropes on her way towards extended self-expression, she is disabled from finding it by the forces of retrogression in her social setting, and she is not likely to find it except in an elastic social order and the struggle to reach it. Pakistan will yet awhile want to strike its roots in Islam while an under-current of disillusionment already disturbs her. Both will undergo mighty social revolutions through which the cultural values of a renewed life will emerge and they will perhaps then, and

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not before, find the mutual adjustment that is inherently lacking to-day in the very basis of their being. That both the countries have reached the climax of a cultural crisis is apparent on the face of it. Conceptions of life's sacredness, woman's honour, minimum decencies in conduct, have all been submerged under the stresses of medieval obscurantism which aspires to fill the vacuum created by departed imperialism and collapsing feudalism, while industrialization is not sufficiently advanced to modernize the people's attitude and outlook. The total breakdown of the culture reared on a feudal society that has reached only the slummy fringe of industrialism, is apparent on the background of inter-communal conflict which passes, even in its sordid present form of oppression on the minorities, for war, and is supposed to excuse the gravest sins and crimes — a sense of values itself indicative of total moral exhaustion. A cynical despair coupled with abstract humanism is the total content of cultural effort to get out of the rut. Nothing more is yet possible, for life itself is still groping for a path. It is the life of the people and they will decide. "Everything springs from the people," said Gustave Flaubert.

KOKILAMMA'S WEDDING

By VISWANATHA SATYANARAYANA

(Rendered from Telugu by G. Dharma Rao)

Translator's Note

Sri Viswanatha Satyanarayana is one of the foremost of modern Telugu writers, noted for versatility of theme and vigour of style. As a poet he has written much, and though his output in the field of narrative and drama is not inconsiderable, his popularity rests largely on his lyrics, chief of which are *Kinnera-Sani Patalu* (Songs of Kinnera) and *Kokilamma-Pelli* (Kokilamma's Wedding). An English rendering of the latter is attempted here.

It has to be noted that this piece, like all good poetry, loses much in the process of translation. One melody cannot easily be translated by another. So are the music and idiom of a language, not to speak of the atmosphere.

Kokilamma's Wedding owes much of its uniqueness and charm to its mastery of the inherent wealth of spoken Telugu idiom and the lilt and cadence of its stanzas. It is a treat to hear the poet sing his own poem.

The story is like any fairy-tale, though the last stanza connecting Chilaka-thalli with Samskrit and Kokilamma with Telugu is suggestive.

1. Callow youth may scoff:
To them I pay no heed:
Old, old tales I'll dig
Out of the dusty past.
2. Like a brood of cobras young, the sinuous sea-waves
Do creep and creep shoreward,
And break and glide way.
3. A wood abuts the shore, and in the wood
Are giant trees. The wind that stirs
The waves doth move those giant trees.
4. At dead of night the pink-eyed virgin-stars above,
Into the wood and into the sea
Do peep and smile.
5. At sundown along the marge,
The winsome wind urchins do saunter
In lovely gait.
6. In the whirling mid-sea
The serpent-maidens do float and swim
Out of mortal sight.

T R I V E N I

7. Fields of gold, and fields of flowers,
Fringe the shore. Just touch the flowers,
And the milky sap doth ooze.
8. My tales relate to long-forgotten times.
The Telugu land was naught then
But hills and woody dales.
9. Along the shore a hamlet stood, and a King ruled it.
The Telugu folk even in those far-off times
Were men of power and fame.
10. In the bamboos, strings of pearls,
And out of the spindle, plenty of cloth.
And so, like the sudden up-rise of the moon,
The King's fame shone.
11. A great lord he was : in his land
Was nothing improper done : nor did
Sham civilisation sap the land.
12. Men tilled at need's dictate. None
E'en touched a plot beyond his need.
13. The rest of the realm was wood-land
That clomb the hills and kissed the maiden clouds;
And timely rains did fall.
14. Each had what he wanted : And
'tween man and man was ne'er a brawl
Heard or known.
15. The King had daughters twain:
The *Moduga*¹ bloomed in their lips,
The elder was Chilaka-thalli² named,
And the younger Kokil-amma.³
16. Kokilamma was dark,
But 'parrot-mother' of brighter hue:
And never was love lost between the two!
17. When Chilaka-thalli began to lisp
While yet so young, her father's heart
Was thrilled to joy.
18. Years passed and Kokilamma
Was old enough to speak. But alas!
Not a word could she utter!

1. a red forest flower.

2 & 3. 'thalli' and 'amma' are Telugu words meaning 'mother' — the usual feminine suffixes in Telugu.
'Chilaka' and 'Kokil' are 'parrot' and 'cuckoo'.

KOKILAMMA'S WEDDING

19. Saris of diverse colours and tints,
To 'mother-parrot' her father would fetch,
But he was worth with 'Kokil-mother' for nothing!
 20. At this Chilaka-thalli would laugh
While the father winked :
Poor Kokil looked at her mother
And turned quite pale!
 21. When 'parrot-mother' jeered her,
And her father scolded her,
Hapless Kokil hid behind her mother
With a trembling heart.
 22. Helpless was the mother, and even vexed :
Finding no solace, poor Kokilamma
Pined and pined within.
 23. Every day she would mingle her sobs
With the waves' hum: with vacant stare watch the foam,
And turn away.
 24. Or she would sit in the forest under a tree
Revolving her woes,
And sitting, sink on the forest floor.
 25. She longed to tell her plight to tree or bush :
But cruel God,
To her the gift of speech denied.
 26. So the livelong day she roamed along the brooks,
And in the sand built nests
For sparrows without nests.
 27. Pacing down the hill-side rills,
Feasting her eyes on the hill-side flowers,
She kept away from home, even unto the darkling dusk.
 28. Oft-times, she made the wood her home all night.
All night her mother would sigh at home
In anxious expectancy.
- * * *
29. The seasons came and went :
Rains, and then the chilly days, and autumn :
Then Spring smiled and buds blazed into beauty.
 30. Flowerets at branches' end,
Clusters and clusters on end :
Flowers this side, flowers that side,
And fragrance everywhere!

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31. Then, like the vein in a tender shoot,
Like honey in a butter-cup,
Came youth to the sisters two.
32. Wonder-struck by Chilaka-thalli's lore,
And charmed by her beauty,
E'en the wind-lads were smitten with longing.
33. Her beauty spilled and overflowed
Over the land. Even those
Who never saw her, were loud in their praise.
34. The Queen of trees waved aloft her head
And sang songs of Chilaka-thalli
Somewhere afar in the heavens,
Out of an overflowing heart.
35. The winsome wind-children wandering at sunset,
Poured out Chilaka-thalli's beauty
In breath eloquent.
36. Countless were the men who proposed
For a bride so rare :
That was why her parents guarded her with utmost care.
37. And lest the lords of sea and wood
Should snatch the maid and possess her,
They would not let her cross the threshold.
38. Like the eyelid the eye, they guard her,
She was not to step beyond the courtyard,
No, not even to do the duties of home.
39. Her beauty's rivulets
Do branch and shape into wondrous forms,
Raining honey-drops
In sprays of rarest grace.
40. Doting on the beauty of 'Parrot-mother'
Lost in thoughts of the wedding of 'Parrot-mother',
Her parents never lent a thought to 'Mother-kokil'.
* * *
41. Then came one afternoon a Brahmana,
His golden ear-pendants shining on his cheeks,
To the royal palace.
42. The parents of Chilaka-thalli made him welcome,
And offered presents to his heart's content.
43. Chanting the Vedic hymns
And itching for a debate,
He stayed as a guest with the Telugu King.

KOKILAMMA'S WEDDING

44. Listening to his musical recitals,
Admiring his glowing form,
Chilaka-thalli bound him to her heart.
45. Aware of all that passed, the King perchance was full of joy:
But the mother was not too pleased with Chilaka-thalli's ways.
* * *
46. For Kokilamma hath taken to the hills and dales,
And doth not return home.
How heart-heavy is her mother for her !
47. An unknown alien stepped into the house,
And the 'Parrot mother' all of a sudden
Fell in love with him!
48. While Kokilamma wandered the forests wild,
A forlorn wastrel, lost to her mother.
49. Along woods and dales, and gurgling brooks,
With faltering steps the mother walked,
In anxious search.
50. In the dark shades where roaming tigers rest
At midday bright, she searched,
Her heart throbbing with terror.
51. She looked for her in secret walks and well-heads
Where tiger and lynx slake their thirst and lie in wait.
52. Along forest-depths she groped, by human feet untrod,
But strewn with footprints of beasts of prey.
53. She paced along tracks where blood-hounds prowl,
That can kill even tigers and suck them into a pulp.
54. Sighing deep, she probed into the dense wood
Where pythons sleep after feasting on fowl.
55. She searched here, she searched there,
But Kokilamma was nowhere to be seen:
And the mother's heart was rent in twain.
56. At last, beside a mushini¹ tree
Whose roots went deep into a brook,
She sank listless.
57. The while, the daughter followed in silent steps.
And touched to the quick by her mother's distress,
Burst into a sudden cry.

¹Mushini is a tree with bitter leaves and berries.

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58. She rumbled like thunder,
And flashed like lightning,
And in a bound fell in her mother's lap.
59. They hugged each other, mother and child,
They hugged with eyes all closed:
Senseless they both cowered at the foot of the tree.
60. There they lay in tight embrace
And in utter forgetfulness:
Neither of them woke up, nor opened her eyes.
61. "Surely this is the love of mother and child!"
Sang the brooklet in the wood.
62. "Surely this is the love of mother and child!"
Sang the quivering creepers in the wood.
63. "Surely this is the love of mother and child!"
Piped the wind-lads through bamboo flutes.
64. "Surely this is the love of mother and child!"
Sang Mother Nature in ecstasy lost.
65. Without the wee ubiquitous Kokil
Ever on the move, like the pulley over a well,
The forest looked bare and forlorn.
66. The forest spring stood widowed of her beauty,
As no more did Kokilamma bathe in its waters
Nor taste of them.
67. When Kokilamma no longer picks their shoots,
Nor wears their flowers,
How can beauty deck the saplings wild?
68. The forest glades where once roamed Kokilamma,
The forest, bereft of Kokilamma,
How can they retain their spring-time charm?
69. "Immortal is Kokilamma that loved her mother so,"
Sang the swinging mango blossom in the wood.
70. "Kokilamma that loved her mother so, shall ne'er be drowned,"
Murmured the fountain in the wood.
71. "Kokilamma that loved her mother so, shall come back to life,"
Sang the wood herself.
72. Shedding her tender light the moon declared,
"Love never, never, dies."
73. Rains ceased: the dales were full of water:
Autumn ran its course.

KOKILAMMA'S WEDDING

74. Like a little maiden with vermilion on her slender brow,
And decked for a festival,
The entire wood burgeoned into flower and leaf.
75. Like a wheat-brown cobra, like a stream of cocoanut milk,
The little spring meandered
In coy gracefulness.
- * * *
76. Then, somewhere, from a far end of the wood, floated a song,
Full faint, and soft, and sweet.
77. And hearing the song, the whole wood
Stood in mute surprise,
Like one who sees a lost kinsman come back.
78. At first a slender current,
The spring widened as it flowed:
Till, unable to hold itself,
It raced along the woods.
79. "Lo! the Kokil has come back!
Hearken! the Kokil sings again!
She is alive, she is alive!"
80. So crying, the wood-fount rolled in joy.
The lovely young mango bloomed again.
81. Meanwhile the wood looked glorious with heightened beauty.
- * * *
82. Then came the King of flowers, Prince Charming;
His face wreathed in smiles, to woo her there.
83. He comes but once a year,
And when he comes, he brings
Flowers innumerable.
His are the charms and graces.
84. "Welcome to thee, King of flowers,
Thou hast brought many a flower;
Those very flowers shall be her dower.
85. "Kokilamma we'll deck as a bride,
And thee as a bride-groom,
And yoke you both in Hymen's bonds.

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86. "Thou by thy beauty,
And she by her melody,
Do make a perfect pair.
87. "Come, O King of flowers,
Come, O handsome youth,
To Kokilamma a husband fit,
And to thee a fit bride she."
88. For the bridal, over the entire wood
The buds they turned festal wreaths,
And in the rocky caves the tigers wild stood guard.
89. The thin white springlet played the hymeneal pipe,
And when Mother Nature opened her eyes,
There was a burst of flowers like moonlight.
90. Flowers rained in showers,
Honey-sweet songs filled the air,
Paths of beauty swam into the view,
And golden harvests reaped.
91. Chilaka-thalli's noble line
Hath preserved for us Samskritic lore:
While Kokilamma's treasure is the sweet Telugu tongue.

A QUARTET OF T. S. ELIOT

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Introduction

Of the poetry produced in England during the War years, indisputably the most significant is contained in T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*. These poems are a series of meditations on a metaphysical theme which may be variously defined as the relation of Time and Timelessness, or the significance of history, or the redemption of Man. Their tone is hesitant, tentative and exploratory. The poet lays no claim to self-assurance or dogmatic certainty and is content with 'hints and guesses'. The poems record no conclusions that can be set out in a logical framework. The poet adumbrates no philosophical or theological system but utilises many suggestions from Eastern and Western mystical thought as hypotheses for personal exploration. Though the themes—viz., death and immortality, heredity and personal identity, the reality and the illusion of Time, — are utterly unworldly and abstract, the poet contrives to shed over his speculations an air of intense earnestness and intimacy. The names of the places which provide the titles of the four poems—Burnt Norton, East Coker, the Dry Salvages, Little Gidding—"each with a significant religious association, invoke the earth, the lives lived in flesh and stone, deeply rooted traditions." Eliot has indeed given us, in these poems, an entirely novel form of the philosophical lyric.

It would not, however, be correct to suppose that, when he wrote these poems, Eliot had broken entirely with his past. Many naive and uncritical critics were incensed by his formal change of faith in the Thirties and his desertion of the literary tradition of Donne and Baudelaire, in the reintroduction of which in the present century he had himself played such a notable part. But so far as his poetry is concerned, it is clear that Mr. Eliot's acceptance of a closed religious system has not come in the way of his "intolerable wrestle with words and meanings". On the other hand, it is equally clear that, though his earlier poems apparently seem to be inspired wholly by a negative attitude, — viz., by scepticism, frustration and recoil, — there is implied, in practically every one of them, a belief in the need of positive inquiry and constructive faith, and that this belief emerges increasingly to the surface in the series of his major poems, from *Gerontion* to *Ash Wednesday*. It was only to be expected that this, the

deeper trend in his personality, should constitute the line of his poetical development.

The differences between the style and form of his earlier and later poetry may be explained by the increased self-assurance the poet has gained in his quest for a satisfying and stable relationship with the facts of experience. His earlier poetry was dramatic and overlaid with elaborate allusions and obscure references, because he was diffident about the value of his own endeavours and afraid that, if he spoke his thoughts in his own person, he might be laughed at. But by the end of the Thirties, he seems to have realised that there was no escape in escapism, that 'old wisdom' was of little avail in the darkness that confronts us, and that we must face our problems ourselves with courage and wisdom. This newly awakened sense of responsibility and faith in the importance of personal exploration and endeavour enables him to speak in the *Quartets* with a bare directness that contrasts so markedly with the impersonality, the intricacy and brilliance of his earlier poems.

It is not, however, intended to suggest that the *Quartets* are easy poems. No poetry, at once so steeped in tradition and so original, could be easy. True, Eliot uses words as precisely as a scientist or a philosopher and never attempts to produce blurred, impressionistic pictures or to create a personal language of his own. The obscurity of these poems arises, not from imprecision of feelings or expression, but from the technique. This technique, however, enables Eliot to do, what otherwise can probably not be done at all, viz., to suggest through symbolic patterns of words and music, the processes of an extremely subtle and sensitive mind, trying to explore an order of existence that transcends the range of the senses as well as that of the discursive intellect. The poems represent an attempt to record the elusive mental operations of "search and exploration into the moment of consciousness of human individuals who are capable of suddenly perceiving a pattern within events, a pattern which has the significance of a Reality always present, though it is contained within a world in which future succeeds to the past, in which the idea of a point in time called 'now' is entirely fictitious."¹ It is no wonder that such poems should "continually escape from the logic of discourse into the conditions of musical thought".²

Obviously no exposition of the thought of such poems can do justice to them. For any interpretation, to use Miss Helen Gardner's

¹Stephen Spender. ²Helen Gardner.

simile, would at best "bear about as much resemblance to the poems as a map does to a landscape." But, as the same critic points out, "a map is useful to strangers, and even to others, it may suggest unfamiliar routes and places that have been overlooked." It is in this belief that the following prose renderings of the *Quartets* are presented to the reader. Though valuable commentaries on the poems do exist, no line-by-line paraphrase has, to my knowledge, yet been published.

The commentaries of Helen Gardner and Raymond Preston have been extremely useful to me in the understanding of many difficult points. I have used many phrases and some passages from them. The articles by Philip Wheelwright and B. Rajan in 'Focus Three' and Shibnarayan Ray's two articles in the November issues of *Le Courrier des Indes* have also provided me with illuminating hints. In paraphrasing *East Coker*, I have frequently drawn upon Mr. Don Sebastian Moore's article "East Coker, the place and the poem" in *Focus Two*.¹

Little Gidding

The brief but timeless moment of illumination which seems like a moment of spring in midwinter is a unique experience. It is felt as an union of opposite seasons, a suspension of time and place, a condition between pole and tropic. It is not 'spring' in time, for it is not accompanied by the awakening of the life of nature. Its duration is short, yet it is brighter than any day of spring. It is as if frost and fire coexist, as if the brief sun flames the ice on pond and in ditches and reflects on the water a blinding glare in the early afternoon, while the still, wintry cold turns the heart to seek the warmth of divine comfort. A glow more intense than that of the blaze of branches or heaters stirs the dumb soul from its torpor, — for even though there is no movement of air anywhere, the fire of pentecost (signifying the descent of the Holy Ghost in tongues of fire) is alive in this dark period of the year. Caught between the freezing cold of nature and the warm radiance of this flame of divine love, the soul experiences the shock of an unexpected spiritual awakening that shakes it to its depths. There is no smell of earth or any other sign of the stirring of life, for this miraculous spring is not in time's covenant. There are no blossoms on any tree, but the hedgerow in Little

¹We are publishing only one of the *Quartets* — 'Little Gidding' — as paraphrased by Prof. Hoskot.

—Editor, 'Triveni'.

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Gidding wears for a brief hour an unexpected bloom of snow, a bloom subject to neither birth nor death, because it transcends the cyclic operations of nature. Coming across this sudden bloom, one finds oneself looking forward to the vision of that unimaginable, timeless state of being of which it is an earnest and a symbol. (Lines 1-21)

If, instead of coming to Little Gidding in winter, you happen to come in May, you will find the hedges white with flowers blossoming with voluptuary sweetness. But time and place and matter make no essential difference. Whether you come here in the usual way or come secretly like King Charles The Martyr, defeated in war and broken in spirit, and whether you know what you came for or not, you will have much the same, unforeseen experience. You suddenly realise that what you thought you came for is only a shell, a husk of meaning, and the true objective is revealed, if at all, only when it is fulfilled. You realise that the ultimate purpose of life is beyond the goal that you set for yourself and that its pattern changes as you proceed in your quest. (Lines 21-37)

Little Gidding is indeed, at any time or season, a place of destiny. It is one of those places where you suddenly feel detached from the world and seem to stand on the threshold of the Timeless. There are other places perhaps where you may undergo a similar experience, — for example, when caught in the jaws of the sea, or crashing from the air into a dark lake, or dying in war in a city or a desert like Palestine. Little Gidding is however nearest to you of such spots in place and time. It is now, here, in England itself. (Lines 37-41)

But, at whatever time and season you come here and by whatever route, you may have the spiritual vision that this place can give you, only if you are previously prepared for it. This preparation involves the total surrender of the functions both of the intellect and the senses. It is futile to come to Little Gidding in order to satisfy curiosity or to verify hypotheses or to carry a report to the press. You must come here in a spirit of humility and self-submission, ready to kneel and pray, — pray, not mechanically or self-consciously, but with your whole being. This is a place where the validity of such prayer has been vindicated before. And those ancestors of ours, long since dead, whose prayer was here answered, have still a message for you — a message which they can deliver, now that they are dead, with far greater power and authority than they could when living. For, the messages of the dead, unlike those of the living, are tongued

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with the flaming wisdom and vitality of the entire past of the human race. (Lines 41-53)

Here, in Little Gidding, you are on the borderland between two worlds, the world of Time and the world of the Timeless. You are in England and nowhere, never and always. (Lines 54-55)

II

The life of one who has had no conviction of spiritual values in his life's work, who has never 'knelt and prayed', is futile and ends in a desolate death. The earth, air, fire and water that constitute the elements of his existence become the means of his destruction and dismissal; and they are themselves destroyed. The end of materialistic existence is utter futility and despair. (Strophe I)

Sensuous love and pleasure burn out to ashes and leave only an old man's perishable memory. All the monuments of past glory that once signified a rich life turn to dust that vanishes into thin air. The structures of man's spirit, such as the decayed manor house at East Coker, that once represented a living human tradition become dust of air, — a meaningless void. (Stanza I)

The tears of sorrow and the dryness of the throat are the sole fruits of our struggle for existence. The struggle is as sterile and meaningless as the unceasing struggle for mastery between flood and drouth in nature. Nature itself seems to mock mirthlessly at the vanity of human labour which is as futile as the cultivation of a parched, disembowelled soil. Man's efforts and the restlessness of the elements are alike fruitless. This is the death of earth. (Stanza 2)

Urban and agricultural civilisations are alike liable to decay and are ultimately swallowed up by fire and water. The Eucharist, whose symbolic significance we have denied, seems to be mocked by the elements of fire and water when they destroy our gutted choirs and the water-logged ruins of our sanctuaries. This is the death of water and fire. (Stanza 3)

All the elements having been thus destroyed, there is left only utter negation, a void too terrifying to contemplate. (Strophe II)

Somewhere between three districts whence the smoke arose, at an uncertain hour near the close of the interminable night, in which men incessantly end their journey only to begin it again, after that mysterious comforter, the flame-tongued Holy Ghost, had passed beyond the horizon of time, while the dead leaves rattled on like tin over the otherwise silent, asphalt roads, I met one loitering with a hurried gait, as if he was being blown towards me like metal leaves driven irresistibly by the urban dawn-wind. As I fixed upon his

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down-turned face the pointed scrutiny with which one is apt to challenge the first-met stranger in the waning dusk, I suddenly caught a glimpse of some dead master-poet, whom I had known and forgotten and now only half-recalled. He seemed to remind me of one poet but in fact represented many. In his brown-baked features, shone the cumulative experience of many poets, so that, though looking familiar, he was not to be identified with any particular poet of the past. So I assumed a double part—the part of myself and of Dante—and echoed Dante's words, "What! are you here?", which echoed back, although in fact we were not together in any temporal sense. I was still my own self and yet knew myself to be transformed into somebody else, and he was still too vague a form to be identified.

Yet the words that I uttered before I recognised him sufficed to complete the recognition. Thus moved by a kindred impulse and too far removed from each other in time for mutual misunderstanding, we met in concord at this moment of the intersection of Time and the Timeless, where there is no past or future, and walked together on the pavement in silence. I observed: "The wonder that I feel in meeting you is easily explained. Yet the cause of my wonder is the freedom from constraint with which we meet. Therefore speak, though I may not understand you, nor remember what you say." He replied: "I am not anxious to repeat my thought and poetic theory which your age has forgotten. My thought and theory have served their purpose and are superseded. Your thought and theory will similarly be superseded some day. Pray that the future generations will forgive you for them as I pray you to forgive me for mine—both the good and the evil in them. As the beast having fed itself fully on the fruit of the last season kicks away the empty pail, each generation absorbs the kernel of past wisdom and throws away the shell. The words of wisdom uttered in one age reflect the zeitgeist of that age alone, and a new age demands other language and other voices for its expression. But now, because, in this timeless moment wherein the past and the future are gathered, the restlessly wandering spirit is faced with no temporal obstacles to its communication, I have found it possible to say things which I never thought of saying in streets, which I never thought of revisiting, when I died on a distant shore. Since our business concerned speech and our common goal was to purify the language of our peoples, and to urge them to explore the past and future (with a view to the understanding of the true meaning of Time), let me reveal to you the gifts which age

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brings, so that you may bring your life's effort to its fulfilment. The first of these gifts is the torment of the decaying senses, and the increasing detachment of the body and the soul, accompanied by sterile, hopeless disillusion that makes the fruits of the earth as bitterly tasteless as the dead-sea fruit. The second is the realisation of the futility of anger at human folly and the tearing pain of that joyless laughter of mockery which is no longer amusing; and last comes the rending pain of rehearsing all that you have done and been and of the consequent realisation of the shame of motives formerly regarded as noble, and of deeds ill-done or done to others' injury, but hitherto regarded as virtuous. When you have attained this self-knowledge, the eulogy of worldly men stings and their honour stains. You realise that the desperate soul proceeds without end from one blind alley to another, unless it is liberated from the cycle of time by the purifying fire alone that can bring us into harmony with the rhythmic pattern of eternal Reality."

The day was breaking; with a sign of farewell, he left me in the street disfigured by bombs, and faded away like King Hamlet's ghost on the blowing of the horn.

III

The condition of one's attachment to self, persons and things often naturally fades into and becomes one with that of detachment from them. Between these two states of the soul, unfruitful like the half-dead nettle, lies the Indifference of the Stoics and the Agnostics, the sterile, apparent freedom from desire of those who have never felt love. This is virtually a state of death, for it implies a denial of wordly life as well as the life of the spirit. (Attachment is to detachment as desire is to love) Memory which helps us to relate the past with the present may, if rightly utilised, free our motives of longing for personal gratification. It may teach us true detachment, which is not denial of love but expansion of love beyond personal desire. Spiritual liberation is not achieved by rejecting the past but by understanding it in its true perspective, not as something actual and complete in itself, but as an integral part of a pattern which subsists in all time. From this standpoint we realise that detachment is not opposed to attachment but grows out of it. Thus love of one's country, which begins as a narrow attachment to a limited field of action, is a necessary step to a more comprehensive love, which includes in its pattern the love of one's country but so transcends it as to reduce it to insignificance.

If, instead of looking into history for what is potential in it, we look into it for what was actual, i. e., look for the faces and places in it to which we can attach ourselves, then history spells slavery for us and not freedom. But when contemplated in a spirit of disinterestedness, these faces and places assume a different meaning. They are comprehended in their proper significance—as parts of the pattern of Timeless Reality.

When we learn to regard history in this light, even sin itself appears to be lovely. It is accepted as a necessary instrument of spiritual discipline and a means of liberation. We thus acquire the calm confidence that, in the scheme of things, everything is ultimately for the best.

If I think again of Little Gidding and of the 17th Century figures associated with it, imperfect as they were, and related to me by no special ties of blood or spiritual kinship, it is because they were all touched by a peculiar genius—a genius common to them and binding them together, enemies though they were. All of them lived for the same truth and died for the same finality. I think again of King Charles I, who secretly visited this place at night, of King Charles, Stafford and Laud who died on the scaffold, of others—the exiled Romanists—who died elsewhere, and of Milton, who died blind and quiet. Why should we celebrate these dead men more than the living? Certainly not because we wish to escape into the past, nor because we wish to surrender our judgment to the spectre of a rose. We cannot revive old factions or restore old policies or enthuse over old causes. The acrimonies which divided these men have been stilled by their death and cannot be summoned back to life. The pattern of history now reveals that their goal was fundamentally one. What we can gain from these men—failures though they were in the eyes of the world—is a spiritual symbol, an example completed beyond this life.

When we realise this, we acquire humility and our motives are so purified of selfishness that everything in creation is felt to be for the best—for, everything springs from and is gathered into love.

IV

The dove, the messenger of God, perpetually descends bringing with it the terrifying fire of divine love, to which we must surrender or be consumed by the flames of sin and error. Humanity cannot help loving; it must choose between the fire of self-love and damnation, and the fire of the purifying love of God.

The inescapable and excruciating torments which divine love inflicts on us are designed to awaken our soul to the preception of its light.¹ Just as it preserved the love of Hercules by tormenting him to death, divine love feeds our spiritual aspirations by scorching us with the flames of suffering. So long as we live, we must suffer either the torments of spiritual love or the flames of worldly desire.

V

All that we can think of as happening in time forms a pattern so complete that we cannot say where any part of it begins or ends. Human life is a part of this pattern and not a sequence in time. What we regard as the goal is often really a starting point. The end, the purpose of the whole pattern, is where we must start from. Every phrase and sentence that is right (i. e., every phrase and sentence, whether common or formal, that exactly fits into the pattern, being neither too diffident nor ostentatious), is a symbol of unity, linking up, as it does, the past and the present in one rhythmic harmony. Every such phrase and sentence is a beginning as well as an end. Every poem, that is thus complete in itself, is an epitaph, “a movement into another intensity”, that is always taking place now. Every such spiritually significant act is indeed a step to the annihilation of self in the flames of divine love, a step towards the purifying fire of purgatory. Every such act is a renewed realisation of the true meaning of history, a true understanding of our historic and pre-historic heritage. It is only after, and on the basis of this understanding, that we can start our spiritual quest. The past is not dead. It lives dormant in us and it is only when our soul awakens to its significance, that we truly realise the purpose of our existence. When we are not in touch with it, we are spiritually dead. “As the thousand years of the yew-tree are equivalent in value to the hour of the rose’s perfection, so it is not duration that matters. It is that quality and intensity of life which, if it exists for one moment, exists for all time.”² A People without history are not, on that account, free from the bondage of time; on the other hand “they lack the redeeming benefit of those moments of inspiration which

¹ “When the fire and strength of our soul are sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, then its fire becomes a fire of light and its strength is changed into a strength of triumphing love.”

² “The apprehension of love and the apprehension of death are of equal validity, both being an apprehension of life.”

— H. Gardner

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marks the greatness of a people, moments in which history triumphs over time. For "history is the field of the operation of the spirit". It is not a sequence of events in time but a pattern of timeless moments. The historic moment, the moment of choice is always here. It is now, in England, on a winter afternoon when the light fails in the secluded chapel of Little Gidding. When we awaken to the call of eternal Love which is always near, we realise that life is an unceasing process of exploration, and the purpose of all this exploration is to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time. We are thus back again in the rose-garden (of *Burnt Norton*), passing through the first gate into the Earthly Paradise, which is our First World, the world where we should rightfully live, though it is the last to be discovered in our earthly existence. The source of the longest river, the voice of the hidden waterfall, and the laughter of the children concealed in the Apple trees in the Rose Garden are all symbols, whose significance we do not fully appreciate, only because we do not look for it. But this significance flashes across our mind in those moments of stillness, those 'virgin moments', when we feel suddenly emancipated from the sequence of sense-impressions that beat upon our consciousness with the unceasing regularity of the waves of the sea. In those moments, "effort and exploration are forgotten in the sense of the given. We realise that living is the discovery of the already known, and beginning and end are one." The moment of illumination may come any time, quick and sudden like the darting of a bird. It is a condition of complete simplicity, of perfect wholeness; but it costs the previous surrender of every earthly attachment. When we experience this condition, the sense of discord and conflict between earthly desire and spiritual satisfaction is resolved in the realisation of the unity of creation and its unreserved and tranquil acceptance. The rose that is the symbol of natural love and beauty, we realise, becomes one with the fire, the love by which all things are created; when the tongues of flame of the Holy Spirit, having fulfilled their purpose, are infolded in their source, into a crowned knot symbolising the Trinity.

The Radhakrishnan Report : Some Fundamentals

By "AN EDUCATIONIST"

I

For the first time in the history of modern India, real power is vested in the hands of our elected representatives and trusted leaders to administer all our affairs and order the life of the nation in every aspect, in conformity with our needs and aspirations and the genius of our race. And, despite the manifold problems that beset us all round and sap our energies, the soul of the nation is agog with a new vitality and eagerness to burst through the enveloping darkness and confusion and express itself in constructive planning and activity. The Report of the University Education Commission presided over by our philosopher-statesman, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, is a striking manifestation of this national vitality.

It is a happy augury for the future of the nation that higher education has come to receive its due share of the attention and thought of our leaders so soon after the assumption of responsibility by them in the Central Government. Alien in its original conception and basic structure, and haphazard in its growth and development, the existing system of University education has been, all through the later phases of our struggle for independence, the target of attack and unceasing denunciation by our political leaders who held it, perhaps rightly, responsible to a large extent for our national degeneration. But by way of constructive criticism or alternate planning on any considerable scale, we have had precious little to show so far. Many of our leaders used to declare frankly they had not bestowed any thought on the subject and had therefore no settled views or definite suggestions to offer with regard to the positive features of the ideal system of University education for our country. They were preoccupied with other pressing problems of national reconstruction in the political, economic and other spheres, and when they turned their attention to education occasionally, they were obsessed with the importance of the primary stage and of the need for rapid progress in the spread of literacy among the rural population.

On the other hand, the committees and commissions appointed by the Government from time to time concerned themselves with an enquiry into the progress achieved and the defects that had assumed serious proportions, and the recommendation of suitable palliatives. They never questioned, nor even considered, the entire system and its basic principles and aims. The reviews in their reports are there-

fore merely of statistical value and the suggestions for improvement are not based on any clearly envisaged social or educational ideals of the nation.

Refreshingly original both in its approach to the problem and the scope and spirit of its recommendations, the Report of the Radhakrishnan Commission constitutes a welcome phenomenon in the history of higher education in our country. The Report points out at the outset the inadequacy of the definition of education as a means by which society endeavours to perpetuate itself by training the young, moulding them to a pattern sanctioned by tradition. It stresses the desirability of recognising the complementary principle that education is, at the same time, an instrument for social change, by which society consciously evolves towards a desired ideal condition. Therefore it proceeds to seek the guiding principles for educational reorganisation in the aims of our new social order, so clearly formulated in the Preamble to our Republican Constitution.

The Preamble declares the aims of our Democratic Republic to be to secure to all its citizens, Justice, economic, social and political, Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship, Equality of status and opportunity, and to promote Fraternity to ensure the dignity of the individual and the unity of the nation simultaneously. In the chapter entitled 'The Aims of University Education', these essential elements of the new social order are defined and interpreted from the educational standpoint, and their logical consequences in the educational sphere are traced in brief outline but with admirable eloquence and cogency of argument.

In the chapters that follow, the various problems of higher education relating to Teaching Staff, Standards of Teaching, Courses of Study, Professional Education, Religious Education, Medium of Instruction, Examinations, Students' Activities and Welfare, Women's Education, Constitution and Control of the Universities, Rural Universities, are taken up for detailed consideration. With regard to each problem, the Report gives a clear and analytical description of the existing state of affairs (with the previous history or a comparison with the situation in other countries wherever desirable), a lucid exposition of the direction in which improvement is to be sought in view of the overall aims and guiding principles of our educational reorganisation set forth in the second chapter, a critical and reasoned evaluation of the alternative methods for achieving the desired results, taking into account the most recent developments in educational theory and practice in the advanced countries of the West and the

opinions of great thinkers, and, at the end, a summary of all the specific recommendations relating to the subject. The appendices on Objective Intelligence and Achievement Tests, the General Education Courses of American Universities, the History of the People's Colleges of Denmark etc., form a very interesting and useful feature. The Report reveals throughout a genuine concern for improvement and advance, an earnest resolve to set the nation on its new career in its natural shape and appropriate garments, to enable it to discover its soul and express itself and realise its high destiny and mission. A spirit of sweet reasonableness breathes through the pages.

Some of the recommendations may be open to objection, or admit of difference of opinion, and the final decisions will have to be taken after due deliberation by the Governments, Central and Provincial, and the various University authorities. But meanwhile the Report constitutes an educational manual and sets before us the importance and urgency of the various problems that have to be tackled in the field of University education, their bearing on the future of our nation, the spirit and temper in which, and the directions along which, reorganisation has to be attempted. The authors richly deserve the thanks of the entire nation for the invaluable service rendered to the cause of higher education.

In particular, the chapter on 'Aims of Education' reveals the general attitude of the Commission and the spirit behind their detailed recommendations in the chapters that follow. It is unexceptionable in its entirety and forms the crux of the whole Report. It should be studied carefully and critically by students, teachers, managements and all others interested in University education.

It has another value too. Here we find an examination from one distinct and important point of view, that of education, of the essential principles of our new Constitution and their interpretation and application to the problems of a distinct field of social endeavour. The principles themselves are thereby revealed to us in greater clearness of outline and content and come home to us with a new vitality and energy. This chapter of the Report is therefore of great value to every citizen, as a vivid presentation of the aims of the new social order envisaged for us in our Constitution by our farsighted and sensitive leaders. As such it deserves the widest publicity and intelligent appreciation by the general public.

An attempt is made in the second section of this article to present a brief account of the basic elements of our new social order,

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as interpreted by the University Education Commission, and the guiding principles of educational reorganisation deduced therefrom.

II

We, the citizens of Free India, have constituted ourselves into a Democratic Republic, thereby proclaiming our faith in the democratic way of life and our determination to realise it.

Democracy is based upon the principle of self-government and seeks therefore to ensure, for every individual, freedom to order his life, as far as possible, in his own way; the only limits to such freedom arising out of a consideration for the same freedom for every other member of the society. The democratic way implies the right to commit mistakes, to profit by experience and to evolve consciously and deliberately towards desired objectives.

Education for such a social order should therefore be a process of growth and development of the individual, mainly through experience. The function of the teacher is reduced to that of observing and studying the natural tendencies and potentialities of the student and facilitating and helping the growth by providing suitable environment and opportunities for experience from time to time. The corporate life and activities in an educational institution should be considered as important as the formal instruction that is provided in it, and the teacher should devote as much attention to the student and the development of his faculties, character and personality as to the knowledge that he imparts to him. Whatever be the subject of study, the process of learning should be by practical work and effort on the part of the student under the guidance of the teacher. Even in the matter of discipline the element of compulsion and external imposition should be progressively reduced to the minimum.

The human mind is triune in character and one or other of the three main tendencies, reflective, emotional and active, preponderates in every individual and combines with the others in varying proportions. Hence the infinite variety in human nature in abilities and aptitudes, though the differences are only of degree and emphasis and not of exclusive types. Democracy recognises this variety and values the resulting complexity and richness of social life. Uniformity and regimentation are repugnant to the democratic spirit.

The environment of a human being is also triune in character,—natural, social and spiritual; and the content of teaching may be classified under three heads: Science and Technology dealing with our relation to nature; social sciences including History dealing with

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our relation to society; and Literature, Arts and Philosophy dealing with values or our relation to the world of spirit. The educational system in a democracy must take note of the variety in abilities, aptitudes and aspirations of the young and organise diversified courses of study for the different types at the different stages, on the basis of the different subjects and activities calculated to stimulate and strengthen the different natural tendencies.

Democracy believes in the inherent worth of the individual and in the dignity and value of human life. It affirms that each individual is a unique adventure of life, and we must bear in mind that the human mind is also essentially a unity and all knowledge is interdependent. The division of subjects into sciences, social studies and humanities is not exclusive, and, whatever be the subject of study, it can and should excite and satisfy the different mental powers and train the student in careful observation, effective thinking and proper judgment, and give him intellectual vision, aesthetic enjoyment and practical power.

Education must look to the whole man, energise his whole being and give him ideas of nature, society and values. A general understanding of the scientific method, of the history of our society and the world, and literature which feeds our imagination and stabilises our emotional life, should be provided as a part of general education for all. Whether we are being introduced to the delights of literature or the wonders of science or the pride of craftsmanship, our whole being must be at work.

In the Preamble to our Constitution it is stated that our aim is to secure Justice, Liberty and Equality to every citizen. But these objectives of democracy are themselves the means for the real establishment and successful functioning of democracy. In our educational institutions, especially at the University stage, our young men and women should be enabled to live in an atmosphere of Justice, Liberty and Equality.

Every kind of injustice, political, economic or social, is due to want, fear and ignorance. Freedom from want, fear and ignorance is therefore the prerequisite for real justice and we have to endeavour to banish these evils from our midst. The democratic ideal is very seriously threatened with competition for popular favour by rival ideals and principles of social organisation. We have chosen the democratic way and it is an admitted fact that millions of our fellow-men live in poverty, disease and ignorance. By the very nature of the democratic system, our new democracy will collapse unless we

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raise considerably the material standards of life of our masses and increase national productivity by the larger use of scientific discoveries and technical appliances.

In our educational institutions there has been a woeful neglect of scientific and technical studies. There is a great disparity between what our country requires and what our education offers; and we are very much handicapped now in our attempts to carry out the ambitious plans for the industrialisation of our country, drawn up by our leaders, for want of the requisite trained technical personnel. We have to take into account the fact that the large majority of our people live in villages, and avoid the evils of excessive centralisation and monopoly capitalism. Our economy must be a decentralised one supported by agriculture and village industries, supplemented by the necessary large-scale industries, worked not for the profit of a few industrialists but for the general welfare. But there is no denying the necessity for encouraging scientific studies, giving a practical and vocational bias to education and the starting of technological courses and institutions in order to enable the products of our schools and colleges to serve the real needs of the country.

At the same time, we have to guard ourselves against the danger of attaching disproportionate importance to the natural sciences and technical studies in our teaching programmes and research budgets. It is a false belief that scientific pre-eminence is the only basis of national security and welfare. We, at any rate, are not wedded exclusively to materialism, but we go in for increasing national productivity by encouraging scientific studies and the use of scientific discoveries and technical appliances for ensuring decent standards of life for our people in order to guarantee social justice. We have to organise our material resources and productive machinery, with due regard to the peculiar circumstances of our country and the genius, culture and aspirations of our people, so that the benefits of our increased national productivity might reach the common man and result in true national progress.

Correct social vision and character in our leaders and administrators in the various spheres of social life and among our professional men are therefore equally essential. We have to devote as much attention to the social sciences as to the natural sciences in our teaching programmes and research budgets. Nor should we neglect the arts, literature and philosophy, as it is these subjects that educate the emotions and inspire the youth with noble ideals and high social

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aims. We should evolve a balanced system of education, carrying out at appropriate levels a combination of general, scientific, artistic and technical education.

Liberty of thought, expression, belief, faith and worship is the very breath of democracy and should pervade the atmosphere of an educational institution. All liberal education, and the scientific spirit in particular, should free the mind from the shackles of ignorance and social conservatism and the tyranny of tradition.

Universities should be the strongholds of liberty. Teachers should be as free to speak on controversial issues as any other citizens of a free country. Intellectual progress requires the maintenance of the spirit of free inquiry.

The Universities themselves should enjoy autonomy and resist any encroachment on their freedom in the administration of their affairs. The State should exercise no control over academic policies and practices.

Equality of status and opportunity is an essential feature of democracy. In a true democracy, people who pursue different vocations should all enjoy the same status and respect in society. In educational institutions, the notion that some subjects and courses of study, like the academic, are superior and require talents of a higher order than others, like the vocational or technical courses or *vice versa*, or that the study of the natural sciences is more respectable than the study of the social sciences or the humanities, should not be encouraged. Democracy is incompatible with snobbery.

Equality of opportunity in the matter of education is a pre-requisite for equality of any other kind of opportunity. Our educational system must therefore provide scope for every individual to develop, to the fullest possible extent, the faculties with which he is endowed by nature. There should be no discrimination (except in the case of the scheduled castes and that too for a limited period) in the matter of admission to educational institutions, the only consideration being merit and the capacity of the student to profit by the course of study he seeks to pursue. Any such discrimination tends to lower the standards of efficiency in the institutions concerned, in administration and public life in general, and involves wastage of national resources.

The positive aspect of providing equality of opportunity for the best education every young man or woman deserves, irrespective of the capacity to pay, is equally important for realising the potential resources of the nation to the full. We have to devise a generous system of scholarships to be awarded to the poor on the basis of

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competitive tests of ability and previous achievement of the student for the different courses in all educational institutions, secondary and University, primary education being free for all.

The chief problem of Democracy is to reconcile the claims of the liberty of the individual and the unity and strength of the society. Stress is laid therefore in the Preamble to our Constitution on the promotion of Fraternity and the development of the spirit of cooperation among the people. In view of the peculiar history of our country, our new democracy is faced with a staggering diversity of language, race and religion in our people. The problem of securing unity and harmony is at once a serious handicap and a glorious opportunity for us to set an example to the rest of the world and to point the way to a solution of the major problem of the human race as a whole.

A sense of unity and fraternity is promoted and strengthened by common rights and duties, a common way of life and cooperation for realising common ends. In educational institutions, especially of the higher stages where we have to train the future citizens for democracy, the utmost importance should be attached to the corporate life of the students in the Hostels and Unions and on the playgrounds. These so-called extra-curricular activities should be properly organised and fully exploited to develop the qualities of mutual trust and fairplay, disciplined and responsible behaviour and tactful leadership. All the students should be encouraged to participate in the social activities, not merely in the institutions but in the locality in general. In this sphere there should be no unnecessary interference by the teachers but only wise guidance to the students to conduct their own affairs.

The most powerful factor contributing to unity is a common culture. Culture in general is defined in the Report as intellectual alertness, responsiveness to beauty, humane feeling and social enthusiasm. These component elements are developed among people by sustained effort through centuries in different parts of the world in different ways suited to the environment, and hence the phenomenon of different cultures in a sense. To transmit the cultural heritage of the nation is one of the main objectives of education.

The Report affirms that in our country we have a common cultural heritage with distinctive features of its own, and we have only to appreciate, strengthen, utilise and enrich it. Our remarkable cultural unity, in spite of the equally remarkable diversity, is admitted even by our worst critics, and the strange persistence and survival of

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it through thousands of years of strange vicissitudes has evoked the wonder of the world.

A critical study of our past should therefore be our first concern, with a view to an intelligent appreciation of the basic elements of our culture, namely, self-realisation through self-mastery and contact with the Divine, and positive toleration of other ways of life and modes of worship of the Divine, in the sincere conviction of the equal worth and dignity of all kinds of religious discipline and the ultimate destiny of every individual soul. This culture of ours is not inconsistent with the much vaunted secularity of our democracy, if the term is rightly understood. Our secularism is only a new term for our traditional toleration in the religious field and does not at all mean that we are wedded to materialism. Democracy, as we conceive it and as our leaders have sought to express in our Constitution, is itself a new variety different from the Western brand, in that the spirituality of our culture is superadded to it in place of scientific materialism. In fact, it contains spiritual elements in it sufficient to constitute a new faith or a new expression of our old faith and culture.

In our educational institutions of all grades we have to instil in the minds of the young the basic elements of our national culture, by encouraging the critical study of our social and cultural history and the lives of the great spiritual leaders of the country in the different ages. Provision should also be made for the study and appreciation of our great national epics which form an embodiment of our culture.

We have to inculcate ideals and principles of cooperation and fraternity at the international level also. Neither our culture nor our Constitution is in the least inconsistent with the ideal of peace and harmony among the different nations of the world, on the basis of equal status and the common destiny of the human race. We have to train the young for world citizenship by a suitable course of study as well as by cooperation with the UNESCO and such other bodies in their efforts in this direction.

INDIAN PARTIES—A REALIGNMENT

By V. LINGAMURTY, M. A.

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The emergence of India as an independent democratic republic has brought to the forefront the problem of realignment of political parties.¹ The Constitution has provided a democratic machinery which stands comparison with the best of the democratic constitutions in the world. But one of the essential parts for its smooth and successful working has yet to be created, namely, well-organised political parties. Modern political theory and practice have shown that "party warfare is as much the life-blood of democracy as liberty." Parties constitute such an integral part of the democratic structure that democracy, partyism and representative government are used in modern political terminology as synonymous terms. In the words of Lord Bryce, "no free large country has been without them. No one has shown how representative government could be worked without them."² India during the period of her bondage developed parties, which were more in the nature of factious groups creating separatism in the country than political parties in the Western sense of the term. Some of them were fostered by the British to make their position secure in India. Was not the Muslim League, which later on caused severe headache even to the British, their own creation as a counter-blast against the Congress? The Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri once remarked that the British raised the devil but could not put down the ghost. In Republican India the continuance of such parties formed under her bondage is undesirable, nay harmful. So the crying need of the hour is the reorganisation of parties in India.

But is there need for political parties at all? The Radical Humanists in our country attribute the present crisis in democracy to the party system. They argue that the political parties help to depress the already low standards of Nationality and morality in politics. The idea of a non-party democracy is, however, not a

¹ A political party is defined as "an association organised in support of some principle or policy which, by constitutional means, it endeavours to make the determinant of government." (The Modern State - MacIver)

² Modern Democracies - Vol. I. pp. 134.

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novel one. Rousseau once remarked that there can be no true common will in the presence of parties. Washington, the first President of America, warned his people against the rise of political parties. But the conception of non-party democracy is of little significance to students of current politics, for it is not found anywhere in practice. Such a system might have existed in a city-state where there was direct democracy but not in the modern nation-state where there is indirect and representative democracy. In the words of Graham Wallis, "the party has come into existence with the appearance of representative government on a large scale." So the problem in India today is not one of avoidance but the creation of political parties on a sound basis.

The Indian National Congress, which served as the voice of India, towers high among the political parties in the country. It is so all-inclusive and broad-based that all sections of people are allowed to become its members. Even the Communists and the Socialists, till recently, worked under the banner of the Congress. The heterogeneous composition of the Congress created certain misconceptions about its nature. It is remarked that the Congress is not a party but a platform and "front populaire". It was described as a platform, for it was in the nature of an educational organisation providing eloquent speeches and carrying on propaganda. It is also said that the Congress is the "front populaire", for it consisted of conflicting classes. Popular fronts are loose confederations of parties or alliances between independent organisations for specific and limited purposes. But it is wrong to consider the Congress merely as a platform and "front populaire," because it is a well-knit, disciplined and organised party. Though it consisted of different groups, all those worked only under the banner of the Congress, and were bound by its constitution. Another of the misconceptions about the Congress is that it is described as a totalitarian organisation and is compared to the Nazi party in Germany and the Communist party in the U. S. S. R. But the comparison is based on a wrong analogy, for the Congress party never stood in the way of the formation of new parties. In fact the position of the party system in India is comparable to that of Hungary, where there was only one major party which controlled the Government till the outbreak of the second World War.

The need for a reorganisation of our party system becomes evident from a study of the bewildering variety of parties that have sprung into existence today. It will be a revelation to those who hold the Indian National Congress as the only party in India, for

Ministry, but, if they have any grievances against the Congress Ministers, they should bring them to the notice of the Central Parliamentary Board or the Working Committee." The relationship between the Congress and the Government is succinctly put by the highest dignitary of the Congress, Dr. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, in his presidential address at the Jaipur session. He remarked, "the Congress is really the philosopher while the Government is the politician. The latter has power and the former influence.....The Congress is like a benevolent and elderly mother-in-law and the Government is like a tactful and young daughter-in-law. All the power is in reality vested in the latter through the husband." The Congress President will have to play the role of the Chairman of the Labour Party. In Great Britain the members of the Labour Party in Parliament are put under the discipline not of the National Executive but of the Parliamentary Labour Party. Similar should be the position of the Congress Party in India.

In the wake of independence there has come disunity in the Congress ranks. The scramble for ministerial and other administrative jobs has led to the formation of groups and cliques in the Congress Party, one group discrediting the other. The rise of the 'rebels' in the U. P. Congress and the squabbles among the rival groups of Congressmen in Madras, form an eye-opener as to the degeneracy of the Congress. In fact, today the Congress has more enemies within it than outside it. The divisions in the Congress Party have turned parliamentary government in some States into parliamentary anarchy. Any further continuance of such unhealthy trends will spell disaster to the Congress Party.

The Congress Party has exhibited a lack of foresight in its organisation. Any party can maintain its stability only by building a second front in the rear. The Congress Party has not so far taken the necessary care to infuse young blood into the party and create trained personnel to succeed the elders at the top. One is at a loss to know the future of the Congress with the disappearance of the few at the top, who are attaining the age of retirement from active service. If the younger men in the Party are not brought into the limelight, the Congress will have to go, along with the elderly members at the top, into the grave.

It is high time to reorganise and revitalise the Congress and place it on a sound basis. It should cease to be heterogeneous in nature. It must administer an effective check to the rising wave of corruption in the Party. In its programme also a great change has to be brought

about. It should give up the policy of hesitancy in abolishing grave economic inequalities in the country. In some States, though the zamindari system is abolished, absentee landlordism is permitted to continue. Moreover, while the Congress has shown righteous indignation against the zamindars, it has kept silent over the big capitalists and mill-owners. Even the taxation policy of the Congress Party in the States and at the Centre reveals its bourgeoisie nature. The Congress will fail to introduce Socialist legislation at the peril of its very existence. If it shows the necessary vision and brings about a new orientation in its economic policies and programmes, it will be able to play the role of the British Labour Party in India.

Next to the Congress, the Socialist Party occupies an important position in India, and since the second World War it has been gaining in prominence. However, like all other opposition parties, its strength lies in the weakness of the Congress. It has no individuality of its own, for it differs very little from the Congress in its ideology. It takes its inspiration from the principles of Gandhiji and trades on the names of Congress leaders like Pandit Nehru. This explains the limited strength of the Party in our country. One is even led to think that the Socialist Party may lose the little strength that it has gained, if the Congress revitalises itself.

This, however, does not mean that the Socialist Party has no programme of its own. Unlike the Congress, it stands for the abolition of all types of capitalism and for the nationalisation of industries. In its foreign policy it advocates withdrawal from the Commonwealth and neutrality in international politics. Criticising the devaluation policy of the Government of India, Asoka Mehta, the Socialist leader, remarked that "devaluation of the rupee is the first major tie-up of our country with the British Commonwealth." It stands for a society in which the material needs of every individual are satisfied and everyone given full opportunity and freedom to develop his self. The disappearance of such a Leftist party will not be in the interests of the country, for it will play a very useful role as an opposition party. In a parliamentary democracy a healthy opposition party is as important as the party in power. As Ivor Jennings remarked, "if there be no opposition there is no democracy; the opposition is at once the alternative to the government and a focus for the discontent of the people."¹ A Leftist party like the Socialists in the oppo-

¹ Cabinet Government. p. 385.

sition bench will enable healthy and constructive discussions which form the life breath of democracy.

The Hindu Maha Sabha is another party with a limited following but many admirers. It came into existence as a counterblast against the Muslim League and even today it is more in the nature of a religious organisation than a political party. In Feb. 1948 the Working Committee of the All-India Hindu Maha Sabha resolved to suspend its political activities and to work for "the creation of a powerful and well-organised Hindu society in Independent India." But a later resolution passed by the All-India Council of the Hindu Maha Sabha in Dec. 1948 denotes its re-entry into politics. It resolved "to rally all the national elements on a common platform so that their full weight may be felt in the political field of the country." The Hindu Maha Sabha is a severe critic of the Government's policy towards Pakistan and is opposed to all peaceful negotiations with that country. In the internal field the Hindu Maha Sabha stands for the reorganisation of States on a linguistic basis and attacks the retention of some princes as Rajpramukhs of the States. In the external field it wants India to secede from the Commonwealth. The goal of the party is the creation of a strong Hindu polity.

The contradiction in the policy and programme of the Hindu Maha Sabha is quite palpable. While on the one hand it makes proclamations "for building up a truly democratic State," it at the same time wants to work for the establishment of a Hindu State. Political philosophy and practice attest that a democratic State must be a secular State. A party based on communal or religious foundations can never be a democratic State, and a party guided by religious considerations will be a communal but not a political party. A party like the Hindu Maha Sabha, by ceasing to be a communal party, can play the role of a conservative party in the country. Students of practical politics have to note that a conservative party can serve a useful purpose in acting as a restraint on ambitious programmes. Radicalism tempered by conservatism enables the healthy progress of a State.

The Communist Party has become a 'problem party' in every State. Nakedness and hunger form the fertile ground for the progress of the Communist Party. Though the fundamental tenets in Communism, namely, economic and political equality and liberty, are favoured by many, the Communist Party is liked by few. Its use of terrorism and force has brought it into disrepute and it is subjected to banishment in some States. As Pandit Nehru remarked, "In the

name of an economic doctrine they (Communists) are at the present time trying to coerce and commit all manner of atrocities..... If any group of people in the country want to declare war on the State, then the State is at war with them." No State which stands for democratic principles can tolerate a terrorist party, for democracy is based on rational and peaceable methods. Communism has come to mean the negation of constitutionalism. Political parties must be given freedom as long as they work to achieve their objectives by constitutional means. But a party which resorts to violent means to subvert the State itself and takes its inspiration from an outside country can never be given freedom. In our country the activities of the Communist Party are confined to a few localities like Malabar and the border districts of Hyderabad and Krishna. As in Western Democracies, in India too the Communist Party can make little headway.

A realignment of parties in India requires a new Constitution for the Congress Party, so as to make it homogeneous. Parties like the Hindu Maha Sabha must abandon communal considerations and adopt economic and political programmes. Such a change will enable the Congress and the Socialist parties to act as the Liberal and Leftist parties, and the Hindu Maha Sabha as a Rightist and Conservative party in India. A realignment of parties on such lines is necessary to bring about a renaissance in the political life of the country. The future of political parties in India also raises the question of the system of party organisation — two or multi-party system. The presence of divergent interests in our country may give rise to a number of small groups. The multi-party system, which is developed in many countries on the continent of Europe, has not proved conducive to the stability of government. It has made parliamentary government in France parliamentary anarchy. The two party system not only makes it easy to form the government but also gives stability and continuity to it. It is all the more necessary to an infant democracy like India which requires governmental stability more than anything else. The organisation of parties on political and economic principles, and the development of the two-party system, will enable the smooth and successful working of Indian democracy.

INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS : A SURVEY

By Prof. M. VENKATARANGAIYA, M. A.

Though the Korean War is among the last of the happenings of the quarter from the chronological standpoint, it is among the most important of the events. It has been examined from various points of view—legal, moral and political. Some have condemned the action taken by the United States and the U. N. Security Council while others welcomed it. It is not easy to arrive at any conclusion regarding this affair on which there will be general agreement. Differences of opinion are bound to exist, partly because the standpoints are different. Some look at the affair from the legal point of view, some from the moral and some others from the political, and it is very difficult to estimate the relative significance of each of these points of view. As in so many other matters, here also there is the possibility of conflict between what is valid from the legal standpoint, and what is right from the moral, and what is expedient from the political. And we have always to take into consideration the temperament and the general outlook and even the prejudices of the person judging the situation. Today some have become temperamentally Communist and pro-Soviet, as they do not draw a distinction between Communism and Sovietism. Others are prejudiced in favour of ordered freedom which is democracy, and which they have come to identify with the American way of life. This is the reason why we have different comments made on the Korean War by different people—all equally interested in knowing the truth themselves and conveying it to others.

Korea is a small country with a population of 30 millions. Since 1945 it has been divided by the 38th parallel into Northern Korea of ten million people, industrial and Russian dominated, and Southern Korea of twenty million people, mainly agricultural and dominated by the Americans. The division is artificial but it was undertaken during the last stages of the second World War in a moment of hurry, as there was no time to discover a long-term solution. But both the Russians and the Americans agreed that at a later stage they would strive to unify Korea, place it under a government, national and democratic, resulting from fair and free elections. But that agreement was not given effect to, owing to the rise of acute differences between the two world powers on a variety of matters and the outbreak of the cold war between them. The division of Korea had consequently continued. It affected adversely the economy of the two parts. Patriots bent on the creation of a unified national State

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resented it. The matter was brought before the United Nations by the United States, in spite of the protests of Russia that it should not be left to the decision of the international body. The U. N. O. appointed a commission, and under the auspices of the commission a general election was held. But the election was boycotted by the people of North Korea. The party that secured a majority in the election formed a government. The U. N. O. recognised this as the legitimate government of the whole of Korea, even though it had no control over the North. In the latter part of 1948 both the Russians and the Americans withdrew their occupation forces. Even after that the political division between the North and the South continued.

Strategically Korea occupies a position of the greatest importance. This is why, in the past, the Russians and the Japanese fought for it. Russia is determined to make it Communist and bring it into her sphere of influence; and America is equally determined to prevent such a thing from happening. There is however one difference between the two world powers. Russia has a clear grasp of what it wants, dominated as it is by one leader and one party. She is able without any scruples whatever to resort to all means for sealing her objectives. America is on the other hand vacillating. Her leaders do not know their own mind. They are torn by conflicting views. The result is that while Russia created a well-knit Communist party in the North and trained a Communist army, the Americans, believing in the efficacy of democratic freedom, left matters to drift in South Korea, so that the North had become strong enough to invade the South and try to bring about the unity of the country by war.

It was on June 25, 1950 that the North Korean forces invaded the South and came very near Seoul, the southern capital. It was then that the Americans realised the seriousness of the situation and resolved on sending their forces to South Korea and save it from conquest by the North. To give a legality to the course of action which she contemplated, she brought the question before the U. N. Security Council. The Council passed a resolution declaring that North Korea was the aggressor in an unprovoked war, that she should cease hostilities, and that if she did not withdraw, sanctions—military, economic, etc.,—would be used against her. All the members of the United Nations were informed of the resolutions passed by the Council. Most of them endorsed the resolutions and some of them agreed to send their navy, air-craft and even ground forces to help the Americans in their war in Korea. Legally of course it does not

look like an American war. It is a war fought under the auspices of the United Nations, as it has been authorised by the Security Council.

But the legality of the action taken by the Security Council has been questioned by Russia on various grounds. From her standpoint there was no evidence to show that North Korea was the aggressor. She has also argued that the government of North Korea is the lawful government of the whole country, and that in invading the South the northern government has been merely engaged in suppressing rebels and bringing that area under its control. In putting forward this argument Russia went so far as to draw an analogy between what Northern Korea has been doing now and what the government of the United States did to suppress the Southern rebels in the great American Civil War. Russia has also argued that no action taken by the Security Council on an important issue like this could be legal when she herself, being one of the permanent members, did not take part in voting on the issue. Of course all these legal arguments have been refuted. There is an U. N. Commission in Korea and it was on the information supplied by it that the Security Council declared North Korea to be the aggressor; and the very fact that in a few days the Northern forces have been able to occupy such a large part of the South is adequate evidence for concluding that the North took the offensive in the matter. There was again the resolution of the U. N. O. recognising the government of the South as the only legal government and most of the other States of the world extended their recognition to it. It is therefore preposterous to say that the Northern government is the legitimate government. As regards the absence of Russia from the Security Council, it has been pointed out that on previous occasions it was recognised that abstention from voting by any permanent or temporary member did not amount to a negative vote, and that therefore in the present case Russia could not argue that her not being present at the Council and not voting in favour of the resolution amounted to voting against it. Above all, that the charter of the United Nations recognises the right of self-defence and that both South Korea and the United States were justified in taking any steps deemed necessary by them in the interests of self-defence.

This is the real truth of the situation. For three years America has been carrying on a cold war with Russia. She is determined on arresting the further progress of Communism through war and violence. Peace and security in the Pacific region are vital to her. It is not to her interest that Korea should fall into the hands of a Communist regime, as all Communist governments have now come to

rally themselves round Soviet Russia and become her satellites. The intervention of America therefore in Korea is politically necessary for her, whatever be the legality of it.

Of course there are some who condemn the action of the United States from what may be called the moral standpoint. It is their view that the people of Korea should be left to themselves to settle their affairs in any way they like, and that in sending their forces to Korea the Americans have violated the great and noble principle of national self-determination and of the sovereignty of the people of Korea. It is always difficult to decide questions relating to moral right and wrong. But it is too late now in the day to speak of the inviolability of the principle of national sovereignty. In an age when distance has become insignificant and when each country has become the immediate neighbour of every other country, however widely it might appear to be separated from it by physical distance calculated in miles, and when all countries have become so interdependent, it is futile to argue that it ought to be a matter of indifference to other countries as to what is taking place in any particular country. And it is in recognition of this that the saner section of the world found it necessary to create a League of Nations after the first World War and a United Nations Organisation at the end of the second World War.

There is thus ample justification for the action taken by the Security Council and for the intervention of America in the affairs of Korea. Let us see what the consequence would be if America abstained from intervention and allowed Southern Korea to be conquered by the North. It would mean the expansion of Communism into another country of great strategic importance. It will certainly encourage the Communists of the other countries in South-East Asia—Indo-China, Siam, Indonesia, the Philippines and Burma—and within a short period of time the whole of South-East Asia would become a Communist bloc.

It is in reflecting on the consequences of an ultimate situation like this that the temperamental differences of observers have their influences. There are many who welcome, and welcome fanatically, a situation like this; and there are others who abhor it and who are frightened by it. Who can say who are right and who are wrong? But let it be noted that in the present context of the world the spread of Communism cannot be separated from the spread of Russian imperialism. One cannot be separated from the other. And imperialism—the domination of one country by another—is always reprehensible, whatever be the spiritual basis on which such domination is justified.

It is the lesson of history that people whose main motive is acquisition of power exploit religion—just as they exploit other instruments—for their own purposes. It is in the name of Islam that the Saracens of the Seventh and the Eighth Centuries conquered a large part of the world. The Muslims of the middle ages tried to do the same. It was in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity that the revolutionary armies of France and Napoleon conquered the major part of Europe. It was in the name of individual freedom and superior civilisation and culture that the Europeans conquered Asia and Africa in the modern age. That is just what Soviet Russia is now doing in the name of Communism. The communistic ideal of the liberation of the working classes from the yoke of the moneyed classes has a wide appeal. But it is being exploited by Soviet Russia to expand her own political power and pursue the policies of imperialist expansion inherited by her from the Czars like Peter the Great and Catherine. Soviet foreign policy today is a continuation in essence of the policy of the despotic rulers of Russia in the past.

Apart from this there are other reasons why Communism should not spread. It substitutes a totalitarian tyranny of a small well-disciplined minority for the power of the unorganised capitalists of today. It totally denies the values of individual freedom. It is entirely materialistic in its outlook. And the means which it adopts—the sabotage, arson, loot and murder made so evident even in India in recent days—for reaching its goal results in incalculable suffering and misery. Those therefore who are fighting against Soviet imperialism are fighting against totalitarianism and the disappearance of even a small sphere of freedom for the individual. The non-Communist world may not be an attractive world. It is full of evils, misery and suffering. But one has to think twice and thrice before one is called to fly from the frying pan into the fire.

People are asking themselves whether the Korean War will be localised or whether it will gradually transform itself into the third World War. It does not look as if it can be completely localised. For, the Americans have now begun to see that they should take active steps to strengthen themselves in South-East and East Asia. They are determined to see that Formosa is not occupied by Communist China and that Ho Chi Minh does not get control of Indo-China. There is thus a possibility of the war spreading into these areas while the Americans are engaged in Korea. There is equally the possibility of the Communists in Eastern Germany trying to occupy the whole of Berlin and enter Western Germany. There is of course the possibility

of trouble in the frontiers of Yugo-Slavia. The Americans will continue to fight until they are satisfied that there is no danger to stability and security not only in Korea but also in Indo China, Siam, and the whole of South-East Asia. Not merely Americans. It is to the interest of Britain, of Australia and New Zealand that such stability is achieved.

For, even before the outbreak of the Korean War, the Americans revised their Far-Eastern policy when they decided upon extending their economic as well as military aid to Indo-China. The proceedings of the Sydney Conference held in May, at which the representatives of all the Commonwealth countries were present, also reveal how much importance Australia, Britain and the other Commonwealth countries attach to stability in South-East Asia which, in current terminology, amounts to the arrest of Communist expansion in that area. As a matter of fact, the attitude of Britain towards the problems of Asia has undergone a revolutionary change. Bevin and other spokesmen of the British feel—and the debates in the House of Commons in May and June reveal this—that they can no longer ignore the nationalist movements in this part of the world and that they should do something to aid the poverty-stricken peoples of S. E. Asia if they are to maintain stability there. Australia is specially interested in this. It is a life and death problem for her as to how she can retain the White superiority in the face of an awakened China, a resurrected Japan and a free Indonesia, suffering from overpopulation and anxious to obtain outlets. The time may not be distant when the Chinese and the Japanese and other Asiatic peoples, free and industrially and technically advanced, may use force for getting into the vacant spaces of the Australian continent. That is the real problem in this part of the world. Australia is interested naturally in preventing such a thing from happening. This is why she took the lead in calling the Sydney Conference. But it remains a question as to whether anything substantial was achieved at the conference. A resolution of course was passed that eight million pounds should be spent within a course of six years for extending aid to the free peoples of South-East Asia—from Burma to Indonesia—and this is to be spent after information as to the needs of these countries is collected and after a study is made of the extent to which these needs can be satisfied by local resources. It is expected that by the time that a similar conference meets at Colombo in September this information would be collected, and that it would be possible to draw detailed plans regarding the distribution of aid. But how much

can eight millions accomplish in an area occupied by nearly two hundred millions of people? And why all this fuss about information when, for three years, the ECAFE has been engaged in a study like this? A bolder and a bigger step should be taken by the Commonwealth in cooperation with the United States (which also wants to extend aid to these areas) and the problem has to be tackled on a larger scale and all this has to be done at a quicker pace. People are only talking of plans. Plans are not being drawn and much less are they being executed.

The Americans have now come to the conclusion that peace with Soviet Russia is not possible. Mr. Acheson, the Secretary of State in the United States, has been reported to have come to London for talks with the British and French Foreign Ministers in May last with "a conviction, deepened by long experience and study, that the cold war must be accepted as a permanent feature of future planning and that all efforts must, therefore, be directed to strengthening the political, economic and military forces of the Atlantic Powers." No effect seems to have been produced on this view by the mission undertaken by M. Trygve Lie, the Secretary-General of the U. N. O. to Paris, Moscow and London to bring about a closer understanding among the great powers and to resolve the deadlock created in the U. N. O. and its affiliated bodies through the boycott by Russia and her allies. It was in pursuance of this view that several other steps were taken by the United States and her friends to tighten up the defences against Soviet Russia.

This was done for instance in the Middle East. This is an area which is very much exposed to Russian pressure. Neither Persia nor Turkey is in a position to resist it single-handed, or in combination, without the help of the United States. To expand in the direction of the Persian Gulf, and to obtain control over the Straits of Constantinople is an integral part of Russian foreign policy. To prevent Russia from taking any active steps to achieve this aim, is a necessity for Britain and the United States. Another disturbing factor in the Middle East is the tension between Israel and the Arab powers, and also the friction between the Arab League on one side and the Kingdom of Jordan on the other. The League is dominated by Egypt and she has not as yet reconciled herself to the establishment of the independent State of Israel by the Jews, though it is now a settled fact. Jordan with its King Abdulla is more realistic in this matter and she is disposed to be friendly towards Israel, as that helps her control over Arab Palestine and perhaps achieving her aim of Greater

Syria in due course. During the last quarter these questions occupied the attention of Britain, France and the United States, with the result that they carried on successful negotiations with Israel and the Arab States and issued what is called a Three-Power Declaration, under which they have agreed to supply arms to Israel and the Arab States on condition that they are not used for aggressive purposes. They also obtained assurances of non-aggression from these States. And they have made clear that they would take prompt action against any State violating frontiers or disturbing peace in any other way. It is a global policy that any world power has to pursue today, and from this point of view stability in the Middle East is of special importance to the United States and Britain.

At one time it was feared in some quarters that the change in Government in Turkey, in consequence of the free elections held there in May, might become a disturbing factor. For the last twenty-five years Turkey had been ruled by a political party associated with Kemal Ataturk, the creator of the present Republic. It was regarded as a totalitarian party. It rendered great services especially in modernising and westernising the country. There was a feeling that it would be impossible to oust it from power except through the use of violence. But the progress in national unity achieved during the last twenty-five years was a reality. The elections therefore were fought on the basis of complete freedom. The Democratic Party, dominated by the middle classes, won and a new government has been formed. But this government is as nationalistic as the previous one. It is as much afraid of Russian expansionism as its predecessor, and it has announced that there would be no change in its foreign policy. This is most welcome to the Atlantic Powers.

In this attempt to tighten up the defence against aggressive Russia, the Atlantic Powers took one more step when, at their London meeting in May, they took the important decision to "build up a system of defence equipped with modern weapons and capable of withstanding any external threat directed against any of them." This has been looked at as a revolutionary decision by certain commentators, as it would lead to the creation of a common defence force as distinguished from the individual defence forces maintained by each country. The Council also decided upon the creation of a Merchant Shipping Planning Board to cooperate with the other North Atlantic Committees in defence planning. To give practical effect to these and other decisions, a Committee of Deputies to run the whole organisation has also been set up. Each of the twelve members who

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are parties to the Atlantic Pact will nominate a member. The committee will elect its own chairman and organise its own secretariat. In the past, it was after the war started that the allies began planning. Now everything is being done in advance so that if, unfortunately, a war breaks out, everything might be ready to meet the aggression.

So the last three months constituted a period of great activity on the part of the United States, the Commonwealth and the Atlantic Powers to tighten up their defences, to take concerted action to maintain stability in S. E. Asia, the Middle East and Western Europe. What Soviet Russia and her allies have been doing is a sealed mystery. But both parties are fiercely engaged in carrying on the cold war which is now threatening, through the outbreak of hostilities in Korea, a hot war. Important events have also occurred in this period in Germany, France and other countries. There is no space here to refer to them, to events like the Schuman plan, the national movements in Germany, etc. We are living in revolutionary times and a new world is being created.¹

¹ July 9.

PRAKASAM, THE PEOPLE'S HERO

By D. V. RAMA RAO, M. A., LL. B.

"In an interval between two scenes," (of a Telugu play that was being staged at Guntur), "Sri Prakasam stepped onto the stage, dressed in faultless Bond Street clothes and with a fur cap on his head. He looked very handsome. He had just returned from England as a full-fledged Barrister. He had been an actor in his early years, but his 'entrances and exits' as Arjuna, Damayanti or Chandramati were over before I was born.He spoke in English, beginning in a low tone, and uttering the words with great deliberation. But he gathered momentum as he warmed up, and gave his impressions of the theatres in London and Paris. He ended with an eloquent exhortation to the Andhra public to honour their actors. I liked the speaker as well as the speech. To my boyish imagination, he was definitely a 'great man'."

Such was the impression Prakasam made early in the year 1907 on K. Ramakotiswara Rau, the Editor of *Triveni*. Today, after more than forty years of a strenuous and impressive record of public service, Prakasam looks like a battle-scarred general with almost a rugged mountain-like grandeur about him.

Prakasam, who is fondly referred to by the idolising Andhras as *Andhra Kesari*, is essentially cast in a heroic mould both physically and in spirit. As a nationalist and political leader south of the Vindhya, the two that can vie with him are Rajaji and Dr. Pattabhi, however, with this difference: that while Rajaji is respected for his political sagacity and farsighted statesmanship, Prakasam is loved for his utter disregard of danger and simple childlike qualities; while Pattabhi is admired for his intellectual and organisational gifts and versatile activities, Prakasam is adored for his self-immolating qualities of burning patriotism and sacrificing zeal.

Prakasam's life and career strike one as a big and bold adventure. There is little of hair-splitting subtlety or shrewd calculation about him. He is a man of unusual energy and spontaneous action, one who readily responds to the immediate needs of the present and one who is absolutely fearless of all consequences, once he is determined to act according to his convictions. Mahatma Gandhi, the great saint-statesman and redeemer of his country and humanity, be it noted, possessed also a great spirit of adventure, in the noblest sense of the term. But, while the illustrious followers of the Mahatma have imbibed several noble traits of the Master, each according to

capacity and in varying degrees, few can be said to have got the daring spirit which was so marked a characteristic of the Father of the Nation. Among those few, two names, that of Netaji Subhas Bose and that of Prakasam, occur to one spontaneously. But, while Netaji, retaining as he did to the last the highest esteem for the Master, parted company with the Master on occasions, Prakasam, though he too dared to differ at times, has ever remained loyal to the Mahatma and the Congress.

During his younger boyhood days Prakasam's associates included all sorts—wrestlers, touring dramatists and even rowdy elements. From his recently published Autobiography in Telugu, which, by the way, is a very interesting, informative and frank narration, we know that he got into tight corners on more than one occasion, being involved in assault and other charges. Even today, at the age of nearly eighty, his youthful buoyancy has not left him and, indeed, he seems to grow young with years. Even before he proceeded to England for further Law studies, Prakasam had already made a name both as a lawyer and as a public spirited man; and, while in England, he was an enthusiastic supporter of Dadabhai Naoroji during the latter's Parliamentary election campaign. Prakasam gave an indication of his mettle long before he returned as a Barrister, when, as a young man of barely thirty, he succeeded in getting elected as the Chairman of the Rajahmundry Municipality against such formidable forces as represented by the late N. Subba Rau Pantulu and late (Sir) M. Ramachandra Rau Pantulu.

Prakasam mentions in his Autobiography how even municipal elections used to rouse the worst passions among otherwise very sober and respectable persons, and how, to vent their spite against him, some of his opponents did not hesitate to involve him in a murder case. In this respect our country has, perhaps, progressed little even after two generations. Prakasam humorously mentions, too, how greatly his former Principal, Metcalfe of the Government College, Rajahmundry, was surprised to find him in London, since the good old Professor who knew Prakasam's boyhood episodes too well could hardly expect to see him changed into a polished and promising student of Gray's Inn.

Prakasam had a brilliant career as a Barrister and commanded a lucrative practice both in Madras and mofussil courts. He was for some time the President of the Madras Bar Association and Editor of the *Madras Law Times*. No wonder, being of an independent and full-blooded nature, many a time he had hot exchanges with the

Hon'ble members of the Bench. Although he soon came to be known as a 'troublesome man', nonetheless he was respected for his fearless and dignified demeanour.

Prakasam was among the earliest in the South to come under the magic spell of the Mahatma, and with his characteristic self-abandon he plunged without second thoughts into the Non-Cooperation movement. The *Daily Swarajya*, which he started, was altogether a new and forceful feature of resurgent nationalist journalism during the nineteen-twenties. Prakasam staked his all and, it is said, even the considerable property of his wife in his journalistic venture. No doubt, *Swarajya* cost him his last penny literally, but, one doubts whether he has any regrets at all, for, it is not in Prakasam's nature to regret or look behind. Several of his early *Swarajya* associates as, for instance, Sardar Panikkar, Khasa Subba Rau, K. Ramakotiswara Rau, Kripinidhi and Iswara Dutt, have since achieved distinction both as journalists and publicists, and it speaks volumes for Prakasam's character and the affectionate esteem he commands that his erstwhile associates still remember the old exciting and exacting days of the *Swarajya* with pride.

Prakasam had always been in the forefront of the nation's struggle for freedom, and during the Salt Satyagraha days of the nineteen-thirties, when lathi charges and firings were frequent, it was the courageous example set by leaders like Prakasam and Sambamurti that largely helped to keep up the public morale in the South.

Prakasam is not a fire-eating orator, but is quite an impressive speaker both on the public platform as well as in parliamentary debates. He shows a most dogged persistence in mastering the various aspects of any problem he takes up. The monumental Prakasam Report on the Madras Estates is an excellent instance. Both as a public leader and administrator, with his vast experience, broad sympathies and readiness to respond to public duty, he has proved to be immensely popular. That the producer-cum-consumer co-operatives and Khadi self-sufficiency schemes, which he sponsored when he was the Chief Minister of Madras, have not received a fair trial, unfortunately, shows that while one may swear by the Mahatma it is not always safe to be overzealous in putting into practice the Gandhian ideals.

That the unseating of the Prakasam Ministry, ever since which public life in Madras has steadily deteriorated, constitutes one of the major public tragedies in the recent history of Madras seems to be gradually realised even by those that found fault with Prakasam's

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administration for some reason or other. Except that he tends to be frank to the point of bluntness at times and, perhaps, a little wanting in that elusive quality, namely, tactfulness, especially in appeasing certain influential interests, Prakasam could hardly be charged with any lapse, administrative or otherwise. So, the one fault of Prakasam, it appears, is his want of diplomacy which, by the way, seems to be a general fault with the Andhras, for, is it not the case that they pay dearly quite often by rubbing a right cause the wrong way?

Few in our country can boast of so courageous and selfless a record of public service as that of Prakasam and, no wonder, when Prakasam was dislodged from the Madras Ministry it was certainly not he and his loyal colleagues that fell from popular esteem. Indeed, the popular reaction was one of deep disappointment at the turn of events. While Prakasam has paid too dearly for his 'obstinate' convictions, his great qualities seem to have received neither ample recognition nor have they been properly utilised for the benefit of the country. It is but natural that the populace should entertain fond expectations to see Prakasam once again occupy high office. But, whether this happens or not, Prakasam will ever continue to be the People's Hero.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

By PRAFULLADATTA GOSWAMI, M. A.

(Rendered by the Author from Assamese)

The night looms outside and the wind wails,
sadness steals into the hollow of the mind,
sadness for somebody away,
away five-hundred miles,
drawing water from the well
under the bowing banana leaves.

She looks yearningly beyond the river,
and I see her over a swirling waste,
muddied with the might of its flood;
I see her through the reeds on the bank
and the wild look that her eyes wear.

She does not speak,
God did not give her speech,
He gave her eyes instead
and two dimpled cheeks.

The flood'll go down and the paddy sway,
the women will catch fish in the fields,
laugh and abuse each other.
But she is alone there looking beyond the river,
for I am away.....

MY LOST JEWEL

By Dr. MAYADHAR MANSIMHA

(Rendered by the Author from Oriya)

As the cow bellows for the distant calf,
As the lonely dove fills the woodland with pity,
As plants yearn for the sunshine,
So do I pine for thee and weep,
My dear little lost jewel!

Like one suddenly gone blind,
Like the rich robbed of his all overnight,
I grope in the darkness of sudden bereavement,
My dear little lost jewel!

Like a golden lotus you hung on my breast,
Your ill-uttered first words were music divine,
But that speech, that smile, those frolics of yours
Are now but cruel memories,
My dear little lost jewel!

On the same breast that you oft adorned like a golden lotus,
I carried your limbs, stiff with the touch of death,
And laid them on the pyre wailing over my fate
And wishing to share the same bed with you;
My dear little lost jewel!

Didn't I often look into your divine eyes and say,
"Meseems, child, you have come under this roof by a mistake,
For, such as you, are not to be claimed in homes like mine"?
Why indeed did you come unasked and dash my hopes as naively!
My dear little lost jewel!

Are you in the sky, in the winds, or in the under-world?
Might you not be suffering from the elements?
Might you not be feeling hunger and thirst?
Between whose snug arms will you spend the terrific rainy nights?
My dear little lost jewel!

I go the daily rounds meeting the needs of existence,
But, in the dark inner chambers, ceaseless burns the fire of your
memory,

Kept alive with the fuel of tears,
And the soul keeps crying out your name day and night;
My dear little lost jewel!

MY RIVER OF DEEP WATER

By KAZI NAZRUL ISLAM

(Rendered by Basudha Chakravarty from Bengali)

Oh my river of deep water,
Ever since my birth I have been
Floating with you.

Your flood swept away the house I had built :
Then I squatted over the outlying
land you had thrown up; but you
flooded that land too!
Now I have lost all and float
constantly over your water.

If you break my house, I may possibly have it back;
But how is it you have broken my heart?
The heart can not be had back once it is lost:
If it be lost in ebb-tide, it is
not got back in flow-tide.

For when you break the shores
You break only one of them;
But when you break the heart,
You break upon both of its edges.
And when the heart breaks, nothing like land
outlying in a river is left.

REVIEWS

Profiles: By G. Venkatachalam. (Nalanda Publications, Bombay. Price Rs. 8-4-0)

Who can resist G. Venkatachalam's racy style and interesting personal notes of men and things? Perhaps, in nothing else does he show so much proficiency as in writing of the impressions he has formed of men and women of importance in this widely travelled world of his.

His easy familiarity with such great exemplars of intellectual power and humanity as Tagore and Gandhi, his engaging asides about Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, J. Krishnamurti or Sri Aurobindo, his fresh information about Sir J. C. Bose or Sri Jinarajadasa, his convincing pictures of R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, Sir C. P. or Mirza Ismail, his pleasant recollections of the spiritual atmosphere about Bhagavan Ramana, his artistic reactions to Poet Vallathol, Dilip Kumar Roy, or the much-less-publicised Vilithikulam Swami, have all their peculiar genre of 'colour-notes in an artist's sketch book,' as he himself describes them.

His 'fragrant memories' of some of our prominent women-artistes like M. S. Subbalakshmi and Lalita Venkatram reappear in Part II of this volume without any new additions either in their manner or matter. A few pages towards the end are devoted to men and women belonging to other countries like China, Japan and Ceylon, where the author made abiding contacts with persons of political and social standing.

Indeed, the author takes one smoothly over a number of pages without tiring the reader in the least. The variety of individuals he speaks about, with personal warmth and understanding, provoke from us not a little of admiration for his great good luck in not only having come across some of the best specimens of humanity but in having the gift to leave such delicious impressions of them in print.

Sometimes—only occasionally—there comes upon us a feeling that Venkatachalam requires deeper understanding of what he speaks of, especially when he comments on an artiste like Balasaraswathi as having become 'a memory' now. He is not conversant with what has happened in the intervening years to the artiste of whom he speaks with such inaccuracy. Perhaps, never before has Balasaraswathi shown such amplitude of power to expound a great art like Bharata Natya as now. Still one closes a book of this kind with renewed enthusiasm for the author's unabating interest in the artistes' lives even more than in their respective arts.

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN

Conversations of Gandhiji: By Chandra Sankar Shukla (Vora & Co., Ltd., 3, Round Building, Kalbadevi Road, Bombay-2. Price. Rs. 3/-)

To be able to listen to Gandhiji's conversation was a privilege which only a few could enjoy, although there is perhaps no Indian in recent times who did not hear him speak in public. The book under review is a record of Gandhiji's talks, mostly in English, with visitors, Indian and non-Indian, in the year 1933-34 during which the Father of the Nation waged a war against the curse of untouchability, gaining increasing public support wherever he went. Out of the 57 talks reported herein, more than half centre round the Harijan problem. The Indian public is now fairly familiar with the arguments of Gandhiji against the untouchability evil. But what strikes the general reader of the book is the personality of the departed leader as revealed through his talks, always sweetly reasonable and serene, ready to understand the other man's point of view, and listen patiently to what he has got to say. He talks best who knows how to listen, and Gandhiji is no exception to the rule.

Particularly interesting in the light of subsequent developments is the conversation on 2—5—'34 at Ranchi between Gandhiji on the one hand and a group of leaders like Dr. Ansari, C. R., Babu Rajendra Prasad, Sorojini Naidu, Dr. B. C. Roy, Asaf Ali etc., on the question of the 'Suspension of Civil Disobedience' which Gandhiji described as mere 'restriction'. It shows his spirit of accommodation to the united wish of the leaders. His exposition of the philosophy of fasting in his talk with the journalists at Karachi on 11—7—'34 is still fresh and contains a reference to Kasturba (p 128) of whom he says, "It has been my real good fortune that in all such matters she never worried me, never argued with me, and has allowed me to have my own way, although she has felt the distress.....She is one of the bravest women I have ever met."

Incidentally, Gandhiji's spoken English, it may be said, reveals the man—candid, truthful, and always to the point.

G. DHARMA RAO

A Survey of Indian Constitutionalism: By P. Rajeswara Rao (Eluru, W. Godavari, Pp. 304. Price Rs. 6-12)

This book, by a rising Advocate, gives a bird's-eye view of the history of constitutionalism in India from the days of Mohenjodaro to the present day. The author has given a clear and lucid account of the growth of democratic institutions and popular power during the Hindu, Muhammadan and British periods in the history of India. The author has rapidly traced the political developments in India

since the second World War and has given a general sketch of the Constitution of the Indian Republic. The chapter on the 'Future of Constitutionalism' contains many commendable suggestions.

The author has developed the thesis that "on the whole, the political philosophy and constitutional tradition (in India) are broadly based on democratic foundation", a thesis which tickles the patriotic sentiments of the readers. But the application of such political terms as 'federal government' and 'party system' which have a special political connotation today, in describing the kingdoms of the days of the Mahabharata, makes us doubt the validity of the author's thesis until further light is thrown on the ancient polity.

Some of the observations made by the author are noticeable. The author has struck the right note in saying that, "disintegration of the State (Hyderabad) and its merger with the adjoining Provinces seems to be inevitable." The monograph, not being obsessed by any party considerations, contains references to certain hard realities in the present stage of India's constitutional progress. One cannot but agree with the author when he says that "it is an enigma that India with a Socialist Prime Minister and former President of the Civil Liberties Union tends to show signs of becoming a Police State".

The reader will, however, be disappointed when the author merely echoes the sentiments of Pandit Nehru that the immediate formation of Linguistic Provinces is undesirable, a view that contravenes the independent and democratic tone of the thesis. The reader further doubts the wisdom of certain of the suggestions made by the author. One is surprised to note that a staunch upholder of democracy encroaches on the freedom of dress and suggests that minorities like the Muslims in India, must give up their dress and 'adopt the regional dress' to win the goodwill of the Hindus.

The author is guided more by democratic theory than by democratic practice in making certain observations. It is stated that it is unjust to merge some States in the Provinces without consulting the people of the States. But on administrative and other grounds it will not be feasible for the Government to permit petty States to remain independent if the people of those States perchance wish to be so. On practical considerations one is also led to feel that the author has done scant justice in remarking that the present National Government is 'incomplete' as it does not consist of such stalwarts as Dr. M. R. Jayakar, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar and Mr. V. D. Savarkar, for a government is not a committee of elder statesmen but a body which has to carry on the administration.

It will, however, be of immense use as a book for non-detailed study to the general reader for an understanding of the evolution of constitutionalism in India, a subject which every citizen of the country needs to know.

V. LINGAMURTY

Troubled Waters: By John O'Hind. (Illustrated by Nagendra Parmar, Delhi Press, New Delhi, Pp. 178. Price Rs. 4/-)

Professedly the first attempt at a full length novel by one who has made his mark as a popular writer of historical short stories, the book reveals considerable powers of historical imagination and sustained narrative.

The author deserves to be congratulated on the choice of a crucial period in the history of India and a theme of peculiar interest to us at present for treatment in his novel. The events are placed in the interregnum between the fall of the Mughal Empire and the rise of the British power, marked by utter chaos and lawlessness on land and sea, relieved only by the short-lived gleam of hope of consolidation of the national resources and energy under the leadership of the Marathas; and the story deals directly with the degeneration of the Maratha naval principality of the Angres on the West Coast into a stronghold of piracy.

The attention of the reader is secured and held in grip without any flagging of interest by the careful interweaving of the main story of romantic love and adventure of Nawab Khan, the nephew of a poor Jagirdar of Shahipore, and Ayesha, the fair daughter of a rich banker of Surat, with the story of mystery and revenge of the Man with the Mask and the detective story of the irrepressible English spy Blarney Evans. But the element of coincidence is so striking and so frequently thrust upon our attention that the possibility of illusion of a distinct atmosphere of the olden times is considerably hampered and often there is only a sense of artificiality and unreality.

Even so with the characterization. The types of character introduced are various and interesting and presented in bold relief, but they are drawn only in bare outline and lack vitality and individuality except Blarney Evans, Butcher, De Castro and the Man with the Mask. The fine possibilities of many other characters are not fully realised as in the case of Ayesha, Omrah Ali, Ganguram and Swamy who remain shadowy on account of lack of sufficient sympathy, or an ambiguous attitude on the part of the author towards them. Neither Tulaji Angre, the chief historical figure, nor Nawab Khan, the hero, leaves upon the mind of the reader a distinct impression.

TRIVENI

The chief merit of the book is in the racy style and the wonderful ease with which the English language is used to deal with the situations and sentiments of an Indian theme. It can be safely recommended as excellent reading material in the form of an interesting story to Indian College students of the English language. This long story falls short of the stature of a novel, perhaps on account of the hurry and anxiety of the author to pack too many interesting elements in a short compass.

The illustrations are copious and the printing and get-up very attractive.

The Viswa Bharati Quarterly: Editor, Kshitish Roy. Vol. XV, Part II, Feb. April, 1960.

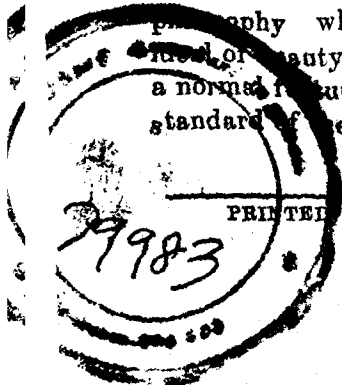
Founded by Rabindranath Tagore and nurtured under his protecting wings in its early career, the *Viswa Bharati* holds a place of honour among the few journals of *Renaissance* India devoted to the cause of culture.

The current number opens with a rendering into English verse (by Lotika Ghose) of Tagore's famous *Varsha Sesh* and a delightful skit 'The Surat Adventure of Nil Lobit' by Pramatha Chaudhuri. Three very valuable contributions to literary criticism of three different kinds follow: "The German Language Today" by Inge Haag, an instructive history of the German Language during the last three decades of tremendous political stress accounting for the alarming signs of deterioration which it exhibits today; "In defence of Thomas Mann" by Alex Aronson, an interpretation of the message running through the entire creative effort of the great German author with special reference to his latest novel *Doctor Faustus*; "What is Criticism" by Julien Benda, an examination of the popular tendencies and misconceptions in modern criticism, concluding with the definition 'Criticism is Judgment'.

The number closes with two articles of particular interest to the Indian reader—a discussion of the Source of Sovereign power in an independent country by P. S. Naidu with particular reference to our new Constitution; and "Asceticism in Tagore's Aesthetics" by Prabas Jiban Chaudhury, a brief but clear exposition of Tagore's aesthetic philosophy which is essentially Vedantic and based on the 'ascetic ideal of beauty' and reviews of numerous and various kinds of books, a normal feature. The Editor is to be complimented on the very high standard of the journal, so consistently maintained.

M. SIVAKAMAYYA

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