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Book No Shn 3rd ed.

MY INDIA,
MY AMERICA

Works by Krishnalal Shridharani

In English

WAR WITHOUT VIOLENCE, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1939.

MY INDIA, MY AMERICA, Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1941.

WARNING TO THE WEST, Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1943.

In Gujarati

THE BANYAN TREE (*Vadalo*), A Nature Fantasy, Dakshinamurti, 1931.

I SHALL KILL THE HUMAN IN YOU! (*Insan Mita Dunga*), A Novel of Life in Jail, Dakshinamurti, 1932.

SPRING FLOWERS (*Pila Palash*), Three Plays for Children, Dakshinamurti, 1933.

THE SUTTEE (*Padmini*), A Historical Play, Navayuga, 1934.

THE EGGS OF PEACOCK (*Morna Inda*), A Social Play, Saurashtra, 1934.

THESE EARTHEN LAMPS (*Kodiya*), A Collection of Poems, Dakshinamurti, 1934.

MY INDIA, MY AMERICA

KRISHNALAL SHRIDHARANI

With an Introduction by Louis Bromfield

DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE, NEW YORK
INTERNATIONAL BOOK HOUSE LTD., BOMBAY

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Third Edition

It was inevitable in writing about Gandhi and his technique of non-violent direct action (satyagraha) that I should use some parts of the extensive and detailed treatment given to these subjects in my earlier book, WAR WITHOUT VIOLENCE ; *I am grateful to its publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company, for permission to include here a reworking of portions of two chapters from that book.*

Again to Winifred Patterson,
daughter of the West

PRINTED AT THE BANGALORE PRESS, BANGALORE CITY AND PUBLISHED BY THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK HOUSE LTD., BOMBAY

INTRODUCTION

I SUSPECT that more rubbish has been thought, spoken, and written about India than about any country in the world. There are a good many reasons for this. India has been exploited for nearly two hundred years by all sorts of individuals and organizations, from the East India Company to Katherine Mayo.

All kinds of people from fortune tellers to politicians and missionaries have made sizable fortunes of one kind or another out of presenting India to the world in the fashion which suited their ends. But the fundamental reason for the abysmal ignorance and the fantastic ideas about this great nation lies in the defects of Western education. To the vast majority of educated people, even those within the higher intellectual brackets, India is a nation governed by English *Pukka Sahibs in pink* coats and infested with cobras, snake charmers, and Brahmin priests. We were taught that Christendom was the beginning and end of civilization and that somewhere beyond Tartary there were a couple of vague over-populated and half-civilized nations called India and China. Somehow the fact is overlooked that India was a civilized nation before the Christ legend appeared, and that the legend of Christ and the fundamental elements of Christianity had their roots in the Aryan religious philosophy of India.

Few books and few professors ever mention the fact that the Indian King Asoka was one of the great men of all time and that India under Akbar was a united nation living in peace and great prosperity at the time Europe was emerging through the Renaissance out of the chaos of putrescent feudalism. Small mention is made of the

fact that the Great Akbar, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, spent his whole life in trying to create a universal religion which would end forever all religious strife, and invented a kind of Esperanto which has become the language of Modern India. To prove the sincerity of his feelings he married four wives of different faiths—Moslem, Christian, Hindu, and Buddhist. Their palaces, each one a jewel of architecture, still exist in the great dead city of Fatehpur Sikri.

The ignorance and misrepresentation of the past are scarcely greater than those of the present. In its grossest manifestation, this misrepresentation exhibits itself in such books as *Mother India* and in the mouthings of the more violent and narrow of the evangelical missionaries. The average tourist, driven vast distances in considerable discomfort from one "sight" to another, emerges from his trip to India having really seen nothing and understanding even less. Then there are the impressions of the narrow, limited type of English or American business man who can spend his whole life in India and live the whole time in Upper Tooting or Camden, New Jersey. Worst of all are the rantings of the Tory whose whole intellectual outlook is founded on the old school tie and "the white man's burden," and his opposite, the passionate radical who has not the faintest grasp of the immense complications of the Indian political question and boils it all down to the oppression of a down-trodden people by an exploiting imperialist nation.

One grows a little annoyed at the ignorance which lumps all inhabitants of India together simply as Indians, never understanding that there are a dozen racial divisions and some twenty-seven languages. India, it must be remembered, is a vast country, very nearly as big as Europe outside of Russia, and that it has racial, political, and religious differences much greater than any which exist in modern Europe and that the difference in every sense between a Pathan and a Bengali is far greater than the difference between an Italian and a Swede. There is too the fact that half of India is under a direct but gradually moderating British rule and that the other half

is divided up into some three hundred states with absolute rulers and varying degrees of independence determined by the individual arrangements of each state with the British Empire. The cleft between Moslems and Hindus is one of the generally known and fairly accurate facts although this too has been exaggerated and exploited for far more than it is worth by partisans on both sides of the Indian question. What is seldom mentioned is the extraordinary range of civilization existing within the borders of India—that there exists side by side all the degrees of human development from enlightened democracy, through black tyrannical feudalism, to a state of utter savagery. Few people, I believe, realize that there exist in the area of Western Ghats only two or three hours from the civilization of such an enlightened State as Mysore, primitive tribes whose members have never been seen either by Europeans or by Indians themselves, small inbred savages who are so sly that they even conduct unseen their exchange of wild spices for salt and bits of cloth.

Countless books have been written about India, yet remarkably few of them have revealed anything of what India and Indians are like. Kipling's India is a romantic one, bearing very little resemblance to reality. Kipling disliked Indians and had an intimate degree of contact only with those Indians to whom he could condescend. Considering his own intellectual and philosophic limitations this condescension, like that of almost all English of his class, was remarkable. E. M. Forster in *A Passage to India* revealed more truth and understanding regarding India in one page than Kipling in all his writings. A great many of the books were accurate but so dull as to be unreadable and so never reached the public outside of India. And nearly every book written about India was confused and rendered slightly fantastic by the assumption, sometimes conscious, sometimes wholly unconscious, that Indians (to use a vague geographical label) were different from westerners. The old claptrap about "East is East" is one of the falsest of snap clichés, and has done great harm through its wholesale acceptance by commonplace

minds. Without any question I have found the Chinese the most charming and sympathetic of peoples and the Indians the most quick and intelligent. With neither people have I ever felt that I was among strangers or that they were excessively different from the people I grew up with in Richland County, Ohio.

And now what was long needed has come about. Here is a book written by an Indian who knows both the West and the East, who knows the United States very nearly as well as he knows India. The autobiography of Jawaharlal Nehru is a remarkable book and one of the most distinguished books of our time, but it does not fulfill the same need as this one by Krishnalal Shridharani. For me Shridharani has presented India through the eyes of an Indian but in the idiom of an American, and so the people in the book, their backgrounds, their customs, their traditions, become human and real. Dr. Shridharani knows, as does any American or European, that the barriers which separate (if they do separate) the Modern India from the Modern America, are wholly artificial and superficial. Americans are people. Indians are people. And the two are much nearer to each other than either suspects.

The portions of the book devoted to political India are especially enlightening from the human point of view, and that is all-important in a world in which the human element, the brotherly feeling of man for man regardless of race, creed, or color, has been largely submerged by all sorts of dry or nonsensical political or economic doctrines. The basis of peace in the world and of man's future happiness and capacity for civilization, rests far less upon political and economic doctrine than upon human understanding.

Probably the most extraordinary single accomplishment in the remarkable career of Gandhi himself is his achievement in India of a united national feeling and the destruction of the racial, religious, and political barriers which separated Indians and paralyzed their struggle toward a rebirth of India. What happened in India can and must happen in the world outside, if that world is to survive.

A people trained in the Hitlerian philosophy (if it can be dignified by such a title) can only be perpetually destructive to the peace and progress of all humanity. India has set an example. She is being reborn at a speed which is breath-taking. What has happened in India *can* happen in the world. Much of the story of how it is happening is to be found in the pages of Dr. Shridharani. He does India a great service and he has written a book which anyone seeking knowledge and enlightenment will read with pleasure and excitement.

I have been honored by being asked to write this introduction and I accepted with pleasure because I love India and Indians profoundly and feel that they have a great place in the future of the world and a great contribution to make to the progress of the human race in the future as they have already done in the past.

— LOUIS BROMFIELD

CONTENTS

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION BY LOUIS BROMFIELD ..	v
	PROLOGUE	xvi
	PART ONE: PERSONAL	
I.	MY BOYHOOD IN INDIA	1
	Jungle Joys	5
	Home and School	19
	Salt And Sand	25
	The Abode Of Peace	34
	Westward Ho !	36
II.	DISCOVERING AMERICA	38
	The First Day	38
	Dangerous Ideas	48
	A Merry Christmas	60
	An Indian's Summer	65
III.	HINDUS ARE HUMAN BEINGS	70
	Fortune-teller	70
	And Now .... The Rope Trick ..	73
	My Brief Career As A Yogi	75
	Not Even A Maharajah	79
	Gypsy ! Gypsy !	83
	The Human Being	85
IV.	BECOMING AMERICANISED	87
	Doing The Country	87
	Veil Of Mystery	90
	Chewing Gum And Pan	92
	The Cult Of Youth	94
	Sacred Cows	97

PAGE

Weekend Never Ends 98
Spreading Peacock Feathers 100
Blessed Are The Baldheads 101
In The Middle 103
Give Us, O State, Our Daily Bread .. 104
The Un-Civil Service 105

V. OTHER LANDS, OTHER WAYS 108
Godliness Is Next To Cleanliness .. 109
What Is Proper? 112
Do Re Mi—Sa Re Ga 116
Interiorization 121
What's In A Cellar? 126
A Question of Altitude 129

VI. ON SECOND THOUGHT 133
Oriental vs. Occidental—A Mistaken Credit-line—Cults and Creeds—Clubs and Caste—Humor—Clothes—Wives and Women—Hotels and Temples—Festivals—Milk Cans—Drinking—Old Things—Married Men—Fishing—Poison Ivy—"Thank You"—Leadership—Aliens—Common Man—Conscious-ization

PART TWO : SOCIAL

VII. GRAND OLD MOTHER INDIA 155
Motherhood *vs.* Womanhood 155
The Village Woman's Day 162
A Hymn To The Hearth And The Home 167
They Marry Young 170
Before The Law 172

VIII. MODERN MOTHER INDIA 177
The Triple Revolution 177
The Feminist Movement 178
Romance Comes To India 181
The Saffron Sari 187

PAGE

IX. THE HINDU MIND 193
Progression of Perspectives 195
Theoretic Perfectionism 197
Sense For Science 200
The Syllogism Unexpurgated 203
Logical *vs.* Cosmological 206
The King, The Pigeon, And The Hawk .. 208
The Category Unlimited 212

X. REFLECTIONS ON NON-VIOLENCE 216
Total Pacifism 217
Secular Non-Violence 219
A Blueprint of Bloodless Revolution .. 224
"Visions" of Stress 236
The One-way Street Named Martyrdom 239
Democracy And Kristagraha 241

XI. BUT WHAT ABOUT....? 247
The Brightest Jewel 247
The New Constitution 251
Medieval Anachronisms 257
Caste And The Outcaste 260
Missionaries of What? 270
Is Nirvana Negative? 276

PART THREE: NATIONAL

XII. GANDHI: THE UNWILLING AVATARA .. 277
Charismatic Quality 291
The Personal Touch 293
Little Things of Life 297
Practical Idealist 301
Threshold of Godhead 304

XIII. KHAN: THE FRONTIER GANDHI .. 306
Once Upon A Time 310
The Hills And Plains 313
The Mahatma And The Giant .. 316
The Hindu And The Pathan 318
Leader To Leader 319

PAGE

XIV. NEHRU : THE THOROUGHBRED 322
Toward A World Outlook 323
Nationalism And Socialism 329
The Peasant And The Worker .. 330
Evolution With An "R" 333

XV. TAGORE : LAST OF THE GURUS 336
Pilgrim Of The World 337
Since Kalidasa 346
The Master-Teacher 348
The Teacher And The Taught 353

XVI. ON GANDHI'S RIGHT AND LEFT 356
The Peasant Generalissimo 356
The Firebrand 367
The Congress Socialists 371
The Congress Right 373
The Indian Nightingale 378
The Body Politic 382
The Brahmin Of Brahmins 384
Hindu Leaders 388
The Qu-i-d-i Âzam 390
Moslem Leaders 394
The "Liberals" 395

PART FOUR: POLITICAL

XVII. INDIA, AMERICA, AND THE WAR .. 397
The Moral Issue 411
Outdoing The Dominions 412
For "A Cleaner Democracy" .. 413
No "Promises," This Time 414
Constituent Assembly 416
The Minority Malady 418
560 *versus* 80,000,000 420
"For India's Protection" 421
The Half-Hearted War Aid 422
The Voice Of The Past 423

PAGE

XVIII. THE BATTLE OF INDIA 437
Japan To The East 440
Russia To The North 442
Hitler on India 445
Asiatic Arsenal Of Democracy . 447
360,000,000 Strong ! 451

XIX. NEAR EASTERN NEIGHBORS 455
Cultural Ties 456
Pakistan 458
When The Cloud Passes 464

XX. FAR EASTERN FRIENDS 465
Continental Regionalism 468
India And The Far East 469
India And Japan 471
India And China 475
Looking Ahead 477

EPILOGUE 480

It is related that soon after becoming the Enlightened One, Buddha went to Benares. There, in the palash groves of Saranatha, on the outskirts of the sacred city, he came upon a throng who had learned of his approach and who awaited his message. After he had greeted these people he said : "Please do not listen to me because you regard me as an authority, or because you think I have something to teach you, or because you respect my judgment on matters unknown to you."

He looked then at the highway where other people, ignoring him and the throng about him, passed by. And he added : "By the same token, please do not ignore me because I am nobody, or because I have no authority, or because you think you know as much as I do and perhaps more."

Finally, after he had looked again at the passers-by and at the people standing before him, he said : "But listen to me because the theme I have chosen is of great moment, something we should all think about, something we should act upon."

PART ONE: PERSONAL

I. MY BOYHOOD IN INDIA

Like arrow sped, bright morn goes by.

—OLD SONG

The injustice of telling one's own story is that one has to say many things about oneself that had better come from others.

—BIRBAL

SHRIDHARANI is an unusual name, even in India. Besides my brother and me, only one or two of my first cousins have elected to use it. For generations my ancestors used the family name of Shah. But my elder brother, who has a flair for genealogy, one day decided to study the family history. He enlisted the aid of our family priest, a gentle and studious soul who is the keeper of the family records. Together they spent a month or more poring over the long scroll of our family history, which grows a few yards with the passage of each generation and which for centuries has faithfully preserved the record of relationships in our clan.

In the course of their researches it was discovered that one of our ancestors, with less learning than practical sense perhaps, had abbreviated the generous surname Shridharani into the time-saving diminutive of Shah. Another outcome of my brother's researches was a beautifully drawn family-tree which now hangs in his study. It proudly points to Siddharaja, the twelfth-century conqueror of Malva, who was in some way related to us. It goes much further than that, tracing our lineage back to an Arya pioneer called Shridhar, who flourished some time before the beginning of the Christian era. This more or less completed my brother's self-imposed family duty because a Shridharani is a kinsman of Shridhar.

The change of name had some minor effects upon my life. Most Hindu surnames give a clue not only to a man's caste but also to his province and his community. With rare exceptions, that is, Bannerjees and Muckerjees are men of Bengal, while Singhs are from the Punjab. Chettis and Reddis instantly recall South India to an Indian, while Sheths and Shahs are mostly Gujarati. The name Shridharani has a Sindhi air to it, and yet I am a Gujarati ; so that the resumption of our B.C. name tended to make me seem a citizen of two provinces, which was quite an advantage later when I began to be known as a writer.

In America most people find it a very difficult name at first, but I have found that once friends have spelled it out and said it over they regard it as a musical name and one which is not easily forgotten.

Shridharanis or Shahs, we are Vaishyas—the caste of business and professional men. Among the communities which constitute the twice-born, high-caste Hindus, the rank of the Vaishyas is third. In Gujarat, however, the Vaishyas have made some social strides and they—we—now claim to be second in rank to the Brahmins, higher than the Kshatriyas, through having imposed upon ourselves certain social laws and marriage restrictions. Generally, a Vaishya is well-to-do, more secure than the Kshatriya or even the Brahmin, and invariably better off than the Shudra. He is apt to be the patron of most of the community activities, and has come to occupy a strategic position, which is quite in keeping with universal traditions, business being his business.

Although most of my relatives have been and are in business, my father was a lawyer who did reasonably well, while one of my maternal uncles built up an enormous practice and became one of the most famous barristers in Kathiavad. My father had married thrice and thrice become a widower before my mother came into his life. My mother's village was the tiny one of Umrala, forty miles from Bhavnagar, the capital of the State of Bhavnagar, where my father had his practice. To Umrala, mother was a beautiful country girl who married a

city lawyer, but their castes were the same, so all was well.

My sister Vijaya is seven years younger than I, the youngest of two brothers and three sisters. I have some hazy recollections of the ceremony that attended her birth and of the celebrations that followed. My general impression is that the day was filled with scores of people, as the whole clan came to see the new baby, to participate in the feast, and "to add to the joy." The next morning my father visited the school I attended just around the corner to present each of my classmates with a large-sized package of candy as a token of his expansive good will. Our teacher responded to the occasion and gave us all a holiday.

On the seventh night after my sister's birth, we children were taken to our beds early and asked to be particularly well-behaved and quiet. For Chittralekha, the goddess of fate, was expected that evening to come from her heavenly retreat in order to visit our household to inscribe the fortune of the newly born. Earlier our Brahmin priest had recited chants at the threshold of our front door and had laid the family record-book there. Beside its gilt-edged pages were arranged a reed pen and a pot of red ink—red being the color of good omen. The next morning we beheld a sprinkling of the red ink on the page left open for Chittralekha's divine message, but we had seen the priest waving the ink-covered pen about himself, so it was hard for us to tell which was which. Shanta, my younger sister, claimed that she had lain awake for hours, and that around midnight she had heard the tinkling of Chittralekha's ankle-bells as the goddess softly crossed our threshold.

I suppose that similar rituals were observed on September 16, 1911—the day of my birth. But I was born in little Umrala, because my mother had gone back to her village home that September.

From the point of view of formal religion, our family stood out like a fresh design in the ancient tapestry of India's traditions. And yet it was quite typical of the new India which was springing up at that time. My

mother's people professed the Jaina religion, while on my father's side we belonged to the Vaishnava denomination of Hinduism. American readers will perhaps be interested to know that Gandhi was also born in the Vaishya caste and the Vaishnava cult. But, unlike Gandhi's family, my father had little, if any, regard for formal religion, and my uncle had become an Aryasamajist, a militant Hindu reformer. My mother was deeply devout in her quiet way, but she followed my father's views and seldom went to the temple.

I remember my father as a handsome man who always carried a staff in his right hand, not that he needed it, but as a sort of prop for his dramatic personality. He prided himself upon being a social rebel who laughed at stuffy traditions. He was usually surrounded by a devoted group of friends, all social rebels themselves, who, after the evening walk with my father, would come to his library and carry on, until the late hours, a rather one-sided discussion of controversial subjects. A less-determined man might have become conservative with so much caste-pressure around him, but my father's cronies in the caste derived audacity from him instead.

At home father always expected to be obeyed, by his wife, by his children, even by his elders. I am told that I occasionally flirted with his temper; at any rate, I have some tingling recollections of his thorough disapproval. But my memory of my father is a fragmentary and dim thing, for he died when I was only eight. He had some ordinary disease from which humans often suffer, but he was taken to Bombay to be operated upon by the best physicians. I remember when the telegram arrived with the news that he was no more. The grief around his home was perhaps extraordinary. The whole clan felt as if it had lost its leader; and there was no consolation for my mother. For days she wept and refused to eat and then, finally, in sorrow one night, she cut off the luxuriant hair that hung down her back like a soft black mantle—as if her beauty had been for his eyes and his alone and there were no longer any use for it. When

we saw her unfamiliar appearance in the morning, we cried as we had not since my father died.

My mother's sadness and memories of past happiness were gradually replaced by her family tasks and other responsibilities. She was the new head of the family, and the ancient architecture of the Hindu household rested squarely upon her slender shoulders. Jealously maintaining and, if possible, tastefully improving the mobbho, or the status, of the family is the essence of social life among high-caste Hindus. Every social change must be scrutinized with extraordinary care before it is made.

Keeping a family in line is more than a man-sized job in India, and a young woman must have eyes in the back of her head if, as head of the household, she is to succeed where many a man has failed. In addition to the social problems of everyday life, my mother had two overpowering responsibilities on her hands. The first of these was the economic one. The old manner of life had to be carried on as usual, according to the family's standing, and at the same time the children were to be properly educated. Fortunately my father had bequeathed us three houses, including one in a prosperous section, which rented well. To this source of income my mother added by wise budgeting and sound investments, and in the end she surprised everyone by actually increasing "Jethalal's estate."

Another problem, however, was her younger son, who, now that my father's restraining influence was gone, became too much for his gentle mother. So she sent me to the town of one of my maternal uncles and placed me under my grandmother's care.

JUNGLE JOYS

These relatives of mine lived in Junagadh, the capital of a state bearing that name. My uncle was the manager of the State Stables and Paddock, in charge of several trainers and breeders of horses for the Nabob, and he provided his transplanted nephew with a boy's paradise. Here the nickering of horses mingled with the trumpeting

of elephants. We lived in a large and lovely bungalow in the centre of a lawn-carpeted compound. The bungalow itself represented the marriage of convenience of Indian and English ideas—as most official buildings in India do—with a Hindu garden behind and a whey-faced colonnade staring at the front gate of the compound. On one side of the portico a glossy Indian pear tree hugged the house, and I remember jumping for the golden pears as I raced by. The walls of the compound formed a background for my uncle's prized papaya trees, while the approach from the gate was lined, on either side, with rose plants and jasmine bushes.

The backyard was always good for an adventure. It featured a series of alluring steps which led up and over the wall into the servants' quarters. Beyond them was my favourite garden wherein the flowers grew undisciplined under the champak trees. Hulking in the distance was a monster hayrick, so huge that it could supply two hundred horses with hay for a year. Standing on a ledge of the haystack a young pear-collector could throw the less desirable specimens down at the old fort, a huge rampart around the city which was celebrated in the legends of Kathiavad.

The front gate opened our compound into a larger compound which encircled the veterinary hospital, the managerial offices, the long stables, the race track, the quarters of the grooms, and the marble observation platform used by the Nabob and his White Sahib guests on sporting occasions. Wandering away from the paddock, one entered Jamal-Vadi, the establishment of a Mohammedan saint, where, although Hindu, we paid weekly visits. For the saint was wise and famous, and my uncle liked to relax in the flow of his discourses on Islamic philosophy. I particularly enjoyed these visits because Jamal-Vadi had a fairyland atmosphere with its friendly bees, its bell-shaped flowers, and the flocks of doves and parrots which were magically quick at pecking up my offerings of millet seed. The ceiling of this dell was studded with almonds, and these were a favorite delicacy of a child waiting for his uncle and wondering

what to do next. At Jamal-Vadi, also, a zalsa festival, or musical gathering, was held every month—which brought to the saint's place hundreds of wealthier Moslems. A zalsa always meant great feasts, and though we could not sample the food because of our caste restrictions, we could accept basketfuls of fruits. There were dancing girls who sang and musicians who played on the stringed instruments and drums.

On the other side of the paddock was the great gate of the old fort where the customs officers collected the "one-tenth" due the Nabob from the farmers who came to the city to sell fresh vegetables. On the rampart was mounted the inevitable gun named Zumzum which had been rusting there for decades. Here, too, was a giant banyan tree whose leafy entrances led down cool secluded aisles where a boy playing hockey from school could be heard but not seen by the shepherd who rested from his toil, and neither of them was bothered by the bazaar held inside another leafy entrance of the same banyan tree. The banyan tree is the hub of the Indian countryside, playground and park, bazaar and lover's lane, all in one.

The Nabob's grounds were at the edge of a huge forest which covered the Girnar, the highest mountain in Kathiavad. The main peak had been transformed into a temple-city by the Jainas, and I remember the one pilgrimage we made to it with some of our Jaina relatives. Grown-up members of the party were borne to the top in palanquins shouldered by men, but my sister Shanta and I were carried by two women. Once we made a pilgrimage to another peak, Datar, enshrined with an exquisite mosque by the Moslems. It was between these two peaks that the town of Junagadh lay.

We used to go to Indreshvar, ten miles from Junagadh, in a coach-and-four, on picnics. The Hindu priest there was reputed to be a hundred and ten years old, and we children were told by our driver that the tall saint had been known to tear apart a leopard with his bare hands and long nails. I do not recall a time when I saw the priest alone; he was always surrounded by a score of

devotees who drank in the honey of his silence. Even the ruler of the State had faith in the ancient's powers, so that his ministers consulted him occasionally. I always liked to gaze up at his sky-scraping figure, with the tinsel beard unfurled on his chest. But my sister and I were fonder of his cooks and of his kitchen, which was an inexhaustible storehouse of sweetmeats.

Looking back on my boyhood I have the feeling that time stood still at Junagadh, on the borderline between the old and the new, where the past ended and the modern world began. Most of the grooms of the royal stables, for instance, belonged to a baptcha tribe of gypsies who generally led a normal life—normal from a caste Hindu point of view—but who occasionally slipped back into their tribal ways. We children were not allowed to cultivate the baptchas, both because they were supposed to have weird ways and also because they were our servants. We were even forbidden to play with their children, but since they were the only available playmates around our bungalow which stood so far from the heart of the city, we often vanished from the house to play with those other children whom our elders considered beyond the pale.

I had a special friend among them, Lakkhu by name. He was the son of the tribe's headman, and he broodingly looked forward to the time when he would be the chief. I once found him burying his fingernail cuttings under a tree, and when I questioned him he replied that the devil in hell often reminded his wards to save their nails. "It will be easier," he explained, "to find mine if I bury them all in one place."

One night he took me to the tribal shrine to watch his father conduct a ceremony which even Lakkhu was not allowed to see. With the exception of the children the whole tribe was there, the men sitting on one side and the women on the other. Lakkhu darted behind a wall and pulled me down beside him. I saw that the shrine was under a neem tree, and that the headman was sitting in front of it shaking his shoulders to the tempo of a tom-tom : apparently he was trying to capture the mood of

the music. Suddenly he leapt into the air and began to tremble violently as if possessed. The tempo increased and he began to chant a music echoed by his followers. Then the baptcha chief picked up an iron chain and began to flail his back with it, his arms going like a windmill. Meanwhile others were painting a goat and decorating it with flowers. Suddenly the headman seized the goat, and in an instant of orgiastic frenzy, crushed the life out of the little animal. As a properly brought-up Hindu child, I had never even seen a piece of meat in my life, let alone so painful a prelude to a creature's death; I fainted. It was a scandal, and my uncle almost discharged the baptcha leader for his son's impulse to show me things.

However, it took my next adventure with the gypsies to bring my uncle to that tone of voice that only utter exasperation with a child can produce. Pursuing my pastimes with the little baptchas, I joined them one night under a lonely peepul tree where a long-roped swing had been constructed. Taking it as my prerogative to plump down in the seat first and curl up my legs, I enjoyed five minutes of whirring through the air before my small hosts rushed off with shrill cries of "Khavis! Khavis!" (the ghost of a decapitated warrior), and flittered away in the moonlight. Left alone with the phantom groping for my legs, I shot out of the swing and ran bawling to the house, where everyone under the roof came out to see what had happened. My uncle, having been asleep, was both exasperated and alarmed. He took me to bed by the ear, and after that it seems I had a good deal less fun.

The mountains and jungle which surrounded us were filled with nature at its most elemental. The best lions—known as kesari sinhs—in the world are to be found in that part of India, and there are tigers and leopards aplenty. My grandmother used to say that in 1910 a leopard visited the Paddock every night for a long while in search of goats or even colts. After satisfying his hunger, he always climbed over our compound wall and rubbed his spotty sides against the rough mortar, his eyes glowing in the darkness. At last these visits

from the jungle ceased; my grandmother said one of the stable sentries must have lost his temper and picked the leopard off.

I remember seeing cobras only five times, but scorpions were quite numerous. In fact, I was once bitten by a venomous scorpion which had sneaked into one of my shoes during the night. When I was bitten, I knew exactly what the wound meant and my heart went faster than the scorpion's fang. A scorpion is seldom deadly but its effect is more painful than that of a snake. The poison spread rapidly, and soon I was the personification of childish agony. My uncle tied my foot tightly with a strong cord to prevent the circulation of the venom. Sitting at my bedroom window, I saw the clouds of dust that were my well-wishers running for aid in all directions —to the palace, the stables, and the veterinary hospital. Soon each messenger of mercy came back into view with some familiar turban or other bobbing along beside him, the Brahmin, the gypsy chief, grooms, veterinarians, elephant specialists, and the merely curious. By the time I had been carried downstairs and bolstered up with cushions on the portico, at least fifty people had gathered.

Forthwith the "Major" from the veterinary hospital stepped up and asked for my uncle's permission to try his special brand of treatment. He drew a picture of the scorpion on a piece of paper, touched it to my puffy toe, and recited some charms in Arabic. Then he took his paper scorpion, placed it on one of the steps, and began to beat it with the shoe in which the odious reptile had snuggled. With each stroke he turned to me with lifted eyebrows, asking, "Now, Balubhai, do you feel better?" But all I did was to yell more loudly. Finally, sighing abysmally, he gave up.

I had begun to enjoy the spectacle to a certain extent. My appreciation of my own martyrdom was battling against the funny sensations that played up and down my thigh. The Brahmin assistant of my uncle, who next tried his skill on me, drew a picture of the toe instead of the scorpion. Then he took his drawing to the pear tree and nailed it on the trunk. He was not to be outdone

by the Moslem "Major." He drove the nail deeper and deeper into the trunk and with each stroke he bared his handsome teeth pleasantly and assured me, "Now, Balubhai, you must be feeling better." Suddenly overcome by pain, I made so much noise that the crowd fell back, freshly impressed.

Then came the gypsy chief's turn. Unceremoniously he bent over my foot, drew the poison into his mouth, spit it out, drew more in and spit it out. Even I was silent in tribute to this drastic treatment. When the gypsy was satisfied that I looked better, he stepped aside. The tableau broke up then, but the audience went away contented. A flash of true understanding had been revealed by the baptcha, while India's traditions had been placated by the pictures and the child had certainly suffered. It was a good show by all standards.

My encounter with the scorpion made me the object of special attention that day. I was given presents and had several visitors. The finest present of all was my uncle's promise of a ride on one of the royal elephants. Until then I had only enjoyed the privilege of riding one of the four Shetland ponies from the Nabob's stables. I had named him Kalu, although his official name was Murad; for the Nabob's initial was M and he had ordered that all his horses should have names which began with an M.

I had had the romantic experience of riding in the Nabob's gold-and-silver carriage driven by eight horses, too, but the elephant ride was really extraordinary. When the day finally came, it wasn't as happy an occasion as I had anticipated. I felt just like a castaway in a small boat on the high seas, and was actually sea-sick.

My boyhood days were filled more by Nature than by Man. The trees and the vines that curled around the tree-trunks were like living creatures to me. I remember my pair of fantail pigeons, whom I called Keekoo and Kookee, and often a squirrel named Shuttle made a warm bulge under my coat.

The dense jungles around us as well as the mountain gorges were alive with "outlaws" in those days—at least

so I was told when I inquired about the presence of a guard at our compound gate every night. In fact, there were two of these sentries who took turns, both of them elaborately equipped with a sword, a lance, and a revolver. They told tales about the outlaws, and naturally they allowed themselves plenty of room for exaggeration, for what I remember now is the legend that these desperadoes were men who felt that they had been wronged by the Nabob's father, and who lived and ate and slept with revenge. They hid in mountain caves—the hideout of the legendary brothers, Khapra and Kodiya, in olden times—and then suddenly, from nowhere, dropped down on innocent pedestrians. One of their peculiar ways of wreaking vengeance on the potentate was to cut off the noses of his subjects and to hang a garland of them on the palace gate to warn the ruler of the shape of things to come. Often I gaped at strange-faced men to see if they had false noses.

The Nabob was a minor, and so the State was temporarily being governed by what is known in India as "management"—a group of Englishmen designated by the Viceroy. The royal house being Mohammedan, the purdah was observed. The curtained Mohammedan women who seldom crossed their thresholds—and who wore heavy veils when they did—were as much of a mystery to me as they would be to an American child. I remember the thrill I experienced once when my grandmother and my aunt took me along on one of their visits to the zenana of a high Moslem official. Our hostesses appeared to me as rare as china figurines, and as dainty and as pale.

I also remember my first photograph. We spent days getting ready for the occasion. My brother and I had new suits, and my sisters had new saris. Mine was made out of dark blue velvet, with the trousers stitched to the jacket and with gold curlicues embroidered on the collar and cuffs. All of us went in a coach-and-four to the state photographer's studio, where we were arrayed in the courtyard under a papaya tree, and were admonished to stand still until the photographer finished counting

fifteen. When I looked at the result, I discovered that my brother had three heads like Trimurti, I had as many, while my sisters had outdone us both.

Six mornings each week I went to a grade school in a tonga, and a tonga also brought me home. Then I was sent to the high school where, in a class of a hundred and fifty, I felt oppressed and lost. But I had other distractions, for I had developed a passion for drawing and I spent every spare moment with my paint box and drawing paper. I discovered the papaya tree whose silhouette is one of God's finest creations. I covered hundreds of pages with pictures of the sun rising between mountain peaks, and of the moon filtering through the neem trees. But my pride and glory was a huge drawing of the entire procession of the Nabob's marriage ceremony—elephants and horses and noblemen and dancing girls and all!

With increasing frequency, I began to skip my classes and, after meals, to go out to the garden behind our bungalow to spend undisturbed afternoons in a world of my own. I had another creative urge—a hobby of making toys out of wire which I gathered from around the haystack where it was used to tie the large bales of hay. I had my workshop under a tamarind tree, and since I had no tools but my hands, I used to cut the wire with my teeth (believe it or not), and twist the stuff into chains, mouse-traps, bird-cages, cummerbunds, and other objects. Still another hobby was to carve swans and ducks out of the meerschaum which lay in tidy piles for the carpenters who used it to polish the royal coaches.

Then there were hours of dreaming in a champak tree. It was an ideal place. The fragrant yellow flowers and the rustling leaves laughed at scholars who glued themselves to desks to learn the crazy English language. Afternoons mellowed into evenings before I realized it, and then those red twilights reluctantly slid behind the dark blue of night. It was at night before going to bed that our real joy came—a treat I used to look forward to all day. Story-telling is an important institution and a great art in India, and in many cases, the only carrier

of culture. I was particularly fortunate ; for the two guards at the compound gate knew as much beautiful lore as the Taj Mahal. Both were ancient, and as facile as professional story-tellers. They were Mohammedans, and most of their stories were from the *Arabian Nights*, or from other Arabic and Persian sources. We used to sit under the Indian pear tree in our front yard. The moonlight, shimmering through the foliage, would play hide-and-seek on the Jamadar's fastidious beard, and romantic words would pour forth until I would fall asleep. Then my aunt would come out and take me to bed.

Neither of them was a match for my grandmother who, although unlettered, knew the Indian epics, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, by heart and who could relate all the stories in all the *Puranas*. She also knew *The Ocean of Tales*, the world-famous fables of *Hitopadesha* and *Panchatantra*, and even the endless adventures of Vikrama the Great. I learned more from her than from my school, the impersonal vastness of which I had come to detest. She was in her eighties, a tiny tyrant whom the entire family quoted and obeyed. Every major social event had to be presided over by her, and every little detail had to be brought to her for approval. I recall that she claimed occasional visitations from the spirit of one of her ancestors, and that a man who could break wild horses trembled at her wrath. But otherwise she was the proverbial grandmother who tolerated every prank of the small fry. Her bedtime stories were my first real initiation into the imaginative and the creative.

All this had become my actual school, and my formal education suffered correspondingly. When the examinations came, I had very little idea what they were all about. I did well enough in languages, Gujarati and English, and in drawing—but in mathematics . . . In desperation I handed in a blank math paper with a scribbled appeal to the examiner to give me the ten marks reserved for cleanliness. I wrote a poem on my science paper. The result was that I failed.

This personal academic tragedy was fortunately overshadowed by the ceremonies attending coronation of the

Nabob who had now come to man's estate. For a time all went well, and my uncle went about humming tunes of satisfaction. Indeed the new ruler was so curiously cordial that one morning he invited his friends and many of the state officials to attend a marriage ceremony between his favorite male dog and his favorite bitch, and an elaborate procession was actually staged to celebrate the legalization of this animal couple. Our family, along with those of other officials of the State, received a silver-plated tray laden with sweets as a souvenir of the happy event. But all this festivity was quickly replaced by the intrigues which are so characteristic of a change of regime in India, and my uncle was one of the minor casualties.

Then began the return to Bhavnagar.

The route from Junagadh to Bhavnagar ran through my birthplace, Umrala, where we had to stop, of course, to see another of my numerous maternal uncles. In fact I had begun a visit of indefinite duration in Umrala. My uncle there was a sort of money-lender, a modest private banker. He was respected by the town, and his general store was the hub of Umrala. The wheat and sugar-cane farmers who from miles around came to town for a change of scene and on business visited my uncle's kitchen for refreshments at noon. Until evening they lingered in his store, fifteen to twenty at a time, dallying over their bargains in seeds, food, and clothing. There was another very definite attraction. One of our blind relatives, aged and venerated (many blind men in India are addressed as "divine-eyed"), was always there to give them food for thought. Learned in the Jaina philosophy, he had dedicated his life to charitable enterprises. He inspired confidence in all who came in contact with him, the rich contributing to whatever reform he happened to be heading, and all available eyes volunteering to do his huge correspondence and to read aloud to him. Although blind, he was the best-read man in that area, a sort of living newspaper. It was he who brought the Gandhi movement to Umrala.

In Kathiavad, one's mother's home-town is called mosal, which means that if you are a visiting nephew

from out of town, especially from a near-by city, you become a nephew not only of your own uncle but of everybody. What is more, you become the object of gifts and affection not only from your mother's people, but from the whole community. Thus a small visitor from a neighbouring city will be addressed as "little nephew" by all the elders, both Hindu and Moslem. He will get at least one free haircut from the village barber, a gift package from the candy-maker, a free show when a cinema is in town. And if one is a new addition to an important businessman's family circle, then one is invited to dinner by the Magistrate and the Head Master.

But my ten-year-old mind was more indelibly impressed by other experiences in connection with this visit. One of these was the flood in the Kalubhar River, a peculiar type of deluge which is known in that part of the country as the horse-flood. It comes in the monsoon months, and it is described as the horse-flood because it is as swift and sudden as a runaway horse. Although there had not been a single drop of rain in Umrala, there must have been cloud-bursts in the high hills farther north. The flood came like a colt rushing to a mare, and as unpredictably. Some fifty bathers and washermen were drowned.

Another event which made a lasting impression on my mind was the holy retreat of one of my girl cousins on my mother's side, who was just twenty at the time, and as perfect and beautiful as a Grecian vase. This maiden was the pride and joy of her family, and all had high hopes for her. An uncommonly fortunate marriage was but part of their expectations for Indira. Indira fulfilled these expectations, but not in the way the people around her might have wished. For she decided to become a Jaina nun instead, and to enter a sisterhood unsurpassed in rigors and asceticism.

The eight-day ceremony was held at Umrala, and our friends and relatives outdid themselves in the Hindu custom of giving the votary a taste of all the happiness in this world—the last taste of life's sweet yet innocent sensations, of the earth's sensual yet normal enjoyments.

She was paraded in priceless saris, and special chefs raised mosques and minarets of delicious food in front of her. Riding on an elephant, Indira threw silver coins to the beggars and urchins. Then, on the eighth day, a long procession of Jaina monks and nuns flowed through the town and gathered at the temple where the family favorite was waiting in all her maidenly glory to be initiated. Around her was every one of her cousins, with tears dropping from his eyes ; her parents were too sorrowful to make a sound. In a pouf of scarlet silk she vanished into an ivory doorway. The ceremony went on for two hours inside, while the group, some with grave hearts, waited patiently on the temple steps. When she finally emerged, as a benediction to her parents, I could hardly believe my eyes. A simple white robe had replaced her flamingo sari, all her glorious black hair had been shorn off, and on her face rested a serene smile. She was an anointed one now, a volunteer in God's service. But what ungodly cruelty to her parents, I thought. And my youthful mind cried out : What for ? To what end all this ?

I wanted violently to get away from the scene where the flesh had changed places with the spirit before my very eyes, the here-and-now with the hereafter. The long-awaited journey to Bhavnagar, therefore, came as a welcome relief. Yet, on the train, my thoughts reverted again and again to Umrala where I had witnessed this sacrifice—a sacrifice which my Hindu heart could understand but my brain could not grasp. I was a child of the earth, earthy in my expectations, and it all appeared so futile to me. Was the world to be renounced, or to be stormed and taken ?

The prospect of seeing my mother made me forget Indira. During the five years that I had been growing up at Junagadh I had seen my mother twice a year. But now there was a possibility of being with her all the time. When we reached Bhavnagar, however, we were told that my mother had not yet returned from a pilgrimage. The ancients had very wisely devised the institution of the pilgrimage which ordained that the Hindu

who had worshipped personally at the four sacred shrines of India was indeed magnified, both in this life and in the incarnations to come. What is so significant about the pilgrimage to the four sacred Hindu shrines is that between these four points almost the entire kite-like shape of India is spanned, from top to bottom and across the wings. (The outline of Texas, I think, comes nearest to the shape of India.) Hrishikesh, in the snow-capped northern Himalayas, stands at the opposite end of India's length from Rameshwar in the sun-stricken south, where the Indian peninsula narrows to a point, and the island of Ceylon floats in the blue. In crossing from Dwarika in the west to Kashi in the east one covers most of India's breadth, but does not, however, entirely exhaust it. Thus the pilgrim has every opportunity to experience All-India, which is about two-thirds the size of the United States and which has fully as varied a climate, and, by coming in touch with the endless processions of India's 360,000,000 people who are also attending the four religious melas or fairs, to rise above provincialism.

My mother's homecoming had been expected days before, and I soon realized that the household was worried about her. It was then that I heard the name Gandhi for the first time, a name which was more and more in the conversation of my elders. I could not fail to learn that a person named Gandhi was the cause of my mother's unexpected delay ; my first reactions to the Indian hero, therefore, were those of an unhappy boy who feared an enemy to his happiness. We soon learned the truth. Some nationalist patriots who had not yet understood the non-violent spirit of the Mahatma's warfare had dynamited the railway bridge near Viramgam and broken the telegraph wires. To our great relief and joy my mother reached home safely nevertheless, and we spent days and evenings listening to stories of her far-flung experiences.

My contentment was gradually transformed by the new nationalist fervor that my mother had brought back from her tour. She had indeed received the vision of All-India, and the ancients who devised the pilgrimage

must have been exceedingly happy among themselves that year of the Lord, 1921, as thousands of mothers and fathers returned from the four melas with the news that they lived on a beautiful kite that was not floating. "You shall go to a nationalist school, Krishnalal," my mother said. "I shall give one of my two sons."

It was a well-known boarding school she had selected, on the outskirts of Bhavnagar, so that I could come to visit her weekends.

The morning came when my uncle announced that the tonga was ready to carry me away. I went to my mother's room to bow to her and to receive her blessings. I could not look into her face, and with my eyes still on the ground, I asked if she planned to come down with me to the threshold to bid me farewell. "I will be watching," she whispered. "But go now quickly." I went swiftly out of the room and joined the tonga party without another word. "She's watching. She's watching," said my uncle as the tonga wheeled down the street. But my eyes were filled with tears and I could not see.

HOME AND SCHOOL

I was eleven when I joined the Dakshinamurti Boarding School. Gradually I grew very fond of it, and in the end it became a second home. The school had joined forces with Mahatma Gandhi's program of "national education," and in more than one respect it represented a new pedagogical departure; it was very nearly a center of educational, social, and political revolution. The first children's school in India to adopt the Montessori method was one of Dakshinamurti's family of institutions; the first high school to adopt the Dalton plan was the heart of this educational enterprise; the first Indian disciples of Freud and Jung and Adler were on the school's faculty; and the institution was also one of the very few co-educational schools in India at that time. Moreover, it had a teachers' training division which became the boast of Gujarat.

As for me, I found new joys. I could draw and paint and take lessons from celebrated artists, two of whom

visited us occasionally, while a third one, Somalal Shah, joined the faculty and became a personal friend. Later he illustrated most of my books. But one thing that I remember most about this period was the battle I fought to stay unmarried and unbetrothed.

Among the Hindus of our region, the earlier its children are betrothed, if not married, the greater the family prestige within the caste. My elder brother and sister were happily married, while my two younger sisters were betrothed when they were quite young. I was the only eligible left in a family where the luxury of bachelorhood was unknown. This resistance on my part was due to what some of the conservative members of our clan regarded as "the advanced and ruinous ideas" of the school. I had come to believe by that time that to serve Mother India one must remain free and avoid all entanglements. Under the revolutionary influence of my school, I had also come to the conclusion that early betrothal and child marriage were a curse of Hinduism. And I had learned about romance and love from European literature.

The conservatives among our kinsmen, however, continuously conspired to betroth me to somebody's innocent daughter. On more than ten occasions I was invited home, only to be confronted with avuncular advice on the subject. Once I went home ostensibly for my brother's birthday celebration. But when I reached the house I discovered that most of my relatives were there; two of my uncles had come from out of town, and the family priest was holding forth in the distance. A group of strangers, which I took in with a nervous look, was also present. This glance at my prospective in-laws was returned by them with intensity, in a battery of gazes that went right through me. My sisters whispered that the young bride-to-be was with my mother in her chamber. The stage was all set for my betrothal to a girl who was pretty and high-ranking and rich, they assured me. All I had to do was step up the ceremonial stool, alone, and be anointed by the priest to the accompaniment of the Rig Vedic chants. With the instincts

fostered by my rebel school I realized that nothing short of a scene could save me this time. It is not pleasant to dwell on the encounter I had with my intended father-in-law. Yet my relatives persisted and made one final attempt to marry me off, this time to a millionaire's daughter. When that fell through, they gave me up as a hopeless case.

I was steadily drifting away from the old ways, from religious traditions and caste conventions, and I was developing a deep-seated dislike of the overpowering super-structure of Hindu social life. I began to avoid my family, and I no longer attended caste dinners, nor did I pay respect to the caste's numerous social observances. I protested against the early marriage of any member of the family simply by not attending. I wanted to be a good Hindu, always, but of the year 1925 A.D., not 1925 B.C. I take no special pride in this, because India has so many new-model Hindus today that I will look old-fashioned when I go home. But I did do a very revolutionary thing for those days. I fraternized with two untouchable friends, with the toleration if not the approval of my people.

My mother died when I was fourteen. Cynicism was foreign to her lovely soul, and I would have been anything she wanted, I think. We saw each other clearly before we died, she in her illness and I in grief. I was home from school and was allowed to sit beside her, as she wished. Day after day she lay there on a snow-white bed, as beautiful as ever, against a background of her long black hair which had grown again to reach her knees. She looked like a Hindu goddess awaiting a rendezvous with Yama, the god of death! She would clear the room of everyone else, and lie there serenely holding my hand. Day and night I sat with her; apparently that was all she desired. When the curtains were finally drawn, I thought at first that the physicians had made a mistake and come to a hasty conclusion.

I went back to boarding school, and more and more it became my home. I preferred to stay there even during vacations; for my people at Bhavnagar and I

were satisfied not to waste any more emotion over each other for the time being. Instead the headmaster welcomed me into his home. Also I was coming more and more under the influence of Swami Rao, a magnificent specimen of Sikh manhood and a man of mystery. He was one of our teachers, but nobody knew who he really was. He lit for me a lamp of devotion to India, taught me physical and mental courage, and opened for me the rich and proud treasure of India's history and India's destiny. Years later in the United States I learned that he actually was Sardar Prithvisingh, a great hero of India's violent revolution, with a price on his head. He had been initiated into the cause of freedom while in California, and it was he who aroused in me a desire to see the Land of Liberty.

I was still in the everlasting teens, but by now I was trying my hand at serious creative writing. My ambition to be an artist had been replaced by this desire to be a writer. I had first done a long ballad when I was twelve, which was sung and acted in the annual dramatic production of the school. Carried away by this success, I composed a poem and showed it to my Gujarati composition teacher who was regarded as a minor poet in Kathiavad. He sent the frail creation to *Kumar*, one of the magazines of Gujarat. I heard of its acceptance, but the thrill I got out of its publication cannot be described. I was encouraged to go on writing. A rain of my sonnets, ballads, and lyrics fell on the literary magazines of the Province of Gujarat ; later, short stories and one-act plays were accepted. The first time I tried a full-length play it was produced by the school's drama department, and in India the dramatic productions of schools and colleges carry real recognition and general prestige.

As a " recognized " writer I was of course pleased with my new activities, but I was still young enough to take special delight in our school " manuscript magazine." This activity, I believe, survives only in India. The editor collects his material and arranges it, and then turns it over to a staff of skilled copyists and to artists who

illustrate it. The finished product is finally placed on the reading table and is later lent to other libraries. At Tagore's school, we nailed our medieval "manuscript magazines" to the tree-trunks. There might be more than one magazine in a school, sometimes rival publications. I myself edited at one time a daily, a weekly, a monthly, and a quarterly. Those were busy days!

About this time I again became really zealous in my study of English, which I had started to learn at the age of eight. It was hard; it is hard. But at Tagore's Visva-Bharati, where the English teacher was an American, my ambition to come to America was stimulated, too, and I began to dream of being a writer in English. I was especially fortunate in having the opportunity to sit at the feet of living masters of the language, both Indian and English, as an adolescent at Gandhi's school and as a youth at Tagore's school. My greatest difficulty in English was with spelling, which led me such a chase that I swore the little words were monkeys, monkies, munkeys, monkeez. . . . There are few unqualified rules in English, and this is truly overwhelming to one brought up in Sanskrit and in languages derived from Sanskrit. Sanskrit is phonetically the most perfect language in the world, with sufficient alphabetical symbols to cover every single definite sound. Compared to Aryan languages, any amount of confusion can rightfully be expected with English spellings. But apart from the spelling detours, I went ahead at furious speed.

I was seventeen when I completed my seven high-school years at Dakshinamurti. Then a decisive choice confronted me. On the one hand was my lawyer-uncle's cordial invitation to join a "Government institution;" he gilded the suggestion with a tacit promise to send me to England to study law. On the other hand lay my unadorned impulse to join Gandhi's national university at Ahmedabad and undergo a training which would be more useful to my country. The idea that Gandhi, one of our Vaishya caste, was showing the British the way out of India had captured my school-boy mind. It was such an ironical twist of history! For it had been

a Vaishya trader who had shown Vasco da Gama in 1494 the way around the Cape of Good Hope and charted his course to India. Vasco da Gama reached Calicut and opened a sea lane to the Indies which soon was more important than the ancient silk and spice route. Although still a backslider from caste, I felt that even an insignificant Vaishya should not miss a chance to help expiate the error of one of our fifteenth-century brothers.

Gandhi's university, known as Gujarat Vidyapith, was in Ahmedabad and situated on the lovely banks of the Sabramati River. Farther up the stream is Gandhi's ashrama, where the so-called Saint of the Sabramati resided, and beyond the ashrama is the Government prison named Sabramati Jail. On the other side of the university, which is modelled after Oxford, is the noisy city of Ahmedabad, the largest textile center of India, a sort of Indian Manchester; the smoke-filled, gloomy sky of Pittsburgh always reminds me of Ahmedabad. But across the river where we studied, the evenings were incomparably peaceful and beautiful.

Although some of India's best scholars had gathered at Gandhi's university, I did not particularly enjoy attending the classes which I found dull and unduly serious as we pondered the fate of India. What I enjoyed most were the occasional visits from Gandhi, and I especially remember his discourses on "The Sermon on the Mount." I think that no other contemporary is better qualified to teach that most Christian part of the Bible. Gandhi is a Hindu, and yet he honors Christianity, Islam, Zoroastrianism and Sikhism equally. Our group represented all these faiths, and we lived together in that peculiarly Indian solidarity that lies like velvet under all the lace of India's delicate situations.

I used to go to Gandhi's ashrama almost every evening to attend prayers and to meet visitors of whom there was an unending procession. These busy precincts were in those days the real headquarters of the nationalist movement, and I had the exciting opportunity of observing the inner circle at close range.

SALT AND SAND

Then came the fateful year of 1930. A grave, nation-wide struggle was in the air, and the attention of India was focused on Ahmedabad, where Gandhi sat in council. The ashrama and university burst their boundaries, as famous newcomers from the outposts of our nationalism reported to him. Then the Congress Cabinet arrived, and finally the Congress President, Jawaharlal Nehru, accompanied by his father, the veteran Motilal. Patel was there, and so were all the leaders with an All-India reputation. But the real trinity was Nehru father and Nehru son and Gandhi, the holy unexplainable.

Those days were overflowing with excitement. Some of the most diligent plotters were next-door neighbours; every day I was sent from cubicle to cubicle to ask if we students could do anything. We had stopped going to our classes, our old schedules tossed aside in the wreckage of this earthquake. We took every opportunity to sit in on conferences of the high command, and we rallied around the leaders during their last hour at Ahmedabad, as they left one by one on Gandhi's assignments.

The twelfth of March, 1930, was set aside by Gandhi as the historic day on which he was to begin his epoch-making March to the Sea. He had selected sixty of his favorite Ahmedabad disciples to accompany him on the journey—his nearest and dearest, we have always liked to believe. I knew that my family would be thunderstruck if they heard that I was going along. They had no wish to see me, wayward or not, in the toils of imprisonment, fines, confiscation of property, and, possibly, sudden death at seventeen. Then the old, old solution occurred to me. Go, a voice said, and tell them later; it was just the opposite of the voice of Gandhi. But I went, reminding myself of the Hindu code that once a warrior is on the battlefield, he cannot return home until the struggle is over. In the Middle Ages, a Kshatriya could come home from the battle either victorious or borne dead on his shield; otherwise his wife was in duty bound to refuse to open the gates, or ever know his loving arms again. When the Salt March was safely on its way, I

wrote the family, reminding them of this noble Hindu tradition.

There were rumors that Gandhi would be arrested before he could cross the Sabramati River, and the last night that saw us at our school stretched out, for me, at least, sleepless and unbearable. Others of the sixty chosen marchers who were also unseasoned groaned, "I wish we could get started." Only to the night air, of course. For Gandhi lay in deep sleep as if he were expecting another ordinary tomorrow. In fact, he never did learn of something that soon arrested our attention. He was being guarded by fifty thousand of his people, who had made bonfires and, come what may, had taken a stand that night around his quarters. Humble again, I fell asleep. The Mahatma was not arrested.

The next morning our little procession moved off, Gandhi at the head with his arm around his wife. His stride was measured by the reveille that thundered in his soul; the rest of us could only be youthful imitations. When he saw the thousands who had watched over him during the night waiting in the distance he did not go around them, but led us right through this sea of humanity the sixty coming along like the rudder on his ship. Out we tramped from the throngs, but we were changed. Gandhi was covered with flowers and kumkum now, like a Horse of Sacrifice, and the chosen sixty were no longer privileged, except in line of march. For the sea of humanity was thudding at our heels. Every day of the march found us followed by fresh thousands, to whom this was a re-enactment of Buddha's ancient journeys, but for a modern purpose.

I was assigned to a group of speakers who parted from the caravan long enough to talk to villagers along the route of the great march. We addressed farmer-labor rallies and organized them for the eventual civil-disobedience campaign. It was during these excursions into the country that at last I came face to face with India's dire poverty. The Salt March terminated at Port Dandi where, our speaking engagements ended, we fell into line again. It was at Port Dandi that Gandhi

picked up a pinch of salt from the ocean shore, a signal to the entire nation to embark on a bitter resistance to the obnoxious salt monopoly of the Government. Reports began to pour in from all over the country that the response of the masses had surpassed nationalism's fondest dreams.

The "reign of terror" had also begun. Thousands were arrested and scores wounded or killed. Yet neither Gandhi nor any member of our Ahmedabad group was arrested. To prevent us from becoming too attached to Port Dandi, Gandhi moved us to Karadi, a nearby village. It was there that Gandhi was arrested. In the dead of night, like thieves they came and stole him away. The scene is stamped on my soul forever, and I have done my best to describe it for others in my own language.

Gandhi had appointed Abbas Saheb Tayyabji as our next chief. Under his leadership we started our projected raid on the Government Salt Depots at Dharasana, but before we could leave our camp, all of us were rounded up by the police and hustled away to Jalalpur to face trial. On May 12, after exactly two months of marching, we were arraigned before a magistrate. Along with the other members of the original sixty, I pleaded guilty of deliberately defying the Salt Act and requested a maximum sentence; we pointed out that otherwise we should be there again and for the same reason. Each of us was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and removed to Sabramati Jail in Ahmedabad—the jail which in our student days silently spelled our future.

My imprisonment brought me many precious things. For one thing, it came as a much-needed rest to all of us. We could at least have enough sleep if not enough food. But the relief it awarded our minds was much more valuable than the rest it bestowed on our bodies. There was now time to think, to look back on our activities, to gather strength and integrate the soul-stirring experiences which had overtaken our youthful spirits with the swiftness and confusion of a mortal storm.

I even took an interest in food again, but that was a mistake, as the Government allowed the equivalent of

three cents in American money to cover a Sabramati prisoner's daily fare. The bread contained a substance that resembled sand. And yet, according to the jailer, many of the ordinary lawbreakers, the wine-women-and-song offenders, classified in the prison record as criminals in contrast to us " politicals," gained weight on this diet, a fact that can be regarded as the most convincing testimony of the bitter poverty of our masses.

After a few days in quarantine, I was sent out to pasture with the other political prisoners every afternoon in a compound, where we took up where we left off. (Gandhi himself was in the prison near Poona, not here.) But in spite of ourselves our drowsy thoughts strayed from books and politics. For the little everyday earthy touches came welling up in us and made me realize for the first time in my life how it is the commonplace and not the extraordinary which is the salt of living. One man used to watch the skies and say, " This storm will knock *them down* " or " *This sun will pick them up.*" He was talking about his crops. And I, of all people, was often laughed at because I listened for a certain train whistle every afternoon, the train for Bhavnagar and home.

What I missed most was paper and pencil, which we were not allowed at Sabramati ; we were simply given a choice each month of an interview or a letter. And my mind was overflowing with ideas. The only chance I received of getting my feelings into black and white came in a weird way.

Under the old British policy, the keepers of the jail had been the meanest Indians the Government could find. That was before the invasion of the jails by Indian lawyers and professors who were bad only from the British point of view, and the Government soon found that even the most rigid Indian jailer had thoughts of his own where the new nationalist heroes were concerned. Sabramati, therefore, had several British bouncers in its corridors. One of them, an ex-salesman and an ex-taxi-driver whom we had nicknamed The Steam Roller, was still bothered by a girl in London. Apparently he loved her torridly,

but she was a bit cool. One day he asked me whether I would write a bit of poetry for him, having heard someone speak of my writing. The love poem I composed for him in English should, I thought, have made an elephant marry a giraffe, but the girl was still holding out against The Steam Roller when I left Sabramati, at least two mails later.

A month after my imprisonment we were removed to the Nashik Central Prison situated on the lovely hills around Poona. The climate there was excellent, and the superintendent seldom let political prisoners raise his even temperature; his wife was rumored to be out-and-out for Gandhi. The treatment of political prisoners in India has always been strange, sometimes good, sometimes bad. In 1931 officials hardly knew what to make of the guests that the political struggle was bringing into their prisons in thousands. And wardens let it be understood that "Of course, Gandhi is right."

At Nashik, three male members of my family came to see me in a group, and the daughter of one of the prison officials who needed Gujarati lessons for her school examinations was allowed to take lessons from me. Otherwise I was completely cut off from the outside world. But at Nashik we were allowed to receive books, and soon hundreds of books—non-political, of course—were sent to us. I have never packed so much reading into such a short time as I did during those two months. I finished a book every other day for a while, in addition to the Shakespeare assignments from a co-prisoner professor who held classes for us in the compound. An American friend in India sent us several back numbers of *True Story* and *True Confessions*, but we were such good Gandhi boys we would not look at them. They became great favorites of the guards, however, who if they could not read English were able to enjoy the pictures.

Although we were allowed freedom in the compound during the day, we were locked up in separate cells before 7–30 p.m. There was a small window high up in the wall from which only a tiny dark fragment of the sky could be seen. I had my favorite stars, and with the

aid of a small mirror, once in a while caught the reflection of some stray star, and wondered what might be its name, which was difficult to decide without knowing its relative position. A cat used to come at night and glare at me from across the iron bars, with the curiosity of a child gazing at a caged monkey in a zoo; and I missed the sight of animals. I missed the chirping of the birds and the laughter of children and the face of woman and the merrymaking of schoolboys. I missed the cock's heralding of the dawn when I was awakened by the harsh prison bell, I missed the lush green trees, and I missed those pink grassflowers which flushed the face of the good earth when she looked at the sun.

Only the green tunnels of a banyan tree, which curved above the prison walls, could be seen from our arid quarters. One day, as I was walking toward it, childhood memories of the banyan tree at Junagadh breezed into my parched thoughts. When I was finally allowed a notebook with numbered pages and a fountain pen, I poured my memories into a play called *The Banyan Tree*. The action took place in the cycle of a day and a night, twenty-four hours of India, and the banyan tree was the main character. I covered the margins with illustrations to the diversion of my fellow-prisoners, and then I read it aloud to them in Gujarati. It made the rounds of the other wings of the jail, and the reputation of my prison brain-child had reached the outside world of Gujarati literature before I was released. Later on, Kaka Kalekar, one of our foremost authors, wrote a preface to it, Somalal Shah illustrated it, and Dakshinamurti published it. I am still enormously pleased about *The Banyan Tree*. Even critics hailed it. School children now lug it back and forth from school as part of their required reading, and others, the ones after my own heart, read it for fun. In several families in Gujarat I have found it has made friends with the youngest child as well as with the bearded grandfather. No author could ask for more.

One morning, while on his usual inspection tour, the prison superintendent came back to my cell a second

time to look at me again because he remembered noticing that I had lost a great deal of weight (fifteen pounds). He said I was still growing, and needed more food. He added a quart of milk to my prison fare. In gratitude I immediately succumbed to a minor illness of some kind, and went from bad to worse until I was hospitalized. The whole thing would not be worth recalling, except that it was in the hospital that I came face to face for the first time with the inmates charged with everyday and non-political crimes. It was the Government policy to segregate the politicals from the criminals, so that high partitions were raised between our wards. The run-of-the-mill lawbreakers were not even allowed a glimpse of the conscientious prisoners, the excuse being that "*the politicals excite the others.*" *And, in truth, many of the near-sighted wine-women-and-song offenders thought the Gandhi-wallahs were merely out to save them from punishment for last night's assault and battery.* In the hospital I also discovered that one of the members of our group had been enjoying unwanted privileges. It turned out that he was a spy planted in our midst and that he had been prevailed upon by his employers to go through hardships with us to gain our confidence.

It was hard to carry out the segregation in all walks of prison life, and in the hospital the field was open to pass the time of day. I was fascinated by their stories. Some of their life-histories were as hair-raising and blood-curdling as mystery stories, while some of their accounts of prison cruelties made me beat the mattress in rage. I gathered as many stories as possible, and at night the thought of their inhuman treatment kept me awake and tossing. As soon as I was released I wrote a small novel entitled *I Shall Kill the Human in You !* drawing upon the accounts I had collected from my down-and-out companions. The British authorities proscribed the book promptly, and confiscated as many copies as they could. But merely because it was forbidden, my purple prose was in demand and, financially, out of the red.

I was almost reluctant to leave the Nashik Prison, and the ovations in Nashik and Bombay jarred on the mental

tranquillity we had so dearly purchased within the four walls of the prison. I deliberately arrived in Bhavnagar a day earlier than I was expected, thus perversely depriving my people of the joy of welcoming the home-coming hero.

After a fortnight of rest I was back in the thick of the fight, on duty first at Viramgam and then at Ahmedabad. Before I could be arrested again, the Gandhi-Irwin (Lord Halifax) Truce was signed, and we seasoned recruits returned to our former business in life. There was little let-up, however. The annual session of the victorious Congress party was soon to be held at Karachi, and I was elected one of the delegates from Kathiavad. I had also a newspaper assignment to cover the triumphant rally.

A magic city had arisen almost overnight from the dust of Karachi's outskirts. I had free access to President Patel's camp, where Gandhi and Nehru also resided. I sat in on several conclaves of the high command, but during the plenary session I had to take my place along with the delegation from Kathiavad. Once in a while, therefore, I used my press card and slipped into the more strategic enclosure of newspapermen.

A few months after the Karachi Congress, Gandhi departed for London as the sole representative of the nationalist organization to the second Round Table Conference. The Indian leaders who remained at home and we Gandhi page-boys made some effort to consolidate the nationalist gains, but, by and large, the country lapsed back to normal life pending the result of the London deliberations.

Decommissioned for the time being, but still wearing my Gandhi cap, I returned to the business of getting ahead with my writing. *The Banyan Tree* was well established and *I Shall Kill the Human in You* had a healthy grape-vine public. They were soon followed by a third book—a collection of plays for children. Play-writing was my obsession now. I was not the only young Gujarati writer who had decided that our provincial stage was dead, and a group of us formed a committee to do something about it.

The fact that the modern stage was still in its infancy was more or less true of All-India, and yet we Gujarati playwrights were ready to admit that the Bengalis and the Marathis had made great strides. Not that India had no great theatrical traditions ; the Indian stage and Sanskrit drama were of an extremely high order up until the Mohammedan invasions. According to Indologists, Bharata's *Natyashastra* was the best treatise on the drama and the theatre in the civilized world until the dawn of the modern era. But the invasions had a deteriorating effect on our dramaturgy, as on all arts. For with the invasions began the seclusion of the Indian woman, and more and more, as time went by, women were withdrawn from public and artistic life. All entertainment fell into vulgar hands, while the respectable people washed their delicate fingers of all the arts.

The Gujarati theater that I saw in my youth had sunk to the lowest depths : there was no connection at all, between literature and the stage. The plays, which lasted from six to seven hours, offered an inartistic hodgepodge of Indian showiness, Elizabethan creakiness, and bizarre brassy qualities in general. The new college men never wrote for the stage, nor did the professional director-playwright ever achieve any literary distinction. Since the respectable families frowned upon the lowly art, the cast was made up of " low " women and of men who played women's rôles in a way that would not have fooled a two-year-old.

The folk plays in the villages displayed a hopeful note in the tragic common pattern. But the young playwright had little chance there since his ancestors had ably anticipated him. Moreover, the hybrid "city theater" once in a while made inroads into the rural areas and tended to spoil the one remaining quality that the folk plays had—their rustic sincerity.

Can you imagine watching a Broadway performance with the play suddenly halting and beginning all over again ? That often happened in the theater at Umrala when I was a child. It simply meant that someone had joined our circle of upturned faces who rated the full

six-hour performance and, forty minutes late or not, he was going to get it. I remember an occasion when one of the actors could not get past his speech "When Vishnu rises from his serpent bed" until the third late-comer had been brought up to date with what had gone before. "When Vishnu rises from his serpent bed . . . ." The village mayor took a seat in the audience, and the Vishnu speech was broken off while the performers busied themselves with the first forty minutes of the play. "When Vishnu rises . . . ." The Police superintendent had arrived. Back to the beginning. "When Vishnu rises from his serpent bed . . . ." It was within an hour of midnight, but the magistrate had arrived and the whole evening's work was repeated for the third time.

We dreamed of a national theater : we wrote plays for it. But people wanted seven-hour shows to get their money's worth, so our task was doubly difficult. However, we found comfort in one privilege which the American dramatist can seldom enjoy. For, in India, plays can still have a reading public and even plays which cannot be produced are published in our country. The reading public buys them as it does a novel or a collection of poems. Moreover, plays are published in India which the author never dreamed of limiting to a stage ; Bharata himself has two categories—his plays-to-be-seen and plays-to-be-read.

THE ABODE OF PEACE

But to go back to my formal education in India. Gandhi's university at Ahmedabad remained closed pending the negotiations in London, so I went to Visva-Bharati at Santiniketan, poet Rabindranath Tagore's international university. It was a poet's paradise! There were thick forests all around us, and the ashrama itself was as much alive with birds and beasts, fruits and flowers, as with the great poet's pupils. Some of India's greatest artists and philosophers and weavers of words had gathered there, and over them all presided the towering figure of silver-haired Tagore.

Early each morning we were awakened by the sweet music of the ashrama choir, formed by girl singers and boy instrumentalists, who made the rounds of the campus and hailed the rising sun with their offering of song. After a while we went to our classes under the shady shal trees, surrounded by jasmine creepers which perfumed the air. Occasionally a bird contributed a serenade, and Dinu Babu's deer frisked as close to us as they dared. We had famous teachers from all over India, from the distant United States, from England and Germany and France and China and Japan and from many other lands. Especially I remember my two American gurus, or teachers. Professor James B. Pratt of Williams College gave us a course in ethics, and his charming Italian wife opened her house to us in the Indian fashion. Later, in the United States, I was to learn that they carried on the gurukula tradition even in Massachusetts, at Williams College. My other American teacher was Boyd Tucker, an instructor in English literature, who took a special interest in my English. The two American faculty members added zest to my growing ambition to go to America for higher studies, and they gave me a preview of life in America.

Santiniketan is one of the finest centers of the Indian dance, and the air there was filled with music and rhythmic mudras. Each year there were several dance-drama performances, the group travelling far and wide from Calcutta to Bombay, with the great poet, in his corner seat, always in view, a part of the troupe. Then there were endless seasonal festivals which stimulated the artists and writers. You might say that it was all play and no work. But that is the very idea of the poet-teacher. Harmonious play in an alive and friendly atmosphere was the source of our education.

Santiniketan was a world in itself, an island which maintained its fragrant calm in spite of the worldly ocean around it which constantly smashed against its serenity. All around us were signs of growth and creation, which unleashed our desire to express ourselves in story and drama and poetry. I recall the monsoons at Santiniketan

which made me wander along the heaving Ajay River through the thick wet woods. I spent hours bathing in the rain, swimming and collecting ketaki flowers, and then retiring to my room to cover page after page with the poetry of the rains. I wrote at least two books at Santiniketan, one of them was a play entitled *Padmini*, based on a fable from our Rajput history which clearly dramatized the conflict of ethical values.

Meanwhile *Kumara*, the magazine which had "discovered" me, was gathering material for its special century number, and I contributed a one-act play entitled *As Light from Light*. It was purely a literary piece, at least so I thought. But to my great astonishment, the British Government banned the issue because of my play, confiscated all available copies of the magazine, and exacted two thousand rupees from the publishers as a "security" —a guarantee that no other inflammatory political thesis would ever again appear in the pages of *Kumara*. When I finally learned of this I was deeply touched by the attitude of my publishers; they never mentioned the incident to me and went on publishing my writings.

The examinations were fast approaching. I had selected Asoka, whom H. G. Wells regards as the greatest emperor of all time, as the subject of my thesis. He flourished three hundred years before Christ, and he has inscribed his life philosophy, not to mention instructions to his courtiers, ambassadors, and generals, on rocks and pillars which to this day mark almost every strategic point on India's vast triangle.

WESTWARD HO!

When I finally won my degree, "with distinction in English," I went to Gurudev Tagore to take his leave and to receive his blessings. He knew about my ambition to go to America, so he gave me a letter to Sir Prabhashankar Pattani, the late prime minister of Bhavnagar, in which he praised my literary abilities and commended my academic career. As a result I was awarded a scholarship from His Highness the Maharajah of Bhavnagar for higher studies in the United States.

Six months of leisure droned by before I was scheduled to sail for Europe and then on to America. I used the greater part of my time in touring India in order to see the things a native often overlooks. I also visited several well-known Indians to secure letters of introduction to friends abroad. I received a number of assignments to write articles for dailies and weeklies while abroad. The remaining days were spent with friends and in a full schedule of dinners, both in Bhavnagar and Bombay, given by caste and literary societies. Then, on the eve of my departure, a collection of my poems was published.

It was a hot May afternoon in 1934 when my boat finally began to take me farther and farther away from my near relatives and dear friends who stood huddled on the Ballard Pier. I kept gazing at them as long as I could, and then retired to my cabin. The steward came to remove the heaps of flowers that covered the floor, and even the thought of new adventures could not prevent tears from filling my eyes.

From each port we touched I sent home a bulky package, letters to relatives and friends, articles and poems to newspapers and magazines. It was still India which sang in my heart and produced its echoes in song. But as the boat neared Europe, my poetic outbursts became less and less frequent. For before me lay a new world which I must first know before I could sing a note in its praise. I felt more and more like a poet in exile and the last poem I have written from that day to this, I wrote in June in Paris.

II. DISCOVERING AMERICA

You who went West . . . .
Shall take your rest
In the soft sweet glooms
Of twilight rooms.
—FORD MADOX HUEFFER

We were young, we were merry, we were very, very wise,
And the door stood open at our feast,
When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.
—MARY E. COLERIDGE

THE FIRST DAY

THERE are four thousand Hindus in the United States, about thirty-nine hundred of whom are pucka fixtures whether you make them citizens or not. They came to this country before the 1917 Immigration Act which stopped further influx from certain "barred zones," including India. Half of the "four thousand" are the California Singhs, a group of sturdy Sikhs who have distinguished themselves as honest-to-goodness farmers. The other half consists of Alis and Khans who live in the great industrial centres of the East.

Since 1917, however, a small and select number of Indian students, businessmen and professionals, men and women exempt from the regular immigration restrictions, have from time to time been "admitted" to the United States.

There are about a hundred Indians in this more fortunate periphery of the Hindu community in the United States—a community which changes constantly—Shahs come and Dases go—and each new arrival is met at the boat by at least one or two from this group.

Romesh Roy, the New York importer, sitting in his Eighty-fifth Street apartment, tells his wife and a few friends who have dropped in for cards that Kanti Shah is coming in September. The women look maternal if Kanti is a tender youth coming to one of the American universities; the men, if they have been here long, look superior and amused. They know what Kanti is in for—they know that one or the other of them will share his initiation into America, will usher him into a taxi, will have funny stories to tell afterwards about the newcomer's impressions.

For the time being, they merely place the boy in their minds. "Is that Harilal Shah's son?" "No, Motilal Shah's, at Ahmedabad." "Then I knew his uncle at the University of Bombay." "I understand his mother is doing good work for the Party." "That's hard to understand when her father accepted a title from the Government." "Where is the boy going to enter?" "I think he wants to study engineering and is going to try M.I.T." "Well, he'll have a good time in Boston with the Lal brothers." And so on.

In downtown New York in an ancient restaurant called the Bombay Moon, strong with the odor of frying kebab and Bombay Duck, the cook and some of the habitués have cousins who come over, too. The beaming owner may greet every patron for a week with the news that his brother's son is arriving soon. What is he going to do here? "My nephew, he's a big man in the Nationalist Movement, you know?" "*Han ji, ye to such bat hai.*" "He only going to stay here two day, then he go to California." "*Are bhai, to to hamko unse jaldise milna hoga.*"

Before you accuse me of displaying caste feelings or of patronizing a less fortunate countryman, let me add that the importer and the Bombay Moon's properitor fraternize with great democracy in organizations devoted to the welfare of Indians in this country and nationalism at home, and these organisations are numerous.

The importer will not hesitate to take his wife in her delicate saris to the Bombay Moon, and the proprietor

probably will let his wife cross its portals to chat with her.

As for the student and the Nationalist visitor, they are not American citizens, are not here to stay, are not usually hampered by wives, and they go everywhere, tasting everything, observing everything. And after they have been here a while, they drink more and more freely of the exhilarating American atmosphere, and loosen one tentacle after another from their Indian connections in this country.

The American atmosphere certainly captured me. When I came over here on June 19, 1934, aboard the *Majestic*, I had the proverbial "hallow eyes and sunken cheeks" of the Indian male—a man of twenty-two whom no one ever expected to smile. There is a picture of me, taken in my teens, sitting at the feet of Rabindranath Tagore, the great man looking benign and genial with his white beard, the disciple huddled drawn and sad against the poet's knees.

And yet I had all the usual care taken of me that I might be happy, and at the very time this picture was taken I was a student in Tagore's school, where boys—and girls—studied and frolicked under the amlika trees from dawn to twilight. And what dawns and what twilights!

If anyone discussed my coming arrival in the United States, I expect it was the professor at Williams College who for a while had been my teacher at Tagore's school in India; an Indian couple on Fifth Avenue, who knew me when I was a prankish baby; and a few friends at the International House on Riverside Drive. Everyone who travels up the Hudson River knows that mammoth pile with its lettered entrance—"That Brotherhood May Prevail."

There are hundreds of students at the International House from almost every country in the world, a gay jumble of saris and slacks and schoolteachers, accents, athletes, and artists.

I went from the boat to the House, and except for one interlude I have had a room there ever since. The interlude was in 1935 when I rented a place at 116th Street in

order to be closer to the Columbia School of Journalism, whereupon I promptly came down with an attack of appendicitis. The doctor straightened me out eventually, and thanks to him and a kindly American landlady, I recovered. There was an American girl, too, who carried ice-cubes from her apartment seven blocks away when my landlady's supply ran low, and who brought me roses.

But to get back to the day I arrived. Do you remember the scene in the moving picture of Louis Bromfield's *The Rains Came* when Lady Esketh, as she amorously appraised the Indian doctor, asked her friend, "Who is that bronze Apollo?" We all liked and approved that picture. It was such a welcome contrast to the other pictures out of Hollywood and England, which give the impression that all the natives of India have evil eyes and evil intentions—such movies as "Drums," "Gunga Din," "Clive of India," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

I was by no means an Apollo as I stood on the deck of the *Majestic* and saw the Statue of Liberty for the first time. I was a thin, sad-eyed youth in a western suit and uncomfortable western shoes. In the hazy distance I saw New York emerging like a nymph from the water—breaking the water and springing up, as it were, after a deep dip. And in a few moments I saw another image and felt differently: the city seemed a jumble of honeycombs floating on the water.

A little later I walked down the gangplank into the arms of my Indian friends and reached out desperately for a steadying hand in all that chaos of America.

My friends began eyeing yellow vehicles, signaled one to draw up, settled me in it, and soon we were streaking uptown like a yellow meteor. Naturally we fell into the language of our part of India, Gujarati, as we always do when we're excited, and as you would instantly recall your own idiom if you saw a familiar face in Buenos Aires or Singapore. I contributed news from India while my eyes beheld the buildings, the stores, the streets, the people—glass and steel, swift traffic, great piles of skyscrapers, keen-looking people. Later I learned to watch

the taximeter; but that morning the driver could have charged me fifty dollars and I would have felt it was worth it, and this from a man who, as you say, had just got his "rabbit money." Shiva, where did that expression come from!

We entered the lobby of the International House and there I met several hostesses and other "shoehorns" who ease foreign students into American life.

Indians do not shake hands, but make a namaskar, keeping their hands to themselves, a practice we consider more hygienic. The namaskar is like the gesture of a child about to say "Now I lay me....." Many Americans have told me how graceful it is, but we seldom use it here on any but our own people—although, of course, we have to return the gesture when it is made by one of those strange American women who "go Hindu"—wearing India prints, quoting the swamis, and putting kohl on their eyelashes.

The hostesses were neat and scrubbed, wearing that American academic uniform, sweater-and-skirt, although I did not realize then that it was so common. However, even after spending eight years seeing a million women dressed uncomfortably in scratchy cloth, wool, and cotton, and rubber-soled shoes, I look forward only occasionally and by way of contrast to the day when I have returned to India, and can feast my eyes on a woman dressed in elusive rose and blue and violet saris, the color reflected in the satiny wings of her hair, with gold at her hem and throat, with invisible legs and uncovered brow.

But back in the lobby of the International House I was fascinated, and had to be rallied by my Indian friends, who collected my keys and led me to the elevator on the Men's Side. These two aides, by the way, were Dadi, a Parsi studying aviation at N.Y.U., and Rameshwar, an M.D. engaged in cancer research as a Rockefeller Fellow. They had been here for some time, and we had exchanged letters.

We shot up to the tenth floor, collected two interested Americans to whom I was introduced, and I was taken

to see the bathroom. There we came upon a Persian who was taking a shower; I saw him standing in the rain, and vowed to do the same.

When I was alone in my sterile room with its bed, bureau, and chair, I leaned out of the window and looked down at the neat little trees and thought of the vivid, generous banyans at home; I noticed the pasty, unshadowed pavements and remembered the winking sunshine on our sidewalks in Bombay. The chimes on Riverside Church, which I could only identify as a cathedral, clanged tunelessly, to me, that is, and the Hudson River to the right looked overworked. Here I would mention gentle temple bells and the lazy Ganges, did I not know that Americans have a quaint habit of saying, "Why don't you go home, then?" when foreigners "don't like it here." But I like it here, and I will be a sad man when I take your leave.

I pulled my head in, and decided that I was hungry. My friends had promised to come back in fifty eye-winks, which is India's way of telling time, so I whiled away five minutes by my western wrist-watch inspecting my features in the mirror, fingering my useless tie, and squaring my shoulders in their new tweed envelopments.

My friends' voices echoed down the coridor, and impelled by pangs of hunger and nostalgia, I lost no time in going out to meet them. One of them carried a copy of a newspaper, and for some reason I was reminded of the kidnappers and gangsters America is famous for in India. I asked questions about the safety of my possessions, since my brother had advised me when I left never to carry more than ten dollars in my pocket. Thereupon my two compatriots entered into a spirited argument as to whether America was infested with gangsters or not. The dispute lasted all the way to the House cafeteria and gave me no comfort at all, but I gathered that neither of them, at least, had been robbed or bludgeoned.

I might interrupt to say something about language difficulties. Take the word "bludgeon." If I were conversing, even today, I might say, "Is it true that they hit you over the head?" with an accompanying thwacking

gesture. But once I had run across "bludgeon," either in looking for a synonym for "hit" or in reading, or in conversation, or lectures, "bludgeon" was stored up forever in my literary reserves. It is always easier to write a second language than to speak it, as you know if you ever wrote French compositions and then were interrogated on them by Mademoiselle. In 1934, I would have said "an anesthetic eez a keeler of pain," but have written "an anesthetic is a killer of pain." Now I would be apt to say "an anesthetic eez a pain-killer," but I would probably write "ether deadens the senses" or "gas overcomes consciousness."

The first time I saw an American cafeteria I said, "What eez this?" I surveyed the scene, the tray-pushers, the hands and arms working like pistons, the troughs of food, and above all, the naked meats.

To a high caste Hindu from Gujarat an assortment of sliced meat is about as appealing as an array of sliced babies. At home we can live and die without ever having seen it. On shipboard, I looked the other way when my neighbors dissected it, but here it lay revealing the actual contours of the original animal, with fat hanging on it, and bones protruding. I took my handkerchief—which released a faint fragrance of sandalwood—from my pocket and put it to my nose. I remember this detail because sometimes I still make this instinctive move to protect my senses, particularly on fishy Fridays and hotdog holidays. I never actually came to grips with meat until New Year's Day, months later, when I ate it accidentally.

With assistance, my tray became heavy with dishes, beans, corn, cabbage, fruit, tea, and pie. I received my check, and after a few more innocent queries, I sat down at a long table with Rameshwar on my left and Dadi on my right, a French girl next to Rameshwar, a Spanish boy next to Dadi, two English boys at the ends, and an American girl across from me. Actually, I only remember the face of the American girl, who was blonde and plump, but the whole meal was set down in my diary, which in those days I tried to keep as completely as when I had been with Gandhi.

First, the girl and I murdered each other's names, and while I asked her if there wasn't a month called "June," she asked me if we hadn't a God named "Krishna." Both gambits were correct, of course, and we then attacked our food in silence for a few minutes, particularly I, who thought she had gone pretty far, since I would never ask an American about Saint Peter, for example, or Moses. Then she said she had read about Gandhi and would like to know more about the ashramas, whereupon I described them eagerly, catching the attention of one of the British students, who inquired about Miss Slade. The Englishman and I immediately locked horns and began to talk about India—his government and my people—with such concentration that the blonde girl had to light her own cigarette.

Rising like a trout to the fly, like a fireman who hears the five-alarm bell, I could not remain indifferent to any opportunity to present our side. And since, moreover, I have had to repeat that first dialogue a hundred times during the years of my meetings with Americans and Englishmen in the United States, I am tempted here to set down a typical talk on Indo-British relationship. Such a conversation is possible not only between an Indian nationalist and an Englishman, but also between the former and an American, who more often than not knows only the British case. It would run as follows :

American : I can understand your desire for independence. One of our own Founding Fathers demanded, "Give me liberty or give me death." But sometimes the mere slogan can be a nuisance. Wouldn't you rather have railroads and electricity, municipal hygiene and public-school systems, than a medieval existence under your own rule ?

Indian : Personally I am not hypnotized by the empty word "independence." And yet I am for it because I feel that under our own rule, that is, under a government that has the people's interest at heart we will have more of the very things you ascribe to the British rule. Moreover, these technological and administrative advances not only in India but all over the world, are the innovations of the last hundred and fifty years, during which

times we have been under the British rule and thus prevented from proving that we would have secured them even without the aid of the British. Look at Japan. That country did not need a British army of occupation in order to become modernized. In fact, Japan is far ahead of India, in spite of British tutoring, in the process of modernization, and I believe that the Indians would do better without rather than with the British.

American : But would not India be pounced upon either by the Japanese or by the Russians as soon as the British gave it freedom?

Indian : I do not think so. Granted, for the sake of argument, however, that India stands in danger of an invasion from outside. What then? We are no stronger now, with the British over us. The sooner we grow out of our habit of hiding behind the British Navy during a crisis the better. To be great and independent, one has to take chances, and we are prepared to take chances.

American : That sounds all right, but wouldn't the Hindus and the Moslems cut each other's throats if the British were not there to umpire for them?

Indian : Logically, there are only two possibilities. First, either we were cutting each other's throats before the British came, and we now carry on our national pastime, and we will keep it up after the British have left us—so that the presence of the British in India is quite irrelevant to the Hindu-Moslem problem; or, in the second place, we were *not* cutting each other's throats before the British came, but became civilized and learned the art of divide-and-rule, along with cricket, from the British, and as soon as the British leave us, we will unlearn that game and adopt baseball instead.

American : But when I look at our neighbor to the north, I feel that Canada is quite happy under Dominion status. Wouldn't it be wiser to strive for such Dominion status rather than for outright independence?

Indian : To be quite candid, Dominion status equals independence plus the protection of the British Navy, and few of us would mind singing "God Save the King" occasionally if we got that. But the British are in India

for certain economic and power privileges—privileges which are bound to be taken away by a Dominion of India. I am pretty sure that the British themselves would rather have an independent India than a Dominion of India which would yield no profit and yet would have to be protected.

American : But can't you see that the trend is toward a larger and larger international order? By proposing a splitting up of the British Empire, aren't you also upholding the old and ruinous idea of nationalism as opposed to internationalism?

Indian : Our nationalism is only a stepping stone to internationalism. The very term *inter*nationalism presupposes nationalism. Nationalism is something like the measles ; the sooner we get over it, the better.

Now I can go back to my first day in America. . . . Dadi, the Parsi boy, finally said, "Let's go," so we pulled back our chairs, bowed to the right and left and across the table, paid our checks, stopped to talk with two young French girls with tennis rackets, friends of Dadi, who asked one of them about a "date." She said she was going out that evening with some Turkish fellow, which made Dadi as mad as hops ; he told me in the elevator that she took his mind off his study, which was, as you know, aeronautical engineering. I said, "Don't let any woman come in the way of your career," whereupon Dadi shrugged, and noticing the elevator-boy, said, "*Bhaini shikhaman lage chche*? (Did your elder brother teach you that)," to which I responded ruefully, "*Madaliyama ganthi lithun chche* (He stamped it on my underwear)." Dadi laughed and as he got off at his floor, shouted, "*Macy ne tyanthi nava lejo* (You can get new ones at Macy's)."

A big German got into the elevator, and as we went up he said, "You are from India, are you not?" I admitted as much ; it turned out that he was a German writing a Master's thesis on India under the British raj. Funny thing, I thought, as we parted in the bathroom on the tenth floor.

As I slip-slopped back from the showers in my straw slippers after the inevitable bath, and pushed into my

room, now filled with trunks, I felt tired for the first time. I lifted a pair of trousers out of one bag, and struggled with a hanger. Turning from that, baffled, I pulled out all the drawers of the International House bureau. Way back in the corner of the bottom drawer was some forgotten medal, which I held up to the light; I could just make out the inscription, "I am a Catholic. In case of accident notify a priest." I laid it gingerly on the bureau, turned out the light, and groped for the bed.

Ten stories below, straight down, the subway charged out from underground and became an elevated with a mad bellow of release, street cars jammed on their screechy brakes, automobiles shifted groaning gears. The bed began to pitch with the lingering motion of the boat, and I laughed to myself for the first time in years as I uttered my own benediction, "I am a Hindu. In case of accident notify the British Consul."

DANGEROUS IDEAS

As I stood for the first time facing the statue of Alma Mater on Morningside Heights at 116th Street just off Broadway, my initial vague thoughts were about Saraswati, the Hindu goddess of learning. Half-consciously I observed that my American Alma Mater sat comfortably on a chair, while my erstwhile Hindu Mother of Knowledge always flew upon her peacock. And intuitively I felt that the contrast was symbolic. For in coming to the United States for higher studies I had been seeking a change from idealistic flights to practical truths.

But, as I said, this awareness was vague and dream-like; for at the time my mind was filled with the magnificence and the unmistakable order of the Columbia University campus. The buildings were bulky, the lawns lush, the flowers flaunting, and across the tennis courts the Low Memorial Library loomed like a Mogul monument. Over all this, and over Morningside Heights too, was presiding the serene statue of Alma Mater. Thus the university campus was the first part of American academic world to capture my imagination.

Of course, I learned later that there are beautiful campuses all through the country, especially in the Middle West, and I was charmed again and again by the sheer loveliness of such college towns as Williamstown and Hanover. But the gentle inclines of Morningside were enough for me that September, as they have been enough for other Indian students, many of whom have told me of similar first impressions. And when I wandered about and discovered the Julliard School of Music, Riverside Church and the Union Theological Seminary, Teachers College and the Hebrew Theological Seminary, these academic precincts became a true center of peace and learning for me, a restful haven at the end of my trek from India.

I feel that the American campus and the life on the campus impress all Indian students. For there is very little like the American campus in the rest of the world. England and Germany have had a few comparable settings, but these are exceptions rather than the rule in their worlds of education. In India the British system of education has inspired massive buildings but no campuses. Private institutions like Visva-Bharati, poet Rabindranath Tagore's international university near Calcutta, indeed have lovely grounds, for they draw their inspiration from the ancient Indian tradition of gurukulas. I had studied there for two years and so I had some inkling of what a compact and lovely campus can mean to the student. But to those Indian students who come to the United States directly from "Government institutions," the American campus offers a novel experience and a significant source of stimulation.

Still under the spell of the Columbia campus, I was ushered into University Hall. There I was instructed to fill out five different schedules on five different cards. And how I labored over them! I even had to write down the name of my mother's father on each of those five blanks. Then I had to have my picture taken, which turned out to be that of the same stranger with a gangster mug who appeared on my passport. I did not realize it then, but the whole process transformed me

into an entry in a huge card index which kept track of some twelve thousand students, all duly and elaborately ticketed.

That was symptomatic, I found out, of the uniformly impersonal character of the American educational system, in which universities and colleges count their students in thousands, and classes can contain as many as a hundred students.

Now those Indian students who have had their college training in India in some "government institution," are not likely to be overpowered by the impersonality of an American university. But I had the dubious advantage of never having gone to a British school in India; for, as I have said before, my mother had come under the *nationalist* banner long before I was old enough to graduate from "short pants" and go to school. Consequently, I had been sent to a famous progressive private school in Bhavnagar where my precocious fondness for some studies and indifference to others helped persuade the faculty to adopt the Dalton Plan, which, as every pedagogue knows, is America's contribution to the science of "individual differences."

The other two institutions which I attended later—Mahatma Gandhi's national university in Ahmedabad, where the great leader came in person to give a lesson once in a while, and Poet Tagore's international university, where I came under the influence of that subtle and distinguished philosopher-poet—were also private establishments. All three of these institutions were based on the ancient Hindu tradition of gurukulas, which regards a school as the household of a master-teacher. Consequently, in each of them the student body was select and limited, and there were more teachers and smaller classes than in other schools in India. Moreover, the guiding principle in these places of learning was that of personal contact between the teacher and the students. In fact, communion, through co-living, with master-teachers was considered the main part of a pupil's education. Its closest western parallel is to be found in what the British, with their peculiar logic, describe as the "public school."

It was natural, then, for me to feel strange, a nameless but numbered item in a huge academic mill; I was not accustomed to regulated and spiritless teacher-student relationships. I was struck by the way professors drew out attendance cards and called the roll, without seeming to know all the students by their names. I must hasten, however, to say that I am complaining on behalf of others; in many classes I was singled out, not only as the only Indian student, but also as one who shared the American professor's inescapable urge to write books. So I have been fortunate enough even in the United States to enjoy my American teachers' personal attention and the friendliness of their families and homes.

Another thing that intrigued me during my first semester was my discovery that the girl was as much a part of the campus as the boy. Now the progressive Visva-Bharati also had co-education, but by the end of my first semester at Columbia, I was convinced that American girls were really and vitally a part of the college and all its activities, while Indian girls in the co-educational schools were still having difficulty raising their eyes above their sandals.

Still another feature of education in the United States that interested me was the free discussion between professors and students. I found an equality of status between the teachers and their classes in exchange of questions and answers and in informal argument; there were even cases in which students who made a habit of out-talking their professors were tolerated. In sharp contrast to the British as well as the Indian lecture system, this seminar method had great advantages.

An Indian student in an American university is apt to miss his hard-and-fast textbook. For the entire British system of education in India is ruled by the tradition of textbook parrotry. The textbook system simply does not encourage general reading or give a general comprehension of a subject. Compared to the easy and direct manner in which the American professor, by and large, organizes and gives his course, the Indian textbook system is what an old man's cane is to a traveller's

compass. Incidentally, no Indian book ever becomes a best-seller unless it has first served as a textbook. and this preliminary to popular acceptance dampens the ardor of young Indian writers.

It did not take long to see that the chief difference between American theory and the Indian system as built up by the British lay in the different rôles which the examination plays in the two countries. In India, examinations are given to find out what the student does not know, while in America they are used to discover what he knows. Examiners in India seem to take sadistic pleasure in failing their students, and in many instances the examiner who scuttles the most students is considered the best of the lot.

In fact, "government education" in India means Examinations. That is evident in the profusion of our "solution books." For each course and each examination there are several "solution books" which give a list of the questions asked over a period of ten years, their correct answers, and a statistical prediction as to what questions are likely to be asked in the coming examination. Thus the students, aided by private tutors, strain every nerve to jump the hurdles set up by their inquisitors —who in most cases are not their regular teachers—while these "examiners" try to trip the candidates by every ruse they know. It is a relentless war, and wholly serious.

And when you enter an examination hall in one of India's government universities you are searched as thoroughly as a convict entering Sing Sing; the faculty wants to make sure that you are not carrying even a small piece of paper to aid your dull memory. And while you are writing your "paper," overseers prowl up and down the aisles to keep you from the temptation of copying. And if by any chance you must leave the room, you will have a chaperon beagling in your tracks to see that you neither give nor receive any bits of information from any stray co-student within the tiled precincts of the W.C.

Thus you have no inducement to study except to pass your examination. In consequence, you generally do not

study except during the month before your examination. Then, if you are a Hindu, you can tie your religious wisp of hair with a string to the ceiling to prevent you from dozing off while doing your eleventh-hour reading.

The day on which the "results" are out is a red-letter day in India's calendar. If fifty per cent of all examinees are "passed," it is considered very fair of the examiners.

The morning papers carry the "results;" the afternoon papers carry the notices of several suicides. For this aftermath of examinations in India is inevitable. Those driven to suicide really feel that they have "failed" because the government education in India prepares you for one thing above all others: to be a clerk in the bureaucracy or in a private firm. It is the main profession of most "educated Indians." And in that work a degree counts. Always you must drag all your degrees after your name on a visiting card. Sometimes, when you have not passed your examination and have not (yet) committed suicide, you get your cards printed anyway. In that case it reads, "Hari Lal, B.A. (*failed*)." For to let other Indians know that you have at least tried is thought much better than not to have any degree at all. I should point out that if you fail in one subject, and one subject alone, your entire year is lost.

Men like Tagore and Gandhi and Swami Shradhananda have started a crusade against this baleful system and have sponsored a chain of private colleges and universities. These new schools have modern trimmings taken from the educational philosophies of John Dewey and William Kilpatrick. They are introducing the American credit system by which the precious years of a young Indian's life can be spared the hardships of failure to master one particular subject while he is adept at all the rest.

I had studied at the feet of both Gandhi and Tagore. When I entered Columbia, I felt I was entering the university of Dewey and Kilpatrick. And I also felt that thus I was acting out India's educational reformation in a personal way.

The nationalist educational institutions which I attended in India not only played down the examination, but one

of them eliminated it altogether. The teachers kept an eye, not only on the day-by-day program of their wards, but even on their hour-by-hour progress. Examinations were unnecessary. We were required to write occasional papers, but the teachers allowed so much license that once I quoted my own verse with a preface, "As one of our most famous poets has said . . . ." The person who corrected the papers let me get away with it because, I suppose, he decided the passage was something he should know, and he did not want to commit himself.

But in spite of all this, I believed that an utter disregard for the examination was bound to result in carelessness among the students. All schools could not afford to be selective and small. What should we do when we, like Americans, started to democratize our educational system and facilities? Such doubts in my mind were answered soon enough; for soon I met up with the special American substitute, the unheralded occasional quiz. From personal experience I shall be able to tell educational leaders in India that the quiz has all the value and none of the horror of the examination. It has certainly kept me glued to my assignments throughout my years of study in America.

All these reflections and experiences during the first term at an American university were closely related to my reasons for coming to the United States for higher education. They were vivid discoveries and I took careful note of them—photographed them—and placed them in the background beside my innermost expectations.

Each year about eighteen hundred Indian students have gone abroad for advanced studies. Of these eighteen hundred, almost fifteen hundred went to Great Britain. Pre-Hitler Germany claimed the second largest number—around a hundred. That was mainly because of the German's genuinely "Aryan interest" in Sanskrit literature and philosophy. And up to date the best researches in "Indology" have indeed come from the German universities.

In recent years, the third largest number of Indian students went to Japan, because Japan was quite close,

geographically at lesat. to India, and also because Japan could give us western science at a low cost. The "Asia for the Asiatics" slogan also helped establish closer ties between India and Japan. Needless to say, Japan's war on China has changed all that.

There are obvious reasons why such a disproportionately large number of Indian students enrolls in British universities. For one thing, Indian students go to England in the high hope of qualifying for the I.C.S., the Indian Civil Service. But the British have had the habit of passing not more than ten per cent of all Indian candidates, so that many disappointed and heart-broken ones seek the solace of the Inner Temple, to be called to the Bar. The result is that there are more "barristers" than ambulances in India. In any case, British degrees come in handy when a man seeks a job in India.

Very few Indian students have ever come to the United States. One of the reasons why America is generally ruled out is that the American standard of living is considerably higher than even the British ; so far as the Indian student is concerned, America is costlier than any country in the world. Secondly, the United States is the country with the greatest distance between it and India : should you bore a hole straight through the earth at Kansas City you would emerge at Delhi. In the third place, there are those severe and even unfriendly immigration laws.

But the main cause has been the subtle British campaign in India against American education. The American system of learning is given poor marks by the British not only because the temptation to do this is so great but also because they think that Indian students trained in American universities are "spoiled beyond repair" for British rule in India. The Indian students who have had a taste of the "American Way" go back to India with "dangerous ideas." Upon their return, consequently, they are treated as "suspects."

In fact the British, if they could help it, would have no part of America's "spoiling influence" in India ; so much so that they have time and again discouraged certain

American foundations from starting their branches in India. "No outside help is necessary," American money has been told politely. Even the fellowship appointments of a famous American foundation were for a long time, through indirect government intervention, filled by Anglo-Indians rather than by real Indians.

So British "advisers" dissuade Indian students from going to America, and encourage them to go to England instead. American education is snubbed by the official preference for English degrees when governmental appointments are made. Even if Indians are in charge of an appointment bureau, they are more likely than not to uphold the prestige of a British Alma Mater by passing over those who are returned-from-America. In the second place, a general impression is created throughout India that anybody can get an American degree for the asking; American "correspondence courses" have played into British hands.

Only the adventurous and a few strays among Indian students ever think of coming to the United States. They are ones who either do not need or do not want a governmental appointment upon their return to India. Or they belong to that small species of self-reliant Indian students who are eager to learn new industries and new professions and who intend to embark upon private enterprises, instead of becoming cogs in an already well-geared governmental set-up. They must be at least of a pioneer type, and not after the safety of the middle road.

When I decided to come to the United States, it was against the advice and counsel of my elders. For, according to their way of thinking, I could expect no swivel-chair governmental post upon my return.

But that was precisely the point. I was not at all eager to seek a lucrative job of that kind. On the contrary, those "dangerous ideas" of the "American Way" were just what I wanted to investigate. Moreover, my imagination had led me to a point where I could see a day coming when American education would be held far above British training—even in India.

My speculations were based on the idea that the United States was gradually but surely becoming the center of western civilization. And the present war seems to support my adolescent view. Not only will the United States emerge from the present conflict as the strongest nation in the world, but it will also finally outgrow its inferiority feelings with reference to Europe and stand out as the bulwark of western culture, the "arsenal of democracy." New York has now become in the field of international education what Paris, Rome, London and Berlin have been.

Moreover, even when I sailed away from my country, the position of the British in India was felt as insecure. I could foresee that flitting along with the departing British would be much of the machinery and worn-out insignia of their rule. With a new regime and a wholly fresh program of national reconstruction, we should need a new outlook and a new orientation more than ever before.

Think, for example, of such aberrations as that of the Indian student going to England to master problems of transportation. Why, you can cross Great Britain in less than five hours without ever coming across a real mountain or a real river or even a wisp of a desert. But the United States can give a few lessons even to Indians in the problems of transportation. Again, India, like the United States, has always been a melting pot of creeds, colors, races and religions. So Indian sociologists can learn more in America than anywhere else in the world. Also, India's new regime can only be a federal form of government. Indian students of government, therefore, should study this federal government of the United States with its century and a half of trial and error, check and balance. In many more ways, the destiny of India is closely linked with that of America. For we still have to solve so many of those problems which Americans have already solved.

My preference for the United States was based on even more concrete reasoning. What India needs most at the present time, are the sciences and technological skill and

in both these the United States excels the rest of the world. That I was correct in my belief is borne out by the fact that an ever-increasing number of Indian students has recently been coming to this country just for those two things.

At present there are over thirty Indian students in various American universities, half of whom, I can say with chamber-of-commerce pride, hail from my home State of Bhavnagar. For the Maharajah there and his Prime Minister have also reached similar conclusions about foreign education.

I did not come here either to study natural sciences or to master some branch of technology; but I did choose America because I wanted the best things the world has to offer in the fields of Journalism and Sociology. Now, in the field of journalism, and especially in the field of training the gentlemen of the press, the United States is far ahead of any other country. And in America the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University is at the top. In the field of sociology also America is far ahead of the rest of the world, with Columbia and Chicago enjoying a well-known rivalry for leadership. Even if I have learned nothing, I can always say that at least I have been to the best schools in the world.

Strange as it may sound, the "dangerous ideas" of which I have spoken can best be described in relation to that peculiar American institution of "working one's way through college." Like most Indian students, I had heard of the practice. In fact, the idea of studying and working for a living at the same time had been for me one of America's strongest attractions. Not that I needed money; no Indian student can enter the United States without showing the immigration authorities a large enough bank account.

But I was curious. For it is never done in India, it is not even thought of as possible in this world. You cannot imagine how revolutionary the very idea sounds to an Indian born on the right side of the railway tracks and nurtured upon the ruinous ideas of ancient glory and false pretense.

I had read Swami Satyadev's book about America as a land of opportunity, and through it had learned that one could make a decent living in the United States by selling souvenirs or running an elevator, and that still one could have enough time to pursue one's studies. That book had fired the imagination of many ambitious Indian students ; it paved the streets of New York with gold. Its promises seemed a little bit exaggerated in the cold light of the New York sun, but then I had not counted on those golden gutters. And even a post-depression America was enough to sustain my faith.

Most of all I wanted to know if the system worked. Could it turn a good-for-nothing Indian snob into a democratic, hard-working man? For one thing, American education in general, and the practice of "working one's way through college" in particular, would—it seemed—break the caste of the Hindu. If the Hindu goes to Oxford or Cambridge, his notions of a caste system are apt to be bolstered up by the more sinewy, and sinister, British caste system. Snubbed by British society, such a student is almost sure to seek a strange psychological compensation in constantly behaving like even more of a snob among his own people back home. Thus he is made unfit for the great tasks of building a new nation.

In the second place, as I learned afterwards, the practice of supporting oneself even while going to college teaches the Hindu the dignity of labor, a concept which has helped make America great, while the ignorance of it has helped make India a land of white-collar do-nothings. Even a rather poor Hindu hires a coolie to carry his small handbag. In this country I have seen millionaires carrying picnic baskets and luggage without seeming to be doing anything unusual—certainly with no idea they were "losing face."

And I also learned that American training can make a democrat out of a Hindu hierarchist. For years I watched a member of one of "America's Sixty Families" working hard to carry himself through college. This was scarcely even an exceptional case. On every hand

there were men who could set examples for the caste-conscious Hindu, examples of self-reliance, ruggedness, boldness. A man could start from scratch, he could even return to an ancient land ready to blaze new trails.

From the very start, however, I had planned that activities on the campus were to be only a part of my American education. I was going to explore the whole country and to discover its central, driving forces, to "get at" its culture. I have tried my best to be more than a student in the conventional sense, and to be more than a visiting Hindu.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

When Christmas came, "Rusty" Walters, another graduate student, invited me to spend the holidays with him; Rusty had interested himself in me because he was looking forward to a career in India with the Standard Oil Company. We went down to Coatesville, Pennsylvania, on the train, and were met at the station by his sister, a charming lady—I was becoming enough of an American to think of her as the Kay Francis type—about thirty-five, and her husband, and their young son, Dickie six or seven.

Rusty and I climbed into the front seat beside the husband, and Mrs. Joliffe got in the back seat with child. Mrs. Joliffe said, "We've heard so much about you from Rusty, and I guess he has told you what we've planned." Mr. Joliffe volunteered, "I guess you've never gone coasting"—it was beginning to snow. The child said, "I have a Lightning Guider, Mr. Shridharani."

We wound our way through the little town, which centers around some big steel mills, and stopped at a grocery store. Here Mrs. Joliffe got out, asked her husband for some money over the car-door, told the child to stay in, greeted two other women, and entered the store. When she returned, followed by a boy bearing large boxes I was fascinated to see her arms laden with holly boughs.

Once everything was inside, we climbed a hill overlooking Coatesville, and rolled slowly along a gravel

drive leading to their home. It was truly lovely, with candles at the windows, two tall pine trees in the yard, and the snow slowly falling everywhere.

We all piled out in the snowy air, and inside I was introduced to a grand old lady, Rusty's mother. When we were upstairs in my room, I said to Rusty, "Everyone is so nice to me, but your mother . . . ." I couldn't find words for her vitality and gaiety. Rusty understood, but he shook his head over his brother-in-law's mother who was also coming for Christmas, and who would not allow drinking. A Methodist, he said.

The doorbell rang, and Rusty dashed down, with me a slow, somewhat confused second. It was his fiancée who lived next door, a schoolteacher, young and pretty. To my amazement, he kissed her on the mouth. Her younger sister Mollie, seventeen years old, was with her: Mollie became my partner in coasting, dancing, and ping-pong.

This was the night before Christmas Eve, so it was a relatively quiet time. Mrs. Joliffe put Dickie to bed, Rusty's mother prepared the dinner, Mr. Joliffe fixed the tree lights, Rusty wandered around with his fiancée, and Mollie tried to teach me jitterbugging.

Finally, exhausted by these exercises, and hungry too, I sank down on the davenport. "My, that smells good," I exclaimed, echoing Mr. Joliffe, who had said the same thing when he came up from the cellar with the tree lighted.

"Rusty told his mother you don't eat meat, so she is having three extra courses of vegetables, and one dish which is her own idea of curry," Mollie laughed.

Just then Mrs. Joliffe came into the sun parlor where we were sitting and said, "Please don't get up." She merely wanted to tell me that Dickie had said I didn't look at all like Sabu.

The elder Mrs. Walters, Rusty's grandmother, called us and we all went into the dining room where food was already on the table and where Mr. Joliffe had busied himself pouring cocktails.

The cocktails had an immediate effect on me, as they always do, and the meal passed off riotously. Rusty and

the girls tried some of the special curry dish Mrs. Walters had prepared, and made shocking comments, which didn't seem to upset her good nature in the least, and I said I would cook something the next day if she had wheat flour.

Afterwards we were turned loose on the snowy terrace which excited me intensely, for it was my first snow, and only an Indian from the plains could really be as bewitched by the dazzling, new whiteness of the snow as I was. I threw myself down in it here and there, rolling about, and even tasted a misty handful of the incredible stuff. After that first fine rapture, I turned my attention to Rusty's activities, which unfortunately consisted of hurling himself down the slope of the terrace on an old sled. He showed me how to do it. "Hold it like this . . now . . . . go . . . ." and I did, with fine results at first and crystals flying in my face, but there was a place where I should have stopped—I overshot and landed in a rock garden in a thorny hedge, which Rusty's fiancee, shouting, told me was barberry.

The noise brought Mrs. Joliffe out of the house, which was beautiful in the moonlight. We trailed up the hill, with the air full of shrill cries and more laughter. There was more in store for me, it seemed, because, to my surprise, Mrs. Joliffe said, "Let me take you down." I didn't know exactly what this portended, and I had a vague idea her husband wouldn't approve. . . . Rusty, his girl, and Mollie closed in on us, and without too much hesitation I found myself sitting upright on the sled, the lovely matron seated behind me with her slim, unrubbered feet on the "guides." We sailed down the hill faster than ever, but at just the right moment she pushed on the guiders expertly, and we trailed off to a smooth finish, while the others set up a cheer. Mr. Joliffe came out then and said, "You'll wake Dickie," but far from disapproving, he joined in, taking Mollie down on his back. Then I tried that too.

In the course of the evening, I became "Krissie"—a sad, but I suppose inevitable, development in a nation of Mollies, Dickies, and Scottie dogs.

At 12 : 30 Rusty and I took the sisters home, which meant through the hedge and across the yard. We came back to Rusty's house, went into the kitchen, now untenanted, investigated the refrigerator, ate cheese and sandwiches, and had a Scotch-and-Soda.

The next morning when I came down, the brother-in-law's mother had come, and she was "O.K.," only all the bottles were hidden, and thereafter Mr. Joliffe entertained in the cellar. But I drank no more, since it isn't my habit, and after all, I am a Gandhi man.

Rusty and I went downtown after breakfast, stopping at the newspaper office, the drugstore, and "Blum's," the general store. In the newspaper office Rusty did an errand for his mother who wanted something in the classified advertisements, and I talked to the Editor of the *Standard* (circulation, 4,000), who also was the author of an extroverted column called "Scattergood Says."

Later on, after Christmas, Mrs. Walters ran across his report of our encounter, which I have saved in my clipping book. To me it is a cherished bit of Americana. It reads as follows :

> Howdy, folks.
>
> Gent from India was in here today. Phew, nobody can say Coatesville ain't on the map ! He is visiting up on the hill with "Russ" Walters who is home for the holidays from the World's Biggest City. Sez India is marching right along. Come again, Mr Shridharani—hope that's the way to spell it.
>
> Read it again, Matt. 2 : 1–12

At the drugstore half a dozen youths hovered over a punch board. Two or three of them were out of college, like Rusty. Most of them, I understood, were out of work, too ; one boy said he was going to go off to war.

I put four nickels in the punch board, and on the fourth try, wonderfully enough, I won two dollars, whereupon the crew haircuts fairly stood on end, and my audience looked as though it expected me to do the rope trick any minute. By request, I wrote "Merry Christmas"—and my name in Hindustani on a menu for the soda-fountain girl. Rusty and I walked out like Napoleon and his aide-de-camp.

In "Blum's" we bought a box of handkerchiefs for the brother-in-law's mother, for whom I had not been prepared; Rusty said she was giving me a bottle of after-shaving lotion. I had selected gifts for the others in New York—necklaces and pipes from India.

The house up on the hill was in an uproar when we returned. Mrs. Walters brandished a nut-cracker, Dickie tortured wrapping paper with a dull scissors, his mother was standing on a stepladder hanging mistletoe, her husband was ripping open Christmas cards, and the mother-in-law showed me a wreath she was taking to the grave of her husband.

We didn't see Dickie again until dinner, when he returned from watching what Rusty said, cruelly, was a fat local dentist in a red suit and whiskers riding through Main Street in a sleigh.

It was the child's Big Night really, and his father took an indoor movie of him as he went to bed in his pajamas. Then his toys were dragged out, and his tree was dragged in, and I was amazed at the lavishness of both.

The women of the family worked so hard on that tree, hanging bells and ordering Mr. Joliffe around, that after midnight, as Rusty and I noticed, two of them were in their stocking feet. The finished tree, scarlet and gold, blue, rose, and silver, was genuinely pretty.

The next day we opened our gifts, displayed our new presents, ate a vast dinner, played Dick's games, went to see the neighbor's tree, ate again, and entertained the neighbors.

When I took my train to New York on Monday, I waved good-by to my Coatesville friends and settled back n my seat, feeling like just another American householder

with my packages, a full stomach, "Joy to the world," running in my head, and a childish Christmas seal on my patchy suitcase—so that it now testified to Bombay, Suez Canal, Marseilles, London, New York—and "A Merry Christmas."

AN INDIAN'S SUMMER

It was after my first warm weather in the United States that I began to understand the spring-consciousness in English and American poetry. Not that our poets in India do not wax emotional about the season of love and warmth. But all seasons are born equal in India, and if I were to pick out any one particular season when India awakens to new life and comes into its own, I would certainly choose the rainy season, the monsoon. The most famous long poem of Kalidasa is *Meghaduta* (*The Cloud-Messenger*), and I feel that Tagore also was more of a poet of monsoon than a bard of spring.

In America flamboyant greenery springs forth when it begins to get warm, while in India it is then that leaves and flowers wither away, pools and ponds dry up, and a stark bleakness, which America sees only in winter though in a thousand-fold desolation, rattles the bones of bare woods. In America, it is spring which blows the breath of life into woods full of skeletons; in India the rains perform that magic of life-giving. India has its autumnal death-dances, but the Indian fall only heralds the advent of the spring, while in the United States the gorgeous colorations of the fall are but the last gallant flicker of the flame of life against the death-dealing onslaught of winter.

You have a saying, "In Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." I think what the young men of frost-bitten America must unconsciously feel in the spring is this: We've lived through another winter; let's make hay while the sun shines; the next winter may be the last.

In my first spring in America my fancies turned to a Boston girl who sat next to me in class. I had never danced with a woman in my life, but I asked her to

a June dance at the International House, and she accepted. When I went to call for her, I had three worries : Will she be entirely presentable? Will she be a wall-flower? And —only incidentally—will I know how to dance? She wore a pale blue evening dress of some flimsy stuff, and looked so beautiful that I was thunderstruck. She had a different partner every dance. And I discovered that you had to learn to dance American ; later I took ten easy lessons.

I'm sorry I came to the western world too late to dance under Japanese lanterns. I understand many of my American friends' parents had gay times under their moth-gathering glow. Things are less romantic now, they say. But Japanese lanterns are as quaint to me as they are to American youths. In India we have subdued lamps for our evenings of entertainment ; but they flicker on the floor as we sit. Girls dance the gurba, while men watch o'er the ramparts.

Somehow, the Indian moon seems brighter to me, and the Indian flowers more fragrant ; one tree of booch flowers can perfume an entire neighborhood. I must concede that American flowers are more colorful than Indian flowers. But there is nothing in the world like the hundred-petaled lotus that rears its majestic head over the jade-green waters of the foot-ponds of the Himalayas. Just as we have the king of beasts, the lion, and the king of birds, the peacock, so also we have the king of flowers, the lotus. And the lotus is so symbolic of the ideal man : it is in the water, and yet untouched by it !

India's flowers are Oriental, fragile, exotic, fragrant, but they aren't a patch on the hearty little "bachelor buttons," which New York vendors sell on the streets in the spring, the bluest things I have ever seen, with petals like blue cloves. I understand they are pink in Pennsylvania, which is why some people call them "ragged robins." They are almost my favorite American flower. The national "golden rod" is interesting, but it is rather sad, begging along the dusty highways after all its flashy, cultivated sisters have died.

When I saw the famous dogwood blooming at Valley Forge, I said what Americans say—"white butterflies,"

never meant to be captured in a vase. Violets, which are called "modest," are not really ; I've noticed them pushing themselves up everywhere, looking at cows and back fences, lending themselves to a cheap sale in the smelly subways. Daisies are like stars, but it seems to me that their foliage leaves something to be desired. And yet I believe in each flower to its own leaf. The way florists always put "asparagus ferns" with roses reminds me of a terribly mismanaged marriage.

I gather from American poets that the rose-bud is a baby, the narcissus a virgin, the lily-of-the-valley a bride, and the lilac an old lady. When I wrote poetry in India, I used champak for a spinster, lotus for innocence, jasmine for honeymoon, and the sunflower for old age. The names should make you want to see them. You'll find the jasmine growing around the Taj Mahal in Agra, the lotus in Kashmir, and the champak at my house in Bhavnagar. You are all invited.

The American flower that I shall miss most in India is the arbutus. They are like enchantresses ; they hide themselves under their own leaves and yet give forth a subtle and inviting perfume. You have to search them out diligently; like desirable girls, they inspire effort. How I wish that trailing arbutus would always grace my writing table !

There is a great deal of tortured beauty in the United States : artificial lakes, lighted fountains, sculptured mountains, tonsured hedges, caged peacocks, alphabetically arranged sea shells, petunias spelling "Central Park." The guide who took me over the battlefields at Gettysburg said his wife had placed some of the cannon balls in her yard for an ornament. "I painted 'em green," he added. That, I think, is a true picture of much of America's landscaping. Women with ideas, and good-natured men to carry them out.

There is, however, one great exception which I want to mention. It is the American flower shop. It breaks up somewhat the ugly, scatter-bones winter. Fall, winter, or summer it is as cheerful as ever—offering a sort of permanent hothouse spring. And so far as man-made, artificial beauty of orderliness is concerned, there is

nothing in the world to match its beauty, as there is nothing in the world to match the concentrated happiness-through-health of an American fruit store.

It is when nature does the right thing, in the right way, at the right time that America is devastatingly beautiful. Witness her wheat fields. Once I took a picture of them, standing on the running board of a Chevrolet in Kansas, and I was caught in the act—to our mutual astonishment—by a farmer who stared at me across the drooping, pregnant heads of his golden protectorate. I wanted to say that I had no designs upon his sunny realm. India has no navy ; I was simply a man from a rice-growing country who was inspired.

And there is nothing in India as full of the unexplainable as one of America's country roads between sunset and dawn on a hot summer night. Then one comes upon cars parked in shady lanes, silent farmhouses shuttered in vines, mystery-haunted woodlands, while all about the night is filled with softly moving creatures ; frogs croak under the culverts, leafy branches clutch at the sides of one's car, and there is ceaseless motion in the dark.

But in the daylight, on a steamy Saturday morning, for example, America presents the most innocent scene in the world. Children licking ice-cream cones, old men snapping their suspenders, youths tending gardens and riding bicycles, old ladies snipping ramblers.

I often marvel that the United States continues to function so smoothly in summer. Preachers go away on long vacations, leaving their parishioners to the devil's devices, schoolteachers set out to be married, doctors leave their vital tasks to others, farmers work harder than ever, and wives leave their husbands for months-long sojourns. (If the activities of American women seem to occupy a place in a great many of my paragraphs, it is because their freedom interests me, and because I will return to a country where women are just beginning to know such freedom. I cannot believe that American ways of "freedom" are altogether perfect.)

To an American, apparently, there are three lovely summer sounds. Bees buzzing above a hammock, ice

tinkling in a glass, and dance music floating on the warm night air. I have a hammock at home, and it is considered exceedingly uncomfortable. No one uses it but me, and I only use it when the bees are not buzzing in the overhanging neem trees. As for ice tinkling in a glass, that depends. Ice tinkling in iced tea? Awful! Ice in a mint julep? Never had one. Ice in lemonade? Passable. But for a real drink there is bhung; or one can have pomegranate wine, limes, and shurbat. As for dance music, give me a sarangi, a nobat, and zanzars. Let me listen to it swinging in my hammock, with the bees at the other end of the garden, with ice tinkling in my glass, and the temple dancers tinkling no louder than the ice.

I've been in the United States many summers now, and I have persistently begged the ladies I have known not to let themselves get sunburned. In India we have learned not to play with the sun. The sun is not to be fooled with, whether in deserts of the Rajputana or Atlantic City. (And while there's beauty in a girl who is born bronze, brown, black, I'll be darned, as you say, if I can see beauty in blue-eyed brownness.)

Summer never comes bursting upon us in India. At home, when I see the trumpet vine replace the hepatica, I may idly observe to my brother that we can expect hotter weather, both of us standing on grass that never disappeared, carrying fans that were never put away, hearing birds that never ceased singing, wearing turbans that were never reinforced with double thickness. In America, on the other hand, I have noticed many little explosions in June which I shall never forget.

And so one day when I return to India after a few more moons have waned, I'll pick up a summer issue of *The New Yorker*, forwarded to me in Abu mountains, and say, "Well, it's Indian summer in America . . . ." and think that farmers are taking out their "storm-doors," shop-keepers are taking in their awnings, women are getting their furs out of storage, cities are giving up Daylight Saving, and preachers are taking up a collection for us irresponsible Hindus . . . . such a busy country, America . . . . so restful here.

III. HINDUS ARE HUMAN BEINGS

But there is neither East nor West,
Border nor Breed nor Birth
When two strong men stand face to face,
Tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

—KIPLING

FORTUNE-TELLER

IN the course of such desultory, self-conscious conversation as always surrounds a leave-taking, my third cousin—the most food-conscious of the group which came to see me off at the Ballard Pier in Bombay—happened to mention America's Childs restaurants. He said, "What Lyons' corner houses are to London, Childs are to New York." I made a mental note of the name.. Childs.... Childs. He had said that there I would see the real Mr. and Mrs. America.

Soon after I settled down in uptown New York, I rushed to a nearby Childs for my first real taste of America. A dainty waitress, with rouged cheeks and well-powdered face, asked for my What-'ll-you-have-Sir in what I later learned to recognize as the Brooklyn accent. She glided around not one, but a whole section of tables with the mechanical precision of a shuttle that was bound to surprise a man whose countrywomen took pride in the slow and "dignified walk of the she-elephant."

It was the "rush hour," and she apparently had no time to linger with any one customer. Yet I noticed her casting appraising glances at me even while serving at a distant table. When between the main course and dessert she exclaimed, "You're from India, aintya? That's one country I would sure love to go!" I felt confirmed in

my belief that all the time she had been trying to place me.

But in quick succession came coffee and the check, and before I could realize what was happening, I felt her tapering fingers like flames of fire in the hollow of my palm. She had thrust her hand into mine. For a moment I thought, "This is America ! A hand-kiss for a compliment—or for a tip." But to my great astonishment, the girl asked, "Tell my fortune ?"

I pleaded honest ignorance of the art, slid a dime under a saucer, and made a bee-line for the revolving door.

Not all Indians are fortune-tellers ; not even a good many of them. I have seen many a compatriot of mine waving his artistic hands over the crystal at Coney Island, Atlantic City, or Santa Monica. I have also witnessed the miracle of countrymen of mine starving one year, and the next year living in fashionable hotels, dining and wining with debutantes at society hot-spots. For in the meantime they have put on a turban, grown a beard, and learned to tell well-to-do women that their "love will come true by the full moon in September." A talkative Govanese waiter, whom I met in a New York restaurant, disappeared for two years and then suddenly returned one day with a limousine full of feminine admirers. Apparently the success of philosophic tirades over the menus had given him the right idea. When I drew him to a corner with the intention of shaming him out of his racket, his recently mystified eyes became full of meaning, and he said in a solemn tone, "They need me. I am introducing hope into their frantic culture."

Apart from any real merit, the prestige of being a fortune-teller has stood up well for many a Hindu amateur on the American college campus. More than one Indian student has confided in me, with the half-concealed suggestion that I profit by their experience, that fortune-telling does help—particularly, for example, at cocktail parties, where a foreigner can be at a tremendous disadvantage.

Nearly a hundred thousand men and women in the United States make their living by computing the

positions of the planets, or by unriddling the cobwebs of lines in the palm, or simply by seeing things in a glass globe. But all these cannot be Indians, if only because there are no more than four thousand nationals of India in the United States. The city of New York alone has two thousand crystal-gazers, card-readers, palmists, tea-leaf readers and soothsayers, yet of all these practitioners of a lively art scarcely ten, at any given time, are Indians. Almost invariably, approaching some turbaned mystic, I find an American buried under sun-tan, with a cultivated and false Oriental accent. The poor Hindu is pushed out of a highly lucrative pursuit in America.

Back home in India, the fortune-teller is the fellow who sits on the banks of the Ganges or outside the temple gates, and fumbles a few words in exchange for a penny or two. Once in a while he gives comfort to an uneasy mother by assuring her that her ailing son will be hale and hearty in a month. In that case his fee is a little higher. And if the client slips past without throwing down his tribute on the mattress, the squatting fortune-teller satisfies himself by loudly reversing all he has said, an "Irish curse," so to speak. The priestly astrologer, who prepares horoscopes at births and marriages, is more of an institution than anything else. He fortifies the farmer in his faith that the rains are sure to come. By and large, however, he is an unorganized individual aided partly by tradition and partly by the caprices of the gods, and his main support comes from the lower strata of society. Unlike his American counterpart, he is not the solace of the sophisticated and the wealthy. The fact that Wall Street and Hollywood are the most important patrons of fortune-tellers in the world reveals not only a "stress situation," but also the social recognition that the soothsayer has been given in these glittering communities. For in this modern world the vagaries of nature, now greatly controlled by science, have been replaced by the vagaries of a highly impersonal finance-capitalism, and human beings in India or in America are still frightened little people facing insecurity and the unknown.

The streamlined twentieth-century version of the perennial fortune-teller surprises and baffles a Hindu. The fact that the late Evangeline Adams could count J. P. Morgan as a client is something new. And when a Hindu hears that Miss Adams used to receive 35,000 letters a day after going on the air, and that she had a million clients, he wonders whether even Chittralekha, the all-knowing, could ever attain such heights. The fortune-teller of India, armed with a single scroll, simply is no match for the modern American astrologer whose staff includes a couple of mathematicians, a research body, and a host of secretaries. One of them, a graduate of Columbia University Law School, had offices in Rockefeller Center and branch offices in Europe and South Africa. For horoscoping corporations, she charges fees ranging from $1,000 to $10,000, and she edits an astrological magazine which enjoys a circulation of 75,000. A prime example of her commercialization of the stars is her policy of claiming twenty per cent of her clients' stock-market winnings.

But this is not all. There is a National Association of Fortune Tellers, an American Academy of Astrologers, and Miss Marie Costello has a chain of twenty-three gypsy tea-rooms. The ancient Hindus can indeed learn from the achievements of modern Americans.

AND NOW . . . . THE ROPE TRICK

During that first summer in New York, I was invited for a weekend cruise on Long Island Sound. I do not yet know how the lady got hold of me in the first place, but she told me that she was interested in the "mysticism of the East" and that "a little rest on the water" was just the thing I needed before I embarked on the heavy schedule of Summer School. Apparently five thousand miles of sea vogage were not visibly stamped upon me.

At the end of the cruise, which turned out to be unexpectedly exciting, I was given a gala dinner on the shore estate which extended acres inland from her private yacht landing. All through the dinner I encountered unnerving glances from the men and giggles from the

ladies, and suddenly I began to feel that the atmosphere was heavy with mystic overtones.

When we withdrew to the drawing room for brandy and coffee, I casually noticed that a huge coil of rope was placed in the center of the circle drawn by comfortably cushioned chairs and lounges. My first thought was that perhaps it had a peculiar decorative significance for nautical-minded wealthy Americans. Or perhaps my pleasant hostess had made a special effort to imitate Indian snake decorations in my honor.

A few minutes of lively conversation followed, in which one talked to everybody in the room except to the lady sitting beside him. Then I saw the substantial figure of my hostess rising, and silence crept over the group. She bowed slightly and said in a solemn tone, as if the main event of the evening were being announced, "And now, our distinguished guest from India, that land of mystery, will perform the rope trick."

I was immediately in the spotlight glare of a roomful of eyes—eyes that were amused, but in-the-know—and a chill went down my spine. Apparently I was the only surprised person there.

I was in a serious predicament. On the one hand, my heart was full of appreciation and gratitude to my hostess who had done everything to make my brief visit a pleasant one—and that, too, on the slightest acquaintance. On the other hand, I could not possibly perform for her, though I realized now that she believed this was merely the equivalent of a daily setting-up exercise for me. Then there were the guests. What about their disappointment, I debated with myself, when they find out that the "distinguished Hindu" cannot give them the supreme treat which the hostess had promised them?

Luckily I had a bright idea—I excused myself on the ground that it was not the right kind of rope. After a few minutes of futile exhortation on their part, we closed the incident with my hostess promising me a "bigger and better" rope next time.

Not all Hindus are Houdinis.

In every town square in India a magician appears sooner or later, and as a youngster I recall seeing a full-grown mango tree bursting out from nowhere right in front of my eyes. Many a time I have seen detached limbs being patched up again, and boys coming to life after having been beheaded. But never in my life have I seen the rope trick, nor have I ever met anyone who has seen it. The only performance of the rope trick that I know of occurred in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria on the occasion of a Beaux Arts Ball. As in fortune-telling, so in magic has American business enterprise outdistanced us. Houdini himself admitted he could not find in India much that was new in the way of magic. On the contrary, the Hindus learned a trick or two from him. Why, we used to hear a great deal in India about the progress being made in America by spiritualists and mediums, and Hindu magicians actually did take their cue from American experiments. The very word "faker" is an American refinement of the Arabic "fakeer" which means an impecunious saint—and what a refinement!

Moreover, Hindus regard magic as a meli vidya or a "dirty art," and they look down upon those who perform it. The respectability that it enjoys in the form of harmless entertainment in Park Avenue pent-houses and at Rotarian dinners jars upon Hindu sensitivity, and the great American industry of manufacturing trick playing-cards and rubber eggs and other such "magical" devices would be unthinkable in India, or, at least, it has been unthinkable up to now. So far as snake charmers are concerned, they are a separate tribe, and theirs is considered a lowly profession.

MY BRIEF CAREER AS A YOGI

A middle-aged lady in Rhode Island, exquisite and luminous, one of those favoured creatures of the gods who are at their best between forty and fifty-five, took an interest in me in the early years of my stay in the United States. When I had shared enough of her time to know her friends also, I learned that she had the proper and glamorous connections with the *Mayflower*, and that

mixed with her blue blood was the blood of the Indians, the "originals" in this land of foreigners, and apparently her favorite forebears. Red or blue, she was the veritable warden of a self-imposed concentration camp of Society.

My first introduction to her came through an American writer whom I had met at Abu in western India during one of those summer months when an entire stratum of India moves to "hill stations" to escape the heat. The first day I entered milady's home, I was more pleased than surprised when she introduced me to the only other Indian at her party, a sort of an Indian-ola engulfed in a large pink turban. When she introduced him as Swami Sulaiman, I very nearly broke down, what with the incongruity of a turban on a Swami, and a Mohammedan name tacked onto a Hindu religious title. In spite of his profession of "detachment alike in bliss and sorrow," Swami Sulaiman looked definitely disconcerted under the eye of an unexpected compatriot. However, that was our first and last encounter, as he soon sailed for India with the financial blessings of my hostess, to conduct research on "Proper Breathing as a Means to World Peace."

For reasons unknown to me, the departure of the so-called Swami coincided with the increased frequency of my visits to Rhode Island. Fortnight after fortnight I went there, enjoying thoroughly all the little attentions which are the lot of a combination guest and exhibit. To my lasting sorrow, however, I soon discovered that a chance remark of mine had been taken with unnecessary seriousness by my hostess. In an off moment I had told her that according to my experience meditation came naturally in an early morning under an open sky. Every time I visited her sea-side sanctuary after that unfortunate remark, I was expected to get up at five in the morning, parade across the lawn in her company to the water front, and sit on the pebbles for half an hour meditating. It was during those performances that I really came to appreciate the foresight of my ancestors who had prescribed "closing of the eyes" while meditating.

Greater trials were in store for me. One morning while on my way to the meditation ground, I discerned a group of women fluttering in the early morning shadows. My hostess was already there, awaiting my arrival along with the others. It soon transpired that I was to give an illustrated talk on meditation, proper breathing—and "Yoga in general."

There and then we agreed, as amicably as possible under the circumstances, that we had arrived at the parting of the ways.

That was perhaps the first time in history when Yoga stood between two souls.

Not all Indians enjoy a religious station. They are not all Swamis, or Yogis, or Sadhus, or Rishis

In the United States one may hear about one Yogi Tincanwalla, advertising himself as "The Einstein of Spiritual Relativity," and giving "soul-instilling free lectures"—always with a subtle suggestion for a "silver offering" at the end. But however strong his influence may be in the discovery of "The Boundless Being," a Tincanwalla's name can only belong to a Parsi, and thus he can hardly call himself a Yogi, any more than a Baptist preacher could call himself an Archbishop of Canterbury. Often Americans are invited to attend classes ("$2·00 for each attendance; $25.00 for the series of fifteen") in "Yogic breathing" given by some Swami Sulaiman; but to a Hindu "Swami Sulaiman" sounds as incongruous as "Pope Bernstein" would sound to a Catholic. Once in a while, a Christian is heard calling himself a Rishi just because he hails from India and is unemployed otherwise. More frequently, however Americans with Yogic proclivities repair to some "Yogashram" conducted by one of their compatriots Yogi Edwin Russell or Sadhu Smith. What with their native understanding of business and advertising, Americans invariably make showier and more successful Swamis and Yogis than Indians; their annual incomes mount into the thousands. But not all of them can be Swamis or Yogis, for not even all Indians can be Swamis or Yogis. One has to be a Hindu, and fortunately or unfortunately, one has to be born a Hindu.

What limits the field still further, and casts doubt on many professional Indian spiritualists in the United States, is the fact that not even all Hindus can be Rishis. King Rama, the Ideal King and an Incarnation of God, hunted down a Shudra, that is, a man belonging to the fourth caste of menial laborers, and killed him simply because the Shudra was disciplining himself in order to be a Rishi. It is fortunate for the phoney Swamis of today that Rama no longer haunts the earth with his bow and arrow.

Now, it should be made clear that a Yogi is to be found in a remote cave of the Himalayas, or in the thick forests of central India, or sometimes on the banks of the Ganges. He has no earthly possessions, and he shuns social contacts; even his daily bread is provided by admiring devotees. He does not go out even to teach, or spread knowledge of what, through living in harmony with nature and away from the lustful crowds, he may have discovered in realms of the spirit; he is to be sought after by votaries of truth. Nor does he proudly style himself a Yogi or a Rishi: he is given such a title only by the faithful when they become aware of his selfless wisdom. The designation comes unsought and falls in his lap like a ripe mango. There are fakers galore in India, to whom God's name is a salable commodity to be bartered to the superstitious masses; but they are called Bahvas and always are distinguished from Yogis and Rishis. With an understanding of all this, it is perhaps easier to grasp why the sensitivity of one brought up in the Hindu tradition is shocked when he finds some of his own countrymen in the United States dragging spiritual qualities down to the market place.

There are probably half a dozen genuine Hindu Swamis in America who do fulfill all the requirements of caste and religion, of birth and training, and who have created a lasting place for themselves in various communities. Of the ten or twenty Indians who have some claim to upper-bracket earnings in the United States, curiously enough, these Swamis are at the top of the list. One or

two of these priests have real-estate interests in some of the most fashionable purlieus of New York, Boston, and Los Angeles, and some are millionaires. Such facts, together with the realization that India is already over-advertised with respect to her religiosity, render many a young Indian visiting America unappreciative if not seriously critical of the activities of even these genuine Swamis. Yet there is a case, as there is a place, for this transplanted clergy. They have gone a long way toward establishing a real community of religions. They have also brought the wisdom of the Hindus to a distant shore, and, unlike the Christian missionaries in the Orient, without any intention of proselyting "the heathens." And very likely their greatest contribution lies in answering a dire American need. The uncertainties of an industrial economy, the speed and noise of the modern city, the dreadful stresses and strains of modern times have had their effects on countless Americans. To a few of these victims of modern "civilization" the Swamis do bring a serenity of mind by teaching the wisdom of a people who for centuries have lived peacefully and valiantly in face of want.

NOT EVEN A MAHARAJAH

A group of friends invited me to dinner at the Rainbow Room. All were to dress for the evening, and to please the girl I was escorting, I consented to wear my turban and also the achkan shervani (the rest of it).

After my first swing around the dance floor with my partner, I suddenly found myself being shot at by flashing cameras. In the wake of the photographers came two society reporters, a man and a woman. They asked what I thought of American girls and whether we had ice cream in India.

Just as they were taking their leave with deep bows and curtsies, the woman reporter remembered to ask me one important detail:

"Chief, what are you Maharajah of?"

When I replied that I had not the remotest claim to any throne, they gave me a look that I have not forgotten to

this day—a look full of self-pity at having spent so much time on an interesting-looking creature who was not even a Maharajah.

But not all the Indians are Maharajahs, nor is every Indian she-tourist in sari and sandals, smelling of sandalwood, a visiting princess.

Recently I read in one of the "slick" magazines, a highly literate publication with a nation-wide circulation, that a Princess Naju Sobawalla personally had taught the writer her own recipe for preparing the Bombay Duck. What a dreadful and silly story! First of all, Bombay Duck is something that even a duck would disdain; it is dried fish with an overpowering odor. Second, preparing Bombay Duck is not considered any revelation of India's culinary art; it is as uncomplicated as frying a strip of bacon. And finally, no one called Naju Sobawalla could be a princess, as every Hindu child could explain. One is apt to read often in society columns about some Prince Bomanjee or Prince Dinshaw being entertained at a swank American soirée. Now Bomanjee and Dinshaw are Parsi names and Parsi prerogatives, and no Parsi has yet been a Prince or a Princess in India. One often hears, too, about some Princess Violet Venkattappaiya or Prince Ramdas Blacksmith giving a lecture on "A Day in India," probably with demonstrations of how the Hindu ties his turban. The royal designation going before such combinations of Christian and Hindu names is a sign of the catholic taste of the ignoramus. To take another example, I have been asked many times whether I knew one Prince Mukerjee, and every time I have had to answer that no Mukerjee could be a prince just as no Smith could be His Royal Highness.

Rumors of parvenu Princes seem to thrive best on college campuses. Once, after I had delivered a lecture to a group of students at Cornell, an athletic young man came up to me and asked whether I had met Prince Allah Bakhsh who was taking a course in "Hotel Administration." I could not resist saying that it would go down as a red-letter day in India's history when royalty took

to such useful studies. A Hawaiian friend of mine once confided to me that an Indian Prince was studying sugar chemistry at the University of Honolulu, but I am sure he must have been a Maharajah's scholar and not a Maharajah's son. A jewel-studded Indian girl studying at the University of Chicago was on the guest list at all the society functions her academic schedule gave her time for. A Chicago newspaper printed pictures of her with arrows pointing at her nose-ring as a mark of royalty; but nose-rings are worn even by street dancers in India, though it is true they wear pellets of mother-of pearl and not diamonds.

But none of these stories equals the one about the very poor Turkish boy, a classmate of mine at Columbia, who decided after seeing "Clive of India" that he was Indian royalty. I remember distinctly the first time we talked of it, for he had just seen the movie two hours before when we bumped into each other in the Times Square subway station. It was a hot summer afternoon, and the subway was even hotter, while the noise was so terrific that I could scarcely hear what he was saying. When I did make it out, I thought immediately that he was suffering from the heat. It was a revival of the picture which he had seen, and the sound-track had been blurred—with the usual sound of rain drops to be heard in a revived movie—but with difficulty he had learned that the Nabob in this historical film was called "Suraj-ad-dowla."

"Now, does not *dowla* mean gold in Hindustani?" he asked, actually panting.

"Something like that," I said. "The word comes either from Persian or Arabic, not from Sanskrit."

"But that's just it," he said gleefully. "My mother, who was a Persian as you know, told me before she died that one of my ancestors was a *dowla*." And then he gave a long account of his Russian father and Persian mother fleeing the Bolsheviks with a bundle of baby which later turned out to be my Turkish friend.

I could easily have forgotten the whole yarn, but it bobbed up again and again to confront me. The fellow

was quite in earnest, and came to believe in his royal descent and to introduce himself as the Prince of Bengal. Some of our mutual friends grew concerned, and several even asked me if a free India would restore this romantic exile to the throne of Bengal. One day I was questioned in front of others so persistently that I had no choice but to tell the truth. After all, our friend was taking liberties with an historical incident. History had given us the bare bones of poor Suraj-ad-dowla, saying that he was done to death by the British before he could have had any legal offspring.

The surprising liberality with which Americans accept newly arrived Hindus as Maharajahs may partly be the result of a mistaken idea that an Indian potentate is something like a Red Indian tribal chief, or the head of an African tribe. However, there are only five hundred and sixty native rulers in India, and a majority of them are "third class," too insignificant to keep up any pretense of royalty, and too insolvent to travel abroad. The remaining few fabulously rich Maharajahs are highly exclusive, and hobnob only with the wealthiest aristocrats of London or New York.

Yet, even Maharajahs have occasionally been known to go off the deep end, and Indian folklore has woven delightful tales around a group of "Maharajahs, Mouthpieces, and Monkeys." In America a dethroned Hindu ruler has married into Seattle Society, and his son played Fairy Prince to a Cinderella nurse whom he met on a trans-continental airliner. Recently a story in the New York *Times* credited this American bride with influencing the Maharajah, "noted for lavish spending before his marriage," into cutting his annual outlay by $32,000. In spite of such credit-lines, Americans, I feel, cannot lose much by knowing that Indian Maharajahs are not as numerous as ex-Russian princes in this country.

It is hard to pin the guilt for the myth that all Hindus with social graces are Maharajahs on any particular set of people. Many imitations from the West Indies and from the Near East get by with their ridiculous claims, because Americans are a good-hearted, easy-going people

and because India is a far-off country where anything, after all, *might* happen. The Maharajah-myth also seems to disclose that a certain layer of American society is slightly snobbish and wants to believe that its few foreign friends are of some account. Few Americans are cynical enough to discount the surface entirely so long as appearances are proper or entertaining. And a false but lovely princess is more of an attraction than no princess at all. The American reporter, to look in another direction, has to have a "story" if the city editor is to consider it news, so that calling a good-looking Hindu girl a princess seems a slight enough concession to newspaper readers. However, the list of the accused cannot be complete unless some Hindus are also subpoenaed. Many an Indian must have found it convenient to crash the gate of American society on false pretenses. Still others must have found it the only way to provide newspaper copy. And many an Indian student must have tried to impress his college friends and the girls he met by describing himself as the son of the third richest Maharajah in India. So many myths are established by sangfroid on one hand and credulity on the other, that the Maharajah-myth cannot be altogether an exception. We have a saying in India : Not only the one who told it, but also the one who listened to that tale, must have been a fool !

GYPSY! GYPSY!

Generally one expects to do all one's entertaining at home, and certainly one does not dream of receiving a constant stream of guests while six thousand miles away from home. But I have had to do a great deal of entertaining in America ; indeed, I have had more guests in this foreign country than ever I received in my own guest house. If one stays in New York and is active in the several Indian organizations, one becomes a sort of unofficial host and guide to all Indians visiting the United States.

In a majority of cases, conducting such sightseeing tours is a pleasure, and in a few cases it is a real privilege. Indian men of eminence, too busy or too removed from

affairs to be approachable back home, are easy to know in a foreign country and they appreciate one's attention. But it is while escorting Indian women that the real privileges come, and sometimes the real problems.

Most of the men from India behave like Romans while in Rome and adopt European dress. But an Indian woman seldom gives up her sari, partly because it is indeed very graceful and partly because she is so often, in her travels, complimented on her dress by other women.

Promenading with a sari-clad Indian woman on Fifth Avenue is almost like doing a turn for the circus. People frankly take notice, most of them admiringly, a few with slight amusement. But the privileges of publicity are greatly outweighed by the risks one faces while trailing a sari on a department-store escalator or in a subway. One has to carry the train of a sari to prevent it from being caught in an escalator crack ; and while boarding a subway train, I have had to engage myself in many a skirmish to prevent my sari-wrapped feminine cargo from being stampeded, while the other end of the car remained almost empty. Once I accompanied an Indian lady of rank to Macy's. I felt it necessary to babble unceasingly so that she would not overhear the scarcely concealed whispers of "gypsy !"

Equally amusing to me was my experience at the close of a speech I delivered before a woman's club in the South. A woman came rushing toward me, dragging a child at her side. She said breathlessly : "My young daughter was greatly disappointed to see an Indian without feathers !"

"Ah, but, Madam," I found myself saying, "my parents, too, were greatly disappointed when it was found that I could not grow feathers."

My third winter in this country took me to the Middle West on a lecture tour. One Sunday afternoon, after I had addressed the luncheon meeting of the local Rotary I was strolling in the streets of a small Iowa town. Beside me was my host, the president of the club. I had my turban on, a concession I agreed to make, to add

what my host regarded as "necessary color" to the occasion. We walked a few blocks in complete silence, I enjoying the sight of distant hills and my host yielding to what he must have thought was a Hindu's philosophic brooding.

After a while I noticed that a small but lively and laughing band of children was following us; I would have said they were up to mischief. Vainly I tried to guess the precise reason for their pursuit, and, finally, I asked my host whether he knew what they were up to. Before he could answer, one of the boys called out: "It speaks!"

THE HUMAN BEING

When added up on purpose, instead of put together by accident, these varied impressions give the caricature of the Hindu. He is either a fortune-teller, a snake charmer, a magician, or a freak. When Americans take him to be a Swami, they are just being generous. And when they call him a Maharajah, it is not because they want to pay him a compliment; it is because Hindus are something of the sort. Or simply because "Hindus must be something."

Risking a bit of exaggeration, it can be said that the picture is more than a caricature. It is an image which, like the Jinn of Aladdin, uncorks itself and assumes a pose before the mental eye of the American as soon as the word "Hindu" is mentioned. This is not denying that some Americans do know about Gandhi and his loincloth. Indeed there are Americans and groups of Americans who have read Tagore's poetry, and who have a first-hand knowledge of Indian politics; there are Indologists in this country familiar with the four Vedas. But these are few and far between, and to the Main Street American, Tagore might as well be a food that Gandhi eats when he breaks his fast. If the Hindu is not a fabulously rich Maharajah, he is a queer saint who sleeps on a bed of nails between rope tricks.

In trying to reproduce America's picture of the Hindu, perhaps my lines are sharp and distinct in places where they might well have been diffuse, and my daubs crude

where they should have been illusive. The composite, however, is essentially authentic and sound, authentic because the matter is of personal experience, and sound because admittedly it is one picture, and yet not the whole picture. For one people's impression of another is never like a Rembrandt portrait ; it is like a Japanese scroll, a series of pictures, a continuous whole. And yet a people can seldom achieve the right proportions that an accomplished artist can, and so their Japanese scroll-picture is apt to be overly exaggerated in places, and even in the wrong places. Such atrocities are worth the effort at smoothing out and clarifying, and the image of the Hindu in the minds of many Americans is a challenge to be taken up by interpreters of India. No doubt it is merely America's stage version of the Hindu, a pattern one discerns in mystery novels with Indian background, or in motion pictures with exotic Oriental touches. But it has also become a fixture in the minds of many exposed to these influences, and they must be given an urge to enjoy it as such and not take it too seriously.

Indians are not, then, Maharajahs, Swamis, fortune-tellers, elephant boys, and snake charmers so often as they are people like any others, plain flesh-and-blood creatures, with common likes and dislikes, with human charms and drawbacks.

IV. BECOMING AMERICANIZED

Coelum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.
. . . . petimus bene vivere ; quod petis hic est.

—HORACE

DOING THE COUNTRY

I HADN'T been long in the United States when I began to hear a chorus advising me: "New York is not America; you should get out of the Big City and see the real country."

What intrigued me especially was the fact that most of the deprecation of the magic metropolis came from thoroughbred New Yorkers who I felt would begin to long for their shut-in apartments after one week in the wide-open spaces.

Parisians used to tell you that Paris was the best city in the world. So did Londoners ; there was no finer place to live. And to Bengalis, Calcutta is the true Mecca.

But New York is a city largely inhabited by people who profess not to like it, and New Yorkers invariably seem to be people born outside of New York. I wonder what happens to the countless babies born in the big city every year !

And when these New Yorkers, superiorly and sublimely forgetting that they themselves were a part of the city scene, contrasted the gentility, the quiet, the hospitality of the culture of the country with the heartless and cut-rate and cut-throat sophistication of their fellow-cosmopolites, I began to suspect that something was very queer—there was a fly in the ointment of my Americanization.

So I began to frequent the countryside more often than before and, to my great astonishment, I discovered that

America, with the notable exception of New York, was a country filled with local pride. No matter what town I visited, the native assured me that his college, his factory, his river, was the best in the country if not in the whole world, and he took a similar pride in his state and region. I found, too, that Main-Streeters united with the Broadway farers in at least one judgment : for everyone distrusted New York. I know an American small-businessman in Kansas who always asks his wife whether the movie at the local theater is about what he calls "New York life." If it is, Heaven and earth can't drag him there.

Now if everyone detests the New York scene, then why are there so many plays and movies about it ? My guess is that many American movies are concerned with Manhattan drawing rooms because script writers and show people in general, who are largely an endogenous as well as endogamous group, can't imagine people not loving New York as they do.

Then, people with sharp wits gravitate toward New York where there is plenty of grist for their mill, while people with duller wits are afraid of New York, which is a veritable ocean-waste of anonymity for all save those who ride the crest.

I have found New York a fascinating and baffling panorama of human variations and frailties ; it's a fine place to visit, as they say, but it isn't to be adopted as a lovely little home town.

Item : a New York subway on a hot summer day is the place to realize that human beings in the mass are hard to love.

Item : it is a city under constant repair—like an overworked whore who needs a new make-up every hour. At that, it may some day look beautiful if Robert Moses gets through face-lifting it. It may even become fit to live with permanently.

When finally I made up my mind to explore America beyond the Hudson Valley, it was much more in answer to a deeply felt spiritual need than as a response to the constant advice of friends.

I had had an agreement with a group of newspapers and journals in India to write a weekly letter on my impressions of America. I had kept it all during my voyage to this country, as well as during my stop-overs in Europe, and for the first few months of my stay in New York. Then suddenly one day I felt that I had nothing more to write; I thought that what I had already written for the Indian publications was a glorified travelogue, a recording of the superficial. I terminated the agreement until I could have a more extensive as well as more intensive knowledge of the American scene.

So as soon as the University ended its academic year, I joined up with two Iraqi fellow-students and bought a secondhand Chevrolet, which we christened "Mehdi," meaning in Arabic "lucky." We drove in it for seventeen thousand miles over a period of four months, and visited practically every state in the Union. Later on, when my lecture tours took me to those distant states over and over again, I felt that I might have very well spared myself that grueling summer and its expenditure of time and energy. On the other hand, knocking around the country in such an informal manner did me a lot of good and provided me with many happy memories of people and places. Three things about that trip are still fresh in my mind.

Hardly had we left New York State when we learned that a New York license plate is more of a liability than an asset. Policemen in other states, it seems to me, take a sadistic pleasure in "showing up" city-slickers from New York.

In the second place, I fell utterly in love with the American scene and felt that if there was "heaven on earth," it was right here. This was before I had heard anyone talk of "God's country." Not that I did not see flaws in the masterpiece corporately drawn by a vigorous and pioneering people. Especially I noticed with dismay the junk-yards, the dump-heaps, the abandoned houses and factories, and I felt that an economy which makes it cheaper to build anew than to mend or amend the half-used must be essentially a wasteful economy. But

such flaws were few, and I was glad for the people of the United States, even if all along that pilgrimage I felt a deep pang in my heart—a pang that sprang from the renewed realization of the comparative misfortune of my own people and the strong desire to remake India in the American image.

The third thing that I remember of that tour, as well as of all subsequent tours, is the chance I had to make comparative notes on your people and mine; here are some of the unconnected highlights.

VEIL OF MYSTERY

All over the United States I have talked with men and women who want to visit India. And I am always a little bit intrigued when a prospective visitor to my country tells me that he fully expects that unexpected romance awaits him in India and that he feels called to explore the mystery of that distant land. For I had similar expectations of America before I came here. And I have a sneaking suspicion that Americans and Indians, Englishmen and Chinese—all of us regard any foreign country as a strange oasis full of lurking surprises and blood-curdling adventures. Indians say: "The portion of sweetmeat on the other fellow's plate always looks larger."

A great deal has been written about the mystery of India. And yet, as I write this on a summer evening in Connecticut, I could easily divorce myself from the fact that I *know* America, and look out and find it very mysterious, even dangerous. The town clock points to midnight. The air is hot and ominous. What is that wailing at the foot of the hill? (A Sunday night picnic.) Who is that evil-looking man trespassing in my host's garden? (A neighbor whose young daughter left her doll on the lawn this afternoon.) What is that haunting odor in the night-air? (One of America's unique "polecats.") Whose distorted face is peering out the window over there? (A woman who looks at the town clock to see if it's time to take her hay-fever medicine.) What did the stranger mean this morning when he murmured,

"Hot day, isn't it?" as I passed him in the street? (He meant, "Hot day we're both undergoing, isn't it?" with true American fellowship.)

The mysteries of India are as simple as that, too. Picture yourself in the same setting with India as the locale—oppressive heat, midnight, a queer singing in the distance, someone prowling in the garden, a weird odor in the air, a face at the window, the memory of a strange encounter in your mind.

The noise is our music. an old Hindu couple is celebrating its fiftieth wedding anniversary with a party. The man in the garden is the gardener, and he's hunting the smell, which is an exploded pumpkin. The face at the window is a mother who wonders why her son doesn't come home from the party. And the man on the street was I, who said, "Didn't I meet you in Connecticut?" in Hindustani.

Americans attribute mystery to any other human who does unconventional things they cannot conceive of themselves as doing—the man who lives in a garret, the person who walks alone at night, the widow who sings at sun-down on the lake where her husband was drowned, the citizen who reads a foreign-language newspaper, the old man who will not cut his hair, the girl who takes no interest in boys, the shopkeeper who is indifferent to business and stays in the back room of his shop, the priest who talks to himself, the doctor who practises vivisection, the woman who keeps cats, and last but not least the shabby vagabond who comes to the back door and asks for a sandwich, the tramp who follows the railroad tracks.

Many a Rip-Van-Winkle-ish hobo, who took to the roads to escape work or Mrs. Winkle, has benefited from a widespread feeling that the stranger at the back door may be Christ in disguise, not to be turned away.

Yet all Americans have had at least one strange tramp experience to tell, most of which apparently occurred in the good old days. I have heard many of them, when the shadows were long and young couples were holding hands around a camp fire.

In India we have wanderers who are just as awesome, and who petrify the rural Hindu children. Some of our mothers, too, threaten their children when they become unbearable by saying, "If you don't behave, I'll give you to a bahva." And these bahvas, hundreds of thousands of them, also benefit from a feeling that the stranger at the gate may be Shiva in disguise on one of his errands of "testing" the correct conduct of his devotees. And such bahvas may surprise you anywhere, in a crowded city, on a deserted fort, in a cave in the mountains, travelling without tickets in a train, in an abandoned house, on a river bank. And yet they are no more mysterious than your hoboes.

How I wish you could keep the hoboes in mind when you hear weird tales of India's thousands of bahvas. The latter are as harmless and at times as enchanting as the former, and as much a picturesque part of the national pattern.

And if you hear that the Indian bahvas have cultivated their own ceremony and rituals, think of the caste system that the hoboes have erected in this land of equality, where the hobo looks down on the tramp, and the tramp speaks only to tramps, not to bums.

CHEWING GUM AND PAN

Most foreigners writing about the American scene have seized upon the American institution of chewing gum, and have not let the phenomenal subject go without a blithering blast of satire and a show of slack-jawed amazement. To some, the American girl chewing gum on the subway has looked like a daisy-trimmed cow with lips wobbling uncertainly two inches below her velvety dreamy eyes. The placid working of the jaws that interminably goes on across the aisle has driven others to desperation.

Leon Trotsky, on the other hand, has given the most ingenious Marxist analysis of chewing gum : he saw in it a device surreptitiously provided by capitalism so that masses would chew and not think in the subway. Chewing gum looked to him "like a religious rite, like some silent prayer to God-Capital."

To me, however, the American habit of chewing gum has often brought back a faint nostalgia. And I am sure that most expatriates from India have felt their taste-buds tighten at the sight, not for chewing gum itself, but for the Indian forerunner. There is something very Indian about the whole process. The craving for chewing gum, the sense of well-being that one derives from that "plastic insoluble substance used as masticatory," a girl's feeling of release from nervous tension when she chews it before a date or some other social engagement, a man's desire to chew it to accentuate his relaxation and his peace with the world, the very sophistication of the whole process—all these are known to the Indian who has chewed pan or the betel leaf.

Now it is useless to say that chewing gum owes its origin to the "frontier" habit of chewing tobacco when men were men, and women too were like men. That could never be: ask the relentless and unswerving tobacco-chewers who still persist. It is more likely that the man who invented chewing gum got his inspiration from the panchewing Hindus who compose the most peaceful and satisfied picture in the world. Pan, like chewing gum, can be tormented at any time, but, again like chewing gum, it yields delight and satisfaction. However, pan does one thing that chewing gum cannot do for a man or a woman: it not only ladens the breath with sweet tidings, it also imparts an attractive red coating to the lips.

Although chewing pan is mainly an Indian institution, the pleasure-giving habit is to be found also in South Tibet, Indo-China, Malaya, Siam, Southern China, and even in New Guinea. And to the Indian, the Malay, and the Indonesian, betel is not only a constant companion throughout life, but also a fellow-traveller into the next world. The betel is there to welcome the "little stranger"; later it will add to the fun of his marriage. In India, however, the institution of pan-chewing has reached the proportions of a fine art. There is a whole section on tambul, or pan, or betel in *Vaidyaka-sabha-sindhu*, an old Sanskrit book on medicine. It gives a detailed formula of the "five flavors" which blend with pan.

A woman preparing pan at home is as absorbed as an American housewife "putting up" preserves. First she takes a leaf of Piper Betel, which she powders with lime. Then the extract of catechu is brushed over the lime. When the betel is thus prepared, she places a small portion of crushed areca nut on it. This she flavors with cardamoms. The betel leaf is then folded around the "chewy" part and pinned with a clove, becoming a triangular chiclet, the recipient of more approving glances than the American Christmas cookie. The pan is now ready for the guest's enjoyment. Compared to this handmade mouthful of rare summer flavors, American chewing gum seems impersonal and wintry. Just as we find curry powder only a ready-made western substitute for the rainbow of flavors in our sauces, Indians in America relish chewing gum only because it reminds us of our pan.

A whole culture has grown around the habit of pan-chewing. Our ancient Sanskrit drama always introduced a "Bearer of the Betel-bag" who brought up the rear when the trumpeters announced, "Gentlemen, the King!" Even today, in Indian plays and on the screen, the passing of an elaborate betel-bag is a piece of polite business, like that of the American hero passing his cigarette case. In America, the after-dinner hour often involves going to the living room to take brandy with one's coffee. In India, we too withdraw to the living room—to prepare and to chew pans. And if one goes visiting in India, no matter at what hour, one is offered, at least, a pan.

And if chewing gum on New York pavements is a great nuisance, so are the adhesive red polka-dots left by pan-chewers on the walls of Bombay. We Indians can't complain.

THE CULT OF YOUTH

The American touchiness about age has always amazed me. Girls often try to eyelash you into guessing ages. Now if you guess right, you are never forgiven, and if you err on the wrong side, there is no hope for you. Of all the faux-pas I have made in the United States,

a majority of them have to do with this. Finally I decided to be safe always by following Oscar Wilde's advice and subtracting ten years from my calculations of anybody's age. But let me have one final fling at guessing: I do think debutantes look more than sixteen or seventeen years old in America.

Hindus are natural blunderers in this. For in India we respect age, while in America youth is admired. For instance, of two brothers, the elder, even if only a boy of twenty, can order his younger, or, say nineteen-year-old brother around. And the word of the parents is always regarded as the supreme truth. In a group, people gather around grandpa or grandma instead of flocking around the grandson. There is nothing to gain by being young in India.

And there is little to lose, on the other hand, by being old in the United States. I have never ceased being dismayed by the capacity of old people in the United States to enjoy life. Indeed life does begin at forty over here, Pitkin or no Pitkin. In fact the older they grow, the greater pleasure-seekers they become in this country. Look at the pleasure resorts and you are convinced.

And while we are on the subject of age, let me confirm the popular idea that in the Old World as well as in my Older World people are indeed born old. One would find the lines of wisdom even on the forehead of an Indian adolescent. In fact the etchings of time are so valued that Indian boys of high-school age gaze in the mirror and knit their eyebrows to develop lines of wisdom on their foreheads. What was good for our great teachers, we figured, was good for us.

The length of a country's history has a lot to do with the gravity and sobriety of its youth. The ancient quality of a culture, a sedative quality in many respects, encourages people, for one thing, to live in the past. As a result, they begin to live vicariously, by watching others move. And the traditions are hardened into rigid patterns. Any departure from them is regarded as evil and even as punishable. Such people are likely to become morbid and moribund, and those who have stopped living see

to it jealously that others do likewise. In consequence, there has been in India a greater shortage of pleasures than of food ; more Indians are starved sensually than are starved for food.

Frustrated peoples also become cynical, just as the perennially youthful are apt to behave foolishly. But there is another side to this cloud of disillusionment. Indians, unlike the Americans, are nobody's fools. Youthful as they are in outlook, Americans accept a humbug as long as he performs well and provides them with entertainment. To most Indians, on the other hand, delight comes only when they are able to see through the performer's tricks and know him for what he is. Indians are hard to please, whereas Americans will play anybody's game.

This is clearly shown in the large number of harmless rackets which flourish in the United States. It is also shown in the way the American people not only put up with but idolize the so-called experts of the radio and press who make a habit of contradicting themselves seven times a week. Fortunately for the "experts," the American public, unlike the Old World public and especially unlike the Older World public, remembers only the right prophecy and does not care how many times the voice of experience has shifted its ground. Americans live for the moment, live in the present, they want to be amused and to hell with the past and even with the future. Now that kind of big-heartedness can never be expected from an Indian. Dorothy Thompson, were she writing for the Indian press, would have damaged her standing irreparably back in 1932 when she wrote : "When I finally walked into Adolf Hitler's salon .... I was convinced that I was meeting the future dictator of Germany. In something less than fifty seconds I was quite sure that I was NOT."

Or take the military experts. Most of them hailed Marshal Maurice Gustave Gamelin as "the greatest general in the world" *when* he was the allied generalissimo. When General Maxime Weygand replaced him, the same experts gave Weygand the secondhand title of "the

greatest general in the world," and declared instantly that Gamelin was no good. And when finally the French bowed to Hitler's panzer divisions, both Gamelin and Weygand were N.G., according to the same military experts. The German soldier had been described by these experts as "lacking in individual initiative, like a cog in a highly geared machine," while the poilu was regarded as an individualist. Around May 19, 1940, Hitler changed the minds of commentators. But did this daunt the American experts? Nonchalantly they began to describe the Germans as masters of the "war of maneuver," while the French became masters of the "war of position." What is more amazing, these experts go on in positions of power and influence and at least a part of the American public still thinks they are oracles.

Now that could never happen in India; for the Indian never forgets.

SACRED COWS

This business of the "sacredness" of objects and animals in India should be settled once and for all. It is simply not true that each and every animal in India is worshiped by some Indians, and that practically every piece of furniture and article of decoration "Made in India" has hallowed uses. Yet not only the elephants but even the elephant bells sold on Sixth Avenue are called sacred. It is said in America that even peacocks are sacred in India, and snakes. But quite a few Hindus, I can testify, kill snakes instead of pampering them. The red decoration on a lady's brow is neither a sacred insignia nor a caste mark; it is a beauty spot just as unholy and frivolous as the lipstick, and at its most symbolic, merely announces that the woman it graces is not a widow. Hundreds of thousands of bullocks have never been held too sacred to be yoked for agriculture and for transportation. Let us take that holy of holies, India's sacred cow. Of course to the Hindus killing a cow would be a sin exceeded in magnitude only by Brahmin-slaughter and then woman-slaughter. But the origin of the tradition is traced by Indian anthropologists to a period as far

back as the Aryan invasion of India. The Indo-Aryans then saw before their eyes the vast, fertile, and promising Gangetic delta and the Indus delta, and they realized that they would require an endless number of oxen to till that terrific expanse of virgin soil. And milk was the main diet for them and for their children. Thus the preservation and the breeding of cows formed pivots of the Indo-Aryans' early economy. And what could be simpler than a religious taboo to obtain results? Even today, the Dard tribes of Shins around Giljit in north Kashmir loathe cows. They regard the cow with the same distaste that Arabs and Jews show toward the pig, and they never use cow milk or butter, or cow manure for fertilizer, or any other agricultural product which would require contact with a cow.

Maybe I am spoiling the Hollywood picture of India. Maybe the Hindu, unlike the Chinese, is considered by story-writers as too Anglicized to be stereotyped by pidgin English and so he is portrayed as a sphinx with Houdini qualities, and unexplainable ideas of worship.

WEEKEND NEVER ENDS

Our week in India also has its beginning and end, but after living in the United States I have come to believe that there is nothing in the world to match the American weekend. At least, there is nothing like it in India.

I think that historians may trace the origin or the labor strike to the ancient Hebrew theory of the Sabbath when God Himself laid down His tools and gave the sign to man, created in His own image, for the weekly walkout.

Now, the Sabbatical idea has never been a part of the Hindu way of life and our present practice of observing Sunday as a holiday is rather an item in the bill of rights which entitles us to follow the West. We also take Saturday as a half-holiday.

But the American tradition of weekends which are veritable treasure chests of pearly hours has not yet become a part of the Indian way of life. That is perhaps because we take it easy every day.

Here the weekend begins on Friday evening and lasts until Monday morning. Not only are New York's daylit streets almost deserted on Sunday, but one can drive through the whole countryside and see very little of the money-making activity that you noticed on Friday. In fact almost the only men in view are those who, like yourself, are stopping and going on the highway, rolling stones gathering no moss. Around noon the devout in their Sunday best depart from thousands of eleven o'clock sermons to return to radios and Sunday papers. Beside the most remote of farmhouses there are one or two cars which indicate that city relatives or friends have descended, and that dishes which Americans make a big fuss over are being devoured—pumpkin pie, apple pie, "dumplings," waffles with chicken.

During the summer the American weekend is a full-blown poppy. The first time I saw an American beach at the height of the season, I was dazed. I blinked at the nakedness, smiled at the seriousness and haste with which these sun-worshipers tried to soak vitamins through their pores, but I approved highly the sociological patterns on the sands, small units of familiarity swarming together for miles in mass enjoyment of nobody's—anybody's—everybody's—ocean.

And if they weren't in the ocean, they would be driving through wide-open spaces and to mountain tops, rushing to the races, overcrowding the ball parks, bending over a country creek trying to catch a fish, chugging on lakes and canals in motorboats.

All through the weekend, Americans seem to overwork every muscle in their bodies in a relentless effort to relax. They make themselves miserable having a good time.

I always longingly look forward to Monday whenever I am relaxing over a weekend with weekend good-time-Charlies. Monday is such a relief from the spleeny American weekend which lasts, I feel, longer than the intervening weekdays. And when I wander on Broadway at night, and behold that every night there is Divali, the Hindu Christmas, in Times Square, I wonder why Americans need a weekend at all!

SPREADING PEACOCK FEATHERS

Each Indian visiting the States either lands at New York, or, if he disembarks somewhere else, comes to the magic city sooner or later. Knowing that nine out of ten of these were bound to be acquaintances, I had postponed doing the town all by myself. Knowing that the Indian spirit of fellowship and long-distance relationship is unexpectedly heightened in a foreign land, I knew I would have a great many opportunities to see the highlights of New York while showing them to others.

With countless of my countrymen I have been to the Bronx Park Zoo, only to meet other exiles from India, birds and beasts with neat little signs on their cages. There seem to be more animals from India than from the rest of the world put together. But these next-door neighbors at the Zoo have always behaved like hotel strangers to me. In their fervent efforts to become Americanized and acclimatized in the country of their adoption, these ex-Indian animals have developed habits which strike me as highly peculiar and which have kept me in constant suspense. In India, the lion is the King of the Jungle, a thoroughbred and an aristocrat. When our poets want to imply that a Kshatriya princess will never marry a casteless foreign invader, they sing that "A lion never eats grass." But in the Bronx Park Zoo, the lions do not seem to mind eating something much worse—peanuts—the only homage of the American people.

What has been even more disconcerting to me personally is the downfall of the King of Birds, the peacock. I feel that I have a personal stake in the fortunes of the bird, because I once wrote a play and called it "The Eggs of Peacock." We have a saying in India that "one need not paint the eggs of the peacock," implying that inside of the plain shell is hidden all the iridescent glory of blue and green and gold. In India, one beholds the peacock, that large, handsome, and polygamous bird, gliding about the tree boles and attended by a harem of admiring female peafowls. Most of the time, his overgrown tail is dragged behind him like an emperor's trailing

coronation robes. One seldom sees the peacock erecting and spreading—like a Japanese fan—his long upper-tail coverts, and displaying the shimmering spots of colour in his "peacock-blue" wonderland of feathers. Once I had to hide behind a thorn-bush for five hours, at home, in order to photograph a peacock while making his display, his Kala, a word which also means Art. For Art is the uplifted exuberance of the artist's soul. "Our" peacock makes "art" only on two occasions: while winning a mate or while welcoming the rains with his song that is trumpeted against the four winds.

However, in the Bronx Park Zoo, his behaviour-patterns indicate a complete change of heart. Maybe it is the American custom of commercializing all talents, even deformities, which has had something to do with the peacock's degradation. Or perhaps the American institution of pea-nut-feeding has undermined his morale and induced him to be constantly acting to keep his stomach filled. In America, one has to wait five hours in order to see the peacock drop his tail and assume his normal composure. I hope you can imagine my horror when I saw the peacock in the Bronx Park Zoo, strutting around the enclosure, constantly waving his fan, rivaling the exhibitionism of Sally Rand.

BLESSED ARE THE BALDHEADS

It will seem curious, I know, when I say that baldheads have a magnetic attraction for me. In churches and theaters, I always prefer to sit where I can view the strange hairless heads reflecting the mazdas in the ceiling. They are there in all their glory and radiance, side by side with the coils and scallops of blonde and brunette ladies. They make such lovely designs! sometimes I forget to listen to the preacher or to follow the play and unconsciously begin to count the number of bald men in the audience.

I have a feeling that most Indian tourists in America consider baldheads as interesting as Niagara Falls or the Natural Bridge. For one thing, shiny pates are a real rarity in India, so that a head with a mere fringe of

hair is believed to be a decoration and a blessing. For example, a baldheaded man is said to be fated to make a million rupees. I do not know the origin of this myth, but I imagine it is founded on the fact that a millionaire generally worries himself into baldness. On the other hand, our belief that baldness is often attractive in the male has an obvious foundation. For hairless heads are bizarre in India : so few and far between are they that one rarely sees a bald man even in a big nationalist rally. One of my distant relatives is bald and rich, and how I wanted to be like him myself when I was in my tender youth.

The Hindu's lusty crop of hair is famous. Perhaps it is for this reason that most of the quack hair tonics sold in Times Square are labeled "Made in India." In India's scriptures, just as in the Old Testament (II Kings 2–23), the baldheaded man was embarrassed by unwelcome attention. The Biblical story runs: "And he went up from thence unto Beth-el ; and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and said unto him, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. And he turned back, and looked on them, and cursed them in the name of the Lord. And there came forth two she bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them. And he went from thence to mount Carmel, and from thence he returned to Samaria."

I think it is the old Sanskrit poet Bhratuhari who relates the story of an unlucky bald Indian, who, blistered by the tropical sun, sought the shadow of a coconut tree only to have a mischievous God send a coconut tumbling down on his sun-stricken head. The Old Testament God was more considerate.

Some of the Indian moderns have begun to be sensitive about baldness. Jawaharlal Nehru is one of the most handsome men in the world. And yet Mrs. John Gunther once told me that he thinks twice before removing the Gandhi cap which covers the brilliance of his bald head. This self-consciousness of his and that of other Indian moderns is surely symptomatic of our westernization.

And while I am writing of this, I must add that the profusion of blondes in the United States has destroyed my fairy-book dreams of the golden-haired princess. Just as we like bald men because they are rare in India, so too we are captivated by every blonde we meet because they are seldom seen among us. By the same token, our poets wax ecstatic about blue eyes, singing : "So much the better if her eyes are blue : the real sapphire is too costly."

IN THE MIDDLE

The man who first used the "ladder of success" as a symbol in trying to describe America's way of life knew what he was talking about. It is as plain as the dollar sign on a man's face. I say he was "trying" to describe it, because America has more exceptions to the rule than any country in the world, and the dollar sign might not be plain on *your* face, for example.

I like the Americans at the top of the ladder, and I like those at the bottom, but I am wary of the huge traffic on the middle rungs of the ladder, where progress is by inches, and where a slight slip is a grim matter.

Have I known any American people at the top, anyway? Search me. I know several dozen university professors, a few celebrities, some ladies prominent in social and civic organizations, and some of America's industrial magnates who are interested in international affairs. Also wives and widows of rich men, who are interested in the Orient. Lots of writers and students from all walks of life.

I think the two classes of people given the most publicity, in song and in story, in the United States are laboring immigrants and debutantes, new families and old families. It is my opinion that these groups enjoy life more than the middle classes. They do what they please, are prodigal of their energies, and regard each other humorously in the rôle of employer and employee.

All this good nature, however, is confined to lines of communication between the top and bottom of the ladder. It passes through the middle, which looks neither up nor down.

Those at the top of the ladder welcome the original fellow, and those at the bottom, if they watch him climb at all, merely shake their heads. But those neatly in the middle form a committee to try to remove him.

There is nothing personal in all this symbolism. As a Hindu in this country on a student's visa, I'm not climbing any of your ladders, of course. I am not allowed to toil, nor can I spin anything but writings and lectures.

It was as a lecturer that I encountered a few Americans who were narrow, unhumorous, belligerently entrenched in their religion, enemies of all original thought.

When I looked into the veiled eyes of some of these audiences I thought: My God, will I get out of here with my traditions, my religion, or even my shirt?

I always kept the last two safe, but there were times when things went badly for my traditions. I do not mean that I am a defender of our outmoded traditions such as early marriage, untouchability, caste-laws. But when an attack is made upon our new traditions of Satyagraha, the modern Indian stands up and fights.

A man gave me a wonderful opportunity in Vermont once. It was after a meeting, and he came up to say: "You know if the British are gone, the Japanese will take their place." I said: "This is an organization of Vermonters. First and last you would like to confine it to Vermonters. You wouldn't tolerate a chairman, secretary, and treasurer from, say, New York, would you? You could perhaps see eye-to-eye with a man from the state of Maine. But no New Yorkers! Eventually I think you would eliminate the Maine outsider too. But certainly no New Yorkers."

GIVE US, O STATE, OUR DAILY BREAD

Another American circumstance which fires the imagination of the Hindu is the privileged position of the individual citizen in relation to the state. The American citizen can make generous claims on his government; in many cases he does not have to make demands any more since he is adjudged entitled to such things in his

own right. In most regions of the country he is entitled to sanitation and healthy housing. Also the state owes him a job. And in case the government fails (the individual never fails nowadays) to provide him with a job, well, he is entitled to relief.

The Hindu student of American culture can take back home a pointer or two from the American scene. I, for my part, have decided that the idea that the state owes a job to the citizen is full of dynamite strong enough to arouse the slumbering masses of India. If the slogan, "Your starvation is partly the fault of the Government," can repeatedly be brought to the attention of every adult in India, I think the impact of this alone would bring about the change that would spell freedom.

For the Indian has yet to learn how to be demanding of the state. All through his history he has been taught to pay tribute and to support his ruler without expecting much in return ; he has almost come to believe that it is mighty nice of his government to let him alone to starve. When the British came to India, they left their democratic ideas back in England and carried on the good old Indian tradition of the "squeeze." It was not until 1937–39, when the Congress party of Mahatma Gandhi ruled over eight out of eleven provinces of India, that the voter began to realize that the administration owed him anything.

If I feel that the Indian should learn how to demand and get things from the government, I also feel that the American should learn again how to give to his country. In this way, he will not only strengthen his country, but also experience in his own life the warmth and support of united strength. It is no use minimizing the psychological importance of "national purpose" in the make-up of an otherwise insignificant individual. If it is not fostered consciously and imaginatively, it may be stirred up by power-seekers and unscrupulous demagogues, as in Germany, Italy, and Russia.

THE UN-CIVIL SERVICE

The subtle rôle of "civil service" in making the citizen's life miserable belongs to the same train of thought. Only

an Indian in the United States can realize what a relief it is to escape from bureaucracy to the "spoils system."

Of course, I am not prepared to contend that the American spoils system is better than the British Civil Service when all the pros and cons of both methods are checked against each other. But I do feel that American adulation of the British system is somewhat exaggerated and that the latter can stand a bit of debunking.

Having lived for years in India in the British grip of civil service, I can testify that the system is the first cousin of bureaucracy. One should never forget that in the wake of civil service comes government monopoly of public utilities: and in England and India this is an accomplished fact, while in the United States the process is about to be completed. And as an Indian I can assure you that bureaucrats and civil servants can be unbearably insolent. Since their appointments do not depend directly on public vote, and since they cannot be banished from office by "writing to your Senator," they can afford to be bumptious, rude and careless as they please. To get drunk with power and security is but human.

In India, for instance, you cannot even be sure that you will not be insulted at the post office when you are paying out your pennies for stamps. If you don't like the postmaster, what of it? He is entrenched in his position. So is the railroad's "ticket checker" who can come along and shake you out of your slumber at any ungodly hour. If you do not like his insolence in exchange for your generous expenditure, so much the worse for you. Get off the train if you don't like it. But, ah then, how else do you get to Bombay? The government owns all the railways.

Observe, for instance, the method of census-taking in India. The bureaucracy takes pride in pointing out that no other country of comparable dimensions and population makes any attempt to tabulate its people on a single night. Thus it appears that the all-India census as an achievement is unique. But at what cost? Every citizen, or, rather, "subject," in the whole land of India is stopped in his tracks at the same hour wherever he may be, no

matter how urgent his business and how precarious or involved his situation. A gigantic dragnet is cast over the country, each mesh in the net being a block in the charge of an enumerator. To catch the wayfarer, checkers are maintained at railway stations, and counts are obtained from hotels and inns. Tramps, fakirs, cave-dwellers, and vagrants are all counted, and in an uncomfortable hurry.

Yes, one lives in constant petty terror and uncertainty under a combination of civil service and government monopoly of public utilities.

Moreover, a civil-service blanket tends to create a nation of clerks and, under the system, civil servants of the meanest sort can become more influential than enterprising and successful private citizens. Then the best brains of the nation will graviate towards the security of government careers instead of doing their private trail-blazing.

The smugness of civil service can penetrate the more serious departments of life. Look at the experience of the First Labour Government of Ramsay MacDonald in Great Britain. A new government formed by what had been His Majesty's Loyal Opposition was ready to bring about new State policies. But could the Labourites carry out their wishes unhampered by the entrenched conservative civil service and bureaucracy? Especially in foreign affairs, where the Foreign Office reversed many of the much-needed reforms of the MacDonald Government.

No doubt, civil service can be efficient and clean. But it can also mean rule by a bureaucracy. And while of course the spoils system can be corrupt and inefficient, it is fundamentally more democratic than bureaucracy. The former is not an untarnished blessing, nor the latter an unmitigated evil.

V. OTHER LANDS, OTHER WAYS

There are more opinions than men.
—AN INDIAN PROVERB

You can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs.
—AN ENGLISH PROVERB

He who would bring home the wealth of India must carry the wealth of India with him.
—A SPANISH PROVERB

ACCORDING to an old popular American song, it isn't what you do, it's the way that you do it that counts. I think that shrewd observation can be put to special use in comparing two cultures. For in most instances the things done, in the United States or in India or in Timbuctoo, are the same, but the manner of doing them differs from place to place and from time to time. One can go even further and assert that so far as the civilized nations of the world are concerned, most colorful contrasts and differences are found in national mannerisms, in dissonance of group actions, while at the roots of all such differences in manners human motives remain the same. That is why, I feel, the best international novels—international in the sense that in them one people addresses itself to another—are stories of manners more than anything else; Lin Yutang's *Moment in Peking* is one of the finest and most recent examples.

What flows naturally in the stories of great novelists is also encompassed in the monographs of painstaking anthropologists and ethnologists. In a novel, the manners of a people run the risk of being too much identified with the mannerisms of the individual characters, while the very lifeless and disjointed—but dispassionate and scientific according to the scholars themselves—narrations of

anthropologists more often than not tend to accentuate popular prejudices. For by and large the anthropologists are eager to find unexplored regions in order to make new "discoveries" in manners, thus breaking the first principle of good manners laid down by Arnold Bennett: "Always behave as if nothing had happened no matter what has happened."

But there may be a golden middle path—that of the public introspection of a man of two worlds, too deep-rooted in his own culture to fumble its essentials, and too close to another to overlook the curious contrasts in different ways of doing things. It is this middle path I want to find and explore.

GODLINESS IS NEXT TO CLEANLINESS

It is a strange and ironic paradox that many westerners, after having been to India, write about the unclean habits of the Indians, while homeward-bound Hindus speak of the careless hygiene of Europeans and Americans. If the prejudice of the large masses who have never left their native shores is added to such crossbeams of denunciation the sum is a very dreadful charge against two civilizations. Logically, one side must be wrong, but sociologically both may be right, each basing observations and judgments on its own standards of cleanliness. For cleanliness is next to godliness both in the land of Krishna and in the land of Christ. Let us admit immediately that the poverty-stricken are apt to be alike the world over. An empty pocket-book is an empty pocket-book, and if the owner of it is unclean, it is ten to one he does not enjoy being dirty; he simply cannot afford to be clean. One may find more human stench in India than in America, but if so it is because one may also find greater poverty in Hindustan than in the United States. So it seems more fruitful to study contrasts between the habits of the twice-born Hindu and his American counterpart. Physically and personally, the Brahmin is the cleanest creature on the earth's surface, and perhaps in heaven; sartorially, the American lady is the freshest and most fragrant thing in "all this and heaven, too." I believe

that the stress is on physical ablution in India, and on clean garments in America. The first thing in the morning a well-bred Hindu, especially if he is a Brahmin or a Vaishnava, draws his bath, which is merely the beginning of an endless daily cycle of baths. For he must take a bath after every supposedly unclean act, so that he virtually lives in a bathroom. On the whole the Hindu gentleman finds Americans far more savory and approachable than Europeans because Americans too have a certain fondness for soap; bathing is still a luxury in Europe, and even in England one still has to pay an extra fee for a bath in a hotel. In this respect, the American is close to Brahminhood.

Yet, the difference in standards of cleanliness is nowhere sharply defined as in the hygiene of the mouth. A high-caste Hindu cannot have his breakfast until he has brushed his teeth, and he generally uses a babul or a banyan twig for a toothbrush. First he chews one end of it until it is flayed into a fine brush (a good morning exercise for the teeth and the gums), then he cleans his teeth with it, and finally he tears the twig apart into two sharp slivers to be used as tongue-scrapers. This he considers a very clean practice since it gives him a fresh brush every morning, and naturally he puts the European down as being very irregular and, consequently, very unclean in his oral hygiene. Again the American is higher in the esteem of the Hindu, since what religion has done for India has been accomplished for America by the terroristic advertising campaigns of toothpaste manufacturers and by the continuous professional propaganda of the dentists; nowadays America, like India, does brush its teeth daily.

The Hindu has the best teeth in the world. My friends are always surprised when I say that I have never been to a dentist in all my life. Once a dentist voluntarily examined my teeth. He said to his nurse, "In all my professional practice over a period of eighteen years, I have never seen teeth like these!" I have discovered from talking to various authorities on the subject that vegetarianism has also played its rôle in the superlative

quality of caste-Hindus' teeth. Generally American teeth suffer from over-acidity, while in the rare case of dental trouble of a high-caste Indian, the Hindu's teeth are found to have suffered from over-alkalization.

But to continue. A Hindu can never appreciate the American habits—or lack of them, to be more precise—of not gargling after every meal, and of not washing the hands after eating. It is true that that peculiar culmination of each meal in America, a cup of coffee, does play a somewhat similar rôle to that of the mouth-wash, while the profuse use of the napkin does prevent hands and lips from becoming unpleasantly soiled. I still feel slightly uncomfortable if I do not gargle my mouth and wash my hands after every meal, and that after all these years of intensive Americanization. On the debit side of the Indian ledger, nothing can be more repugnant to the American than the Indian habit of eating with one's fingers. Although professional patriots in India have evolved a philosophy around the use of the fingers—to the effect that the fingers are more sterile than the fork, and that a peculiar chemical juice oozes out of the fingers, which, when it has contact with the food, gives it a better flavour—I am personally happy that educated India is emulating the West in this respect. It is still an unsolved mystery to me why only the Hindus and the Mohammedans, among all civilized peoples, did not evolve a substitute for the fingers in connection with eating.

There are other differences: A Hindu gentleman observes disapprovingly that Europeans and Americans do not mind drinking from each other's glasses, and eating from each other's plates, and that a parent may say to his child, "Give Papa a bite." The fetish of mouth-hygiene prevents even identical twins from doing that in India. The Hindu especially abhors the Chinese custom of a whole group working on the same central bowl, though our Mohammedan brothers in India have a similar custom. It is true, too, that the Hindu regards leather as especially impure and contaminating: he must leave his shoes outside the dining room as well as the temple-gates. This, of course, necessitates washing

the feet before every meal and before each visit to the temple, and a frequent recourse to wooden sandals. The feet are considered the dirtiest part of the body anyway; an accidental contact between a man's foot and a book is taken as a veritable insult to Saraswati, the goddess of learning. Dogs are considered unclean in India, and are never allowed in Hindu temples, kitchens, and dining rooms. The American expatriate's long-haired pet becomes a great menace when its owner is invited to a traditional Hindu home. Thus, in contrast to the West's scrubbing of clothing and utensils, Indian cleanliness is centered upon the body, especially upon the mouth. As a result, the traditional Indian kiss has always been on the cheek and not on the lips, and what little lip-kissing there is has come as an innovation inspired by English poetry or American movies. But on this subject I feel the Americans have every right to say that fastidious Hindus did not know what they were missing.

WHAT IS PROPER?

Just as notions of cleanliness vary among different peoples, so can ideas of the proprieties. What is considered "in good taste" in one country may be very "bad taste" in another; folkways are intrinsically amoral, and whatever value-judgment they gather around them, like the moss adhering to pebbles, is to enrich the common life through adding a veneer of manners to the crude behavior-forms of social life.

In America, for instance, one pays special attention to one's friend's wife, takes her arm while crossing the street, sits next to her in the theater, tells her that she "doesn't look as if she could be the mother of two children" and that she knows how to dress exquisitely. Meantime, one's friend is going through the same motions with one's wife. You cannot do that in India, my friend. At least in the India which is not yet "reformed." Any such attention would be considered sure evidence of a man's evil eye, which in turn would be considered justification enough for giving him a black eye.

Again, in America soup is drunk daintily and noiselessly. But in Gujarat, it is the other way around ; a Brahmin caste dinner is a veritable symphony orchestra of soup-eaters. That is one way we illustrate the Gujarati adage that there is "No tang without lick."

Another interesting contrast is found in the American maid's habit of serving the hostess first and then the guests. In India, guests are always first, and I feel that the Hindu idea is more appealing than the American. Belching in public is forbidden the well-bred American at all times, whereas in India that "spasmodic inspiration with closure of the glottis, producing a characteristic sound"—who am I to attempt to describe it to the world when Webster himself veils it?—is the code message which the well-fed guest sends to his hostess to tell her he has enjoyed his dinner. Or take hiccups. If they are heard at an American cocktail party, it is instantly felt that someone is under the weather. In India a feminine victim of hiccups believes that someone far, far away remembers her and that the pleasant convulsions won't stop until her mind flashes upon the "right man."

India and America are poles apart in what they consider as shocking words. (Alas, the most intimately interesting things will always remain unwritten all over the civilised world, unless one makes them as veiled as a houri and as involved as *Ulysses*.) By and large, the list of "unmentionables" is much longer in the United States than in India ; most of the things pertaining to the bathroom, for instance, do not suffer from the same strict censorship in India as they do in America. Swearing—not that an Indian goes around using blue language all the time—has greater currency in India than in America. However, the British use more salty words than Americans, and the "white sahibs" in India especially can outdo any group on the face of the globe when it comes to applying insulting epithets. In this respect Indians are nearer to the British than to the Americans. Englishmen as well as Indians use strong words even in endearment ; a cockney mother may call her son a "rascal," and a low-caste Hindu may call his friend his "brother-

in-law," which can be the vilest of epithets if meant differently.

In general, Indians are more earthy than westerners; they burp when they are satisfied ; they beat their chests with anguish when bereaved : they gesticulate with their hands to emphasize what they are saying ; they yawn freely, even in the "most interesting" meeting ; and they regard music and perfume as accessories to l'amour. This earthiness of everyday manners, set against a background of the most meticulously intricate of cultures, has puzzled most western students of India, and it cannot be understood unless one realizes that the genius of India is that she has always maintained the most mundane side by side with the most sublime, the most primitive with the most civilized.

Hindus can, however, be subtle and exquisite in their manners in ways which no westerner would ever think of. An American, for instance, will admire and even smell the flowers he is buying for the church ; among Hindus, on the other hand, only un-smelt flowers can be offered to God. I think that there is a subtle and sweet sentimentality in offering things to the Creator in their virgin state. The Americans take off their hats when they enter a church ; the Hindus take off their shoes when they reach the temple gate. The most intriguing contrast, however, is to be found in the mannersims of showing affection and making love. The American habit of calling one's wife "dear" and "darling" and "honey" sounds as absurd to the Hindu as the Indian custom of calling their leaders "great-soul" and "brother-of-the-poor" must sound to Americans.

The Hindu wife cannot call her husband even by his name, let alone other terms of endearment ; she calls him "Babu's father." Likewise, the husband calls her, while conversing with others, "Urmi's mother." If they do not have children, which seldom happens in an Indian family, a mere "he" and "she" suffices.

The American is more demonstrative than a Hindu when it comes to showing affection. The American husband and wife kiss each other in public—especially in

public—at every meeting and at each parting. Newly-weds and the Leather Anniversary couple make it a point of calling each other "darling" and of kissing each other when others are present ; they seem to be proclaiming to their public that the warm spirit of their premarital court-ship is still alive after thirty-six months of holy deadlock. Any such behaviour on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Singh in India would prompt severely critical remarks. "Haven't they a bedroom of their own ? Do they not know that only animals make love in this public fashion ?"

The western institution of the "honeymoon" has never existed among Hindus. Public recognition of a time-period wherein everything else was subordinated to the couple's being husband and wife would seem an advertise-ment of an extremely intimate affair. In India, the married couple goes on living in the family, usually in a joint family, and the first few months of wedlock are lyrically expressed, until the sun goes down, by burning glances, stolen kisses, and imaginary embraces. Thus the elements of surprise, expectation, and mystery, which are the supreme factor in a married life of physical compatibility, linger on, and the process of discovery is spread over a long period of time. In sharp contrast, the western institution of the "honeymoon" strikes the Oriental as a wholesale inventory. The Frenchman who said Christianity had done much for love in making it a sin, did not know about Hinduism and pranay.

At the root of all these variations in the artful ostenta-tions of love lies one profound difference. The Hindu "old-married-man" displays adoration by ignoring his loved one, while the American showers attentions upon his beloved. The object of love is always fussed over in America, whereas in India he or she is supposed to under-stand the unspoken and otherwise private fondness. In the expectation of making the idolized one perfect, the Hindu is more apt to be critical, even intolerant, when it comes to the limitations and failings of the beloved. The American more than the Hindu understands and even appreciates the shortcomings of his beloved ; the American takes the mate's personality as it is, good

points and bad points all, and sometimes even the bad points come to have a strange fascination. By and large the Hindu always sees room for improvement, and this attitude many times makes him inconsiderate and insufferable even with one whom he does truly love. Harshness is not considered incompatible with love either in Hindustan or in the West, but in India more often than not it becomes the main way of expressing love, if only that one's mate is always taken for granted and deemed to be in no need of fresh assurances of one's concern. This is carried so far that the wife is unconcernedly left brooding in the kitchen ; her participation in the merriment going on in the drawing room is not considered esssential for the continued life of a happy marriage. The Hindu teacher sends his pet on unpleasant errands while he allows his other pupils, in whom he is not particularly interested, to drink in the honey of his wisdom. It is by the denial of pleasures that he expresses his special fondness for a favorite. Perhaps all this is because relationships in India are still strongly institutional ; wives and husbands must love each other more *because* they are so related ; they are not so related because they are in love. In contrast, in America more than in Europe, relationships are primarily personal and only superficially institutional.

DO RE MI–SA RE GA

I have grave doubts about the theory that music is the most universal of all languages. For my humiliating experiences have led me to believe that you cannot change musical horses in mid-stream. Familiarity, in the case of music, breeds appreciation.

My actual initiation into western music began with a hearing of Verdi's *Il Trovatore* at the Metropolitan Opera House. I noticed that while I amused myself by gazing at the people studded in the "diamond horseshoe," the young lady beside me, who had taken some responsibility for my Americanization and sophistication, was going through noticeable ups and downs of emotional reaction, a virtual ninety-pound percolator. Her face was all

aglow as I helped her into her coat, and she turned to me expectantly, "Well, why don't you say something? How did you like it?"

"Frankly," I answered her, "It sounded like a contest as to who could scream the loudest."

She switched her coat indignantly.

That reminded me. In almost the same manner I had irritated two French dancers whom I met in the cultured atmosphere of Rabindranath Tagore's educational institute near Calcutta. On the terrace of the Guest House, which was overflowing with the Indian moonlight—somehow the Indian moon does feel brighter—they were executing dances to the recorded music of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata*. These girls were beside themselves with elation and ecstasy, and they asked me whether the music did not sway me the way it did them. And I said, "Sorry, I don't feel a thing." That was the last time I was invited to their performances.

The tables were turned on me, however, when I took my friend to see one of Uday Shankar's dance recitals in New York. This time it was my turn to respond emotionally to the pitch of sarangi and tempo of tubla. When the show was over, she told me she thought that Shankar's dances were indeed exotic if a little effeminate, but the music sent her to sleep. "It sounded," she continued, "like a poor imitation of American lullabies."

I buried myself in my overcoat.

But the more I heard Western music, the more I learned to enjoy it. Of course, it took no effort at all to fall in love with American jazz and swing. What an amazing business! Sometimes it is too loud, but, then, who wants quiet when whirlpools of couples are tossing about in a fine frenzy? The enjoyment of classical music came more slowly, and the more I heard it, the more conscious I was of the different springs of emotion upon which western music and Indian music base their esthetic appeals.

The first thing that I noticed was that both Hindustani and western music use the same diatonic scale. And yet many European and American visitors, untrained as they naturally would be in the appreciation of Hindustani

music, have constantly complained that they do not find clear-cut distinctions between the intervals of Indian tones. Equally unversed Indian visitors to European and American music halls, on the other hand, have often talked about the harsh and unrelated qualities of western musical notes.

I think that the confusion arises mainly because the Hindustani music is still based upon melody absolutely untouched by harmony. In the western music, on the other hand, the superstructure of harmony has subjugated melody.

Now the most obvious thing about melody is that it is a succession of single notes, and the tune "lies" either high or low. This simple law easily lends itself to a variety and elaboration of detail, for one particular structure appears no more desirable than another. Thus intervals less than a semi-tone are frequently used to add grace to a composition. This overworking of quarter-tones and quarter-notes in a diffusive succession almost becomes necessary to produce all the distinctions of timbre which in western music are acquired from notes in simultaneity. This tendency naturally blunts the definite outline of the tune, and hence the westerner's frequent complaint that Indian musicians use too many flats and generally produce monotonous lullabies.

The development of harmony, on the other hand, has brought to western music the elaboration of the simultaneous combinations of sounds on more than one pitch. But Indian music lovers, believing that certain combinations are more euphonious than others, have been put through a different type of training and hence frequently complain that most western singers and players sound "out of tune." I must add, however, that once a Hindu finds himself appreciating European music, he misses in his own Hindustani music the richness that harmony can bring.

Another difference which I have noticed is that western music mainly relies for its perpetuation on the system of notation, while we still persist in the old tradition of oral as well as aural transmission by master-musicians to their more promising pupils. Not that we

do not have any system of writing music; from the fifth-century Bharata and the thirteenth-century Sarangdev down to the present-day Bhatkhande, Indian musicians have made an effort to immortalize certain compositions.

Since, however, we have not as yet made any considerable progress toward orchestration, and since intonation is the essence of the Hindustani music, staff-notation is often held to be an encumbrance in the way of free and spontaneous improvisation. Thus the Hindustani music is more of a vehicle for the expression of the performer's personality than for that of the original composer; in fact, the composer always remains anonymous. It follows that even the idiosyncrasies of a master-musician naturally become a vital part of a zalsa or musical feast. The tuning of the stringed instruments as well as of the drum takes an hour or two, and this is done in the presence of the audience. The audience (often a family circle and a few friends at the most) also witnesses all the off-the-record efforts of the master as he endeavors to "get into the mood."

It must be clear by now that Hindustani music is more fitted for the chamber than for the music hall.

Still another contrast that I have begun to feel is the one pertaining to the quality of the voice. A sweet voice, of course, is appreciated both in the United States and India. But Americans put a premium on the training and the quality of the voice, while in India, we emphasize the correctitude of tunes and notes. Thus an Indian musician would take pride in the fact that his voice could range over three or more octaves; and he would be unmindful of the fact that in thus straining his voice his tones were not always pearly. Ears trained in the western music are quick to perceive the flaws in our vocal acrobatics. That is why western music knows such distinctions as tenor and baritone as well as soprano, alto, and contralto. Hindustani music lacks these distinctions.

The absence of orchestration, I gradually came to realize, has been mainly responsible for the fact that instrumentally India is now at the same stage as medieval

Europe. We have a great variety of string as well as of wind instruments, but all of them are a means of supporting the voice. We also use the drum, but not to reinforce a crisis. We use it to articulate the meter of a musical piece.

And while we are on the subject of instruments, let me voice my condemnation of that abomination called the Indian harmonium which, together with the brass bands of certain Maharajahs, has done more to halt the modernization of Hindustani music than all the rest of the forces of reaction put together. Like many other suggested solutions of India's problems, the Indian harmonium is also a device invented by an English Civil Servant. And it just hasn't worked.

I have a feeling, however, that we are about to outgrow the so-called Indian harmonium and thus come into line with western music by adopting harmony instead.

One other difference that I have noticed in our two quite cultivated musical arts is that there is hardly any relationship between the hour of the day and the tune in western music ; anything can be played or sung at any time in Europe and America. The reverse of this is to say that an American visiting India is likely to be struck by the morning-afternoon-evening divisions in Hindustani music and to wonder, at least during the initiation period, why Indians feel that certain tunes can be invoked only at certain hours. In other words, he is likely to be baffled by the number of ragas we have.

Now the word raga has been variously translated as tune, mode, or mood, and I feel that the combination of all three expressions comes closer to explaining the Indian concept than any one definition taken singly. The theory of raga is that particular hours of the day and seasons of the year touch off a particular mood in the musicians creative consciousness, a form of temperament which leads to a special combination of musical notes and rhythms. The intimate truth of these private experiences is hard to explain to an American. You see, the Hindu lives in a climate which makes him an outdoor inhabitant ; days turn into nights and nights into days all around him and

unlike the western European and the American, he does not have to look out of his window to ascertain from the density of the twilight how soon his children will be out of school or how long he must keep his shop open. And all hours are available to him for music purposes. This rhythmic interpretation of the hour is not so pronounced in the life of a formal "indoor" European or American. From a different angle, it can be observed that even European music was much more governed by the caprices of the sun before the process of the "interiorization of western music" started in Germany.

INTERIORIZATION

The idea of the interiorization of the western music perfectly supports my observations on the interiorization of western life in general. One profound yet imperceptible change is bound to come over the Hindu when he makes his temporary or permanent home in America. His daily doings, his habits, even most of his wakeful hours, and surely the entire period of seven to eight hours of sleep, undergo a slow process of "interiorization." So far as it is a physical replacement of the open sky by the roof due to climatic conditions, he is quite aware of the change. A creature of a semi-tropical sub-continent, the Hindu is a child of the open sky, and he does feel, sometimes simply subconsciously, the physical differences between himself and his American brother who is a neat, firm little bundle of outlooks characteristic of four walls of brick and mortar. The differential, no doubt, is diffused and hidden most of the time ; being relative, it is not sharply defined. One sure sign of its relativity is that the Hindu is aware of it more acutely in western Europe in general, and in England in particular, than in the United States.

Yet the contrast is there, and it makes itself vivid and colorful in many small ways. For example, when the Hindu is supposed to have gone "around the corner," he actually is on the street-corner, lounging and chatting with his fellow-idlers hour by hour. Part of the group may be squatting on the curb or its Indian equivalent, and

still others may be gazing at the palpitating stars, paying no attention to what is characteristically known in Gujarat as the "tall tales of the cool hours." But when an American housewife says that her husband has "just gone around the corner," she means that he may be in the tap-room, or the tobacco shop, or the drugstore situated on the street-corner. For the merciless American climate forces one to seek shelter while the hours pass. Another instance is what we Indians call the bazaar. Bazaars are mostly open-space affairs : they may occur in a square in a village or on crowded crossroads in a city. They are either morning or evening events, and most of our daily bargaining, that endless art which permeates so much of our life, is done there. I have seen Pennsylvania-Dutch markets in Pennsylvania in summer, but for every market of this sort in America there are a score in India. And for every American street-peddler hawker, vendor, and huckster, there are a hundred in India. The Indian life is almost equally divided between the home and the street, with a slight balance favoring the street. A Brahmin takes his bath in the street, and most of the Indians wander out on their porches at about the same time in the morning to brush their teeth. In fact many things that the Americans do in their bathrooms the Indians do out in the open, and one should be thankful that the sun is piping hot in India. What is more intriguing, many Indian officials hold their offices in the open under a tree or out on the porticoes of spacious buildings provided for these purposes.

And about sleep, the sweetest of all things to the Indian ! Seldom have I seen Americans sleeping out under the open sky, in the courtyard, or on the terrace, even on the hottest of days. But India's pavement-sleepers are world-famous, at least for their dire poverty if not for their realism. But what is not well known abroad is that even Hindu gentlemen and ladies have their cots brought out to the garden or on to the terrace. I have slept under the starry and sometimes murky firmament practically all the year around, even when it was raining. In the latter case, I used an oilcloth cover to protect me. The one favor

that Gandhi asked of his jailer was that he should be allowed to sleep outside his cell to converse with the stars. The Indians are so much the children of the open that they go indoors merely in order to get out again as soon as possible, while in America you go out in order to get in somewhere else.

If, relatively speaking, it is true of America of today, how much more true it must have been in the 1890's when Americans had not yet become intoxicated with the craze for sunshine! I have a dear friend, an old lady in Ohio, who has recounted to me that in her youth the summer vacation only lasted a week or two ; the main change it entailed was a shifting of scene from the home to the "summer hotel" on the seashore or up in the hills. Summer as the call of the outdoors seems to have come to America with the car, the new freedom of women, lengthened vacations, the discovery of vitamins, greater interests in sports and travel, and so forth, and it is only now, a Hindu is inclined to believe, that it is becoming psychological experience instead of a mere climatic one. But I have a feeling that the socially recognized "American Summer" is likely to temper the mental habits of the American people, slowing the tempo a bit, and teaching the pleasures of a part-time do-nothing.

Yet very few Americans could ever become the wistful philosophers that most Indians are. For, with the exception of the deep South, the hard American winter will ever keep them going. By contrast, life is easy in hot India for the languishing have-nots, and the Indian gentleman can have his golf all year around.

This differential is nowhere as evident as in the contrasting geniuses of Indian and American house-designs, a contrast which is quite natural since the mode of living inevitably makes its most profound imprint on the structure of the home. By and large, the interior is the most interesting aspect of the American home, while in most cases the exterior is the more important part of the Hindu house. This is not to say that the outward appearance of all American houses is plain, nor is it implied here that the inward designs and furnishings of all

Indian homes are a purposeless jumble. I like the porticoes and pillars, as well as the general balance and dignity of old colonial mansions. The flawless simplicity and well-placed angles of modern designs attract me, too. But American architecture in general is apt to appear an endless monotony of soap-boxes piled up on each other, and unless an Indian acquaints himself with the interior of those soap-boxes, he will be unappreciative. For the interior in the American house is comforting where the Hindu home tends to be spacious ; it is easy where the Hindu house resembles a museum ; it is individualistic —expressive of the character of its residents—where the Hindu home endeavours heroically to answer the needs of a joint-family system ; its furnishings match harmoniously with a definite theme where a Hindu home would display a more catholic taste. However, the Indian home shines brightest on the outside, not only because it has generally a snow-white coating of plaster and lime, but also because it is full of harmonious contrasts and breaks, what with its many verandas and porches, balconies and terraces, arches and bowers. What I like most in the Hindu home, if there is such a thing, is the courtyard, which is left open under the sky in the middle of the building ; and also the many doors and many big uncurtained windows which reduce the dividing line between the indoors and the outdoors to the barest minimum. What I like most in the American home is its small garden outside. In India, most of the houses are gardenless, unless they be the sumptuous mansions of the very well-to-do or the palaces of the Maharajahs. But in that case, they are not those pleasant little gardens ; they are like National Parks.

The physical change from a warm to a colder climate and the interiorization of bodily activities are quite evident to, and expected by, the Hindu émigré in the United States. What he is seldom aware of, however, is the process of psychological change which he undergoes through what I would like to call a rooftop culture in place of his skytop culture ; and in this respect it does not make any difference whether he comes to America or

goes to western Europe. The interiorization of the body also modifies the habits of the mind, trends of ideas, and even thought-images and thought-patterns. For this withdrawal within the four walls is not merely a physical adjustment to a new climatic and topographical environment; it is also a process of mental adjustment which far transcends mere bodily changes. It creates for the Hindu new experiences, or, more precisely, a new outlook which changes the color of experience.

For one thing, the spaciousness of the outside inspires lofty and at times sublime yet nebulous mental images, while the limitations of the interior of a room clip the wings of imagination and make imagery precise and distinct. This contrast is nowhere as evident as in the respective poetry of India and America. It is evident also in the philosophies of the two countries. India's is the more imaginative, far-reaching, grandiose philosophy, at times baffling the human mind with cosmic insights which seldom come to man and which confound man-made logic. America is not so rich in philosophy, nor perhaps western Europe either, for that matter, a fact which is of significance in this connection. But whatever philosophy America has is pragmatic and logical and pertaining to logic and man-made institutions; the recent trend seems to be toward sociologification of philosophy. For under the open sky (and most Indian philosophy is the result of speculations by forest-dwelling, mountain-climbing sanyasis), the philosopher gets drunk with the vast vagueness of things; the relationship between the I and the Environment is lost in the trees. But there is a greater physical as well as mental proximity between the Subject and the Object in a room (and most American philosophy, with the exception of the contributions of Thoreau, tends to be college-cubicle philosophy); the knowledge incubated behind brick and mortar is more precise, well-organized, and has human content. To come down to lower earthly levels, the Hindu émigré becomes orderly in his habits in America and develops a sense of organization and systematization quite unnecessary at home but imperative in the limitations of

man-made houses. What Tagore calls "the West's strength of reality, which knows how to clear the path toward a definite end of practical good," might be largely due to the West's colder climate and consequent indoor civilization, much in the same way as England's statesmanship is attributed to the London fog.

WHAT'S IN A CELLAR?

Americans find my fascination with cellars a bewildering phenomenon. Wonder looks at wonder. Nevertheless, I say in all seriousness that there is nothing pertaining to human dwellings of the western world which intrigues me more than the American cellar. Perhaps my curiosity about the American cellar is due to the fact that it is so unlike the Indian idea of things. What the attic is to a Hindu the cellar is to the average American. Thus, so far as household activity is concerned, the American home seems to a Hindu to be standing heels-over-head. If Americans have a greater number of cellars, the Indians have a greater number of atties. That is not to say there are no cellars in Hindustan. However, American houses (and I am not thinking of apartment houses in big cities) in a majority of cases are wooden structures, while our Indian houses are affairs of black stone or limestone, of brick and mortar, of cement and concrete. And it is fortunate that they are, since the vulnerability of wood to white-ants and other insects, of which we have an India-full, was discovered centuries ago by our ancestors, if not by the ants themselves. Furthermore, Indian houses do not need winter heating ("winter" is, in fact, a welcome guest in India), nor is running hot water as great a necessity over there as it is here. For all these reasons, the cellar is seldom found in an Indian home. The few cellars that we have in India are used only for the summer siesta; they provide an escape from the midday heat, but they have by no means become a popular institution.

The overflow of the household furnishings and of other things of dubious use (we have a saying in India: Even a saved snake might come to be of some value sometime!) finds its way to the cellar in America or to the attic in

India. But the analogy stops there. What interests me most about the American cellar is that frequently the pent-up personality of one of the members of the household also finds expression in the cellar. Whose personality it is depends on the particular family. In most cases it is the man's personality, because in America he is a fugitive from his wife's dominion over the rest of the house, including the bedroom. He finds asylum in the cellar. I have come across some cellars expressive of the wife's personality, but in most of these cases I have felt that the man was too weak-kneed even to emulate Custer's last stand in the basement of his home. But whenever the man of the house succeeds in holding fast to his fortress, the cellar becomes a workshop, or a laboratory, or a playground. The man's hobbies, favorite gadgets, books and magazines, games, tools, hoardings are accumulated there. Many of the world's greatest scientific discoveries have been made in the American cellar, and many a notable novel written there. I am not talking about New Yorkers who live in pigeonholes, but about men and women who are the great majority of this country, the "backbone" of the nation, who live in small communities or out on the farm, or in smaller cities.

Most of the things that are on the borderline between the accepted and the cockeyed—most of the characteristics, that is, which help to define the personality of the average man—find expression in the American cellar. Here a man plays, during his evening leisure hours, with his carpentry tools and makes magic boxes, miniature boats and toys to be given to his little nephew at Christmas time. Professionally he may be a hardheaded office manager, but in the after-office hours he slips down to his cellar to "relax" by playing at bookbinding, photography, printing, or stamp-collecting. Or he is the president of the local bank, who all winter long works in his cellar on plans for a new sailing boat and other nautical schemes, so that when spring comes, he is ready for the joys of the sea. He may have a store on Main Street, but in his cellar at night he becomes a scientific genius

perfecting a gadget that will some day win him a fortune. A lawyer turns into a curio-collector in the cellar. And there are millions of men who, with the aid of tools collected in the cellar, are able to help the household out by painting the garage or the barn, by mending the family radio and the water-pipes, by doing a thousand little things which require skillful hands that know the use of tools and gadgets –and this phenomenon strikes the imagination of the Hindu with particular force. For in India the stupid concept that labor is undignified (and here our British connections have merely accentuated the vicious error) has made the Hindu gentleman so impractical that he has to call a carpenter to nail up a picture, a blacksmith to loosen a water-tap! However far an American may be removed from the soil and manual toil, he still remains skillful in the use of his hands and his tools and his gadgets, thanks to the American cellar.

Whenever I have displayed the slightest interest in being shown the cellar of an American home I am visiting, I have seen a peculiar gleam come to the eyes of my host– a gleam which flashes to you the news that here is a welcome, even if unexpected (considering that it is made by a foreigner) request. This is particularly true if the cellar happens to be the wife's domain—for though she immediately offers apologies, you are soon to discover a neat and wonderful scheme of things in her world of preserves, stores, and supplies. Once in a while, the husband comes to the rescue in a living room full of women and takes you down to his friendly little bar in the cellar. I have found, by the way, that these bars are almost always pleasingly and warmly decorated. And in between times, the young lady of the family entertains her friends in the cellar game-room—complete with ping-pong table– next door to the "bar."

I have been told by that famous Vermont lady of great humanity, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, about the significant rôle of the American cellar as an "underground railroad" in the olden days. Sometimes, I gather, the cellar has been the hideout of the gangster, but that surely is a legacy of speakeasy days, and not characteristic of

the real America at all. The growth of "cellar-clubs" in cities like New York is another jarring note in this basement symphony, but that, too, I take as an urban aberration of a wholesome and characteristically American institution.

A QUESTION OF ALTITUDE

If I were asked what is the most fundamental and yet tangible symbol of difference between the occidental and the oriental civilizations, and especially between the western and the Indian cultures, I would, without hesitation, answer "the chair." I mean the everyday chair which is used in the office, at the dinner table, in the hotel lobby, in the living room, on the porch.....I hold the firm conviction that the universal existence of the chair in the western world and its *historic* absence in India make the two cultures what they are by the way of contrast.

I have consciously used the adjective "historic" since even in India there are no glass museum cases around the *adopted* chair ; one sees chairs in many offices in big cities and also in many "advanced" homes, and in theaters the difference between chairs and benches constitutes the distinction between "reserved" and "public." All the chairs in India help to mark a phase of India's westernization ; they constitute a well-defined landmark in the long process of imitating the conquering culture of the occident. Even at that, the chair is of fairly recent adoption so far as India is concerned, and its use has by no means become universal ; millions and millions of Indians still persist in dropping themselves cross-legged on the ground, on the floor, or on a palm mattress. The sight of the Indians seated like "idols" cannot be brushed aside as a mere indication of India's poverty and lack of culture ; for even the well-to-do middle classes, the industrial tycoons, yes, the Maharajahs, still enjoy the luxury and the relaxation of reclining on a round bolster, laid against the wall in the manner of a horizontal pillar, with the haunches grounded on another upholstered pad. There are more offices in Bombay and Calcutta where people sit on the floor than sanctums where legs dangle.

Ruth St. Denis, the famous American dancer, once told me that thanks to the Indian sitting posture Hindu ladies do not get fallen arches as American women do. What is true of the Hindus is also true of the Near Eastern Mohammedan world, of the Malays and the Indonesians and, to a certain extent, of the Chinese and the Japanese. Some Japanese, unwilling to imitate the West and yet willing to ease shooting pains in their legs, compromise by leaving a large and deep hole in the floor underneath their low tables ; thus they can appear to be squatting and yet enjoy dangling their feet.

Although very few people are conscious of the fact, the chair—this four-legged, back-resting, floor-craping piece of furniture—has all the attributes of a determining "cultural pressure." Just pause for a moment to reflect on the subject, and you will realize in how many imperceptible ways it influences your mode of life. Similarly, its absence has been influencing the Hindu's habits for centuries and centuries. Of course, the Indians as well as all the other peoples I have mentioned have had a sort of low stool to be used at a darbar and on other ceremonial occasions, but the chair has never been a mainstay in leisure or in work. And I am sure that this absence of the chair from the Indian scene and its ubiquitous presence on the American have had a lot to do with the fact that Indians are philosophers while the occidentals are doers.

For one thing, the custom of folding oneself on the floor calls for loose garments, preferably adjustable instead of tailored and fitted. The chair, on the other hand, lends itself to seams and gussets. Looseness of garments in its turn, hampers one's walking pace and interferes with vigorous work and labour ; it also fosters a mental preparedness for leisure, makes one easy-going. Western suits and frocks, on the contrary, often described by such words as "snappy," "trig," "knife-pleated," "dashing," "serviceable," make one clean-limbed and active, not to say jumpy. Only an Indian can realize how hard it is to relax in American fittings.

Compared to squatting on the ground, sitting on a chair is half-way standing. Chair-sitters can spring up and go to work at a moment's notice, while those sitting on the floor have to take their own good time in order to get ready and go. Consequently, Indians loathe standing up, and they think twice before deciding that anything is worth the effort of co-ordinating the various tensor muscles to reach a standing position. It is almost like getting out of bed, and everybody knows how difficult that is. The chair-sitter can never grasp the full implication of the trials and tribulations of a Hindu, lost in comfort and his own thoughts, about to stand up. Fortunately, when an Indian's female cousin comes to visit his wife, the host is not compelled by the dictates of etiquette to spring up every time she enters the room.

It should also be noted that the absence of chairs more than anything else upsets the European or the American visiting India. For one thing, he can never squat on the ground for any considerable time without eventually finding the need for a liniment, and yet, unless he can sit in the camp-fire position of the East Indian, he can never be an integral part of the Indian community which is at its most natural and also at its best during its informal cross-legged hours. Moreover, he fails to appreciate the Indian obliviousness of time if he fails to enjoy this congress of stomach and legs, this reflective spell of sitting like an image of Buddha. For when we fold up in the traditional pose and lean back on a cushion, the idea of getting up holds no enticement. So we engage ourselves and our friends in endless talk. That is why "interviews" in India are always long ; even business deals take hours.

Of course, the total effect of the institution of "cross-leggedness" is to make a whole people lazy to a point where they do not mind even being exploited by chair-sitting foreigners so long as their leisure is left intact. I remember going to a shop in Calcutta to buy an article which was in plain view upon the shopkeeper's shelves. But the owner, a Bengali Babu, who was squatting in a corner of his store, denied the very existence of the article

simply because it meant unscrambling five feet of manhood, walking six steps, making the deal, collapsing again. Now my experiences among the chair-sitting Americans, who prefer to stand in their stores, have been quite different ; to my great delight and astonishment, I have often been sold articles which the owner had first to procure by leaving his own premises.

One might think that the custom of dispensing with chairs would be hard on the furniture business, but that is not quite so. The furniture business pays good dividends in India although it deals in different articles. It is the shoemaker, however, who would make more money if India took wholeheartedly to chairs. The reason shoes are left outside the door of temples, homes, and orthodox business houses is that no one wants to settle his raiment where soiled foot-coverings have deposited dust. If chairs were universal the shoes would be glued to the feet in the western way, indoors and outdoors. As it is, there is a constant slump in the Indian shoe industry.

The absence of the chair has made the Hindu languid, willing to watch the world go by, a man talking and musing endlessly, while the use of the chair has made the westerner alert and always on the go. The former has become a philosopher and has distinguished himself in cosmic and spiritual reflections, while the latter has become a businessman, swift and capable of plucking advantage, as far removed from the world of Hindu philosophy as any man could be. Yes, I believe, the chair has made much difference between the two worlds.

VI. ON SECOND THOUGHT

Second thoughts they say are best.
—SHAKESPEARE

It was love at first sight.
—LINE FROM AN OLD ROMANCE

All discord, harmony not understood. . . .
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
—POPE

IN addition to the record of my first impressions of the United States and of incidents in my Americanization, I should like to put together a cursory credo of AmerIndia which comes as a result of second thoughts. I hope it will seem entertaining as well as significant.

Oriental vs. Occidental. There is an historically untenable distinction between the oriental and the occidental worlds. Asiatic publicists visiting the United States are bound to have one argument hurled at them over and over again by American audiences: "It might be true of your country, because of your *oriental culture*, but it can't be true of us Americans." Not only is the Chinese Lin Yutang reminded of his "oriental culture," but also the Indian Dhanagopal Mukerjee, the Arab George Antonius, and even the Syrian Kahlil Gibran are reminded of it.

Now I maintain that there is nothing like an oriental culture or an Asiatic mentality. Western culture is, in fact, more compact than what is known as oriental culture, and more recognizable. Take, for instance, the phenomenon of mysticism which the Americans think distinguishes East from West. I feel that Europeans and Americans are closer to Indians in the mystical realms than are the Chinese. The westerners themselves are mystical, whereas the Indians are super-mystical. The

Chinese, on the other hand, are pragmatists, if ever a people was pragmatic, quite matter-of-fact.

Americans also appear to believe that non-violence and vegetarianism are oriental oddities which the western world cannot understand. But Christianity and Hinduism have more in common in the matter of non-violence than have Islam and Hinduism. Everyone knows that compared to an Afridi tribesman, even a militant Christian is a pacifist.

Above all, there is the common Indo-European linguistic, cultural, and racial heritage which knits India and Iran closer to Europe, at least in thought patterns, than to the geographic grouping of the orient.

A Mistaken Credit-line. Even rabid, dyed-in-the-wool Indian nationalists should be charitable enough to admit one pleasant by-product of the British raj's rule. It has forced us to learn the masculine and yet intricate English language and it has accidentally thrown open to us the entire western world. Of course, the British have been so jealous of their monopoly over India that everything western has had to come to us Indians chalked with the white cliffs of Dover. Things "western" are "English" to the Indian-in-the-street ; to him the western music is just "English music" ; western clothes "English suits" ; and even American gadgets are plain "English objects." It is all "Angrezi" to the Indian farmer. I think it is high time that Americans and Frenchmen and others realized how much credit they have been robbed of by suave Englishmen.

The credit-line has been misplaced in the mind of the Indian because the whole western world was thrown open to India by the British raj ; but India was never thrown open to the western world. In this respect our Chinese and Japanese neighbors have been more fortunate. For when the guns of Commodore Perry's black ships thundered in the Tokio Bay in 1853, Japan was opened to the entire West and the West was opened to Japan. Similarly, when in 1842 the British man-of-war *Nemesis* opened fire in the mouth of the Yangtze River, twelve miles below Shanghai, it began the process of making

Shanghai into one of the world's most cosmopolitan cities. But when the British took Madras (1639), Bombay (1662), and Calcutta (1690), they turned them into Angrezi settlements. In consequence, fortunately or unfortunately, India is more Anglicized than Westernized and India's cities are more Anglo-Indian metropolises than they are world-centers, cosmopolitan cities.

Cults and Creeds. When the average American carries out his easy slogan of religious freedom, "Here men live and worship as they please," I have noticed that tolerance is Tolerance with a capital T. When necessary, Americans are so tolerant they lean over backwards. I am thinking, for example, of the standard attitude of non-Quakers in Quaker areas, or of non-Mormons in Mormon areas. Am I just a confused foreign observer when I ask if the "Hands Off" attitude where other people's religion is concerned is like the ostrich's famous habit of hiding his head in the sand? (Not, God witness, that I advocate the old missionary spirit!) But I have a strange feeling that if you X-rayed a non-Amish brain as its owner rides over that famous Route 322 which runs through the Amish land in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, you would find his tolerance taking this form: "Well, every man to his own tastes. They're beyond my comprehension, though. Stiff-necked of them not to conform to modern dress. Can't understand it." Then he would turn his thoughts to other things, since no sensible person lets his mind dwell on "queer" religions more than a minute at a time. Am I raving when I attribute part of the "conformist's" attitude of the buried head to a shrewd Yankee admission that fine feathers may not keep you from entering Heaven, but they aren't "going to help you none"? Such thoughts are enough to make anyone stick to his own knitting.

Easy-going, cynical America! When the Quaker, or the Mormon, wears clothes like everyone else's, and enjoys life like everyone else, and many of them do, the ordinary churchgoer does not find any need to call upon his Tolerance, not even on Sunday when the Quaker Buick, Mormon Buick, and his Buick all take themselves to Meeting House, Temple, and Church.

I wish you would assume the same attitude toward the many colorful and at times queer patterns that adorn India's magic carpet. I wish you would think of America's own sturdy exceptions which have so far valiantly resisted the steam-roller of standardization when you are told by anti-Indian propagandists that "the land of mystery" can never be an independent nation because of its many cults and creeds. Then you will have an image in your mind which would enable you to see through the game of so many disguised "friends" of India.

A democracy is all the more healthy and sound for its constructive and colorful variations; only war and the totalitarian state require strict conformity. America is a strong democracy, not in spite of, but because of, the strong individuality of its various religions and regional groups. In much the same way, India's variegated group-patterns are going to remain the strongest guarantee of democracy for the one-fifth of the human race inhabiting that distant land.

Clubs and Caste. We have very few clubs and societies in India, and even those we have are not native vehicles of man's herd instincts, but imported models from the occident.

A Hindu in America, therefore, is not only impressed but also amazed at the hundreds of thousands of clubs and orders, sororities and fraternities, auxiliaries and lodges, associations and societies; in 1940 about 2,000,000 United States citizens paid over $ 50,000,000 to country clubs. On every Main Street there are the assemblies of Lions and Elks, and there are as many Rotarians as there are wheels of industry.

It is thought-provoking that America should have all these clubs and India should have none—none except those of western importation. And yet in pre-British India each village had at least a "town-five."

But there is a closer parallel. We Indians have hundreds of thousands of castes. Now I am not trying to say that the American club is just like the Hindu caste, but I do maintain that Lion and Lionella nights fulfill

many a function of the caste dinner. This suggests that some sort of a caste is natural to man.

For man is fundamentally a lonely being and so he enlists in a constant quest for association and company. And yet he is afraid of the larger world since he feels lost in the sea of humanity. What he craves is the warmth of the personal touch, and so he is hopelessly fond of small-group solidarity; he loves to get together on intimate terms with a few of his very own kind.

This fortification against the frightening ocean of anonymity is provided in India by the caste system. In medieval Europe, it was the guild system. And in present-day America, it is the 8–30 p.m. meeting of the Club—Bridge, Civic, Glee, Fraternal, Political.

If the American is more "clubby" than the European, it is because he is the more frantic, the more nervous and also because he lives in a more rugged, less hospitable climate. The European was accustomed to his own neighborhood and the face-to-face groupings of small villages and towns, while the American is more and more deprived of a neighborhood by his automobile civilization and his apartment-house mode of living. His caste, no doubt, is broken, but since he is human, he seeks out his club.

Humor. One of the pleasantest folkways over here is the American's inclination to go out of his way to be nice to others in small matters of everyday living. How often one hears: "What a beautiful tie!" "He's a good guy." "You look cool" (when the temperature is 96°). "Your heart's in the right place." "Now you tell us, because you know all about it." What makes it pleasanter is that there is not the slightest element of flattery on one hand or of snobbery on the other; it merely manifests the tacit recognition that one not only does not lose anything by being nice to others but, on the contrary, adds to the total happiness of one's fellow beings in a world which is quite full of frustrations anyway. Such small compliments are to be heard not only in conversation between the sexes, but also in talk of men among men, and women among women.

To draw a sharp contrast, and all contrasts are a little bit of an exaggeration since they ignore the exceptions, we Indians go out of our way to be mean to each other. An idle compliment is rarely paid by an Indian to another Indian, and if the exceptional happens, the innocent one is considered either servile or foolish. For example, if an Indian, freshly bathed and dressed from head to foot in immaculate linens, went down the street and met his neighbor, who immediately caroled, "My, you look nice and cool," the spruced-up Indian would never trust the other's sanity again. Casual social remarks in India are devoted to criticism, with results such as: "Looks like a secondhand coat!" "There is a spot on your sari which you have forgotten to hide!" "You are talking about communism, but do you know how to spell the word?"

I realize that my compatriots will not like this, nor enjoy a few things which I am going to add, but I must deal with the phenomenon since I have a definite theory about it—a theory that has emerged out of years of subconscious observation of this subtle contrast between the two peoples. I do not know whether I shall be able to communicate it in objective images or marshal enough facts to support my argument; it is a feeling rather than a thought, and it is too intimate an experience to allow proper perspective. As Anne Lindbergh puts it so beautifully, "To write or to speak is almost inevitably to lie a little. It is an attempt to clothe an intangible in a tangible form; to compress an immeasurable into a mold. And in the act of compression, how Truth is mangled and torn! The writer is the eternal Procrustes who must fit his unhappy guests, his ideas, to his set bed of words. And in the process, it is inevitable that the ideas have their legs chopped off, or pulled out of joint, in order to fit the rigid frame."

I cannot avoid the quotation, for I feel that it so clearly describes my own personal and frequent anguish, as it must that of many other writers. I have felt that way especially during the writing of this book—these pages which often touch upon the intimate and the

sacrosanct, not only of my dear people, but also of another great people whom I love and adore. What is more tragic is the inevitable failure of a writer to convey to his reader that he otherwise cherishes deeply most of the things and persons whose many idiosyncrasies and shortcomings he finds himself called upon to criticize and ridicule.

The theory I have evolved intrigues me enough to offer it to others for whatever it may be worth. Briefly, it is this : The older a people culturally, the less generous and warm-hearted they are.

Let me illustrate my point with some examples by the way of self-criticism, but also let me make it clear that the exceptions to the rule are not few but many. By and large, we Indians are less indulgent with each other than Americans are with each other ; Europeans stand somewhere in between. Indians are more critical, disillusioned, and cynical than Americans. The fact that the faker, an Indian nonentity, is more successful in America than in India bears out the point. For it is hard to fool Indians, who take pleasure in disbelieving you from the start and who suddenly appear from behind some curtain of the personality because they want to catch you red-handed, and who habitually recall your failures rather than your successes, even if the final score is in your favor. In contrast, the Americans display all the credulity of the young, and so long as your act gives them a "kick," they do not care about the facts ; why, they do not even mind if you tell them that you are a faker so long as they are amused by your faking. Being a young and vital people, their hero-worship displays the vigor and the unsophistication of children ; they remember successes and are willing to forget failures. If you have too many failures, they forget you, too, but do not recall you as a bad example.

Let us search for evidence elsewhere. If a woman were to fall down in the street in India she would be an object of amusement ; the onlookers would go through convulsions of laughter without any thought of helping her back on her feet. Once in a while Americans also laugh

at any such sight, but more often than not they rush to aid the victim, or they pretend not to have seen—if only to avoid adding to the embarrassment.

Richness or poverty, severe competition in the struggle for a living, historical accidents such as a national defeat in statesmanship or in war—all these factors affect the character of a people. But the age of the people also has something to do with the hardening of attitudes, and sometimes racial and national memories are too long and too stiff to permit the appreciation of newness or originality. Consequently the older the culture, the meaner the human products of it.

Analyze the respective sense of humor of the Americans, the British, and the Hindus, and you have a chart of the young, the old, and the ancient. American humor is broad, goodhearted, and obvious; the British humor is subtle but sarcastic, and it stings; the Hindu humor is far-fetched, personal, and bitter. It is in wicked practical jokes and mischievousness that Indians are apt to reveal heights of affection for one another.

Clothes. There are two thoughts which have nothing to do with each other but which strike me with the same sort of incredible force. One: If as many Germans hate Hitler as the papers say, why hasn't some one assassinated him? Two: How can the American women who wear five-dollar dresses endure the advertisements of $30 dresses, $25 hats, $1,000 coats, and $12 jars of cold cream? The patient spirit of the millions of feminine observers who look into shop windows featuring "dinner pajamas with lamé coats and harem trousers of aqua velvet ($135)" knowing that $135 will pay the rent for four months with a little left over for water taxes, is a patience which passeth all understanding.

In India all is quiet on the fashion front. As far as I know no Hindu girl has ever been wracked by the thought that if she had prettier clothes she could invite the honorable intentions of the rich bachelors on Malabar Hill. Neither does her chundadi have to match her mojadi. Nor does she ever say, "You know, I went downtown today in my pink sari, and I felt so funny.

Nobody is wearing pink saris this spring." If there are any "new treatments" for the neck, sleeves, waistline, and hem of the sari, I have been kept in ignorance of them. And the daughters of India have never, for instance, set their hearts on bathing suits with rubber flowers on the halters for their birth-days, nor asked Daddy for ski pants at Christmas.

In America a man must wear his cast-iron suit most of the time, but a woman's wardrobe can run the gamut of textures, tints, and trinkets. Sitting in the lounge of the hotel where I am writing now there are three women under hats that would make my sisters drop dead. All three have their heads bent over and I have a very good view of the crowns of the hats. One is roofed with shiny blue feathers of what was once the prettiest bird I know, the other has twenty inches of animal fur running around the dome like a Chinese Wall, and the third visitor is sporting a turban. A turban on a woman! To me, and to all Indians, a turban is as much of a male prerogative as a Men's Room.

"Aha," I muttered, since I had been brooding about this subject of women's fashions. "Women in America can wear anything."

In India women's clothes are comparatively regimented and men have interesting wardrobes. A man's wardrobe at home can be very interesting, with the embroidered coats and caps that our women like to see us wear, and the dhotis that our laundresses break their backs over.

Wives and Women. Many men in the United States, it seems, marry girls who will "do them proud." The wife becomes the goods in her husband's show window. A doctor chooses a nurse because she represents healthy, well-adjusted "goods." The theological student turns from uninhibited hoydens to more subdued versions of the American girl because his window is the parsonage parlor and he dare not have flame in it. The Hollywood star, until very recently at least, was urged to forego marriage because it was assumed that all the girls in the world wanted to be his. The politician with his eye on the presidency chooses his wife with particular care,

because the ideal First Lady must have a bullet-proof pedigree, a dignified bearing, a certain smile, and no uncertain control over her tongue.

In India we get our "goods"—and they are good—in a happy-go-lucky way, knowing that as far as the public is concerned wives are out of sight and out of mind. Out of mind! The wife of an Indian public figure could go around her compound trailing flowers like Ophelia, and he, in his man's world, would never have cause to wish he had married Miss Sita Devi instead. That does not mean that no leader's wife is out in the open arena helping her husband; Mrs. Gandhi, the late Mrs. Nehru, and Mrs. Sen Gupta are but a few well-known women representing a great many exceptions to the general rule. But they are active because of their own free will, and not because the Indian public takes them into account in connection with their husbands. No reporter or news camera man hunts them out of their private lives against their wishes. The wives of great Indians do not have news value merely because they are wives.

Is there a mystic relationship between American women and their dogs? In asking this I do not wish to be scurrilous. But every Hindu who visits America is bewildered at first by the sight of women leading dogs along the street, clucking to them, wheedling them, patronizing them. To these women, dogs are people! It is only with great difficulty that we come to understand the affection which some women have for lap dogs.

Men in America have a tough row to hoe. As I make it out, many of them die without heirs because their wives crumble up like withered flowers. How often does one hear that Mrs. A. is "not strong," that Mrs. B. is "not strong," that Mrs. Z. is "not strong"? Yet in the end the chances are they will outlive their husbands.

The lion's share of the nation's wealth is in Jane's name. Women are by far the more important customers not only to the manufacturers of articles, but also to the fabricators of ideas; Professor Walter Pitkin told us in the School of Journalism that more than sixty per cent of all our readers would be feminine no matter what we

wrote, with the possible exception of Wall Street columns.

And everything, from public restrooms to private boudoirs, is better and pleasanter for them. Unlike India, America is a nation full of strong women! Men over here belong to what we call in India "the depressed class."

In India we still hold to a Greek conception of male beauty : regular features, eyes that move languidly, lashes that fringe, hair that resembles velvet. Over here girls favor men with jutting chins, hair that stands on end, bulging nostrils, hands that can break down doors, and one-way eyes that express Harpo Marxian intensity. Indian girls admire symmetry, while American girls reserve their enthusiasm for men who are like the national scene, craggy, vast, and electrified.

Hotels and Temples In spite of the attempts of the missionary to detour Hindu prayers to the Heavenly City of the Christians, a powerful lot of Hindu prayers go on just the same, directed upward but not to the Heavenly City, which semiconverted Hindus picture as a glorified Manhattan, anyway.

Our temples are hard for the devout to resist ; they are built on sites where the view is the most breath-taking, where nature is at her most generous. In America I see many churches which are amorally squeezed by stores and dwelling places. If we have a piece of real estate that is a delight to the eye, we build a temple there ; America builds the honeycomb of a huge hotel in such a spot.

Hotels are not numerous in India. Most of us, while visiting Bombay, still persist in the old habit of staying a month or two with the cousin of our employee's sister-in-law's uncle. The habit of eating out is also as rare as a hundred-petaled lotus ; we have very few restaurants.

But most of those temples erected on spots of rare beauty have around them shelters and kitchens for pilgrims. It is the hotel idea with a Hindu difference.

Festivals. A comparison between American and Hindu festivities might be something like this :

THE UNITED STATES

	Rich Man	*Poor Man*
New Year's Eve	Champagne	Beer
Valentine's	Platinum ring	Box of candy
Easter	Orchids	Sweet peas
Mother's Day	Has telegram sung	Sends 25 *c.* form-telegram sentiment
Graduation Day	Graduates from Harvard	Graduates from state university
June Wedding	Has six ushers	Has no ushers
Independence Day	Goes sailing	Goes swimming
Thanksgiving	Army-Navy	A.H.S.-B.H.S.
Christmas	Buys on Fifth Avenue	Saves for baby

INDIA

	Rich Man	*Poor Man*
Navaroz (New Year's)	Feasts visitors	Goes visiting
Engagement	Receives race horse from *her* father	Receives rupees from *her* father
Lord Krishna's Birthday	Gives party at Savoy (London)	Goes to Temple (Bombay)
Graduation Day	Sails home (B.A., Oxford)	Enters father's profession
Wedding	Has two-mile parade	Has hundred-yard parade
January 26th (Independence Day)	Thinks about Gandhi	Thinks about Gandhi
Holi (Fall Festival)	Plays polo	Watches polo
Divali (It also comes once a year!)	Prays for son	Saves for babies

Milk Cans. I have often thought in my wanderings on this continent, that if I were the slightest bit crooked I could walk away with a counter-load of stuff from any American 5 and 10, a dozen platters of food from any cafeteria, a newspaper every morning, sundry articles from the drugstores, not to mention a milk can or two from the rural highways.

Now these milk cans left by the wayside solely in the custody of Almighty God can be as surprising to a modern Indian as the unlocked doors of Indian homes must have

been to that ancient Chinese traveler, Fa Hsien, who made a pilgrimage to India in 399 A.D. In his diaries he has jotted down notes on the honesty of Indians of his day as observed in the sight of doors without padlocks; in my diaries I have jotted down notes on the petty honesties of Americans. But it tickles an Indian to observe that it is the Americans and not his contemporary countrymen who have really taken to heart the old Hindu adage that "only suspicion begets suspects."

Drinking. You can live and die in India without seeing a man weaving on the street after an encounter with Alcoholic Sin, and for almost a year after I arrived in New York, I always underwent a sort of childish excitement whenever I sniffed a breath that reminded me of my after-shaving lotion. What was he experiencing? In India a maudlin, staggering alcoholic is rare enough to draw a crowd, and a befuddled woman—well, she was born befuddled, that's all.

But you can spend months in the United States without hearing a child whimper, while hardly a day goes by in India that you are not made well aware of the unhappiness of our infants. They are not spoiled and they resent it.

Old Things. I once poked around in a famous antique shop at Sugartown, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the "old" clock and "old" tray section. The antique man at Sugartown had almost a million "old" objects d'Americana on display, half an acre of them strewn around outdoors, plus a house crammed with glasses, brasses, battered treasures, many of these with amazing price tags on them. I say amazing because the chief value of his secondhand knickknacks seemed to lie in the fact that they had existed fifty, one hundred, two or three hundred years.

In India no such objects would ever fetch a real price. For when we Indians talk of old things we are thinking of relics of 300 B.C.

Married Men. Rumors that Washington might exempt married men from conscription made me think of what would happen in India if we were to adopt such a policy. In that event our Indian Army would be counted by a few thousands. Practically everyone marries in India.

Fishing. At a church social in Brooklyn my attention was drawn to a Fish Pond, a mild little racket which cost ten cents a chance, and gave the Christian Endeavor's sporting blood an opportunity to gamble for a worthy cause. I remember I reluctantly separated myself from a dime, pulled one of the strings, and yanked out of the Pond a sack of marbles. The only point in this story other than its proof that I have been in Brooklyn and know some Christian Endeavorers socially, is that fishing is such a novelty to a Hindu that he is willing to pay a dime to haul out a sack of marbles. In India fishing is a profession by which fishermen make their living. It is certainly not the sport of presidents and prime ministers. A British Viceroy, who may have been a regular angler back home, would create a terrific sensation if ever he were to go fishing on the Ganges when things became hot in Delhi. In consequence, I have always been fascinated by the importance of fishing in American and British politics.

I have also learned that each year five million Americans spend hours and days arguing about the proper bait and debating about the value of various flies. This is exceptionally interesting to one who has been told again and again that Americans are a "scientific people," for fish are color blind and quite dumb and lacking in perception, as many zoologists have tried to make clear.

In India, Maharajahs and their White Sahib guests go tiger hunting. I can see an element of chance and sport in that. Fishes are, I feel, a poor substitute for tigers.

Poison Ivy. I shall never forget a picnic junket I once took with a professor's family to some kind of springs, either Boiling or Roaring. When we reached the lovely grotto, the two children and three adults burst out of the car like a bottle of Pepsi-Cola, but once we had alighted, to my surprise, all motion was frozen for a few minutes while the professor delivered a homily which could have been entitled, "Snakes, Ticks, and Poison Ivy."

I listened with more than a trace of skepticism, because in India snakes are really snakes worthy of zoos, and Indian insects know so many original ways of attacking man that they would put to shame any bumptious little

American tick. True, the poison ivy was something new, but that was not going to spoil my fun. I went to look at the falls from below ("Watch out for poison eye-vee!"). I went to look at the falls from above ("Watch out for poison eye-vee!"). I went to look at the falls from the side ("Watch out for poison eye-vee!"). I gathered harebells, I chased my hardboiled egg under the table, I leaned against trees.

When I got back to New York, I had poison ivy, and those days of agony made it clear to me that not even Indians, with all their tough and age-old pigmentation, are immune. Americans going to India get vaccinated against malaria and cholera ; Indians coming to the United States should take precautions against poison ivy.

"*Thank You.*" In India we do not say "Thank you" as often as Americans or Englishmen do, but our customary response to that formality is much more self-effacing and, I think, more appropriate. For our response to "Thank you" is "Thank God."

And yet the American habit of responding "You are welcome" is much more warm and musical to me than the severe British habit of brushing the grateful aside with an inhibited "Don't mention it." There is a note of repression in it, almost as if easy reception of courtesy were an emotion which strong men did not indulge in.

Nothing could be more in the taken-for-granted mood than the Pacific Coast habit of meeting another's "Thank you" with a cheerful "You bet."

Leadership. I often think that there are two countries which need a good public relations counsel—the Philippines and India. Both have had a bad press in America since the proofreader-knows-when.

American papers pick up odds and ends about Maharajahs, exceedingly dry accounts of National Congress doings, and quaint boxed items about Mahatma Gandhi which have a far-away sound even to me. But after weeks of listening to the world's noisy orchestra since September, 1939, and hearing virtually no music from India, I am grateful even for the British-dictated tunes which are recorded now and then in the American press.

Fortunately for India, Mahatma Gandhi gives us the best publicity we get. If you search your mind, gentle reader, you will find nothing against him. He never makes the air blue with vituperation (Hitler), he is not without humor (Stalin), he is not led by the nose (Mussolini), he clings to no passe crown (several people), he does not persecute the helpless (Hitler), he never scoffs at God (Stalin), he denies himself the world, the flesh and the devil (you and I). Further more, Gandhi goes on and on forever, and Americans forget easily. His name is easy to pronounce, his face is hard to forget, and his desire to free India from the British is as closely identified with him as the trade-mark on your favorite brand of cigarettes. Yes, Gandhi is the best thing we have, and we westernized Indians never forget it.

The picture of the half-clad spindly Mahatma has also offered to the American public an eye-opening contrast to their own conception of leadership. In Gandhi's India, the pattern of leadership is that of a Mahatma, one who sacrifices all his possessions and lives as simply as the people he tries to represent. The American pattern of leadership is that of a successful businessman ; hence the anomaly of a labor leader—a John L. Lewis or a William Green—riding in a limousine and stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Aliens. Long before the contemporary vogue of describing the United States as "the last hope of civilization" started, and years before civic programs began to close with the singing of *God Bless America*, I, even as an alien (not an "undesirable" one, I hope), did my part toward making Americans conscious of their fortunes and their destiny.

Quite often at the end of my lectures Americans would come to me and begin criticizing their country for its many failings. My usual response has been : "You should have taken one of those cruises around the world. Then and only then would you have realized how fortunate you are. I am not saying that some of the backwoods of America do not need to be cleared of their

underbrush. But, in spite of all its defects, the United States is the nearest thing to heaven on earth."

After that you will perhaps understand how very greatly I appreciate your present intense and zero-hour struggles to reappraise the "good old American traditions." As an Indian it is quite plain to me that a foreigner, even when legally here and in love with American institutions, is at a disadvantage in this "land of opportunity," especially in the present state of national self-conscious ness of "my country, right or wrong." And yet even such excess is more healthy than the unnatural condition which obtains in India under an alien authority.

In my country, it is Indians who are at a disadvantage while foreigners enjoy all the privileges. Not only the British, but Germans, Frenchmen, Armenians, and even Americans. For instance, when a trade treaty between the United States and India is signed, Americans are given all the privileges in India they ask for. But do you think that Indians receive analogous privileges in the United States? No. On the contrary, the British and the Anglo-Indians get all the benefits of reciprocity between the two countries, while Indians are left holding the bag. So you will understand why I prefer the American excess under which the foreigner is at a disadvantage to the British-Indian excess under which the native lives like a scared rabbit.

Common Man. There is one grave injustice that many foreigners and most Anglophile Americans offer the United States when they compare the American with the European, with the Chinese, or with the Hindu. These thoughtless weavers of a pattern invariably pick an average American and compare him with the upper-bracket and fictionized European or oriental, meantime making out a strong case for American "crudities" and European polish. They fail to realize that they are comparing two utterly different categories, the ordinary with the extraordinary, the people who live next door with the people who come on the Clipper, comparing America's rough diamonds with the glittering characters of international literature.

I have seen many groping, well-meaning observers doing this fallacious bit of analysis. They fail at it because the common man is the salt of the American soil, while in Europe or Asia he counts little or nothing at all. So it almost always presents a comparison between a mathematically accurate Average American and a padded version of the Average Englishman or Frenchman or Hindu.

I was once riding with the president of a big city's Chamber of Commerce en route to addressing his group, and I noticed that his chauffeur contradicted him right and left with respect to national affairs and international politics. That could happen only in America. Both the boss and the chauffeur contribute to the Average American.

Consciousness-ization. Contemporary psychologists have continuously been warning us that the human organism, which has changed very little since the ape became man, is getting into serious trouble in this revolutionized world of the machine. They point out that while man's native endowment, that is, his physical and mental equipment, has gained little in strength throughout the generations, the mechanical gadgets and contraptions through which he seeks to express his personality and gratify his basic drives have grown complex and frustrating.

To the warning voice of psychologists has been added the alarm of sociologists. They, in turn, have been pointing their index fingers at the lag between the simple order of man's fundamental drives on the one hand and the growing complexity and the long-distance quality of their myriad fulfilments on the other. And the dislocation of the human personality from its complementary world of nature is daily being brought to the attention of all of us through such social phenomena as overflowing insane asylums, nervous breakdowns, and even communal neurosis.

Now this paradox of the modern man feeling like a Frankenstein trapped by the monster machine of his own creation cannot escape a sensitive Hindu living in America. In fact, to the Hindu under the Americanization process, the disparity between man and the machine

becomes a vivid aspect of his daily experience. For one thing, his Indian homeland, on the whole, is still pervaded by an agrarian culture, whereas his American environment, adopted temporarily or permanently, has become the world's pre-eminent example of industrial civilization. Secondly, his former daily life in India was full of personal touches and face-to-face human contacts; Hindustan is still a world of small villages and rural communities. In the American scene, he is thrown into a highly urbanized society, impersonal and business-like. If by any chance he chooses to live in New York or Chicago, he must accustom himself to the great anonymity of the metropolis, where he may share that not uncommon experience of human beings living in adjoining apartments for years without knowing each other, lonely oases even when surrounded by millions of other intelligent and well-meaning people. And he would not be in that position simply because he is a foreigner; millions of Americans feel the same isolation in an industrial urban society.

American sociologists, and especially R. M. MacIver and Theodore Abel, have perceived that the dual forces of industrialization and urbanization make common cause in transforming a community into a society. This social process means that rational and artificial relationships are gradually replacing natural and more human contacts in collective living. It also means that personal face-to-face contacts are gradually giving way to impersonal and atomistic approaches. And impersonalism, and anonymity are generally accompanied by a zest for competition, a thirst for profits, and even by a psychological preference for violence. Not only are the intimate checks and controls of common sentiment losing force, but human beings are being deprived of all the inner support which is born of traditional values. Thus human beings are cut loose from their moorings and left adrift in modern waters where most activities of the spirit are regarded as backwardness and egotistical introversion. The emphasis is on material-technical values and not on the common good. As that famous biographer of American culture, R. S. Lynd, suggests, urbanization in a world of individual

striving is dissipating many of the elements of neighborly interaction and reciprocal recognition of man by man which existed in the small communities that were the rule when American institutions took form, and which are still the rule, a Hindu might well add, in India.

In the resulting competitive welter, men are fumbling alone or in more and more coercive power-blocks to wrest a living security from the American scene. As Professor E. P. Herring of Harvard University has remarked in a paper on American institutions, "Never since the rise of modern statehood have there been such great power-areas dissociated so clearly from social control." Fortunately, however, for America, the trend has not been as sweeping as in Germany, Italy, and Soviet Russia where men, rendered hollow by the machine-civilization's complete annihilation of their social context, have been enticed into swallowing the illusive security of a national purpose which has merely meant national regimentation. But the danger to American institutions is not yet completely averted.

Now the Nazi-Fascist remedy for the friction between man and the machine is simply a business of "returning to primitivism." By demanding social simplification even in the teeth of modern complexities, they have begun to fall back on the road of human progress. They are marching backward. One can only hope, and pray that Americans will march forward instead, blazing a new trail on the strength of their realization that the complexities of modern life are inevitable and that a closer communal context should be provided to human beings for a meaningful ordering of their lives. The indications are quite heartening.

Under the Americanization process a Hindu would be quicker than Americans themselves to comprehend the forms that the American solution is taking. He sees the solution in what might be called America's "manufactured" imitations of life. In other words, it is a process of "conscious-ization" of most activities of life. He observes that many institutions which are unconditioned and natural in India have to be consciously re-created in this chaotically mechanized culture. In

India—as in the United States of bygone decades—boys and girls grow up together and finally get married and settle in an atmosphere familiar to them. But the urbanity and the mobility of the American culture have made a rarity of this most natural process. Consequently, even the institutions of social life have to be organized in present-day America. There are marriage bureaus and escort bureaus in cities like New York, and there are letter-writing clubs all over the country; there are books and schools which teach "charm."

The cultivation of such intimate things as friendship and good will are also regarded as artificial rather than as natural impulses. Then there is that fashionable "back to the soil" craze, which prompts the relatively wealthy citizenry to turn barns into rumpus rooms and theaters. In more formidable figures, the 1940 U. S. Census reveals that the big cities have almost stopped growing. "This is the first time in the history of the United States," writes William Ogburn, "that cities have not grown faster than farms, villages, and homes."

The Hindu and the Chinese cultures are studied to bring leisureliness to a restless people. Professor Pitkin finds a ready public when he tells the American people how to "take it easy." Thus, even relaxation has to be wrought by formal training in America these days.

Another indication of the American habit of doing things consciously rather than spontaneously is the excessive use of the superlative. Once I went to Reno (just visiting, as I have discovered it is necessary to explain!) and found that each visitor was welcomed by a banner hanging over the street bearing the legend "The Greatest Small City in the World." In Chicago I saw two barber shops, just across the street from each other, both advertising themselves as the "Biggest Barber Shop in the World." When the outlander comes to New York, he talks of "doing the town" and not of enjoying a few things. He shocks himself by peeping over the edge of the world's tallest building. And when he goes back to his home town, he does not merely relate stories of taking a few drinks at a famous bar, he talks about drinks at the "World's Longest Bar."

These are sure signs of a strange mental inability to enjoy a thing by itself or for itself. Even the intimate pleasures of life have to be "done" because others are "doing" them. Certain entertainments have to be sat through not because the "doer" really enjoys them but because they are signs of sophistication. That is why books that are talked about are the books that are bestsellers. A stage show is good because *The New Yorker* says so; the dramatic critics, with the exception of four plays in twenty years, have been able to kill productions by withholding their approval. In general, it is clear that the U. S. citizen enjoys a thing in comparison and not in itself.

Have you ever been to the national parks? Each morning the guide leads a group of visitors from view to view, pointing out flowers and birds and their soon-to-be-forgotten names. People are told how many fish they can hook, and those fish are deliberately put in the lakes and artificially hatched in fisheries. The hunter is told, "One deer a day, fellow." Truly, everything is so well organized in a national park that only a booklet on "How to Enjoy a National Park and Relax There" is missing.

If an innocent Indian were told that Americans kept bottles of plasma labeled "sporting blood" in their refrigerators—to be used every fall—he would believe it.

Then there are those innumerable "How to...." books. Everything is well calculated and done deliberately. For instance, I am told that one must be able to remember the first names of potential vote-getters, and that one must have a good radio voice in order to be the President of the United States. One must be a glamour boy as well as a "barefoot boy" from the country in order to be awarded a presidential nomination. A Hindu cannot but feel that life in America is an endless "act," consciously put on. As such, the American solution may not be the ideal solution, and I feel that a little bit of Gandhian village economy, the cottage way of living, might help in striking the balance. But still the American way is a far better answer than that of Nazi primitivism.

PART TWO: SOCIAL

VII. GRAND OLD MOTHER INDIA

I bow to thee, Mother !
—INDIA'S NATIONAL ANTHEM

WHEREVER I have been in the United States, which means practically every state in the union, I have invariably been asked : "But what about the women of India ?" It was the same if I were addressing a large audience or conversing privately ; most of my American friends and acquaintances want to know about the Indian women. American women have always taken a particularly keen interest in the fortunes of their sex in India. The world has been a man's world in the civilized parts of which women have been catching up slowly but steadily. It is not surprising then that American women wish to compare their place in society with that of women living in a wholly different culture and in an exotic milieu which at times seems quite incomprehensible. Moreover, since woman is the real center of the social order, the understanding of her way of life and her character tends to give a fair measure of the qualities and forces of any culture. This should be specially true of India where civilized human beings live under greater social pressure than anywhere else in the world.

MOTHERHOOD VS. WOMANHOOD

It seems likely that a people's story of genesis or theory of creation gives real insight to their attitude toward woman. And I feel that, in these modern days of atom-smashers and electric energy, the Hindu story of genesis sounds more acceptable than the first chapter of the Bible. In the beginning, according to Indian mythology, was Shakti, and Shakti, which means energy, has, in

Sanskrit, a feminine gender. The cosmos was her creation, her child. Now this image of the beginning of the world is not only appealing in an idealistic sense, but it also approaches the story patched together by the discoveries of science.

And what could be nobler than to see the Creator as a Mother? It is the mother, not the father, who comes to the mind first whenever the word "creation" is mentioned. Woman's eternal energy, her natural ability to give and to feed life, to add cell to cell, makes man look relatively unimportant in the scheme of things. Bernard Shaw sounds like a thoroughgoing believer in Shakti when, in *Man and Superman*, he describes woman as eternally devouring man in order to fulfil her destiny. One can be sure of one's mother if not of one's father; and if this is true on earth, it may also be true of the cosmos.

The most meaningful word the Hindus have for woman is mata, or "mother." Philosophers and poets alike have believed "mother love" to be the ideal love, the real love, a love utterly unselfish and boundless. From conception to death, she intuitively and naturally believes in giving with no thought of return; that is why mother love is also described in India as avyaj prem or disinterested love. All other loves, the loves of the betrothed, of married couples, of friends, of fathers for their sons, of brothers and sisters, are based on reciprocity and are forms of friendship; mother love alone can be one-sided, lavishing care and affection upon the prodigal as well as upon the perfect child. Men will probably always be ready and eager to describe mother love as the most disinterested they have ever known. Consequently, it seems to me that if God is Love, He should be conceived of as Mother and not Father; His should be the most disinterested love, love which can rise above reciprocity. There was a time in my youth when I made myself sick with love of God. I had wanted to do what is known among the Hindus as "see God," perhaps because I had caught the fever of the soul-searching people who surrounded me at the time. Now "seeing God" is more than "realizing God"; to "see God" you have

to be a special favourite of His. He has to come down from heaven and give you a glimpse of Him in only He knows what sort of image. Then He becomes real to you and talks to you. Now there are myriad methods of "seeing God," but most of them have to do with concentrating your thoughts on an image that you find most evocative. These meditations have to be carried on day after day and year after year ; the rishis of Ancient India did this, so immobile in their posture and so oblivious of existence that their beards became the tops of ant hills. I, for one, concentrated on the face of my mother, believing that if God was, He must be a supreme image of my mother and a thousand-fold entity and symbol of my mother's disinterested love. For hers has been the most ideal love I have known.

It is motherhood more than womanhood, then, that the Hindus glorify. Manu the law-giver took many occasions to say unlovely things about womanhood. Only once in his life, when he wrote that "the gods come down to play where women are worshipped," did he permit himself to pay women a compliment. But in his idolization of motherhood he is quite emphatic, and his code says : "A master exceedeth ten tutors in claim to honor ; the father a hundred masters ; but the mother a thousand fathers in right to reverence and in the function of teacher." Again, the usual blessing offered the newlywed bride as she bows to her elders is : "Be the mother of a hundred sons !" Generally, the Hindu woman does not come into her own until she becomes a mother, preferably of a son. She then becomes the head of household affairs and is venerated. An Indian artist will prefer to paint a picture of a woman with a child at her breast, while the western artist tends to portray his subjects as virginal, or seductive, or filled with love, or perhaps as just an elegant clothes-horse.

Paying greater honor to motherhood than to womanhood implies emphasis on creation rather than on recreation. Accordingly, marriage becomes more work than play. It becomes a sanctioned and sacramental union of man and woman whose purpose is to carry on the

sacred task of perpetuating the race. In sharp contrast to the West, where children have come to be regarded as the by-product of a union primarily based on sensuous exaltation or social and economic considerations, the Indian marriage still centers around the progeny. Training in the arts of being an ideal mother and homemaker takes precedence in the life of a teen-age girl ; she has very little time left to dream about a "brave prince" or a fireside companion. One can even expect that when motherhood is put before womanhood, romance dies a little. This does not mean that there are no flirtations or no elopements in India, for girls will be girls and boys will be boys the world over ; but it does mean that romance cannot be the central theme of marriage. Also, when motherhood is regarded higher than womanhood, there is very little place left for passion, including *grande passion.*

The depreciation of passions and desires in the interplay of the sexes is beautifully expressed in the Hindu story of Adam and Eve. The ancient Indians called them Yama and Yami, and they were the first mortal couple : "Yama was the first of men who died, the first to brave Death's rapid rushing stream, the first to point the road to heaven, and welcome others to that bright abode." Yet, though Yama inspires his descendants as the Adventurer who became the god of death simply because he experienced it before any other mortal, it is Yami who is more radiant and beguiling. Quite unlike the Eve of the Bible, who was whimsically fashioned of Adam's rib, the Indian Eve was created equal to Adam. Yama and Yami were twins, and Yami had a separate self from the beginning. As such, she must have been more desirable to Yama than Eve was to Adam. And yet when Yami tried to entice Yama, the latter resisted temptation. And when Yami declared that God had willed it, Yama cried out : "But how can I be sure of it !" However, Yami must have had her way at last, for otherwise none of us, at least no Hindus, would be here on earth.

The same underplaying of sex in the sacred task of procreation is revealed in another Hindu story which

might be called "Why the Hindu Cupid is called Ananga." Ananga means bodiless or non-corporal. I have never come across a more subtle, more poetic, or more philosophic symbolism of love than the one given in this Indian myth.

Now it happened one night, thus : Uma, daughter of the Himalayas, was in love with and devoted to Shiva, the great god. Hundreds of years passed, but Shiva did not notice her ; he remained deep in meditation. Unable to attract the great god, Uma did the next best thing. She became his servant and set about attending to his needs. A self-appointed devotee, she brought food and water to him, and she kept the fire burning so that Shiva, oblivious of existence, would not freeze to death in the bitter cold of the Himalayas. But even then Shiva took no notice of her, or, to be more precise, in his great wisdom, he did not appear to take any notice of her. Now in the meantime a demon named Taraka had become unruly and had begun to harass the gods and to ravish goddesses, and it had become apparent to all the gods that no less a person than a son of Shiva conceived by Uma could ever subdue Taraka the demon. But how to induce Shiva to take Uma as his bride was a perplexing question which no god could answer. Finally, in desperation, Indra, king of gods, went to Kama (Desire), god of love, and enlisted his aid. Kama undertook to set things right with the help of his wife, Passion, and his companion, Spring. One night, as Uma approached Shiva to tend the fire, Kama got ready his bow and arrow of blossoms. But before Kama could release the arrow aimed at the heart of Shiva, the great god opened his third eye and with its strong rays burned Kama to ashes. Of course, Shiva then perceived Uma whom he ultimately took as his bride and they had a magnificent son named Kartikeya who subdued the demon Taraka—but this happened only after Desire was burned to ashes. And ever since, the god of love has remained bodiless and has been called Ananga (Not-of-the-flesh).

But this Hindu preoccupation with motherhood in no way implies an inferior status for the Indian woman.

The Vedic woman rightfully took her place by the side of her husband at all yajnas or sacrifices, and she officiated also at public ceremonies ; Arundhati even became a recognized philosopher. The Indian woman of the early Christian era occupied a position to be envied by women of Europe at that time. The Buddhist nuns were on the level of Buddhist monks, and up to the beginning of the Middle Ages, Indian women were accepted in public life. Among them, to give only outstanding examples, were Auvvai, a great philosopher, and Mira Bai, celebrated mystic poet, and Lilavati, the brilliant mathematician whose work I studied in high-school years.

But the worship of motherhood in preference to womanhood had one great latent danger in it. It was capable of fostering the conception that woman was merely a means to an end rather than an end in herself. It is the materialization in Hindu society of this danger which has dismally marked Indian life ever since ; it has had a strange revenge upon the sons and especially on the daughters of the original feminine Shakti or Energy ; even Uma was quoted as saying to Shiva : "A woman should be beautiful and gentle, considering her husband as her God and serving him as such in fortune and misfortune, health and sickness, obedient even if commanded to unrighteous deeds or acts that may lead to her own destruction."

Motherhood means sacrifices and anonymity, a life of self-effacement and silent toil. No one will claim that the ideal of motherhood is not a noble ideal. But it is likely in a society dominated by such a concept, that woman's needs and desires as a flesh-and-blood creature may be overlooked or even forgotten. That is exactly what has happened in India. Everything was demanded of women, but they in turn were not expected to make many demands on life. Woman was to express her personality only through the self-effacement becoming to a mother. She was to live vicariously, through the pleasures and pains of her family. When she presided over a household which was perfect, hers was only reflected glory. Although the western preference of womanhood to motherhood

can be equally harmful when carried too far, creating its own dire problems, it at least guarantees woman her own personality and her peculiar claims on the pleasures of life ; it does not put her to scorn if she is barren or if she bears no sons. It is precisely this freedom from social forms that is lacking in the Indian system, especially in the folkways and mores surrounding the Hindu marriage.

The inevitabe hardships that grew out of the idolization of motherhood at the cost of womanhood were further emphasized by the problems and exigencies created by the incessant invasions of India. Pouncing upon India from the north came tribes upon tribes and hordes upon hordes, hungry for loot and pining for women. In the face of such continuous peril the Indian woman had to be guarded in hidden sanctuaries. At that time her domestication began. Then came the Arabs with their purdah and with their notions that women were objects of possession and enjoyment, and the Indian woman's interiorization had been completed. Underlying all this was the belief in a kind of motherhood which could rise above desire and the flesh. That was all that the Indo-Aryan social system needed to convert woman into a child-bearing, home-making, husband-obeying domesticated creature ; one should, in passing, take note of the Nazi quality of this pre-Gandhi conception of the Indian woman. As an Indian, I am quite aware of some of the homely, appealing aspects of the picture ; it has its own angles of interest and beauty. A home-making mother is a thousand times preferable to a department-store spinster. Moreover, a harsh and prosaic realist might observe that it has been the worship of motherhood and the fecundity of women which have enabled India and China to endure through the centuries, suffering but strong, while Babylon and Greece and Rome, and countless other cities and dynasties, have fallen.

The ideal of Indian woman emphasized her household duties and the atmosphere she could create in the family over which she presided as a homemaker. To her duties of mata or mother were added the attributes of grahini

or "the mistress of the household" ; the latter word is as old as the former, but in the course of centuries gained new meaning. As grahini the Indian woman lived for many epochs, and strange as it may sound, she often flourished and even enjoyed herself. Eventually the woman of India was changed into a "modern woman," even into the Saffron Sari of the Gandhi era, so that while she did not have all the freedom and advantages of the American and the Russian woman, she enjoyed a status superior to that of women in all other countries. But let me tell the story in full detail, beginning with a picture of a typical day in the life of the village woman.

THE VILLAGE WOMAN'S DAY

She is up at the crack of dawn, the Indian woman, as regularly as the cock who invariably welcomes the Indian sunrise with his song. The morning bath is the first item on her schedule for the new day, with its round of ceremonies and duties which is to keep her busy as a bee. After the bath, cleansed and purified, she offers her morning prayers ; one should be bathed to worship God, even as flowers which are to be offered to God should not even have been smelled before they are presented.

If she is a village woman, which is more likely than not, as eighty out of every hundred women in India live in the 730,000 villages which are scattered over the country, the next item on the day's program is to grind the wheat or the pulse. Every son and daughter of India who has pattered around a busy mother through a rural childhood, speaks gently, in maturity, of that music of his mother's little stone mill which introduced each day and regulated the drowsy tempo of daybreak dreams of the entire household. Indian poets have never ceased twanging their lyres in tuneful praise of the music of the wheat-grinding. It has become an integral part of the soul of India, a hidden spring of emotion. The whistles which announce different shifts in an American "steel town" assume similar psychological and spiritual meaning for those who have lived their childhood in America's Bethlehems. But one can be sure that the

nature of the association is not the same, is not in reality even remotely similar. For the early music of wheat-grinding is the Indian mother's unhurried signal to her children that a quiet and wholesome domestic routine has been cozily resumed, whereas in the West the morning factory whistle shrieks painfully and the beginning of the new day is like a visit to the dentist with his drill.

Next, after awakening her husband and her children and superintending their morning ablutions, the Indian woman settles down to the work of the kitchen and prepares the breakfast. In Kathiavad, the breakfast may consist of millet loaf and buttermilk ; in the Punjab it may include wheat bread and curds ; in Bengal, in rich houses, it may consist of wheat bubble-cakes and fried rice ; while in other parts of India, there would be still other changes. By and large, the Indian breakfast is not nearly so substantial as the American, and there is a notable absence of fruits, especially of fruit juices.

When breakfast is over, Indian children are sent to school, or to the street corner to play, while the husband goes to his office or the shop. More often than not the husband goes to the field. Seventy of every hundred men in India earn their living by tilling an acre or two.

Meanwhile, the "poor man's wife," one to four brass pitchers stacked upon her head, arranged one upon another in a tapering tower, goes to the village well to fetch water, or to the river if one is nearby. It is one of India's loveliest sights, these gauzily-clad women, brass pitchers balanced on their heads, gliding through the street with the "supple grace of she-swans." How poets have raved about their superb carriage which is so healthily attuned to a "she-swan pace," while "naughty little splashes of water brim over to bead the cobra-hoods of their hair and kiss their cheeks." As every Italian artist of the Renaissance painted the Madonna and Child so all Indian artists, mature and immature, great and insignificant, ancient and modern, have painted the Indian woman with brass pitchers on her head returning from the river. American women would be interested, I am sure, to know about one very practical implication of this

morning beauty parade. Of all the women I have seen, these girls of India have the most dignified and graceful walk, thanks to this water-carrying habit. American women, who go to charm schools and beauty salons to improve their carriage and to learn how to walk attractively, are often photographed with books or weights on their heads, and are given such rules of training as : Rise from chairs as if pulled up by an invisible string ; back against a wall with head, shoulders, and hips touching it, and then maintain that posture, etc. How much more easy, and even effective, might their training be if they were to follow the example of Indian woman and learn the art of balancing filled water-pitchers !

At mid-day, dinner is served to the entire family, and according to the Indian custom "the mistress of the house" does not eat until all are fed and fed well, including even the roving mendicant or the unexpected guest who should not be allowed to "cross the threshold unfed at mealtime." An Indian housewife, caught talking to herself over her ladles of "stew," would probably be saying something like : "Five ladles for us, this ladle for the unexpected guest." Unlike most Americans the Indians eat their principal meal at noontime. It is no hardship to eat this large meal in the middle of the day because we Indians have that delightful institution of afternoon siesta.

If the Indian woman is a farmer's wife, at noontime she will carry a hamper of food—carrying this too on her head—to her husband in the field. The wife of the master-of-cattle, with tropical languor, carrying the lunch box on her head under a midday sun, is another of the sweet pastoral scenes of Indian life which have been immortalized in song and paintings. Indian novelists have long felt the romance of it, if only because of the opportunity it offers for an occasional romantic escapade in an otherwise closely guarded life.

In the afternoon, the men of the family and the children enjoy their siesta, while the women of the same neighborhood or the same caste sometimes go out to call on each other. Gossip is an international occupation of women

but nowhere else in the world has it reached the heights of fine art which it has reached among Indian sewing circles ; Indian women can excel any of their sex in the intriguing art of the double-entendre. Of course, while red lips are innocently murmuring gossip, red-tipped fingers are busy with one of the myriad handicrafts for which Indian women are famous all over the world—accomplishments thought of in many parts of India as necessary to finding a husband. These afternoon conclaves of Indian women are as entertaining as American bridge parties but more productive of worldly goods.

Toward evening, the children return from school, the husbands from their offices and shops and farms. The shepherd drives his herd back home, and the slapping hoofs of the soft-eyed cattle lift clouds of dust which erase the landscape ; that is why our Indian poets have called eventide the hour of "cow dust." The Indian woman has the evening meal ready for all her tired and hungry charges. After dinner, the young men go out for a walk, or to the playground, the elder men lounge in the outer veranda smoking their communal hooka and conversing with their friends, while the women go to the temple to listen to the stories from Indian sagas and mythology as told by the priest. The Indian woman may not be literate, because less than five out of every hundred women in India can at present read and write, but through her temple visits she acquires a great store of culture and information. When she returns home, the children are ready to be put to bed, and she tells them stories she has just heard at the temple. The spoken word, and not the printed word, has been the traditional carrier of culture in India, and women have always been at the center of that process ; it is not hard to find illiterate women in India who have committed whole scriptures to memory.

Woven in and around this broad design of her day would be a thousand little details of the Indian woman's active life. For instance, if she is a farmer's wife and lives in a flat-roofed mud-plaster dwelling on the farm, perhaps the healthiest and best part of her life is assisting her husband in the field work. She may help her husband

in stacking the hay, and out of her busy schedule she may find time even to pound and winnow the rice and other cereal for household food. If she is not needed in the field, then she may gather firewood, and keep the house "as clean as a mirror." The Jat woman in the Punjab often is as capable and industrious a farmer as her husband ; hence the Multani proverb, "A Jat wife for me, for all the rest are a mere waste of money." If she is a weaver's wife, a profession by and large monopolized by untouchables, she will clean the thread and arrange the warp and woof. Managing the bullocks would be her sphere of help if she were married to an oil-presser. In spite of her heavy domestic duties, a shoemaker's wife would assist her husband in the collection of hides and skins. The bangleman's wife tends a slow fire and rolls the lac rods. And so far as the fisherman's wife is concerned, the marketing side of the profession would be left entirely in her care since she is better at bargaining than her husband. Whatever the situation of her husband in life, however, if she is poor and living in rural regions, her principal agricultural duty is, as it formerly was in England, to prepare dung-cakes for fuel. In the little towns women and their young daughters are frequently seen patting cowdung with their hands into flat cakes and plastering them on the walls to dry. Only those who have seen the untouchable quarters in India can realize how neat and clean this use of cowdung is, though there is no doubt that this custom prevents its better use in the form of a fertilizer.

Foreigners, looking at the Indian village woman through myopic eyes, often describe her as a beast of burden, since she works so hard to keep life going for her family in India, where eking out a living is a precarious business anyway. According to them, the woman who is singled out for a man's marriage proposal in India is regarded by the prospective husband primarily as an economic good. To all appearances, this surface impression is correct, and it is true that intelligent Indian leaders should admit it and should do all in their power to change this way of life. But it must be remembered

that the menfolk have to work equally hard, if not harder, in poor communities in India, and it may be that the American "working girl" has no better time of it; for the woman who works in her own home for her own family has some freedom which the woman who takes orders in an office or factory does not enjoy. Moreover, the heavy burden of "duties" which has become the lot of the Indian woman is not the haphazard outcome of an uncivilized society which regards her as inferior. On the contrary, it is the result, however defective, of a highly cultivated and carefully reasoned scheme of things. It was Uma, wife of the great god Shiva, the ideal of wifehood for all Hindu women, who is said to have decreed: "A woman should rise early, serving the gods, always keeping her house clean, tending to the domestic sacred fire, eating only after the needs of gods and guests and servants have been satisfied, devoted to her father and mother and the father and mother of her husband." In fulfillment of this mission the Indian woman finds her own self and her life by losing herself in the infinitely varied domestic round.

A HYMN TO THE HEARTH AND THE HOME

However, that is not the whole story. Though hers is full responsibility for the household, indoors and out, the Indian woman is the ruler of the social life of her family and her community, and it is in this way that she is more than repaid. The Indian woman's subtle supremacy in social and private matters generally escapes the notice of westerners, since very few visitors can ever be real members of Indian families. Indians, because of the restrictions of caste and custom, do not encourage familiarities, and foreigners have been equally reserved. That the veil can be mightier than the toga virilis is one of the secrets of Indian life; and that passive resistance can overpower any legal and traditional masculine authority is another secret of Indian society. The Indian woman generally arranges for and presides over the marriages of her sons and daughters, and she is the final, albeit behind-the-curtain, authority in all matters pertaining

to caste dinners, death rites, and the etiquette governing the giving and taking of gifts. It is she who is the guardian of the family prestige, and who sees to it that her family's position in the world is held secure. It is she who decides for the whole family what friends they are to have and what friends they are not to have, and she has an influential part in the education of the young.

The Indian woman is at her best in ceremonies, especially marriage ceremonies which are often lingered over for more than a year. Her rule is supreme in such affairs, and therefore she naturally tends to draw out such ceremonies over as long a period as possible. Month after month goes by as the embroideries, the draperies, the gold and silver ornaments which will be exchanged at her son's or daughter's wedding are prepared. And then there is the business of getting ready the conserves and condiments and appetizers and other delicacies for the marriage feasts. These feasts are to be given four times a day for a week to a select group of about a hundred guests. Then there are the two or three huge caste dinners, a traditional entertainment for all the caste. All these preparations, however, are communal affairs, and she is the sole arbiter of the delicate rules of etiquette as to whom to "invite to lend a helping hand." She must remember also whose absence should be commented upon with well-phrased rebukes. To such community "helping parties" women come bedecked with the best jewellery and the finest gold ornaments they possess; for it is unfortunately true in India as in some other lands that woman's social standing is partly determined by her jewels. The result is that India is the second largest hoarder of gold in the world, and perhaps the largest hoarder of silver and precious stones. Even a poor woman will have some jewellery to pawn or sell if dire need arises; the American woman's passion for smart clothes does not furnish her with an equally dependable treasure chest.

An American reader, listening to this Hymn to the Hearth and the Home, may feel that the personality of the Hindu woman is lost in her devotion to such endless

ceremonies and amid these cycles of rituals and duties. From the American viewpoint, with its double standard of work and with the conditions made possible through labor-saving devices, the Indian woman's life does sometimes seem to be all work and no play. But as I have explained, the Hindu woman displays a curious frame of mind in this respect as in many others, since her traditional method of "expressing her personality" is by effacing herself. The ideals of a grahini or mistress of the household are attained by forwarding the fortunes of the rest of the family. Devotion to these ideals is not confined to the illiterate and unprivileged women of India, because even Indian women who have been educated in the United States or Great Britain take a natural pride in the traditional status of the women of India. Mrs. Sundrabai Sirur, to mention only one example, said in her presidential address to the Bombay Women's Educational Conference in 1929: "From times immemorial the women of India have led a life of sacrifice and complete self-abnegation, and they have thus not only effaced themselves but in doing so they have effaced their sex. It is difficult for strangers to grasp the secret of the beauty of Indian home life (where the personality of the Indian woman is expressed in) the atmosphere that reigns in the home over which she presides."

This modern matron was merely paraphrasing the ancient ideals of Uma, spouse of the great god Shiva and ideal of all Hindu women. When Shiva asked Uma what she thought were the cardinal principles of a woman's life, she replied: "The duties of woman are created in the rites of the wedding, when in the presence of the nuptial fire she becomes the associate of her Lord, for the performance of all righteous deeds. Devotion to her Lord is woman's honor; it is her eternal heaven."

This general description of the life of the Indian village woman should not be regarded as a full report on the women of India. For there are groups of Indian women who lead a completely different life and enjoy a very different status. The town woman, for instance, who lives in the 2,100 towns which have a population of

between 5,000 and 100,000, is, unlike the village woman, far removed from the soil and she has more leisure to pursue the fine arts of music and sand-painting (the art of decorating floors with tinted sand); she has more education and at times her civic life extends far beyond her caste. The urbane ladies of India, who live in the 29 cities which have a population of between 100,000 and 3,000,000, resemble the women of London or New York; they paint their lips, go to dances, give cocktail parties, and occasionally take part in political activity. We shall meet her again.

THEY MARRY YOUNG

Foremost among the problems of India is that of early matrimony. The custom of child marriage affects, of course, men as well as women, and indeed in a vital way it has a great bearing on the future of the race. Obviously it must be thought of when women's problems are discussed. With its attendant problems of dangerous labor and high mortality of both mothers and children in child-birth, the institution of child marriage has become one of the most acute social evils in India. In every thousand maternity cases no fewer than fourteen mothers die.

Estimates as to the number of child mariages vary according to the different attitudes of the so-called fact-finders but it can be safely stated that no fewer than forty out of every hundred girls in India become brides before their fifteenth birthday. I was much impressed a few years ago when several doll-loving brides of the Kentucky mountain country made newspaper headlines in the United States. If early marriage were newsworthy in India, there would be very little space left for any other news. In America, a girl-bride has all the publicity of an Atlantic City bathing beauty: in India, an unmarried girl of eighteen is an object of curiosity and even of speculation. Yet it should be made clear that early marriage does not necessarily mean prepuberty sexual life; most child marriages in India are merely irrevocable betrothals. Soon after the marriage

ceremony, the bride goes back to her father's home and she will not join her husband's household until she comes of age.

Misguided foreign friends of India and overzealous native social reformers have attempted to show that child marriage is advocated by the sacred books of the Hindus, and they have even charged that this religious sanction virtually amounts to a demand. Nothing can be further from the truth. There is no evidence of child marriage in the Vedic period; whatever stray folklore is found in the Indian epics, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, to support this view is in the nature of an exception rather than a rule, and, moreover, happens at a much later date. Even contemporary statistical data goes a long way to answer this argument, since the proportion of Moslem girls married before fifteen is "about three-fourths of that of the Hindus." Indeed, among Hindus themselves, the proportion of early marriage is in reverse ratio to the caste status, and "old" Hindu families have older brides.

But there are strong and understandable secular reasons for child marriage. When the great successive Mohammedan invasions of India began around 500 A.D., the unmarried Hindu woman in the looted towns or cities became a coveted prey. Parents in regions of northern India most vulnerable to attacks sought to protect their daughters by marrying them off early in life, and even now there are fewer early marriages in southern India than in the north. In addition to this necessity created by the perils of war, there was the general attitude toward women that the invading Moslem brought along to India from his Turko-Arabic-Persian background. Woman, to the desert Arab, has been an extremely personal property to be guarded in the interior of the harem fortress, not only against a possible attack, but also against the eyes of the outside world. The Mohammedan's characteristic style of architecture, both of his mosque and his private dwelling, be it in Arabia, Turkey, Egypt, Iran, or India, is based on this walled-in theme. The invader's idea of exclusive rights over his woman or women was soon transformed into a fetish of

virginity in India, both among Hindus and Mohammedans. And the only way to insure virginity at marriage was to marry the child before she was old enough for escapades. The result is that the Indian woman is either a virgin or a matron. This state of affairs has had its effects upon the men of India, who are either celibates or husbands. In India (leaving aside the problem of prostitutes, which is, after all, universal) there is very little philandering and there is much less venereal disease than in Europe or America. Statistics of the Indian Army show that of those who suffer from sexual diseases there are about five British Tommies to every Indian soldier.

Then there are other reasons for child marriage, strange as they may seem. Chief among them is a shortage of girls ; there is a need for nine million more adult females in India. Secondly, there are around twenty-six million widows, a majority of whom could never remarry. In the third place, polygamy does exist in India, although to an extremely limited extent. With the resulting overwhelming excess of men over available women, a sort of system of first-come-first-served is bound to exist. What is more tragic is that many of the men who do not find brides must seek mates among the children of the next generation. This sounds as if child marriage were a necessity in India. But necessity is the mother not only of invention but also of virtue, and the custom of early marriage has achieved an aura of great respectability. This is carried so far in certain cases that two pregnant women—and they do not hide their condition —will get together and betroth their unborn children in case the gods should bless one with a son and the other with a daughter. In spite of all this, it should be pointed out that recent waves of reform have greatly decreased the frequency of child marriage.

BEFORE THE LAW

There is nothing like a uniform or universal legal status for India's women, since most civil affairs are regulated not by one supreme Civil Code but by the various laws

derived from the religious traditions of the peoples. Broadly speaking, there are three criteria for legal action with respect to matrimonial, filial, and inheritance questions and, in consequence, there are three statuses of Indian women. The Hindu Law in India is primarily based on ancient writings, especially on the code of Manu the law-giver, and it would be considered a breach of piety to depart from this authoritative source. The Moslem Law, on the other hand, is patterned after the old Arab Law in general and the Holy Koran in particular. What is loosely called Civil Law is of Roman origin, but it had undergone English refinement before being introduced in India.

The position of the Hindu woman under the Hindu Law in India is almost that of a permanent dependent. It is claimed that this legal theory is based upon the picture drawn of woman by the law-giver himself. As a young maiden, "Manu declares" in his *Manusmriti*, the woman is under the guardianship of her father and, if the father is dead, of her eldest brother; as a widow, she is looked after by her own son and, in the absence of a mature male offspring, she must obey the brother of her deceased husband or the head of the family. Woe unto a woman who is thus unyoked; she risks the notoriety of a sinner though her behaviour be simon-pure.

And yet strict Hindu Law is not practised now; in fact, there never has been anything like strict Hindu Law, generally speaking. For India has ever been a tremendous conglomeration of peoples, displaying a peculiar unity amidst diversity, and the Hindu mode of life has never ceased to be a web of customs which at once sustain and contradict each other. For every authority in support of a particular custom there are ten opposed to it. As a result, rugged individualism can be maintained in spite of Holy Writ on the simple basis that in one's own family "this, and not that, has been the custom." And Manu is not the "one and only" law-giver; there are Vishnu and Yajnavalkya and a few others. In *Manusmriti* itself there appear more than one Manu unless one wishes to consider him the law-giver of many moods. Take,

for instance, his injunction : "If one girl has been shown to a prospective bridegroom and another is given, he may marry them both for the same price." Almost in the same breath he again "declares" that "even a slave should not accept a price in exchange for his daughter." High idealism and a mundane business instinct walk side by side like a team of white and black oxen to pull the legal chariot of Manu. At one place "Manu declares" : "If the giver of the price die after the price for a girl has been paid, she shall be given to the (bridegroom's) brother if she is willing." This dollars-and-cents sentiment is soon followed by his own admonition : "Let no wise father take even a small price for his daughter —for small or great, this would be a sale." Apart from such contradictions in the sacred text itself, there is a double standard of behaviour according to castes ; only the higher castes follow the strict Hindu Law in its entirety. Accordingly, the Hindu Law as practised today offers many benefits to the Hindu woman in spite of her considerable legal disabilities in matters of property.

In marriage, the Hindu woman enjoys the same status as an American wife, except that the husband has an unlimited right to polygamy ; but one should hasten to say that polygamy is quite an exception. The Hindu's privilege of having as many wives as he chooses is of theoretical rather than of practical importance. Modern economic pressure, if nothing else, has persuaded the Hindu husband that even one wife may be one too many. In any case, polygamy, in spite of its legal sanction, has always been a rare phenomenon ; for it is generally sanctioned only on the ground of the first wife's incapacity to bear sons. In this respect, the Hindus reflect the attitude of the Mormons of Utah, the difference being that the Mormons were a very small minority in the United States, while the Hindus have always constituted the overwhelming majority in India.

The ancient Hindu Law forbids the remarriage of widows, and yet this decree has never enjoyed universal vogue, because many of the lower castes have ignored it.

In 1856, remarriage for all Hindu widows was made legal. The same dual standard persists with respect to divorce. The strict Hindu Law rules out all divorces—the seven steps taken side by side at the marriage ceremony are symbolic of a journey together through all eternity – but only higher caste Hindus have strictly observed this religious law. Even in Europe and America divorce has only lately become an accepted thing. Fifty years ago very few divorced persons dared to appear in any church. In India some high-caste Hindus have now found a way to get around the deadlock of eternal wedlock ; they register their marriages as "civil" ceremonies, which entitles them to enjoy "all rights and privileges attached thereto." Where it exists in India, divorce does not involve sensational charges and public trials as it does in the western world ; among certain castes it is a mere matter of mutual consent, while among others there must be some sort of hearing before a priest. So far as the care of the children is concerned, the father is preferred. Excepting in northern Bihar, the Hindu woman cannot adopt a child unless she be a widow whose husband has no agnate descendant. Yet the Nayar women of Malabar enjoy all the fruits of a matriarchal system. In this respect they are the most privileged women in the world. Among the Nayars descent is recognized only through the female line, so that the Nayar woman is much better off than her husband in terms of property. But by and large, the Hindu Law reduces the Hindu helpmate to a state of chronic economic helplessness, as if to prove Manu's remark that women, like oxen, are better hooked up than at large.

On the other hand, the status of the Moslem woman under Moslem Law in India is quite flexible. Although the old Arab Law excluded women from inheritance, the Holy Koran restored her rights, declaring : "To men shall be assigned a portion of what is left by parents and relatives ; and to women shall be assigned a portion of what is left by parents and relatives : whether the property be small or large : a portion as determined by law." The legal modification in the final clause has

enabled the man, many Moslem lawyers agree, to claim the lion's share both in prestige and property. Technically, a Mohammedan is supposed to have only four wives while a Hindu can have a million, but polygamy is a far more prevalent practice among the Mohammedans. Moreover, the Moslem husband can divorce his wife without judicial intervention, while the wife must submit to legal processes to obtain a divorce. Although usually the Moslem widow has small but specific rights in her husband's estate, females are excluded from inheritance among Moslems descended from Hindu tribes, as in the Punjab.

Those who have seen the real face of Mother India, either under the alluring half-concealment of a Hindu veil or behind the mysterious Mohammedan purdah, have recognized a Grand Old Lady—with a wise gleam in her eyes which lets you know that in her own way she has been able to overcome her legal problems and any surface limitations. Hers is a face of silence, but it is a proud face, to which her sons have traditionally paid tribute in the opening line of their national anthem : "Salutations, Mother India !"

VIII. MODERN MOTHER INDIA

In the city of Bombay, women were engaged in picketing during our stay there. Their organization is illegal. It holds meetings all the same. The Desh Sevika Sangh was started about ten years ago, and its main work for the Congress has been the picketing of liquor and foreign cloth shops. Their leader told us that they were all well known to the police and all their movements were watched, but the police respected them. During a Hindu-Moslem riot, the captain of the women volunteers went to the scene and helped to quieten down the disturbance, which had become serious. There had been some shooting, too. A body of armed police under an officer then arrived. The lady told them : "Why come round now? It is all over. Everything is quiet." "If you tell us everything is all right, then it must be so, and we can go back," replied the officer. The police went away.

—*From* CONDITION OF INDIA, *being the Report of the Delegation sent to India by The India League, London,* 1932.

THE TRIPLE REVOLUTION

THE Indian woman rose in revolt at long last. Like her American and English counterpart, she demanded more freedom and independence. She fought against the restrictions of her traditional status. Of course, she has had a hard fight, because the forces arrayed against her defiance were hardened by centuries-old customs and superstitions. In this respect her battle has been somewhat different from struggles of women in other countries. Moreover, unlike the suffragette movement of Great Britain and the United States, the women's drive in India has had three distinct features as well as a special force of its own, provided by the Hindu character.

These three features, in their proper order, are: the feminist movement, the appearance of romance in India and the opportunities offered by the Gandhi movement and its non-violent character. These factors have created a triple revolution.

THE FEMINIST MOVEMENT

The feminist movement in India was definitely imported from the West. Although most of the actual work has been done by Indian women themselves, their chief inspirations have come from non-Indian sources. Long before the first World War, European and American missionaries started a wave of social reform to improve educational facilities for Indian women and literally to push aside the curtain so that their sheltered sisters could enter into the public life of the nation. To their efforts were added the efforts of Indian converts to Christianity who, without fully realizing it, had also become converts to the western way of life. Then too, the Parsis, being a minority in the body politic of India, were quick to see that knowledge was power and that western culture had come to stay in India. Bombay, where the Parsi minority is concentrated, and which is also the home of the famous feminist reformer, Lady Tata, early became a center of the feminist movement. Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the father of the Indian renaissance, had, it is true, taken an earlier lead in the direction of women's education in Bengal, and in Calcutta there had been great strides in creating new freedom for women. Probably the most vital and enthusiastic feminist activity was in Madras, where the matriarchal family system among the Nayars of Malabar, though fast losing ground, had prepared the women of southern India for added civic duties and had made men more respectful of women's rights. And it is chiefly to the credit of Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi, one of the foremost woman leaders in India, that Madras maintains its lead in the feminist movement. With her name should be mentioned those of Mrs. Ammu Swaminadhan of Madras and, in the Province of Bombay, Lady Nilakanth and Mrs. Sharda Mehta.

To the ambitions inspired by western ideas was added the drive of a genuine Hindu regeneration, and it was through this that the feminist movement was first planted in the native soil. Arya Samaj, the Prarthana Samaj, the Brahmo Samaj and the Ramakrishna Missions—all of them militant movements to reform and modernize Hinduism—began in the late nineteenth century to work within the Hindu society for the emancipation of the Indian woman. They started scores of schools for girls and they introduced coeducation in their ashramas. To ameliorate the hardships of Hindu widows, Pandita Ramabai founded Sharada Sadan in Bombay, and there was a village community of widows near Poona called Mukti Sadan. In Bengal a Widows' Training Home was founded by Lady Bose and many other institutions of similar character appeared in Lahore, Madras, Benares, and other cities.

It was not, however, until the close of the World War that a definite feminist movement came into being. It went far beyond the reforms of isolated and apologetic pre-war groups. Early reformers had made feeble and faltering protests, but the post-war women demanded, threatened, and fought. The first feminist organization of this type in India was the Women's Indian Association, founded in Madras in 1917. It became an active campaigner and propagandist for women's suffrage. It is now an All-India association and has over eighty branches throughout the country. The Federation of University Women in India, composed of Associations of Women Graduates, makes a concerted effort to advance the fortunes of educated women in academic, civic, and legislative spheres.

Another feminist organization, the National Council of Women in India, was founded in 1925 to bring together in a national organization the Provincial Women's Councils which had been springing up in every major province. The most important and representative of all feminist organizations in India is the All-India Women's Conference which has had a number of annual conventions. It is in touch with women's movements through-

out the world and sends delegates to attend any important national gathering of women. It also asks outstanding women leaders to visit India, and one of the most celebrated of their recent guests was Margaret Sanger who visited India about five years ago. With the help of this organization and allied groups, she was able to establish more than forty well-distributed birth-control clinics in India in less than six months, "an achievement I could not accomplish over years in America."

There are three types of techniques that the All-India Women's Conference employs in order to advance the cause of Indian women. First, they put on campaigns to get outstanding women leaders elected to the Central and Provincial Legislatures. Such women legislators are, of course, expected to introduce and support reform bills with a view to women's welfare. Second, the Conference sponsors feminist bills throughout the country and canvasses for them whether or not they have elected delegates to the legislatures. Third, the All-India Women's Conference keeps up a steady propaganda barrage in behalf of what it regards as its twofold program, embracing educational and social reforms. In addition to these activities, it raises money to support individuals and institutions to carry out its programs.

On the educational front, the All-India Women's Conference has the following aims: universal primary and secondary education for girls; the opening of more training centers for women teachers; revision and expansion of textbooks to reflect the feminine point of view and include special useful instructions for girls; revision of school curricula to incorporate features such as modified physical training for girls; and appointments of women to educational groups as teachers or administrators. In all these aims the Conference has had marked success. It has done particularly good work in establishing training colleges for women teachers and schools for girls. Aided by other organizations and by the new national spirit generated by the Gandhi movement, hundreds of such institutions have been established, and one can look hopefully to the future when India, like the

United States, will entrust the greater part of her educational task to her daughters.

In the field of social reform, the Conference calls for: abolition of child marriage and of marital contracts between little girls and bridegrooms past their prime; the abolition of the purdah; equal inheritance rights; the outlawry of polygamy; the prevention of enforced widowhood; establishment of equal moral standards for both sexes; abolition of brothels and the outlawry of the institution of devadasis under which, especially in southern India, young girls are married to a temple and thus enforced, in many cases, to lead an unnatural life; a constitutionally insured representation of women in the Central Legislature, on the Provincial Legislative Councils, and on local, municipal, and other civic bodies. In its fight for all these things, the Conference has gone a long way in arousing public opinion, but its greatest victory came in 1930 when the Child Marriage Restraint Act went into force. Although the Act is not all that the women of India want, since it only prohibits and penalizes marriages taking place where the male is under eighteen and the female under fourteen, it is a great step forward in the Indian woman's relentless march toward equality of status and opportunity.

ROMANCE COMES TO INDIA

The feminist movement was a revolt on the part of those educated women who sought to better their own status and the general conditions of their sex. Many men helped the movement, men enlightened and familiar with western standards of life. But the struggle developed into a tug-of-war, just as it did in Europe and in the New World, with frail jeweled hands pulling at one end of the rope, while at the other end in India there appeared Hindu pandits and Moslem traditionalists who invoked the authority of their forefathers in order to maintain the *status quo*. The tension among the conservatives was greatly increased when a new element in the psychology of the Indian youth came into being. For "romance" came to India. And before the onward rush of

"romance" such formidable forces as male solidarity, the laws of the ancients, and the resistance of the "older generation" were swept away.

When the educated young men of India began to think of women as companions and sweethearts rather than as mothers for their children, the feminist movement suddenly gained remarkable new life and became solidly planted in the native soil. What is more important, it ceased to be one-sided. Now not only educated Indian women but also educated Indian men began to campaign for the "modern woman." Many an Indian began to feel that his married life was hollow and empty. He became envious of those Europeans and Americans whose wives were real partners in life.

The young collegian of India, if by chance he was a bachelor, dreamt of a wife who would share his hours a beloved chosen by himself and not by his parents, a woman who read the same novels and the same poems, a friend who could discuss philosophy with him or go with him to political rallies. To be wedded to a girl who knew nothing of such things, who knew only how to bear children and how to arrange meals, would be, he imagined, a life of constant irritation and agony of spirit. He pictured his bride-to-be as smartly dressed, with powdered nose and, yes, even with painted lips. She would know, of course, how to entertain and she would quote P. G. Wodehouse or Bernard Shaw to dinner partners. And certainly she would wear high-heeled shoes.

The change in mental outlook was not confined to the unmarried collegians. Those who were already caught in the web of tradition envied those who were not, the husbands who enjoyed what is known in India as a "choice marriage." To many dissatisfied young men family life became a necessary evil, a trap from which they could not very well disentangle themselves. They frequented their friends' homes or their clubs, entertaining themselves while their wives carried on with the household drudgery. Many of them tried to teach their life-partners new attitudes. They privately tutored their "uneducated wives," read romantic novels to them in

the hope that such literature would inspire a wish for the new ways of dressing, speaking, entertaining and, last but not least, companionship and love. Such a young man would smuggle his "uneducated wife" away from her in-laws and take her to the cinema to see Rudolph Valentino, Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow. When the actors kissed, he would hope that his wife noticed the elements of love and romance, and by his appreciative looks and comments, try obliquely to inspire her to imitation. This search for romance went so far that, in the City of Bombay, many a rich Gujarathi business-man invited one Jayashanker Sundari, an elegant baritone who played women's rôles on the stage, to their homes to instruct their wives in the latest fashions in dress and in the arts of speech and feminine behaviour.

The upheaval created by the spread of romantic ideas cannot possibly be exaggerated. Not only men, but even "uneducated" women began to notice Parsi girls, who in many respects were pioneers in the field of romance with their high-heeled shoes. The girls who had gone to college might not always be beautiful, but invariably they had the swagger of an American or English girl. Such girls, even if otherwise unattractive, were sought after. Although they might be publicly criticized for breaking with tradition, they were secretly admired and imitated by many an "uneducated" Indian woman who was trying desperately to hold her husband. Especially admired were those young women who returned from Europe or America with a college degree. They may not have been exceptionally brilliant girls, but nonetheless they had all the attention given to celebrities. The Indian who came back married to an English or an American girl was generally publicly frowned upon, occasionally reprimanded and excommunicated, but he was undoubtedly admired and even envied in secret. The prestige of an academic education is now so great that most girls demand it of their parents, and for that matter a great many mothers and fathers are now eager to send their daughters to college in order to secure for them well-to-do and educated husbands.

One has only to run through India's literature of the last fifty years to become convinced that there has been a national psychological crisis which goes deeper than most of the political issues which have harrowed India. Seven out of every ten novels written during the past fifty years—in Gujarat, Bengal, Maharashtra, the Punjab, Madras, as well as in the other provinces of India—have for their central theme the tragedy of an "educated young man married to an uneducated Indian girl." *Saraswati-chandra*, to take only one example, a novel woven around this theme, has become a classic of Gujarati literature. And no poet worth the name has failed to do justice to the subject. The literature of a people is a mirror of its spirit, and along with the great theme of national independence, romance has in the last half-century become the central feature of the Indian short story, novel, poem, comic strip, motion picture, stage play—and even doctor's thesis.

Of course many Indians have read Shakespeare, but it would be the height of naïveté to suggest that romance came to India through the reading of *Romeo and Juliet*. A tradition of unsuitable love affairs, escapades, kidnappings and elopements has always existed among the nobility and the royalty of India. Let us take the institution of swayamvara, or self-selected-husband, as an instance. According to this custom, when a princess of beauty comes to maturity, a darbar or court is held to which all the eligible princes of India are invited. In the center of this court, surrounded by the flower of India's royal youth, the princess circles, a garland in her hand. Her choice is made when she drops her garland over a man's head. Now this may be a mere formality to single out the prince of whom she has dreamed for years. Or again, the princess may call for a test of manhood by asking all of the princes to string an almost unbendable bow, automatically pledging her hand to the prince who manages it first. Or there may be other tests. Both *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* are full of such stories, and the tradition has lingered on in later Sanskrit drama. The ceremony was championed by

ruling Rajputs until the end of the seventeenth century, and a somewhat twisted version of it is still current among Hindu potentates. A famous and yet quite recent story along this line is that of King Prithviraj and Princess Sanyukta. When a swayamvara was held for Sanyukta, the fame of whose beauty had travelled far and wide, her father invited all the princes of India save Prithviraj whom he regarded as his enemy. Sanyukta went through the motions of selecting a husband, and then excused herself on the plea that she needed time to think. Thereupon, she slipped outside the palace gate to meet her love with whom she had arranged a rendezvous, and she allowed herself to be kidnapped by King Prithviraj.

Even such a romantic story as Shakespeare's *Tempest* is reflected in Indian literature ; it formed the central and yet much earlier theme in the great Kalidasa's famous *Shakuntal*, that Indian masterpiece. After reading *Shakuntal*, Goethe held it on his head in literary rapture while he danced like a man bewitched.

India has always had her royal Romeos and Juliets, and if the traditions of these failed to kindle the flame of romance in the youth of India, it is logical to say that *Tristan and Iseult* and similar romantic and chivalric tales have had very little effect upon India. It was poetry that glorified the love affairs of homespun heroes and sang of the man-and-the-woman-in-the-street, "holding each other's eyes across the table," which gave the idea to collegiate India. Shelley, Byron, Keats, Browning, and other romantic poets, modern men who not only rhapsodized the common man's love but also themselves appeared to be prem yogis, or romantic heroes, gave Indian youth confidence that romance would come, in his own lifetime and in his own country. Novelists like Hardy, who glorified the trials and tribulations of men and women in love, "turned the heads of the youth-leaguers." The young poets of India imitated Keats, and novelists tried to outdo Hardy. More significant, the educated young man of India acquired a new dream girl, while the imagination and the ambition of flesh-and-blood-girls were fired. What was needed then was

visual education, and in this Hollywood did the trick with characteristic flair. Who could, or can, stem the tide? Not even a hundred ascetic Gandhis.

Westerners should not have any smug feelings about the "sophomoric" romantic ideas of India. They should recall that even in their own countries, romance came late, and that India is only a little bit behind the times. Even Americans, whose marriage system is more affected by the romantic tradition than that of any other people on earth, need not feel that they have priority, because romance struck the whole civilized world with the same drives and desires. Sophistication and grace have the same appeal in America as in educated India. It may be that physical beauty has not achieved the importance in India that it has in the United States. And yet not only the young men but also the young women are becoming increasingly conscious that it is an advantage. In this respect Americans are still far more advanced than Indians. American sociologists have even statistically computed the ideal height of the girls preferred by young men; they have calculated the advantages of blondes over brunettes; and they have lately begun to give information, in formal courses on Sociology of Marriage, on the outlines of breasts approved by young men. These aspects of romantic relativity are not scientfically studied in India, but I have a feeling that Indians have some definite ideas about them nevertheless.

I must confess, however, that Indians have not yet discovered "the leg." I once took an Indian professor who was visiting New York to the Radio City Music Hall only to be rebuked afterward for having taken him to "such an obscene show." Perhaps that is because the Indian sari never reveals the leg, a fact which may be responsible for a popular American belief that an Indian woman's leg is the most shapely in the world.

So far as the American custom of "necking" is concerned, it has come to the big cities of India and has even penetrated a few towns in the wake of the automobile.

THE SAFFRON SARI

When modern ideas of romance came to India, their most important effects were upon the conflict between the older generation and youth, the old-fashioned and those who were "modernized," the traditionalists and the "westernized." Moreover, they divided the male population into two groups, one of which resisted these trends and the other of which supported them. The latter were a great help to the women of India. The feminist revolt had prepared some groups of Indian women to work for equal status and to change the face of Mother India. The introduction of romance in India had a profound influence upon a whole generation of its men. It inspired them to work with the modern woman. The ambition of the Indian woman was aided by thousands upon thousands of young men, and the ground was prepared for the Indian woman to make her debut as the equal of man.

But when all is said and done feminism and romance merely set the stage. The inner necessity for a dramatic change seemed to be lacking. A critical audience was waiting for the Hindu and the Moslem and the Parsi and the Sikh women to assert themselves and to take their rightful place in the affairs of the nation ; but some intangible something was missing. The cue, that inner urge, was provided, quite unintentionally, by the nationalist movement of Mahatma Gandhi ; and now one wonders whether that by-product of the Gandhi movement was not more important than the main political current. Like the Ganges which had finally broken through the Himalayas, the modern daughters of Shakti came forward, sweeping aside all obstacles. Before the old order realized it, the Indian woman was giving orders instead of taking them, and half of the driving force of the nation was in her sensitive fingers. In the turmoil of the Gandhi movement the Indian woman came into her own.

The background of the Indian woman's debut can best be studied in the light of the feminist movement elsewhere, whether in England, in the United States, or in China.

In any given country, the well-defined and historic advances of the woman's cause were generally made during a time of national crisis. This is so, first, because a people's movement requires the support of everyone, and once the women are out in the open, it is impossible to put them back in their kitchens. In the second place, the emotional impact and the immediacies of a real political struggle stir the feminine imagination even where men are indifferent ; one notices that during most upheavals the women's stand is more ruthless and less compromising. The result is that in most nationwide movements, women are more aroused than men, and consequently they make greater gains than men so far as their respective social standings are concerned. Especially in connection with revivalist or religious movements, women respond more readily than men. It must be obvious, then, that the nationalist struggle was precisely what the Indian women needed to make their dramatic entrance into public life, first by assisting their men, and later on by taking over the positions vacated by men removed to jails.

The new opportunity to crusade was only part of the story, however ; it does not go the whole way in unveiling the mystery surrounding the changed face of Mother India. For this is what has happened in India : Not only is her status changed completely, but the Indian woman herself is revolutionized. The national struggles of 1919–1922 and 1930–1933, especially the latter, produced such unexpected and astounding alterations in the feminine pattern of India that Indians who were abroad during this time could not believe their eyes and ears when they returned to meet the Gandhi woman. For what women in other parts of the world achieved in half a century, the Indian feminists have gained in a decade of national ferment. In consequence, the Indian woman is now in the feminist vanguard the world over. To be more specific, the Indian woman today has more say and influence in her nation's affairs than any woman on earth, save, perhaps, the American and the Russian. This is not a superficial change, and so it requires careful analysis.

The clue to this "enigma wrapped in a riddle surrounded by mystery," according to my way of thinking, lies in the non-violent character of the Gandhi movement ; the idea first struck me when I was thinking things over in one of His Majesty's several prisons in India, but it has been so fully reinforced since then that it has become a conviction with me. For what Gandhi brought to India was not merely a nationalist rebellion of the usual type and variety, known in all countries which have had to struggle for their independence ; it was the first experiment of a whole country in mass non-violence as a direct-action technique. Naturally, therefore, it gave women an opportunity to act and to stand as heroines which no war or no revolution in the history of the human race has ever given them.

I believe that the original cause of the idea of woman's inferiority was the physical limitations of woman's flesh. The cave woman, like the woman of today, was designed by nature to be adept at creation and not at destruction. It is little wonder that she has not shone with physical prowess. In life-and-death crises where fists and shoulders were required, she could not share the burden of man. When the cave was raided, when the tribe was attacked, when the city was stormed, it was the man who not only protected family and communal property, but also shielded the woman. Thus men became the heroes, ready to die in order to defend and protect, and women became wards as well as prizes of victory. The development of the state, and the institution of war as the technique of solving a dispute between two nations, not only continued the tradition of woman's inferiority, but loaded it with mythologies and theories and rituals.

Of course there have been exceptions, but they tend merely to prove the rule that the institutions of war and violent revolution, in fact, all social changes caused by physical violence, place women at an unsurmountable disadvantage. France had her Joan of Arc and India her Chand Bibi and Queen of Zansi,-but they are as much remembered for their *physical valor* as for doing things which were not expected of their sex. It was not until

the Spanish Civil War that women looked at all convincing in soldiers' dungarees. Even the Spanish women, however, did not impress the Spanish generals, professionally. There is no way of denying that in all social institutions underlined by violence women cannot be the heroes. And when they cannot pull their weight in a life-and-death crisis, how can they really be established as the equals of men? Indeed, systems of wars and violent revolutions have consistently deprived woman of the real opportunity to be man's equal, and thus perpetuated the myth of woman's inferiority.

What women, not only in India but all over the world, needed to establish their final equality with men was a non-violent technique to be used in life-and-death struggles between two or more groups of nations. Once that was done, there was not a single social process in which men could outdo women by virtue of their natural endowments. This technique was given by Gandhi to the Indian women in his "war without violence." India was engaged in a life-and-death struggle against British imperialism, and could have very well followed the universally accepted pattern of violent revolution. Whatever its other consequences might have been, from the Indian woman's point of view it would have amounted to her being denied a place in the fight. But what Gandhi proposed was nothing that she, along with men, could not do. Hence the endless parade of women clad in the saffron saris, that symbol of their do-or-die crusade. They have been in the very center of the non-violent struggle in India during the last quarter-century.

The Gandhi woman who dons a saffron sari is a miracle of modern India. She is to be seen everywhere; no place is alien to her if it is not alien to men. In 1930, when the nationalist struggle reached its peak, she was to be seen parading the streets of Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, and countless towns and villages of India. Night and day rows upon rows of saffron saris picketed barrooms and liquor stores, foreign-cloth shops and Government banks. If men pickets could suffer the indignities inflicted by a drunkard or by a British sergeant,

well, so could they. In Bombay, thousands of such saffron saris were to be seen policing the traffic and bringing order to mass meetings, while a Mrs. Hansa Mehta or Mrs. Jayashri Rayaji, as dictator of Bombay, would be inspecting the various battlegrounds in her motorcade, receiving the salutes of saffron saris lined up on the highways and byways of that great metropolis. The saffron saris were to be seen breaking the Salt Law along with men ; if men could go to prison, well, so could they. In 1930 alone, of the 100,000 Indians who went to jail, 30,000 were women. Several expectant mothers joined in, undaunted by the prospect of prison cells, thus giving birth to India's proud war-babies. The saffron saris could always be seen in the vanguard of a procession ; and if men had their skulls cracked open by the mounted police, so did they. So long as they were not called upon to kill in exchange, they threw all caution to the winds, these soft jonquil targets for lead bullets ; scores of such matrons fell as heroines in India's war without violence. In many cases, women were the first to join the movement and to court imprisonment, shaming their selfish and often timid husbands into following them behind the iron bars. Indian women are where they are today through their own hard-won right. They are highly influential in national politics and the administration of the country, and no Indian columnist could minimize their strength as Westbrook Pegler does that of American women by saying that "the professional female politician ranks high in the list of American abominations and is a pernicious nuisance who has imposed on the natural chivalry of the race to escape the criticism which she deserves."

Once out in the national arena, how can these soldier women of India ever hide themselves again ? And how can India ever be the same again ? The magic of non-violent direct action, as far as women were concerned, was again felt in 1937 when the nationalists swept the polls and came to power in seven out of the eleven Provinces of India. At least five of these Provinces had women ministers, Mrs. R. S. Pandit, sister of Pandit

Jawaharlal Nehru, being one of them. And Mrs. Sarojini Naidu was once elected President of the Indian National Congress. President Naidu may not have had the power of the President of the United States, but it was as though she had been nominated for her high office by both the Republican and Democratic parties. Thus, what was planted by the feminist movement and helped along by the "romantic era" came into full flower in the non-violent nationalist movement. Although, in comparison with the American or English woman, she had to learn the hard way, the Indian woman has now come into her own.

IX. THE HINDU MIND

'Tis light translateth night; 'tis inspiration
Expounds experience; 'tis the West explains
The East: 'tis time unfolds Eternity.
—PHILIP JAMES BAILEY

THROUGHOUT my years in Europe and America I have often wondered if there are essential differences between the thinking processes of the Indian mind and the western mind. My consciousness of these elusive variations has deepened with the progress of my Americanization. At first one is aware only of those antitheses which are obvious. The subtle distinctions remain hidden until one who has belonged to one world begins to feel at home in another. Yet the problem is an inescapable one, and in my case I arrived at a point where I could no longer restrain myself from asking what the differences were between the Hindu mind and the western mind. Not that I fail to realize that of all subjects one of the most difficult to discuss is what is loosely described as the "national mind." The theory that social habits as well as general images or patterns of thought have existence apart from the behaviour of people themselves has lately been set aside by scientists. In the same way the idea that the ethos, or the character of a people, is something other than the sum of the personality-traits of the individual members of a community has also recently been discredited. Debate upon the "collective mind" has become full of pitfalls for the unwary; not only the angels but even the fools fear to tread on such ground now, let alone rush in. Is there an American mind? Is there a Hindu mind? Is there anything like what we call the English or the Chinese mind? Such questions are usually regarded as pretty silly these days.

And yet from time immemorial it has been held by some philosophers and schools of thought that there is a resemblance between broad and fundamental categories of social phenomena and those of personality-traits. Buddhism holds that "contact is the cause of all sensation, producing the three kinds of pain and pleasure..... Destroy contact and sensation will end....names and things will cease.....Knowledge and ignorance will perish....and the constituents of individual life will die." The supremacy of the ethos, a given society's genius over self is also upheld by the Confucian saying that "the heart of a man who observes no rules of propriety is the heart of a beast." Plato, one of the founding-fathers of western culture, likewise maintained in *The Republic*, "As the State is, so the individuals will be." More recently, the French sociologist E. Durkheim has developed the theory that "collective consciousness specifically differs from individual consciousness." Columbia University's late Franklin H. Giddings has created the concepts of "consciousness of kind" and "like-mindedness."

To me, the concept of a "national mind" as a yardstick by which to measure a culture or a people is overshadowed in value by the concept of the national mind as an exaggerated and dramatized chacrater-sketch to compare one people with another. In other words, the use of the idea of a collective mind to explain and analyze the people concerned seems of dubious worth, and yet this same idea can be a valuable device for explaining one nation in relation to another. It is in its relativity that the description of the collective mind is fruitful, when one national mind is compared to another. For as many varieties of mental attitudes and habits of thought exist within one nation as in the entire world. Attempt at detailed analysis brings one to the realization that everything happens everywhere. And yet persistent psychological traits are not hard to find in a culture, and these mental modes may be called a national pattern for the intriguing and sometimes instructive purpose of comparing two civilizations. As I see it, this book is

an adventure in understanding by the way of exaggerated antitheses.

Several years ago during a talk with some friends of mine in New York, a Frenchman, a widely traveled and cultivated student, gave us some very crisp yet significant characterizations of several nationalities. Doubtless he in turn had picked them up from somebody else, but for all their ageless naïveté, I offer them as part of the game of guessing what the other fellow is like :

One German :	A scientist
Two Germans :	Conspiracy
Three Germans :	War
One Chinese :	Company
Two Chinese :	A crowd
Three Chinese :	Humanity
One American :	The almighty dollar
Two Americans :	A corporation
Three Americans :	Heaven on earth
One Englishman :	An idiot
Two Englishmen :	Two idiots
Three Englishmen :	The greatest power in the world (this was two years before Hitler's Blitzkriegs)
One Indian :	A philosopher
Two Indians :	Argument
Three Indians :	Confusion

PROGRESSION OF PERSPECTIVES

I do not quite know how Englishmen and Germans and Americans and Chinese would feel about these characterizations of themselves and their countries, but as an Indian I do think that the lines dealing with us are suggestive if not the whole truth. The Hindu is essentially a philosopher, and he is irresistibly argumentative ; confusion in his collective life aptly supports the syllogism based on the two given premises. In contrast to the confusion which has been created by the philosophic mellowness of the Hindu mind, however, is the continuous series of conflicts, violent and vicious, which has been one of the inevitable results of the western mind as

it has operated in Europe. The Hindu's vision, too all-inclusive perhaps, has produced chaos ; the westerner's practical outlook, when too sharp and well-defined, has produced strife. The choice between them is not a happy one to make. And yet it is as false to think of the Hindu temperament as utterly other-worldly as it is to think of the westerner's as completely earthy. The Hindu is not so much of a mystic as he is generally supposed to be ; the Christian and the Mohammedan deserve the name quite as much, and as I said before, the Chinese is even less of a mystic than his Hindu neighbor. The philosopher in the Indian makes him an unmistakable sophist in company, a master of adroit and spacious reasoning, displaying at times what to the westerner appears to be a fine if somewhat topsyturvy mind, which is bound to bring in unusual angles of perspective.

It is this faculty of observing an object or a problem from several points at the same time which distinguishes the Hindu mind from the western mind fashioned after the classical model. The Hindu has literally an abundance of "standpoints," whereas the neat western mind recognizes but one ; the Hindu sees a series of pictures and images where the westerner, firmly planted on the ground, perceives only one image or one picture. This becomes clear as soon as one places a good example of Indian art beside the work of most famous European artists. The western masterpiece is usually—with the exception of surrealism, in which anything can happen—perfect in perspective, almost photographic in its details of distance and light and shade, and one might, if one desired, determine from the relative proportions of the objects in the composition the exact point where the artist was standing, brush in hand, when he transplanted the reality to his canvas. You cannot do that with an Indian masterpiece. One does not take in an Indian painting from any ideal viewpoint ; in Indian traditional art, there is no point which gives the proper perspective. The artist who filled a niche in the Ajanta caves with a beautiful fresco used not one but several perspectives in the same composition, he did not diminish the elephant

parade as it receded into the background ; he did not necessarily put shade under the full contours of an Apsara's breasts ; he did not conceal an object because from one standpoint it must have been hidden behind a human figure ; he did not even create his men equal. He must have wandered about while he painted, looking at the same scene from a hundred angles, physically, and in his imagination. He painted in time alone, and not in a time-space equation ; he combined Now with Eternity and created a world out of his consciousness or subconsciousness. There is a famous Ajanta fresco which pictures the meeting of Prince Gautama after he had become the Buddha or Enlightened One, with his wife Maya and his son Rahula. In space, the three humans must have been of much the same size, but in time or eternity there can be no comparison between Lord Buddha on one hand and Maya and Rahula on the other. So in that magnificent fresco, the Buddha towers over the other two mortals ; he is ten times as tall as they.

The old master in India hardly ever painted from models ; he did not sit at the foot of the Himalayas to paint their ridges and slopes ; the Gujarati poet Nhanalal's famous poem on the Taj Mahal was written long before the actually saw that "dream in marble," and similarly the Bengali artist Abanindro Nath Tagore's "Last Glimpse," in which Shahjahan is depicted looking longingly at the Taj Mahal—his wife's "shrine in marble"—from his death-bed, was composed without his having visited that most famous monument. Seeing little beauty in the western artist's painstakingly accurate and photographic compositions, the Hindu artist illuminates reality through metaphysical flights.

THEORETIC PERFECTIONISM

It is one thing to describe the Hindu mind as philosophic and quite another to call it negative, as many a well-meaning western scholar has done. I can recognize the facets of Hindu thought which have led foreign students to this description, and also I think I know how they have misled themselves. What they are driving at

can best be explained by saying that to many westerners, the Hindu mind appears to be "upsidedown" or topsy-turvy. When they encounter the Hindu mind, they feel the same uneasiness, though for different reasons, as when they come up against the points of view of such men as Bernard Shaw in England or Thorstein Veblen in America.

The seven blind men of the Hindu parable, who clung to the various parts of an elephant, and endeavored to describe the great creature in terms of their own limited experience, distrusted one another. The Hindu is apt to find the classical western mind strange too. Such misunderstandings arise because more often than not the Hindu's frame of reference extends beyond that of the westerner, conceiving a universe which almost seems to begin at the point where the Greek mind ceased to speculate. Who, to take the supreme example, could invent *zero* as a starting point for what is now mistakenly known as the Arabic system of notation? Only the peculiar Hindu make-up and genius could, I think, conceive, at least the first time, that the very point of differentiation between plus and minus, between positive and negative, was real. It is this peculiar sense of reality —which I would like to call the "zero trend" of the Indian mind—that some westerners have called the negative quality of the Hindu reasoning. Shunya (0) or void is as real as one-two-three now to the whole civilized world, but it first dawned on the Hindu mind. This feature of the Hindu mind reminds me of a man who is eternally running to touch the horizon. Of course the horizon remains as distant to him as it does to the one who is contentedly standing still because of his scientific knowledge that the dividing line between the sky and the earth is an optical illusion. Meanwhile, perhaps, the horizon-chaser has widened his universe, extended his frame of reference, and by odd chance hit upon an interesting discovery or two. And in the very process he has shown himself to be a perfectionist, at least in theory; for he has endeavored to go as far as man's mind can go to seek the deepest basis for beliefs.

This inclination toward theoretic perfectionism, often with a disregard for the practical, is a highlight of Indian mythology. When one compares Hindu mythology with Hebrew mythology, one is struck by the fact that the Hindus have been more theoretically perfect. According to western mythology, for instance, in the beginning was the word ; according to the Hindu theory, before the word was silence : there could be no word without silence. The rishis of Rigveda tell us :

There was neither existence, nor non-existence,
In the kingdom of air, nor the sky beyond.

There was no death there, nor Immortality.
No sun was there, dividing day from night.

At first within the darkness veiled in darkness,
Chaos unknowable, the All lay hid.

Till straightway from the formless void made manifest
By the great power of heat was born that germ.

Another good example of the upsidedown drive of the Indian mind is the Hindu picture of the Universe ; it is a gigantic banyan tree, hanging in the great void, roots up and branches down. I think it is a more magnificent vision than that of the tree of life rooted in the earth and growing upwards. And of all the lurid definitions of God I have come across, I think the Vedic description is not only the most ingenious, but the most reasonable and real. It is Neti, neti, neti, neti—meaning, not this, not that, not even that, and not that either ! Of course it is a negative definition, but it is the best possible, admitting the finite quality of the human mind and the overpowering aspect of the infinite. It does not display the arrogance of creating God in one's own image, yet it does not dismiss as unreal that which is still unknown. Both the western and the Hindu minds are engaged in tracking down reality ; the difference is that the former generally is bent upon the physical, while the latter is intent upon the metaphysical.

SENSE FOR SCIENCE

Just as the Indian mind is philosophical but not negative, so is it idealistic but not other-worldly. Had it been otherwise, India, like China, would have little to show in the realm of science. The fact that India has a proud scientific record proves that the Hindu mind has been concerned with the "here and now." Right up to the end of the sixteenth century, Indian scientific thought marched abreast of the rest of the world, sometimes even outdistancing Europe in invention. Few people in the West realize today how much they owe to India in their own scientific and technological advances. It began with the epoch-making discovery of zero, which revolutionized the entire discipline of mathematics: the Indian zero or Shunya which became the Arabic *ssifr*, which in turn became the Latin zephyrum. The Indian invention of the decimal system of notation led the way to European refinement in the science of numbers. Arithmetic and algebra, despite their Arabic credit-lines, are of Indian origin; the Arabs, who came in contact with Hindustan through trade, learned these sciences from India, refined them, and then handed them on to Europe. Also little known to western historians of scientific thought is the fact that the Pythagorean theorem had been solved by Hindu geometrician independently of Greek influence. Centuries before Euler attempted it under the patronage of Frederick the Great, the Hindus had provided the solution of indeterminate problems of the second degree. Eight hundred years before Descartes, the Hindus had regularly formulated the principles of co-ordinate geometry, and they had also anticipated Newton by five hundred years in their principles of differential calculus. Tycho Brahe's astronomy, developed in sixteenth-century Europe under the patronage of King Frederick II and Emperor Rudolp IV, was little more advanced than the Hindu astronomy up to that period. The Hindus had explained rotation, eclipses, epicycles, precessions of the equinoxes, and many other heavenly phenomena long before Europe began to record celestial behavior.

In the sphere of chemistry, the Hindus were more advanced than the Greeks, and up to a very recent time Indian metallurgists could forge bars of iron larger than any that their contemporaries could forge. So far as gunpowder is concerned, there is friendly rivalry between China and India as there has been friendly rivalry between these two colossi of Asia in many things, both spiritual and temporal, physical and metaphysical. In the light of the long history of the Indo-Chinese relationship—which has usually been a one-way process, with India giving and China receiving—it is more than likely that China got its first gunpowder from India. Indian chemists were also masters in the art of fast dyes, and they knew how to extract indigo. What are known as "Damascus blades" originated in India. Up to the end of the sixteenth century, the Hindus were not far behind Europeans in the field of physics. The Hindu physicists had propounded the atomic theory of matter and understood conservation of energy. They had explained the phenomena of evaporation, refraction, and magnetism. What is even more intriguing to nautical-minded Europeans and Americans, the Hindus invented the mariner's compass. And what may interest musicians, Hindu music has the same octave as the western, because sound had been mathematically analyzed by the Hindus in order to calculate musical notes and intervals.

Furthermore, up to the end of the sixteenth century, India had a more glorious heritage in medical science than did Europe. The Yajurveda, one of the four Vedas which are considered the earliest documents of man, was solely devoted to the art of healing ; though full of superstitions and moon-lore according to modern standards, it represented the highest scientific advance of its time. India took the lead in using mercury, iron, white oxide of arsenic as medicines, which Europe took up only in the sixteenth century. Hindu surgeons with their 127 instruments, very crude from the modern point of view, could give instruction to the barber-surgeons of Europe as late as the sixteenth century.

It was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that the Hindu mind lost its scientific force and it was during that post-Renaissance period that Europe began to outdistance India. What has now crystallized into a definite gulf between western science and Indian other-worldliness emerged in the Dark Ages of India, the seventeenth and eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. For, shaken to its very foundations by successive invasions and by the religious bigotry of the Mohemmedan conquerors, the Hindu mind stopped its excursions into reality ; defeated in this world, it began to seek solace in the Other World. The cultural lag was intensified because the European mind, unleashed by the Renaissance, began to make rapid strides at about the same time. Not that there were no Indians who were aware of the rapidly deepening chasm between India and the West. Ramachandrapant, to take just one example, minister of Sambhaji II, wrote his *Rajniti* (a book on statecraft) around the middle of the eighteenth century in which he clearly saw that the strength of the European invaders lay in "navy, guns and ammunition." But instead of exhorting his countrymen to action, he was content with appeasement, writing : "It is enough if they occasionally come and go, and do not trouble us; nor need we trouble them." For the Dark Age of furious invasion of India had uprooted the zest for life ; it was a period of drifting, existence at any cost, with the result that small bands of foreigners were able to overrun a continent of hundreds of millions.

Escapism did not spell the death of the Indian mind, but only a serious relapse. Along with the Meiji era in Japan came the period of Enlightenment in India in the middle of the nineteenth century ; plundered by invaders, India was becoming accustomed to her conquerors ; the British conquest finally seemed to brook no interference and that in itself was a form of security for India. Overenthusiastic, peace-loving writers began to say that "nobody now dare box the ears of even a passing goat." At the dawn of the Indian Enlightenment there stood the towering figure of Raja Rammohan Roy, soon to be followed by Tagores and Nehrus, Gandhi

and Tilak, and a myriad more. Even in the fields of science India now can boast its world figures, the Nobel Prize winner in the field of physics, Sir C. V. Raman, Megh Nath Saha, also of international reputation, men like the late Jagadish Chandra Bose and Sir P. C. Roy. What is more important, laboratories all over India are today full of promising young scientists. The Indian mind has found itself once more.

THE SYLLOGISM UNEXPURGATED

Other-worldliness is not truly characteristic of the Indian mind then, and neither is mysticism in the light of the Hindu's great achievements in the sphere of logic. With the exception of the ancient Greeks, the Hindus of the olden times were the only people in history who gave the world profound and at the same time precise and punctilious formulations in the realm of logic. Indeed there are scholars who say that classical logical thought was definitely influenced by chronologically older or even by contemporary Hindu achievements in psychology and epistemology, just as there are scholars who believe that it was Greece which influenced India. Be that as it may, there is no scholastic dispute as to the fact that the Hindu pramanshastra or logic reached its scientific exactitude at the time that Greek sophism was crystallized into formal logic, if not a little earlier.

It is not my native pride which prompts me to say this, using, as some might think, the trickery of misplaced emphasis and the sophistry of employing multi-meaning words to designate one and the same concept. My formal training in the Hindu pramanshastra, which warns one against "twenty-four dialectical devices to refute a valid argument," would preclude any such thing. On the contrary, western scholars and Indian sycophants who shrug off the Hindu achievements in pramanshastra by calling them "an outgrowth of metaphysics and theology" behave like the vitandavadi (dialectician) against whose "twenty-four dialectical devices" one is so carefully warned by the Hindu pramanshastris. It is true that the highest goal of Nyayashastra, of which

pramanshastra is the strictly logical part, is to realize God ; but if God is truth, as the Hindus do believe, then who can dispute that His realization is and must be the supreme aim of epistemology as well as of all knowledge ? It is true that Gautama's Nyaya, from which the Hindu logical system originates, did include the authority of scriptures as sure evidence in behalf of a proposition. But it was in the revolt against such dogmatic views that pramanshastra found its real beginnings.

The great revolution in the habits of the Hindu mind, the secularization of Hindu systems of knowledge, the triumph of inference over the authority of scriptures took place during what is now known as the Age of Buddha. In the history of the Hindu mind that is the period of supreme importance, almost the Age of Reason. It may have begun a little before Buddha, for the Enlightened One himself must have been the spearhead of the growing revolt against the authority of the Vedas as interpreted by the entrenched Brahmins. Buddha was to Hinduism what Martin Luther was to Christianity, and Buddhism can very well be described as the Reformation in Hinduism. When this intellectual ferment was at its height, during the sixth century B.C. and for a long time afterwards, the great Buddhist thinkers had to use logic to destroy certain Hindu beliefs and dogmas upheld by the four pillars of the four Vedas ; the same can be said about the Jaina philosophers who also flourished around that time. The Hindu pundits, on their part, had to use the same weapons as their Buddhist opponents ; for the theological was fast giving way to the logical. Of course, many Brahmin pundits continued to cite chapter and verse from the Vedas to refute the "heresy" of the Buddhists and the Jainas, but more often than not the authority of scriptures served merely to lend an air of sanctity to intellectual findings which had been arrived at not only without the aid of scripture but sometimes even in direct contradiction of their injunctions.

That Indian logic emerged out of the struggle between the Hindu traditionalism on one hand and the Buddhist rationalism on the other becomes quite clear from the

polemic character of the earlier Nyaya, which was rather more of a formula for debate than a handbook of logic. Vaisheshika, on the other hand, tackled the larger problems of knowledge in general and epistemology in particular. This becomes more evident as one discovers that in the realm of logic Buddhist and Jaina thinkers made greater contributions than the Brahmin pundits. Moreover, the earlier Nyaya, the Nyaya of Gautama, leaned heavily upon reasoning by analogy, the weakest type of logical reasoning, and it was not until Vātsyāyāna, the Indian Plato that the syllogism became the center of the art of intellectual acrobatics. In his famous Bhāshya on Nyaya, Vātsyāyāna succeeded in making the Indian syllogism a panchavāyava-vakya or a five-membered statement, which was quite an elimination of the irrelevant in view of the fact that the earlier Nyaya "statement" consisted of ten members. However, the theory of invariable concomitance as the only basis of inference (in place of reasoning by analogy) did not gain currency until the time of Prashastapāda, the Indian Aristotle. According to Prashastapāda :

"Inference for another is the communication, through the five-membered statement, of a thing ascertained for oneself. The communication is to persons who are in doubt or are of a contrary opinion or are ignorant ; and it is to be understood as taking place through the five-membered statement and in no other way.

"The five Members, then, are the Proposition (Pratijnā), the Reason (Apadesha), the Exemplification (Nidarshana), the Application (Anusamdhana) and the Conclusion (Pratyamnaya)."

Accordingly, a Prashastapāda syllogism or pararthanumana would take the following form :

Positive Form	*Negative Form*
1. Wind is a substance	
2. Because it possesses movement	
3. What possesses movement is known to be substance : as an arrow	3. What is not substance does not possess movement and is static
4. And even so is wind possessed of movement	4. And wind is not static
5. Therefore it must be a substance.	

A much later, and yet little expurgated, variation of Prashastapāda's syllogism is to be found in Annubhutta's treatise which dates back to the seventeenth century A.D. It runs :

Proposition : The mountain has fire
Reason : Because it has smoke
Example : Wherever there is smoke, there is fire, as in a kitchen
Application : Here it is like this
Conclusion : Therefore it is so.

In spite of the fact that Prashastapāda's is a five-membered syllogism whereas Aristotle's syllogism has only three members, one is struck with the similarity between the Hindu logic and the Greek logic. In addition there is the time element ; the origins of both schools are embedded in the same antiquity. The parallelism grows more fascinating when one observes that the Buddhist refinement of the Hindu logic notes thirty-three fallacies, and that the three divisions of chala, jati, and nigrahasthana among the sixteen categories of the Nyaya correspond to the Sophistici Elenchi of the Aristotelian Organon. Even in the art of sophistry, the Hindu vitandavadis could have matched their wits with the Greeks. For Sanjaya, one of the earliest debaters, said : "If you ask me whether there is another world—well, if I thought there were, I should say so. But I don't say so. And I don't think it is thus or thus. And I don't think it is otherwise. And I don't deny it." It was hard to trip up a man like that, even as it was difficult to pin down a Greek sophist. And what to westerners seems to be the two irrelevant premises in Indian syllogisms are no indication of less than Greek precision, but evidence that the Hindu mind always tends to seek the broadest possible categories.

LOGICAL VS. COSMOLOGICAL

The Hindus developed, at quite an early stage in their history, a sensitive and intricate science of grammar—a rarefaction which curiously the Chinese never arrived at in spite of equally long literary traditions. As the

Hindus disciplined their thought, so they disciplined their language, which carried it. Yet the stress was not so much on the limitations of man-made logic and grammar as on lofty flights of imagination and speculation, ever seeking a wider and wider frame of reference. Although more often than not these wings of fancy battered themselves against the unknown and the unknowable, the start was always upon the firm ground of logic. What made the heights so dizzying at times was the Hindu tendency to expand the categories of thought beyond a point where they would lose their logical import. And this brings us to what I regard as the greatest contrast between the thinking of East and West. The western mind is logical, the Hindu mind is cosmological. For instance, when the American talks of the family, the Hindu mentions nation, which would be, according to him, a larger family. When the American thinks of the nation, the Hindu is concerned about the world ; Tagore used to chide Ghandhi for sacrificing internationalism to the lions of his nationalism, while all the time both meant the same thing. The westerner thinks about human beings, the Hindu is conscious of "all breathing things." A classical example of this is found in the relative humanity of Buddha and Christ. Christ was concerned about the brotherhood of man, while Buddha was concerned about the oneness of all life, and he took good care that not even a lamb was killed for sacrifice or to sustain life. This cosmological aptitude may be the result of the Hindu yearning for theoretical perfectionism, but it is there, and it manifests itself in innumerable ways. The most persistent channel through which this Hindu trait reveals itself is the hundreds of what I call "Big Decision Stories." These stories are about votaries of truth, whose steadfastness of purpose and theoretical perfectionism are time and again put to test by God who comes down to earth for that purpose in a variety of disguises. Thus a man-of-his-word would be compelled to sell, in order to keep a promise, his wife and son and daughter and finally himself, as the truthful King Harishchandra was forced to do by God who had taken the form of an undertaker. Such a man or woman

would be torn between two loyalties, and he would be expected to make the right choice, as in the case of King Yudishthira. There is a treasure-trove of such stories and legends in India, and they are the proud heritage of all Hindus, pundits and illiterates alike, Brahmins and untouchables, villagers and city-dwellers, rich and poor. I think one of the very best stories, which brings the contrast between the logical and the cosmological into bold relief, is that of "The King, the Pigeon, and the Hawk."

THE KING, THE PIGEON AND THE HAWK

Once upon a time there was a king named Shivi, a clear-eyed and great-hearted king, who ruled over the sacred city of Benares.

The legends of his wise leadership had traveled far and wide, and people from all over India used to come to his court to hear him discourse on Right and Wrong, and to see him administer justice.

One day, as he was seated on his throne, a pigeon, pursued by a hawk, settled upon the royal person. Struggling to keep a secure hold on the king's priceless vestments, the pigeon cried out: "Have mercy on me, O Great King, and save me from my cruel enemy!"

The king smoothed the rumpled feathers of the pigeon reassuringly as he remembered the old injunction that the protection of a suppliant is a great act of merit. He poised the pigeon on his shoulder and exclaimed: "I would surrender my kingdom rather than close my ears to the appeal of one such as you who are in need. It is the duty of a king to protect all his subjects."

Suddenly, the eyes of the king and his subjects were torn from the charming business at hand to the ceiling from whence came the harsh voice of the other bird. For the hawk, angry with frustration, was so beside himself that he had the temerity to dart over the king's head and to lash out at His Majesty with questions.

"It is all very well to think that way," said the hawk to the king, "and I do grant you that as a king on earth it is your duty to govern men and administer justice

among them and to protect them when they need protection. But you transgress your sphere of influence when you forget that you are the king of Benares and not the monarch of the skies. Who has given you authority over birds? You are ordained to interfere with the affairs of men, but not with the affairs of birds."

The whole assembly was dumbfounded, and the irises of the king's eyes were large with surprise and his eyebrows lifted at so much logic. Taking advantage of the general commotion, the hawk descended to a trellis and poised himself in a bower of vine leaves on a level with the king. Pursuing his advantage, he challenged :

"And now let us come to the point and reflect for a while on what you have been so eloquently saying about suppliants. No doubt it is virtuous to protect those who appeal to you. But is that all that is to be considered? Problems of conduct are many-sided, and they should be looked at from every point of view."

The hawk remained silent for a moment, expecting an answer, but when a reply was not forthcoming, he continued :

"You should know that by shielding the pigeon under your protection, you are doing me an injury. You are robbing me of my natural and appointed food, and nobody can live without food. If I starve, I shall die. That means only one thing. You will of course save the pigeon's life, but you will as surely kill me. And when I am gone, who will look after my wife and my fledgling child? Who will bring food to them? They, too, will die. That means three lives lost, merely because you have made up your mind to save one. As I have said, problems of conduct are manysided, and they must be carefully weighed from every viewpoint. A pious man should always make sure that even while doing good to someone he does not hurt another ; true virtue should be free of such contradictions. When two contradicting duties persist in presenting themselves, a pious man should weigh them, one against another, and choose the weightier one. Now in this case, I ask you, which is more meritorious, to save three lives or one?"

This great and virtuous king was not one to blunder through when he was faced with an unusual situation, or to call for a summary dismissal of the hawk to restore royal prestige. Instead, he acknowledged the force of the hawk's argument, and humbly said :

"You are a perfect ocean of wisdom and knowledge, you cannot be an ordinary hawk. You must be Garuda, the king of birds !"

"You can dispense with compliments," retorted the hawk.

Taken a little aback at this familiarity from the self-confident bird, the king began to talk on absent-mindedly :

"Yours is the purest Sanskrit, so delicately expressed, I hesitate to argue with you. But I would like to say just one thing : you are in no danger of dying. There is a great variety of other food in my kitchen, and I would gladly put anything at your disposal. What would you prefer—buffalo, ox, wild-pig, or deer? If you please, I will order my servants to kill and roast a whole ox, and have it dipped in butter and cooked with rice, and not a bone or sinew will be missing."

"But I don't want an ox," snapped the hawk with impatience. "I don't enjoy ox or any of the animals you have mentioned. I just eat pigeons and I like them." At this he cast a covert glance at the pigeon who returned the hawk's gaze with intensity, and the hawk's beak began to water. Then, with a solemn tone the inexorable bird continued :

"Gods have ordained that hawks should eat pigeons, and I am not going to transgress the divine ordinance, neither should you tempt me to do so. Be kind enough to release the pigeon so that I can comply with the rules laid down for my kind in the ancient days. Besides, I should like to point out that you present yourself in a sorry light when you suggest that I eat deer if my natural food is pigeon. You remind me of the proverbial man trying to climb a plantain tree which cannot bear his weight."

"I agree that my logic is poor," replied the king. "Still I refuse to surrender a suppliant whom I have promised

to protect on the basis of a larger humanity. For cosmic phenomena are not always within the scope of the laws of logic. Faith, bird, you can have my wealth. You can have my kingdom—all I possess is yours for the asking."

"All right," said the hawk severely with a gem-like fire in his eyes, "I take you at your word. Now that I can have anything that is yours, cut off a piece of your own flesh, equal to the weight of the pigeon. There is no other substitute that will satisfy me."

Without a moment's hesitation, the virtuous king replied : "I shall do so with pleasure."

Thereupon the king bade his servants to bring a pair of scales and to cut off from one of his thighs a piece of flesh large enough to weigh against the pigeon. But when the pigeon and the piece of the king's flesh see-sawed on the scales, the pigeon settled like a stone. Thereupon the king took the knife into his own hand and cut off another piece of flesh, but, strange to say, not even the two pieces combined raised the scales. For miraculously the pigeon was becoming heavier and heavier, requiring additional pieces of King Shivi's body to be added at a rapid pace. By this time the news had spread to the king's family dwellings, and from every part of the sacred city of Benares the kith and kin of the monarch came rushing in to implore him to stay his hand. But the king would not swerve from the desperate stand he had taken, and refused to listen. A few minutes later the king had hacked off a much too large portion of his body, yet the pigeon continued to overbalance the scales.

Finally Shivi himself stepped on the scales to make the supreme sacrifice.

At this heroic performance, gods came out of heaven to look on in wonderment, and the drums of heaven began to beat, while nectar bathed the limbs of the royal sage. Winged Apsaras came swooping down from the skies to garland King Shivi, while celestial nymphs and choristers also appeared and danced and sang around the hero of Benares.

All spectators were now wondering what the hawk would do in the face of such heavenly approval. But

by this time the hawk had disappeared and in the place of the pigeon there stood in person Agni, god of fire, who restored King Shivi's body and said :

"You were quite right when you detected that he was not an ordinary hawk. For he is Indra, king of all the celestials. There was some doubt in heaven about your steadfastness to truth, so I, Agni, and Indra took upon ourselves to test you. But now you have proved that there is nobody like you on earth, and so your name will be handed down to future generations, and ages yet unborn will sing your praise." With this, the god Agni disappeared in the sky, and King Shivi reigned happily ever after.

THE CATEGORY UNLIMITED

There is almost a set ending to these stories. The finale in such legends invariably is : God shows Himself in all His radiance, restores the sorely tried votary to his former rank, and imparts to him additional glory. But these modern times are regarded by the Hindus as the Kali Yuga or age of darkness, and one cannot be so sure these days that God bothers Himself ; one cannot be so sure that one's supreme sacrifice will have the traditional happy ending of old. Yet the Hindu mind's tendency toward larger and larger categories still persists. For instance, along with the British and Americans, Indians hate Nazism. But while to an overwhelming majority of Englishmen and Americans for all practical purposes Nazism has now become an isolated category of thought, the Hindu still persists in regarding it as a part of the larger category of man's exploitation of man. The edge of a Hindu's hates, as well as the edge of all his likes, is dulled by a larger vision of good and evil. Because of this habit of mind, the Hindu can never be very intolerant, even to a generally accepted evil. It is true, too, that the Hindu trait of judging everything with sweeping vision has prevented any missionary evangelism among the Hindus ; they have never organized any missionary movement to convert the heathens of other lands. Not that they do not know that certain achievements of theirs are good,

but to them they are never so good as to call for a campaign to force them upon others. That is why Hindus have never been able to put up a real fight either in behalf of or against something. But then they have never bred the phobias, the intolerance, the crimes of conviction which other races know. And who can tell whether inaction is worse than action in behalf of half-truths? It may well be a choice of evils.

The very vastness of Indian categories gives birth to a peculiar type of vagueness that is often confusing and irritating to foreigners. There are, for example, Indian leaders who always feel that they are misunderstood. Exaggerating a little, one could say that the Indian politician either takes a stand or makes a statement at the beginning of his political career and then spends the rest of his life explaining it. For at the start he will naturally indulge in generalities which can be interpreted in many different ways. And the more he explains, the worse it gets. That is why the main body of Indian political literature consists of controversial correspondence. One character of such correspondence is that nothing new is ever mentioned after the first letters are exchanged; the rest contain arguments saying that the first letter was misunderstood and that its real meaning was this or that. One has just to look into the Nehru-Jinnah correspondence in 1940.

Another example of Indian vagueness is found in the style of newspaper reporting in India. One can read column after column of an Indian newspaper without ever learning the date and place of the incident or the names of the persons involved. There will be paragraphs describing the moonlight at the time of Gandhi's entrance, but nothing to disclose where this entrance was made.

The contrast between the cosmological outlook and the logical was never as vivid to me as during the second World Youth Congress at Vassar in 1939. Here were gathered together young men and women from all parts of the world, and every Indian who attended that congress had been given training in some western university. And yet the gulf between East and West was great even when

the question of the persecuted Jew came up. Here was the Jew, harassed in most countries of Europe, who had become the single burning problem of the day. There had been the recent pogroms in Germany, and not only the youth who attended the congress but the whole civilized world was aghast at the sufferings of that race. A pious resolution was contrived which condemned the Nazi ferocity and set relief work in motion. All the delegates, including the Indians, were agreed on that proposal so far as it went, but the Hindus wanted to go further. To the westerners the suffering figure of the Jew was in a class by itself, a logical category. But to the Hindu delegates the afflicted Jew was important because he was a part of a larger category of the persecuted minorities all over the world. Efforts were therefore made unofficially to include in that resolution cases of Negroes in the United States, untouchables in India, Indians in South Africa, and minorities all over the world. One of the Indian delegates even suggested that there should be common cause among all persecuted minorities irrespective of creed or color, race or religion, and went on to point out that it was a pity that the Jewish minority in the United States behaved no better than the Gentile majority when it came to dealing with the minority Negroes. He also added that the Jewish minority in South Africa had made common cause with the majority to exploit the Indian minority there. These arguments, right or wrong, were never brought before the open assembly, but they brought home to me how the Indian mind works. Not that the Hindu delegates condoned what the Nazis were doing to the Jews; they were wholeheartedly for the Jews. But they wanted to get at the roots of the evil, and the phenomenon of the persecuted minority was more important than the immediate problem of the Jews.

How do these two lines of thinking, two distinct habits of mind, work out? The answer is implied in the very example I have given. The pressure of European atrocities had made the western mind alive to the challenge and even made it eager to do what it could, promptly and

effectively. The question was of the best possible thing to be done then and there. The idea was to clear the way toward a definite goal and produce prompt results. But no westerner, unlike the Hindu, bothered to ask if the best possible remedy for the time being were the ideal cure for real danger.

The extremes of both these tendencies can be highly undesirable. In India, problem upon problem piles up against which the Hindu takes up a half-hearted fight. And yet the desire to get results, to get action, to go to war hasn't provided the best solutions either.

To sum up, the western mind has all the strength and the short-sightedness of delimited logical categories, while the Hindu mind has all the nobility and vagueness of unlimited cosmological visions ; the western mind looks for practical results, while the Hindu mind looks for theoretic perfection ; the western mind has the ardor of a missionary evangelist, while the Hindu mind has the ripeness of one who knows ; and, on so many occasions, the western mind has the blind vigor of the youthful, while the Hindu mind has the know-all but do-little attitude of the old.

What an ideal mind it would be, though, if a balance could be struck somewhere in between ! Then the Hindu mind would experience a second childhood, and the West would take more time out to pause, to look back, and to reflect. I think the twain can meet and should meet for their own good.

X. *REFLECTIONS ON NON-VIOLENCE*

Some theorists, such as Sorel [*in* Reflections on Violence], *offer as the only practical justification of the poetic cult of violence its usefulness in dramatizing the conflict of ethical values.*

—SIDNEY HOOK

Physical strength can never permanently withstand the impact of spiritual force.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

HAVING participated in the Gandhi movement, I was naturally interested in watching western pacifism at work and in meeting leading American and English pacifists. But it was not until the closing months of 1939 that I had real opportunities for this. The publication of a book describing my experiences and observations in Gandhi's bloodless revolution opened up new avenues and brought me new acquaintances among American groups working toward peaceful change.

Yet, most American pacifists were less interested than militant liberals in my work. This was as it should have been, as Gandhi's satyagraha has more in common with war than with pacifism. Two leading pacifist organs praised my notions, compared my book with Aldous Huxley's *Ends and Means*, but declared that my criticism of western pacifism was shallow because I knew so little about their movement.

Some younger pacifists were clamoring for action and demanding of their leaders a concrete program, and they took a fancy to my outline of the Gandhian strategy. There were also some veteran fighters, like A. J. Muste, John Haynes Holmes, John Nevin Sayre, Roger Baldwin,

Harold Chance and Norman Thomas ; they endorsed my little say and gave me entrèe to the policy-making groups of pacifist organizations. There was another development which prompted American pacifists to enlist my services. Hitler's pulverizing ruthlessness had reached the precision of exact science and had also begun to inspire a change of heart on the part of some of the world's most outstanding pacifists. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt's faith in peaceful change was a bit shaken by her realization that " when some men use force, they oblige the rest of the world to compete on their terms." Bertrand Russell of all people came to the conclusion : " Terrible as is the cost of war, whoever wins, I think that this is one of those rare cases in which the cost of passivity is even greater." The lines were being drawn ever more sharply, and the first peace-time conscription was in the offing. Yesterday's pacifists were today's militants. During the second half of 1940 a number of American publicists and writers indulged in a sort of protracted public debate on the central subject. All these people raised questions, fundamental questions, for which western pacifists had only meager answers. Once in a while, I was called upon to answer such critics, not because I had better solutions to offer, but because I had concrete experience to draw upon.

TOTAL PACIFISM

Were critics like Archibald MacLeish, Robert E. Sherwood, Rupert Hughes, and others assailing pacifists or pussyfoots ? I have a feeling that they were after the pussyfoots, although they did indict many American and British pacifists.

And yet they may have been right in implying that most American and British pacifists were nothing more than appeasers. In that case, I am not a pacifist ; Gandhi and the millions upon millions of Indians who followed him and fought non-violently against the mightiest empire of our day are not pacifists. Even Franklin D. Roosevelt is not one, although he has declared squarely, " I am a pacifist."

Actually, the people held responsible for America's unpreparedness, both moral and military, could not have been pacifists ; for the pacifists in this country have never been powerful enough either to help or to hamper national defense.

The guilty, both in the United States and in Great Britain, are the men in power who while never doubting the force of violent resistance to the enemy, nevertheless did a half-hearted job of building up the national spirit as well as a war machine. The god of war is a jealous god, and he habitually amuses himself by turning the careless devotion of his votaries into doom. The responsibility for not realizing in good time that it is either total war or total peace in this crazy world, rests squarely on the shoulders of democratic militarists and their political allies and not on the bowed heads of pacifists. If an alert militarist must indict someone for the failure of democracies, he should get after his fellow-travelers in the cause of war who, like him, believed in strong measures and yet, unlike him, failed to campaign for them.

This clear distinction between the political appeaser, who does subscribe to the belief in physical force when it suits his purpose, and the religious pacifist, who regards all violence as evil, should be borne in mind in these times. And yet the half-baked pacifist can be as great a menace as the half-hearted militarist. Just as the appeasers have brought about the destruction of democratic institutions, so have the pacifists squandered away civilization's golden chance of securing a war-less world. It is in this direction that the most damaging criticism of western pacifism lies, and it is also in this connection that I want to utter a word of warning to my fellow-travelers, as an oriental pacifist to occidental pacifists.

An Indian satyagrahi cannot help feeling that most American and British pacifists dug a grave for their cause with their own hands. Instead of working toward a non-violent strategy which would be compelling enough to paralyze the war machines of the powers, they merely talked of " love and good will." They indulged, if you ike, in religious appeasement.

The gravest mistake of the American pacifist is in not realizing that it is later than he thinks. Like war with violence, war without violence also requires long discipline, organization, training, and preparation. American and British pacifists started to dig a well when the fire was already raging. Caught unprepared, they had to face the fact that they were hopeless and half-understood minorities in their respective countries. And against totalitarian aggression, only total war or total pacifism could succeed. The pacifists, therefore, had no way of staving off the onward march of the armies.

SECULAR NON-VIOLENCE

As in war, the support of the majority of a people is necessary to the success of militant and active pacifism. Such a working majority exists only in India under the inspired leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. So far as pacifism is concerned, religion has made all the difference between the Indian success and failure elsewhere. Contrary to general belief, the Indian movement is essentially secular. Its strength lies in the fact that it seeks political, economic, and social successes here and now.

Whatever religious and mystical elements there are in the Indian movement—and they have been greatly exaggerated by the American journalists and scholars—are there for propaganda and publicity reasons as well as for the personal satisfaction of deeply conscientious men like Gandhi and the members of the Gandhi Seva Sangha. But what has swayed the multitudes in India, on the contrary, has been the fact that the movement has been a weapon to be wielded by masses of men for earthly, tangible, and collective aims and to be discarded if it does not work.

American pacifism is essentially religious and mystical. West can be more unworldly than East, and the history of the peace movement in the United States is a good illustration of that. American pacifists, as well as the British and French, have held too closely to the New Testament dictum of " non-resistance to evil." That is why they have failed.

Americans in general may go to church once a week, but they are not in the habit of taking seriously those people who try to bring moral and religious values into the practical world of politics. Moreover, they are unwilling to wait for the other world for the fulfillment of their earthly wishes. The language which appeals to them is the language of success, and the religious bias of pacifists has made this appeal impossible. So the pacifists are still a hopeless minority.

This philosophy of non-resistance has led American pacifists to an erroneous conception of human nature, which they regard as essentially good. In spite of the hopeful beginnings made by such realistic minds as William Lloyd Garrison, Henry Thoreau, and William James, present-day pacifists have been satisfied with the faith that good will and love on their part will turn away evil. Similarly, in spite of the most practical example set by William Penn and other pioneering Friends, most present-day Quakers see the end of the road in their social and economic ameliorative agencies. Indeed they have gone a step farther than other pacifists by creating a secular religion of social consciousness, for which my heart is full of admiration nevertheless.

But what has that really amounted to? By alleviating some suffering in the Pennsylvania coal mine districts or in a Europe ravaged by war, they have helped a little toward undertsanding between classes and nations. But at best, the Quaker method has distributed cheer here and there and given some mystical satisfaction to the Friends themselves as "doers of good deeds." Now and then they have been content to be identified as America's spiritual aristocracy, and refused to soil their hands with hard-boiled problems lest their hard-fought-for recognition be revoked by common consent.

Now I have great respect both for the pacifist and Quaker methods and their high spiritual standards. Nevertheless, both have failed in their supreme objective —that of showing a way of making even a defensive war unnecessary without sacrificing communal values and collective liberty.

That has been largely so because the New Testament basis for their non-resistance has made them abhor all violence to the point where they feel (though they might not say it in so many words, perhaps) that nothing is worse than bloodshed, not even the loss of national independence and the free pursuit of happiness. They renounce violence not because it fails to solve disputes between nations, but because they feel that the killing of human beings is evil and irreligious. They profess non-violence not because it is effective but because it is the only alternative.

It is the other way round with the majority of Gandhi's followers, if not with the Mahatma himself. The Hindus' secular conception of non-violence has turned their non-violent direct action into a group technique of political pressure.

Moreover, the religious basis of non-resistance, together with the American tradition of rugged individualism, has produced an atomistic approach to national and international problems.

Let me give concrete examples. For instance, certain pacifists went down South some time back to bring help to sharecroppers. Now, they succeeded in aiding a few families here and there, but they did not solve the problem of the sharecroppers. For a group problem can be solved only by group action, legislative or revolutionary. Many an isolated reformer has organized inter-racial house parties and dances, and this Y.M.C.A. method does bring a few Negro girls and boys in contact with a few whites. But it is a process of individual reform and not a broad social solution. Men like the late George Lansbury have tried out this personal approach even in the international field. As a " roving ambassador of good will " he interviewed Hitler and Mussolini and tried to appease them by the way of " Christian understanding." The results, if any, of this mission are not yet apparent.

The atomistic point of view is to be found in all pacifist literature. The style and the argument of most pacifists, be it in speaking or writing, are anecdotal rather than historical. They seem to derive great raptures from the

triumphs of some stray pacifist, on the basis of which they tend to make large generalizations. Most of their meetings are pervaded by an unmistakable atmosphere of revivalism. Now and then a pacifist will feel " moved " to stand up and give personal testimony to the " power of love." I must confess here, to balance this criticism, that a similar atmosphere pervades Gandhian ashramas in India.

American and British pacifists persist in their individual approach to collective problems even during wartime. If the countries at war are democratic and considerate like the United States and Great Britain, they register as Conscientious Objectors when conscripted, seek civilian duties under civilian authorities, and think their part well played. If their countries do not recognize the rights of C.O.'s, they go to jail and suffer and they think they have won the battle. Their actions seem to imply their concern to make their country safe for C.O.'s ; what they should really strive to achieve is to make the world safe for pacifism. They may satisfy their individual consciences but they fail to make their contribution toward the larger problems of the defence and protection of the state. And everyone, including the C.O., owes his contribution to the state from which he gets his safeguards and privileges during both peace and war.

If theirs is the only way, the totalitarian states would simply annihilate them, and the considerate democratic states would suffer them either as well-meaning queer people or as isolated saints. But what C.O.'s should really call for is recognition as normal, ordinary, flesh-and-blood citizens. This they cannot achieve until they offer to the people what William James called a " moral equivalent of war."

Bound up in the salvations of their individual consciences, the American and British and French pacifists missed the bus when the World War ended. For civilized democratic peoples all over the world had then settled down in the belief that no good can come out of the glowing furnaces of war which is not a pitiable thing beside the stark horrors of war's ravages. Had the western

pacifists had the vision and foresight and imagination, they could have swept their respective countries, riding on the crest of the tidal wave of mass disillusionment. The stage was decidedly set, but the western pacifists failed to give the proper cue to their peoples. A similar opportunity is bound to offer itself at the end of the second World War, no matter who wins, and we should be prepared to make the best of it when inevitably it comes.

Not that *now*, when it is too late, at least for this war, a few pacifists do not realize the shortcomings of their methods. I have received scores of letters from American pacifists and C.O.'s seeking my advice on how Gandhi's method can be used in the American scene. Scores of young men have come to me to ask for a blueprint for action in this national crisis. And for the first time in history some pacifists and peace groups have started to talk about "direct action" instead of "resist not evil," and about a "substitute for war" instead of their usual negative "opposition to war."

Gandhi's Indian movement, so far as they are concerned, should merely point the way. Theirs should be an American approach and it should be in harmony with the "American way." For what might have been just the thing to do in India may appear ridiculous in America. An American political leader, for instance, would not have to go on a fast here because Gandhi did it in India, unless fasting had the same social significance in both countries.

Next, their first job is to obtain a majority, or at least a working majority. And so long as they are a minority, they have no right completely to block the path laid out by the majority of their fellow beings. As a minority, they should try to fit as best they can, without silencing the voice of conscience, in any emergency felt by the majority of the American people, I have tried, on the strength of my Indian experience, to give them a few practical pointers on how to achieve that majority which is essential in both violence and non-violence.

They can do this by convincing their fellow-Americans that they realize as well as the militarists that human

nature is a combination of both good and evil, social and unsocial, and that some sort of force or compulsion is necessary to achieve order and other practical aims in this turbulent world. For enemies of society there will always be, both among men and among nations, and they will continue to be in spite of the most beatific and self-sacrificing behaviour on the part of an individual or a community. Ideal religious life does not overcome all aggression. Jesus was the Prince of Peace but there were men who betrayed him and crucified him. Czechoslovakia was a good neighbor, it had no aggressive designs on anybody, and they washed their hands of it at Munich.

Finally, the young and sincerely determined pacifists can obtain their majority by convincing their democratic fellow beings that they, too, believe in national solidarity and organized mass action to repel an enemy. Then they should strive to build up the belief that it can be done non-violently ; this would amount to providing mental as well as actual communal security at a much lower cost, both in men and money. Of course there will be embarassing questions as to how, to answer which they will have to fall back on the Indian experiment. For India's satyagraha under Gandhi is the best example of how it can be done which the world has yet seen. The recruiting elite of pacifism should draw upon the blueprint of non-violent direct action to satisfy the minds and to fire the imaginations of all their fellow-democrats who are also weary of war and searching for a less destructive way out. But what is that blueprint ?

A BLUEPRINT OF BLOODLESS REVOLUTION

Suppose a mighty army should march upon a free country pledged to non-violence. Should such an outraged people wait until the invaders had occupied their territory and established a provisional government before they began their non-violent resistance ? I asked this question of Gandhiji in a letter about India and here is his answer as published in *Harijan*, April 13, 1940 : The representatives of the free Indian State would let the invader in without opposition. But they would tell

ıe invader and all his forces at the frontier that the ndian people would refuse to co-operate in any work." 'ersonally I have felt for a long time that a non-violent eople need not allow the invader to occupy the country ı the first place. I feel that way not only because I elieve it is quite possible to stop the enemy at the gates, ut also because I am certain that to let him come in nopposed would amount to losing half the battle, since ;eneral morale would be impaired and also since the ıpponent would gain a tremendous advantage in the very ırocess. I was, therefore, more sympathetic with another tatement of Gandhi which envisaged that non-violent ıeople would "offer themselves unarmed as fodder for he aggressor's cannons." For I foresee that a joining ɔf the battle should be made at the very frontier even in ı one-sided non-violent fight. Thousands upon thousands ;hould be called upon voluntarily to lie down a hundred leep, spreading a human Maginot Line, to be trampled ınder horses' hoofs or under iron tanks or under soldiers' ɔoots. They would neither run nor physically resist the ɔnward march of the enemy, but they would leave only ɔne alternative to the invader : 'You can march in over ı bloody human carpet or you can go back !' If defenders ɔledged to non-violence opposed the aggressors to the ɔoint of self-courted mass death if necessary, the invasion would become a dreadful and overwhelming experience 'or all concerned, victors as well as vanquished.

If the enemy's armed forces, with a view to avoiding ın engagement at the frontier, fly across the border in ıirplanes, the same tactics could be used at airdromes. The invaders have to enter somewhere, sometime, in order :o occupy the country and rule over the people. They ;hould be met at every step, even step by step, as in a violent war. The power of such selfless, beatific, and forgiving suffering has shown India that, although violence can be initiated without provocation and even perpetrated for some time under discipline, armed men cannot sustain their violence against satyagraha for an indefinite length of time. The invaders, who are also human, are likely to turn back sooner or later.

But Maginot Lines of cement and steel are known to have been broken through in the past. Then what of a human wall's endurance? Suppose the armed forces of the opponent do succeed in breaking through the human wall and do march to power over a bloody carpet. Suppose they succeed in establishing a government and in suppressing the resistance of the people for some time. Then what? What are the other steps that satyagrahis can take in order to launch a new type of fight now that a common area of actions and interests is established? What form would a non-violent revolution take once an alien authority is entrenched in power and so-called law and order are imposed from above? What precisely would be the first step in a renewed satyagrahic struggle?

The first stage of satyagraha would include various measures. In addition to using such legislative channels as might be open to them, the satyagrahis may enter into direct negotiations with leaders of the opposition. Sending a deputation composed of influential and notable citizens to the authorities would be another maneuver. Failing in these actions, the satyagrahis may seek arbitration by a third party. When even arbitration fails to satisfy the demands of the satyagrahis, the time is ripe for the second step in the program of non-violent direct action.

Unable to get redress from the powers that be, the satyagrahis launch their activities in the opposite direction. They go to the people. They start a campaign of agitation among the people most directly affected. Issuing pamphlets which give a clear picture of all the implications of the Cause and circulating books and papers on the same theme are among the numerous activities of the agitators. Songs and slogans upholding 'The Cause," personal interviews, speeches, group meetings, debates, and discussions also form a vital part of the propaganda activity. The use of modern means of communication such as the radio and the cinema is also included as an integral part of the machine of mass propaganda.

Agitation keeps the issue alive. The opponent can no longer consider it a thing of the past and assume an attitude of complacency. In case there is even an

infinitesimal conflict in the ranks of the enemy with regard to what action should be taken, that conflict is increasingly aggravated by the constant activity of the satyagrahis. And at this stage of non-violent direct action, as well as at many other stages, the satyagrahic effort is to disrupt and affect the mental outlook of the opponent by psychological suggestions of every conceivable sort.

No army of occupation is likely to allow such agitation if it can help it. But how can it police every town, every street, every home, and every person? So the battle begins at this early stage, and the satyagrahis hope even at this stage that their agitation among the people and the normally widespread interest among sympathetic neutrals may influence the decision of the opponent. But when they find no confirmation of their hope, they go ahead with the third step in the program of non-violent direct action.

Cause-consciousness now seeks expression. A vague sense of solidarity, the result of vigorous agitation, now tends to become organized. Public meetings grow larger and larger, and there is a buzz of discussion in the bazaar and in the marketplace. Schools and colleges, though under the control of the government, become undercover centers of satyagrahic thinking and planning. The more pervasive the cause the more extensive the consciousness of it.

When the satyagrahis try to organize the loose ends of solidarity, when they try to make them manifest, the movement enters its third stage. Various kinds of demonstrations are next on the program. There is a procession of sixty people one day, of six thousand the next. Public meetings clear the way for mass meetings, and they take place more frequently. Resolutions are passed expressing the determination of the people to fight to the finish. And then hartals (complete cessation of all activities as a sign of mourning) are called. Satyagraha at this point is colorful, and "color means good publicity," which in turn draws in more people. Party songs and party slogans are sent to individuals who have not as yet been swayed. Uniforms are brought out and the

youth of the community finds a new channel for its energies.

Included in this stage of satyagraha is the perilous step of issuing an ultimatum. In this document, drawn up by the Leader with the consent of party dignitaries, the needs of the people are set forth in plain terms. A time-limit is set for the government's fulfillment of these minimum demands. If the government does not change its position after the ultimatum, the people, confident that they can make government impossible, embark upon direct action which had been held in abeyance ever since the defeat at the frontier.

The people "lay their cards on the table" at this point, and they fully expect their new move to have a sobering effect upon the opponent. They aim to force the issue and to remind the government that the threatened direct action will be a grave matter.

If this decisive phase of satyagraha fails finally to bring about a just settlement, the populace is then called upon to plunge into the more militant program of direct action. The energy of the people, mobilized by the dynamic crusade for the Cause, is now ready to be molded into action. The failure of all attempts at negotiation has left revolutionary activity as the only alternative. Moral suasion having proved ineffective, the satyagrahis do not hesitate to shift their technique to compulsive force.

From here on, direct action becomes revolutionary, though non-violent direct action claims to be distinguished from revolutionary direct action. At this point self-purification, the fourth phase of the satyagrahic prospectus, is introduced.

By taking upon themselves a part of the responsibility for "The wrong" they are fighting against, the satyagrahis effect a different line of attack from that of revolutionists. Contending that the evil might not have materialized if it had not been for their own submission, the satyagrahis begin to change their own behaviour and thought-patterns. "The primary object," writes Gandhi, "is self-purification. Its direct result must be paralysis of a government which lives on our vices and wickednesses."

For the tyrant has the power to inflict what we lack strength to resist.

Fasting and public prayers have been the two most universal self-purification phases of satyagraha in India. In addition, the taking of vows of self-denial by individuals and by groups has also been an important aspect of the Indian movement. Other countries are likely to evolve other forms of self-purification, when and if they engage in satyagraha ; for the forms of self-purification are shaped by the nature of the wrong as well as by the folkways and customs of the community.

Self-purification is advocated as a means of convincing the opponent that the satyagrahis intend to fight to the finish, that they are ready to make any sacrifice. It is also expected to assure the opponent that the satyagrahis have no plan of vengeance but are, on the contrary, ready to suffer willingly. Furthermore, voluntary suffering and self-denial attract the attention of the whole people. Wavering members of the community can seldom resist the urge to join the Cause made so compelling by its shining example of sacrifice and martyrdom.

The satyagrahis, by emphasizing the spirit of self-sacrifice and suffering, endeavor to raise the level of the issue. It ceases to be a matter of wrangling. The issue revolves around bringing about a truly just settlement. Some even see in this an effort to embarrass the opponent—if he has any moral sense. The failure of this instrument of non-violent direct action clears the way for economic sanctions.

From this point on, it is hard to present a progressive, step-by-step development of satyagraha. Many of the phases of satyagraha that follow do not directly grow out of one another, but are, on the contrary, separate instruments to be utilized either simultaneously or individually. Special attention will be paid, nevertheless, to linking the separate units in consecutive order whenever it is possible.

First among economic weapons is the strike. This is labor's instrument for the acquisition of desired standards of treatment and wage from the employer. Its place, therefore, in a political movement directed toward either

changing or ending the government is not so obvious. But a closer scrutiny of our complex economic life will uncover a few places where modern forms of government are extremely vulnerable to the weapon of the strike. Attacking these vantage points through the instrument of the strike, consequently, becomes a part of satyagraha strategy.

For one thing, there is hardly any distinction between the big industry and the government in modern capitalistic societies. Big industry, as an extreme form of vested interest, generally aligns itself with the government in the time of a political crisis. Weakening the vested interests, therefore, amounts to weakening the political system under which they flourish.

Secondly, modern governments engage themselves in various activities relating to finance, industry, transport, public utilities. These occupations and interests of the government provide the satyagrahis with opportunities to use the weapon of the strike. And when the occasion offers, a general strike should be next on the list.

Picketing is the natural ally of a strike. It advertises the strike and it adds to its effectiveness. It is an appeal to the general public to withdraw its patronage from the shops and concerns picketed. In the program of the Indian satyagraha, however, a strike is not the only signal for picketing. The latter has been used many times in India independent of any strike. In most cases, picketing as a phase of satyagraha has followed the boycott.

Picketing can be intensified into a sit-down strike. Dhurna, the father of all sit-down strikes, is an ancient institution in India. Every so often in the Middle Ages a money lender, failing to receive his money in due time, would sit in front of the house of the debtor, refusing to budge from his place or to take any food until the client paid in full. Since the interesting situation always gathered a crowd of the idle curious the debtor would make a supreme effort to pay rather than suffer a long-drawn-out siege with its attendant embarrassment. The bhat (bard of the royal court) used a similar method when he wanted his king to "be a man" and fight. When his

ruler, out of cowardice or for other reasons, refused to meet the invading or offending king in combat, the bhat would sit in the palace gate and start a hunger strike. Usually this forced the king to fight.

In modern times, there have been sit-down strikes in the textile mills of the Punjab and in the jute mills of Bengal. In France, England, and especially in the United States, the weapon has proved highly effective. The sit-down strike is successful largely because industries which sell products directly to the public cannot afford to alienate public opinion. The public is always opposed to violence and bloodshed in suppressing strikes, but unless such methods are utilized, it is almost impossible to break a sit-down strike. Dhurna, therefore, is a most dramatic way of influencing public opinion whether the effort is successful or not.

Another economic weapon, boycott, is the organized system of withdrawing, and of inducing others to withdraw, from business relations with the opponent. The boycotts that have been most effective are of the international variety in which one nation refuses to buy the commodities of another. As such, they are an effort on one nation's part to restrict the market of the opposing nation by putting into motion the consumer's power. By restricting or destroying the local market of their opponent, the satyagrahis seek to destroy the enemy's interest in holding their country.

A call for non-payment of taxes ushers in non-violent direct action in its purely illegal, unlawful, and seditious stage. By refusing to fill the coffers of the State, the satyagrahis attempt to cut the very life-line of the alien government. America's "no taxation without representation" campaign during the Revolutionary War falls within this category. But when a "no-tax" drive is attempted, the reactions of the State can easily be imagined. It strikes back at the satyagrahis with arrest; confiscation of land plots and leases; confiscation of property, bank accounts, and cattle; beatings; terrorization; and finally by the command to shoot at sight whenever there is "mutiny."

To all forms of oppression a satyagrahi is pledged to turn a smiling face. He is honor-bound to accept penalties willingly and without rancor; he is to suffer in silence. The suffering of the satyagrahi inspires other members of the community to follow his lead. Officials resign when the public begins to show sympathy to the victims. Finally it becomes impossible for the opponent to muster up enough men to continue a reign of terror. He is then compelled to import "scabs," hirelings from outside, a step which further alienates the public. The newcomers in turn become disgusted with their job of torturing people who do not mean any harm to them but who, on the contrary, often repay the worst kind of treatment with a gracious act. In the end, non-resistance dissipates the force of the enemy. There is no immediate excuse for oppressive action: so it comes to a standstill.

There is still another avenue through which satyagraha works. The spirit of non-violence never fails to gain the sympathy of the general public which, most of the time, is opposed to violence and bloodshed. It becomes in this way a powerful instrument for influencing world opinion, a factor in public affairs which cannot be ignored since the growth of rapid transportation and commmunication. The western world more than India realized this during the innumerable sit-downs that occurred in Europe and in the United States. It has happened often that even when a situation seemed to demand it, employers as well as the governments have hesitated to use violence in the face of public opinion.

A spontaneous though peculiar offshoot of India's numerous no-tax campaigns has been the practice of hizrat. The word hizrat is of Arabic origin, and it was used for the first time to describe Mohammed's flight from Mecca to Medina. Instead to submitting to the tyranny of Mecca, the Prophet chose to depart for another city. Even longer ago, the device of emigration was used by the plebs to secure reforms from the patricians of Rome. Mass emigration as a protest has been resorted to frequently in modern Europe. The very foundation

of the American colonies was the result of the Puritans' mass emigration from England.

The use of hizrat is conditioned by the region where a satyagraha takes place. It is less practical in areas which are at a great distance from territories with a different sovereignty. Hizrat is not merely an escape from hardships, it is also an effective way of neutralizing the power of the opponent; for it becomes impossible to govern when there is none to be governed. In most cases, consequently, the populace is allowed to come back on its own terms.

Non-co-operation would be the next development. "Even the most despotic government," Gandhi says, "cannot stand except for the consent of the governed, which consent is often forcibly procured by the despot. Immediately the subject ceases to fear the despotic force, his power is gone." Any political power, likewise, is paralyzed as soon as its source of supply, that is, the support of the community, is cut off. In the final analysis, co-operation of the people at large is the only real basis for political authority. Rousseau recognized this when he said that the "general will" was the indispensable condition for the existence of the State. The withdrawal of public support must mean an end of a political system. The community, as distinguished from the State, can render the latter powerless by not co-operating with it. Thus the eleventh stratagem of satyagraha, non-co-operation, is a strong weapon in the hands of the people. When the established order is paralyzed by non-co-operation, the satyagrahis are ready to deal the final blow. But somewhere in between occurs an opportunity for the use of a minor stratagem called ostracism.

Ostracism or social boycott is a weapon of the community against any who refuse to join in the general program of non-co-operation with the opponent. It is generally justified on the ground that those who give aid and comfort to the enemy forfeit all privileges of community life. The technique, in a somewhat different form, has been used in the western world by strikers against "scabs." In the latter use, the weapon has been

used generally as a form of intimidation. In India, this technique has its roots in antiquity. In fact, the birth of the institution of untouchability is ascribed by some scholars to the Hindu practice of social boycott or excommunication of anti-social offenders.

Ostracism is a spontaneous by-product of the general attitutde of non-co-operation. The satyagrahic use of it does not tend to penalize the dissenter but to remind him of his un-social attitude. No physical harm is done him or his relatives. Satyagrahis even see to it that the primary needs of the person ostracized—food, shelter, and clothing—are provided for. Otherwise he is a political pariah beyond the pale. He has, he knows, a permanent invitation to change his mind and join the Cause.

A government paralyzed by organized non-co-operation now awaits its destruction through the satyagrahic maneuver of Civil Disobedience. What remains of a State after a successful lightning war of non-co-operation is nothing but a formal structure. It is up to civil disobedience to shatter that. By refusing to obey the laws of a State, the satyagrahis deny the existence of the established order. One by one, or simultaneously, the important laws and decrees of the State are broken, so that eventually the entire "rule" is set at naught. It is important that only unpopular and obnoxious laws be broken at the start. This restriction helps to convert government officials who secretly agree with the satyagrahis about the injustice of the laws in question. The breaking of unjust laws attracts the sympathy of the public and of world opinion. But then comes a time when general assault on all possible laws is launched.

No government would allow a deliberate breach of any of its laws, much less a program of disobedience. It will fight for its existence. It will strike back with all the coercive measures at its command.

A government faced with civil disobedience would arrest and imprison all lawbreaking individuals and groups. The satyagrahis, in that eventuality, have pledged not to defend themselves but to accept the punishments willingly. How many people can a State arrest? Not the

entire population. Jails and detention camps overflowing with inmates who deliberately sought imprisonment are an effective device in undermining the power of the State.

A government baffled by the necessity of imprisoning more people than it can possibly imprison resorts to organized violence. The satyagrahis are dragged through the streets and flogged publicly. They are ridden down and trampled by mounted police. Here and there a head is broken. To these forms of oppression the satyagrahis submit willingly and with smiling faces. Many are wounded and injured for life, but the satyagrahis do not strike back and they do carry on.

The absence, it must be emphasized, of any sort of physical resistance robs the oppressor of an apparently much-needed incentive. He loses his spirit and feels himself ridiculous and confused. The non-violent spirit bothers his conscience and makes a tangle of his habitual behavior patterns. Finally, either in disgust or in righteous anger, he quits his job.

A government unsuccessful in its effort to suppress satyagraha by beatings and other forms of violence, takes the more drastic step of shooting down those who engage in direct action. But here again the police and the army have to deal with an entirely new type of enemy. The enemy does not shoot back, but goes down a willing victim to the bullets. As a result there have been numerous instances of soldiers and policemen throwing away their firearms in the history of India's bloodless revolution. The most striking instance was provided by the "crack troops" of the Indian Army posted at the Northwest Frontier. To suppress the satyagraha activity in the Frontier Province, a regiment of Garhwalis was ordered by the Government to fire on a mass meeting of Gandhiwallahs. The soldiers refused to obey the command, and the entire regiment was court-martialed. Some were sentenced to imprisonment varying from ten to fourteen years. If that could happen in India it could happen elsewhere !

After paralyzing the administration through non-co-operation, and neutralizing the strength of the State

through civil disobedience, the satyagrahis embark on a program of taking over the functions of government one by one. When the satyagrahis begin gradually to take over the functions of the government, the twelfth stage of the strategy of non-violent direct action is reached. During the operation of this technique, the satyagrahis begin to perform, partially at least, certain of the activities and functions of the State which had been stopped by their own actions.

Parallel Government is the full materialization of the program out of its immediately previous stage, assertive satyagraha. The satyagrahis establish a new sovereignty by replacing the established order. Parallel government is the community's act of taking over all the functions of the dying government, thus squeezing the established order out of existence.

"VISIONS" OF STRESS

In describing this strategy of non-violent resistance American missionaries of satyagraha are likely to be confronted by several perplexing questions from their readers or listeners. Generally these questions follow one pattern—emphasizing the difference between the Indians and the westerners. It is argued, for instance, that the idea of non-violence is natural to India but is not universal enough to appeal to Americans and Britons —or to Germans, for that matter. But the answer, as I see it, is quite simple. India's history, too, is as full of bloody wars and violent rebellions as that of any land. If such an India can adopt non-violence, what will prevent other countries from doing so? Nobody doubts the universality of violence; no one, in the light of the "Chinese Incident," for example, can ever insist that violence is a western monopoly which has no appeal to the Asiatics. Then why should such a limitation be placed upon non-violence? By what logic?

More serious is the argument that there are essential temperamental differences between East and West. It is said that the Indian is a fatalist, ready to sacrifice himself without regard for practical and immediate results. To

support this theory, critics have pointed out that many Indians believe in the divinity of Gandhi and are, therefore, ready to die for him. To point out the Indian's fatalism, they also bring up the popular stories of miracles which Gandhi is said to have performed and which the satyagraha movement is supposed to be blessed with—such as that of the Bardoli woman who insisted that Gandhi slipped through the stone walls of his prison every evening in order to address the night meeting in her town.

Indeed, people caught in the chaos that came with the Civil Disobedience movement had many superstitious solaces. Usually the "miracles" of satyagraha's battlefield were merely a form of emotional release for nerves and emotions close to the breaking point; they were solace for men and women in despair, and also they gave fresh courage. It is significant that the curious comfort which men and women derive from mystical experiences in times of stress is not limited to devoutly religious people or to fatalists. It is shared by men who face the guns and the bayonets and who know they are facing death and oblivion. Psychologists attribute such hallucinations and mental wanderings to the hysteria which attends any great emotional crisis, violent or non-violent. This view is upheld by history. From the time of Homer down to the present day, the annals of war contain anecdotes of pure mystical experience. The soldiers of every war in history have had visions, and besieged cities have witnessed miracles, and entire nations have seen the light of God.

The second World War has already created its own mystical legends. The Heavenly Powers once more descend to console the men of earth. On November 7, 1940, it was reported from Lewes, England, that ten villagers of Firle saw a vision of Christ in the sky. The image which they saw was that of Christ on the cross, with six winged angels attending him. One woman "could see the nail in the crossed feet," and all the witnesses agreed that the vision signified "a British victory." Five days later there was a story from

Rumania which was then going through a mortal crisis. An earthquake occurred during the political upheaval, and peasants believed it to be a divine visitation upon people who had expelled the "one anointed by God," King Carol.

According to a report from Helsinki, another war miracle took place around Haemeelinna. A Finnish army captain heard the story from a wounded Finnish officer. This officer and nine of his soldiers, fighting on the eastern front north of Lake Ladoga, had seen an angel in the sky behind the front line, "facing Soviet Russia with arms outspread as if protecting the Finns."

A similar story was widely circulated in the first few months of the Sino-Japanese conflict. According to a report in 1937, the Chinese population of the Nantao quarter of Shanghai received the tidings that the Nantao city-god, a huge wooden Buddha, had left the temple and appeared in the streets to comfort Chinese troops in the Chapei area—a miracle which they joyfully interpreted as a sign from heaven that a Chinese victory was inevitable. No one wondered how the image returned to the temple in time to receive the homage of Shanghai's millions of devout Chinese.

Several years ago, Ethiopian warriors were similarly inspired by a divine assurance of the ultimate defeat of the invading Italians. A dispatch from Harar described the women of the town, together with native troops who were marching through, watching with rapt, unturned faces as the tricolored Ethiopian flag was painted in the sky. The soldiers had come to a halt in the square before the Coptic church on their way toward a battle in the south. While the warriors knelt to receive a blessing, a green cloud emerged from the east. A little later, a rose-hued cloud appeared to the south. The yellow tinge of the sunset then painted the full green, rose, and yellow flag of Ethiopia.

Witnesses said that the women cried out in awe, and that the ebony faces of the men shone with the inner light of knowing that victory awaited them. Then the onlookers distinguished the symbol of the cross in the

clouds. The dispatch quoted priests as saying that the sign of the cross over Harar signified that God was on the side of the Ethiopians.

During the first World War, British troops in Belgium reported a more mystical vision than any of these. At Mons, in 1914, the British were completely exhausted and heartsick—according to the legend—and they were on the verge of utter annihilation by the enemy. They were hopelessly outnumbered in men and machines. Ten thousand Germans surrounded one thousand British soldiers at Mons. Suddenly a British lieutenant fell to his knees and prayed to St. George, England's protector. The sky lit up with a blinding flash, the story goes, and hundreds of old English bowmen appeared in the distance. They smashed the German line. Another version of the story says that it was a giant angel who routed the enemy singlehanded.

The French army in the first World War had another legend. Their story has come down in history as the vision of Le Comrade Blanc. The White Comrade was apparently a sublime image of nurse, doctor, and priest. He went to those who lay suffering agonies in the field and he eased their pain. Neither bullets nor lethal gas could injure the White Comrade and he was omnipresent.

On the night before the Russians went into the battle of Augustovo in October, 1914, an entire regiment of devout Catholic soldiers swore they had seen an apparition of the Virgin Mary.

In addition to these widely circulated fables, there is a treasury of tales told by individual soldiers. Many dreamed repeatedly of "red cows." It was not uncommon for soldiers on the edge of No Man's Land to hear the "call" which they believed predicted death.

THE ONE WAY STREET NAMED MARTYRDOM

Critics of non-violence always raise the easily answered, obvious questions, while they fail to see the real predicament that satyagraha faces if carried to its logical conclusion. They question, for instance, the power of non-violence against a ruthless, shooting enemy—a doubt

which can be allayed by Gandhi's record in India. Then again they question the revolutionary content of non-violence. This doubt is also answered by the satyagrahic achievements of Indian nationalists. What they should question is not its revolutionary content, but its flexibility, its ability to be shaped into a national policy of the State without contradicting its faith and destroying its morale.

I believe that no social technique can ever be above self-contradictions. If satyagraha fulfills its main promise —that of reducing violence to the barest minimum— I should not mind at all if it tangles itself in contradictions. For instance, there is the question of the use of police in a non-violent State, and Gandhi has readily conceded that the police should be retained if necessary. Then there is the problem of capital punishment, but here Gandhi has drawn the line. "Under a State," writes Gandhi, "governed according to the principles of ahimsa, a murderer would be sent to a penitentiary and there given every chance of reforming himself. All crime is a kind of disease and should be treated as such."

But then comes the perplexing question : Can a State be absolutely non-violent ? I asked the question of Gandhiji once. His answer was clear. Not absolutely, but largely, was the substance of his reply. "A Government," he once wrote in *Harijan*, "cannot succeed in becoming entirely non-violent, because it represents all the people. I do not today conceive of such a golden age. But I do believe in the possibility of a predominantly non-violent society. And I am working for it. A Government representing such a society will use the least amount of force. But no Government worth its name can suffer anarchy to prevail. Hence I have said that even under a Government based primarily on non-violence a small police force will be necessary." One recalls in this connection that when the Nationalists came to power in 1937 through non-violence, they quite often had to punish people who themselves used satyagrahic tactics against the Congress regime.

There remains a crucial question which has never been answered satisfactorily. What incentive would the powers-that-be, the entrenched interests, the well-established State, have to adopt non-violence? It is an admitted fact that the success of satyagraha in no small measure depends upon the phenomenon of martyrdom. The sacrificial suffering of self-appointed martyrs breaks down the moral defenses of the opponent. It is the "have-nots" who are apt to take up the torch, and it is also the "have-nots"—economic, political, or spiritual—who are natural heirs to a cause. But the powers-that-be suffer none of the repressions through which causes are born, and they have certainly no incentive to be martyrs. Thus satyagraha may be a good technique for a revolution, and it would always acquit itself admirably in an uphill battle. But what appeal does it have for those who have nothing to gain and everything to lose? Martyrdom, the sure weapon of the underdog, has small attraction for the topdog. That is its unhappy paradox.

DEMOCRACY AND KRISTAGRAHA

In spite of the brilliant success of satyagraha in India, we have a long way to go before we can expect the people as a whole to put trust in our program. We have only begun. If this is true in India, how infinitely more true is it in America! The struggle of American pacifists to avert peacetime conscription and other steps toward full entry into war failed even to make good newspaper copy. Although Christian pacifists in this country were estimated at 450,000 by the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, only a handful of them resisted the draft, and the rest of them were divided on procedure as well as on principles. The main obstacle was, of course, the individualistic approach of American pacifists. In violence, and in non-violence, organized mass action is of crucial importance. Lenin himself, the high priest of the revolutionary ideology of violence, declared himself opposed to meaningless and scattered acts of terrorism because he believed that instead of helping a social move-

ment, they retarded it. The case of non-violence is not altogether different.

Here India's example should be of value. But one can go too far in imitating India. The ideal thing, perhaps, would be a happy blending of the two, of the East and the West, of Gandhi's gigantic experiments and of Christian traditions as developed in western Europe and in the United States. A good beginning has already been made in India in this direction by the Indian Christians who are trying to evolve Kristagraha from the mating of satyagraha and Christianity. Two of its American founders, J. Holmes Smith and Ralph T. Templin, are already back in the United States (thanks to the British Government which did not appreciate their experiments in the laboratory of India) to carry on the campaign for Kristagraha as a substitute for war.

So long as the pacifists remain a very small minority, I feel that they should not attempt to solve large national problems but should, instead, concentrate on small local questions on the socio-economic front. Minor successes would eventually inspire larger and larger groups to put their trust in Kristagraha.

The employment of Kristagraha on a local scale has already been carried out by the hosiery workers of Reading, Pennsylvania, largest mills in the world, under the leadership of Herbert Bohn. Long after the struggle was over, he invited me to address a meeting of some hosiery workers at Reading, and from what he said I saw that he had embarked upon a thorny experiment. He knew that the audience would be composed of hard-boiled labor fighters, and he was not quite sure how they would take Gandhi's message as presented by me. To everyone's surprise, the response was enthusiastic, because I had taken a pragmatic and practical approach. A few progressive Washingtonians, to take another instance, once invited me to speak on satyagraha as a means of securing what they termed "D. C. franchise." I refused to give them advice on employing an Indian method to solve an American problem, but I did suggest a parallel plan of action and they appeared to like it. I feel that

there are more fields in America in which Kristagraha can well be used for the good of all concerned when legal procedures fail and leave direct action as the only alternative—in the problem of race relations, for instance, and in that of the share-croppers. But the most natural soil in which Kristagraha could grow in this country in the interest of democracy is in the field of labor.

It is argued that direct action of any sort has no place in a democracy. According to former Chief Justice Hughes, "What the people really want they usually get. With the ultimate power of change through amendment in their hands, they are always able to obtain whatever a preponderant and abiding sentiment strongly demands." But experience and observation alike have shown that demands can be crushed and have been crushed in a democracy before a "preponderant and abiding sentiment" could be rallied in support of them. To be satisfactorily settled, demands have to be made either by the preponderant majority of the people or by groups which can secure the support of a majority of the legislators through lobbying and pressure politics. But not all the crucial causes and not all the minority groups in a democracy have such political strength, and so there is an excuse and a need for direct action.

Kristagraha has, I believe, a greater possible future in the United States than in Europe. American democratic traditions, and the American temper, nourished under "frontier" conditions, provide a wide scope for direct man-to-man action. It is with difficulty that sanctions have been accumulated behind the impersonal austerity of "due process of the law," in contrast to the method of "taking the law into one's hands." Of course in replacing direct by "institutionalized" action, man has made tremendous strides toward civilized living. But this fact does not deny the power of certain kinds of more direct procedures when these are proper.

For it is in the interest of democracy—indeed, it is the very élan of democracy—to substitute violent direct action by non-violent direct action as the inevitable instrument of man when legal institutions fail to meet men's needs.

Happily satyagraha does not force a choice between lawful and constitutional means on one hand and force on the other. Instead, it offers a choice between non-violent direct action and violence (riots, civil wars, revolutions, street fights, and wars).

I feel that the choice of non-violent direct action offers democracy a chance of perfecting itself without jeopardizing its survival. In spite of the fact that the United States, like the Soviet Union, is an "idea" State based upon an *a priori* conception of common living and government, its laws do sanction small "revolutions" and "civil wars" provided these do not interfere with the basic bill of rights and do not attack the government itself. That is the unmistakable triumph of the democratic ideal, something that can never be achieved under any form of totalitarianism. In medieval Europe, some countries did sanction duels between individuals, but never between guilds. Marvin J. Barloom points out in *Harper's Magazine* in an article entitled "Violence and Collective Bargaining," that a striking union is indeed a revolutionary government "in the sense that it commonly imposes its rulings by means of physical coercion upon all those whose behaviour falls within its assured jurisdiction." But what reveals the vitality of democracy is the fact that such a "revolutionary government" has been recognized as having an integral place in society. Democracy is strong because it does the least possible amount of governing, allows the greatest possible room for a citizen's extra-legal activities, controls the community life in ways which reflect the free will of the people in most cases, and uses the force behind the law rarely. This is as it should be, since democracy is the rule of the people, by the people, and for the people.

The creed of non-violence assumes that people, more often than not, are "good" and are "right," and that only occasionally is force needed to correct their conduct. Democracy also regards law as an expression of the people, admits limitations of legal institutions and, in consequence, leaves as many safety-valves as possible. It is in this way that small "revolutions" and "civil wars"

are allowed in a democracy provided they do not threaten the very survival of the State.

Strikes and picketing were once regarded as illegal but are now legal. Even sit-down strikes had a chance of being accepted in the framework of legal rights, but the men who conducted them were shortsighted, and sit-down strikes did develop the qualities of intimidation and violence and they did infringe upon property rights. These features confused the issues of what Justice Frankfurter called "the workingman's means of communication" on one hand, and "whether a State can choose to authorize its courts to enjoin acts of picketing in themselves peaceful when they are enmeshed with contemporaneously violent conduct which is concededly outlawed," on the other.

The crux of the democratic problem, thus, revolves around the question whether a people expressed their extra-legal rights violently or not. The key to the relationship between democracy and revolution is given in the following shrewd passage by Justice Frankfurter: "Back of the guarantee of free speech lay faith in the power of an appeal to reason by all the peaceful means for gaining access to the mind. It was in order to avert force and explosions due to restrictions upon rational modes of communication that the guarantee of free speech was given a generous scope. But utterance in a context of violence can lose its significance as an appeal to reason and become part of an instrument of force. Such utterance was not meant to be sheltered by the Constitution."

Here it is that democracy and dictatorship differ most drastically. The prime concern of both, as of all human beings, is survival. A dictatorship seeks to survive by crushing all that is contrary and revolutionary, while democracy insures its survival by providing scope for sublimation and evolution, minimizing the possibility of revolution by providing safety-valves to incipient rebels to "avert force and explosions due to restrictions upon rational modes of communication." If this is the *élan vital* of democracy, then one can indeed foresee that the

more perfect a democracy, the more legal room there shall be for small "revolutions" and "civil wars."

Perhaps it is because he thinks along such lines that Gandhi foresees a democratic State which will permit even a revolution if it is conducted non-violently. And it is certainly because of this reasoning that I feel that non-violence is the essence of democracy and that democracy is the essence of non-violence. Democracy has nothing to fear from a non-violent revolution, because such a struggle can overthrow a democratic regime but never the democratic form of society ; for only the full support of a vast majority can put strength into a non-violent revolution. Such a revolution would be no coup d'état.

XI. BUT WHAT ABOUT.....?

Thou shalt know IT *either by devotion and service, or by repeated questioning.*

—"BHAGAVAD GITA"

I am the doubter and the doubt.

—EMERSON

THERE are many aspects of Indian life that puzzle the average American—certain features of our way of life which I have not been able to dwell upon elsewhere in this personal picture of India. Many of the questions I have been asked in lecture rooms and in friendly conversations have been asked repeatedly. Some of them may not immediately seem significant to the interpreter of India to whom they are addressed—significant, that is, in the light of the picture of his country the speaker has in his own mind. Some of the queries are rather morbid ones and may be the direct result of propaganda unsympathetic to India; still others may express the questioner's desire to explore the exotic. Yet, after facing such mild inquisitions a hundred times from a hundred different audiences, I have come to the conclusion that answers to such questions help fill out an intimate picture of India. So here are a few typical ones:

THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL

Q. What about England? What does it really get out of India? We are told that colonies don't pay nowadays, and that India costs more than what it offers to Great Britain.

A. Two out of every ten Englishmen depend on India. That outspoken statement was made by Winston Churchill in 1935 for the benefit of the American public

in a transatlantic radio address. The Government of India Act, 1935, which is the basis of the much-publicized "new constitution for India," was being debated in the British Parliament that year, and many responsible British statesmen were fulfilling their obligation of keeping the United States citizens enlightened through the press and spoken word. It was in the line of duty that Churchill, then only a Member of the Parliament and not the Prime Minister, made that remark; he was simply explaining "why England cannot afford to give up India."

It is common knowledge that Britons went to India, in the first instance, to trade and to make profit. Around 1686 the directors of the East India Company decided to "establish . . . a large, well-grounded, sure English domination in India for all time to come," in order to protect their economic gains through political and military power. The Company rented from Indian authorities trading posts in Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. Without permission or provocation from the Indian authorities they began to fortify their trading posts and to man them with troops and guns. In 1757 Robert Clive defeated the Bengal forces at Plassey and appropriated Bengal, the richest province of India, in the name of the Company. He added further territory by forging and violating treaties, by playing one Indian Maharajah against another, and by bribing strategically posted generals who aspired to be Maharajahs in their own right. Four million dollars was sent to Calcutta in one shipment. Clive accepted "presents" amounting to $ 1,170,000 from two Indian rulers and pocketed them as personal property, and he also received an annual tribute of $ 140,000. Later he was investigated by the British Parliament for his "excesses" in India, and here is the remarkable answer he made: "When I think of the marvelous riches of that country, and the comparatively small part which I took away, I am astonished at my own moderation."

Clive's successors bought goods for $ 2,000,000 in India which they later sold for $ 10,000,000 in England. The

Company paid such fabulous dividends that the price of its stock rose to $ 32,000 a share. Its agents, within ten years, personally received $ 30,000,000 in "presents," which were nothing but bribes from ambitious princelings. In 1857 came the so-called Sepoy Mutiny, the cost of the suppression of which was added to India's public debt to England. The following year the British Government took over all the captured and plundered territories of India as a Crown Colony. The little island thus bought more than half a continent, paying the East India Company handsomely. The irony of it all was that the purchase price was also added to India's public debt, to be redeemed, principal and interest (originally at 10½ per cent), out of the taxes put upon the outraged Indians. Sixty million dollars, the purchase price of India, was raised by loan and added to the debt which already included a sum of over $ 345,000,000, representing the war debts of the East India Company.

When India became a Crown Colony, Lancashire and its mills really succeeded the East India Company as the group in whose interest that vast continent was to be governed. So far as India was concerned, the controversy between free trade and protection trade was decided in the light of Lancashire's textile interests. The main problem in the early part of the nineteenth century was how to crush native weaving industry so that Lancashire would enjoy a monopoly market in India. This was done by placing the Bengal weavers under guard and, believe it or not, in some rare cases, by cutting off the fingers of some of the Bihari silk weavers and by imperiling India's internal trade by a system of inland duties.

Lord Ellenborough wrote in 1835 : "While the cotton manufactures of England are imported into India on payment of a duty of 2½ per cent, the cotton manufactures of India are subjected to a duty on the raw material of 5 per cent, to a further duty on yarn of 7½ per cent, to an additional duty on the manufactured article of 2½ per cent, and finally to another duty of 2½ per cent if the cloth should be dyed after the Rowana (pass) has been taken out of it as white cloth. Thus, altogether,

the cotton goods of India (consumed in India) pay 17½ per cent." Railways being almost a government monopoly, excessive freight rates for native goods were used as a further means of putting Indian manufacturers at a disadvantage in competing with British manufacturers. When the Government's excise policy was finally added to all this, it was cheaper to ship British-manufactured goods from England to India than it was to ship Indian manufactured goods from one part of the country to another.

"But," the Englishman will argue, "what about the present? Dead is dead, and what was true of England in the past may not be true of her today. What does Great Britain get out of India now? Is not India more of a liability than an asset in these turbulent times?"

A moderate estimate of British investments in India is $ 4,300,000,000, which is about one-quarter of all British overseas investments. Of this, $ 1,830,000,000 is held in sterling bonds and is India's debt to Britian. The rest is invested in industries, railways, shipping, insurance, and the like. It has been calculated that the average return on British foreign investments is 4·9 per cent. Consequently, at present Great Britain gets out of India 4·9 per cent per year on $ 4,300,000,000. What would happen to that income if India were free? One has only to remember what happened to foreign investments in Russia after the Bolshevist Revolution, or what is happening to American investments in Mexico now.

Under the policy of "imperial preference" Britain now enjoys almost an unrivaled market in India; thirty-eight per cent of all United Kingdom exports went to India until the second World War started, while thirty-two per cent of all Indian exports went to the United Kingdom. The situation would not have been the same had India been free to trade for profit and not under "preference."

British economists point with pride to the fact that England somehow managed to emerge from the depression in better shape than the rest of the world. How? Partly because some $ 1,250,000,000 in gold went to England from India between 1930 and 1934 because of the

devalued sterling. Meanwhile, the exchange value of the rupee, which is exclusively tied up with the pound sterling, was arbitrarily manipulated in favor of the British ; the rupee was fixed at 1*s.* 6*d.*, instead of 1*s.* 4*d.*, which helped the British importer of Indian goods in that he had to pay twelve per cent less for rupees.

There are many British privileges in India that cannot be counted in percentages. India contributes more than any other land to the imperial prestige and power of Great Britain ; it is the "brightest jewel in the Crown." India provides strategical ports en route to Australia and an action base in the Far East. Moreover, it is a comfortable habitat for a large army in Asia. India provides opportunities for young Britons, and experience for British soldiers and politicians. During wartime, India's inexhaustible manpower is at Britain's command.

Winston Churchill should be taken at his word ; two out of every ten Englishmen depend on India for their livelihood, and England cannot afford to give up India without sacrificing its world leadership and its high standard of living, when four shillings out of every pound in Great Britain come from India.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION

Q. What about the new constitution? Hasn't it made a drastic change in the British imperial policy? Isn't India now *practically* free?

A. The answer, perfectly valid until the eve of the second World War, was quite simple. Indian nationalists did accept one-half of the new plan, that is, the Provincial Autonomy part. They accepted office in the provinces on this basis between 1937 and 1939, and found it a genuine advance toward self-government. But without real power at the "center" they regard the constitutional concessions as hollow. They therefore opposed the second half which dealt with the Federation of All-India, not that they were against the idea of a federation, but because they felt that it wasn't a real federation.

Why then do Indians oppose the Federal plan so bitterly? What makes the different elements in the body

politic of India so closely allied in their dislike for a document which, after all, contains a proposal for the federation of All-India? Is it, as it is generally argued in Great Britian and America, because they feel that they get so little from the new deal? Or is it because they read into it some clauses which mean that they will never be really free?

India's discontent springs from the second of these fears; it is felt that the new constitution will close the avenue to independence forever. If it were for the first reason, at least the Moderates, whose only ambition is to see a self-governing India as the brightest jewel in the British Crown, might have hailed the new constitution as "highly dissatisfactory, but worthy of our support." But they, too, claimed to have discovered ominous signs, and lately they have been spirited in their protest against the proposed Federation. Other minority groups, such as the radical All-India Trade Union Congress and the near-radical Congress Socialist Party, have joined forces against the "great experiment."

The foremost fear of nationalist India is that the new plan, if allowed to be worked out for some time, will cost India whatever unity she now enjoys. One of the fondest claims of British politicians has always been that Great Britain, after waging wars in her empire's behalf for three centuries, has bestowed political unity upon India for the first time. As a matter of historical fact, India was unified two thousand years before Great Britain set foot on her shores. The entire peninsula, including Afghanistan, was a compact whole under Emperor Asoka in the third century before Christ. The same harmony prevailed for a long time even during the Christian era. As late as 1658 India experienced political oneness under the Great Moguls. The years that followed the reign of Aurangzeb, however, told a different story. Confusion prevailed, and it was only after a long and heroic struggle that the Empire-builders of England brought mutual accord to the cluster of All-India.

Now, in the eyes of Indian nationalists, the British are bent upon tearing down what it took centuries to build

up, namely. India's solidarity, Indian patriots fear that the country will be further divided into religious and racial groups as a result of the introduction of "communal electorates" in place of the present system of general ballots. Chiefly the politicians of India are opposed to the mutilation of a united India along the vertical lines of topography and the horizontal lines of communities.

The proposed structure of the Federation of India, as outlined in the new constitution, follows the pattern of the government of the United States more than that of Great Britain. The very vastness of the subcontinent makes this imperative. In addition to the eleven British India provinces, the Indian Native States are also to be incorporated in it. The Federal Legislature with Delhi as its headquarters will consist of His Majesty, represented by the Governor General of India, and two chambers. The upper chamber, to be known as the Council of State, will have 260 members. It will be a permanent body with one-third of its personnel retiring every third year. It will thus resemble the United States Senate in form. The Federal Assembly, the lower house, will consist of 375 members. There will be a Federal Court in India as there is a Supreme Court in the United States. Even the essential idea of "provincial autonomy" is patently founded upon the American theory of States' rights.

As pointed out before, the representatives of the people of British India, who will sit in the Federal Assembly at Delhi to make fateful decisions, will naturally be thinking in terms of community and provincial interests. Even if they manage to control this confusion of loyalties, they will have to encounter other obstacles created by the new scheme before they can make the national will articulate. First of all, the people's representatives will have to battle against the nominees of a powerful vested interest—the Indian Princes. These nominees of the Maharajahs will naturally be the yes-men of the Chamber of Indian Princes, a group made up of the richest men on earth. The Congress party fears that these members nominated by the Maharajahs will stand solidly for

reaction in both chambers and will thwart democratic and nationalistic aims.

Added to this bloc will be the forces of the nominees of the Governor General, together with the representatives of the British in India, plus the leaders of the Anglo-Indians. Of the total personnel of 260 in the Council of State, 118 will be nominees of different vested interests. In the Federal Assembly, 163 out of a total membership of 375 are to be nominated by vested interests. A few more votes would be neceassry to overthrow the nationalists' demands. The Moslem members will therefore hold the balance of power. Consequently, the second main argument of the nationalists against the new constitution is that it threatens to unite them with such a distinctly different species as the Native Princes, whom Nehru described as "medieval anachronisms who have long outlived their day."

The die-hard Tories of Great Britain, who were mainly responsible for many of the checks and balances found in the Federal plan, do not, however, propose to lean upon a more or less hypothetical Moslem support. British caution on this score is fully justified by the nationalistic attitude recently taken by most of the Moslem leaders of India. As a result, the Tories, headed by Winston Churchill and Leopold Amery, have safeguarded British political and commercial interests in India by "padding" the role of the one individual figure in the political set-up. The Governor General of India who will be British and who will be appointed by the British Cabinet, is armed with such decisive powers that he can render the Federal Legislature impotent whenever he thinks imperial interests are at stake. He can, for example, veto or pocket laws passed by the central legislature. That in itself is not new in modern democratic practice. There is a presidential veto, for instance, in the United States : but in India's new constitution the Federal Legislature is not given the right to override the Viceregal veto by the two-thirds majority rule of the American Congress.

The administrative maze thus created to obstruct the march of popular and native rule grows even more intricate when certain extraordinary powers of the Governor General are studied. He, for example, by his sole authority, can promulgate "Governor General's Laws." These fiats of the Chief Executive are to have legal status equal to that of any act passed by the Federal Legislature. He is empowered, furthermore, to suspend the constitution, "whole or in part," at his discretion. The entire legislative branch of the government will thus, whenever the occasion arises, be incorporated in the already strong executive branch. This is precisely what happened when England declared war against Germany.

Another point is that national defence is kept entirely out of the hands of the central legislature. It is the concern only of the chief executive, the British Viceroy. Defence is included in a long list of what are called "special responsibilities" of the Governor General—matters too delicate to be entrusted to the people's representatives. Hence the police force and the Indian Army will be responsible solely to the Governor General.

This is also the case in regard to the civil administration of the country. According to the new plan, "the executive authority of the Federation shall be exercised on behalf of His Majesty by the Governor General, either directly or through officers subordinate to him." The appointment of the Governor General and of the Provincial Governors will be made by the British Cabinet, just as in the past. Even less important appointments, to posts in the Indian Civil Service, the Indian Police Service, the Indian Medical Service, and the Indian Irrigation Service, will be entirely outside the Assembly's sphere of authority. Virtually all responsible posts, the nationalists believe, will be filled not only by Britons as is the case today, but by those Indians who are ready to serve as the proverbial yes-men of their White Sahibs.

India's relations with other countries are also to be kept out of the hands of the legislature. Foreign affairs is merely one of the special responsibilities of the Governor General. India will have no choice at all in picking her

friends or foes. The choice will be made by a British official.

The protection of British commercial interests is another special duty of the Viceroy of India. He is expressly instructed by the new constitution to guard those interests against legislative measures that in any way approach "commercial discrimiation." It is well known that British commercial firms were aided by the British Government's policy of "commercial discrimination" in their efforts to capture the Indian market. Having acquired a firm foothold in Indian trade, finance, industries, shipping, and transport, the British are trying now to establish their privileges on a permanent basis. Even the matters of taxation, appropriation, and distribution of Federal moneys are not in the legislature's sphere of influence. The annual budget is to be submitted to the people's representatives only in the form of a financial statement, and it will not be subject to a vote. The legislators will be allowed to discuss the budget, but no manner of debate will prevent its going into effect. In other words, the Federal Legislature will not have the "power of purse." Because of all these special responsibilities of the Governor General, the nationalists feel that no power worth the name will be given to popular leaders. As the late Vithalbhai Patel, then speaker of the Legislative Assembly, once remarked, "the new constitution gives home rule to the British Viceroy," not to the Indian people.

The most telling argument of the nationalists, as voiced by important leaders of the Congress party, is against the static nature of the scheme. The kind of permanency that is woven into the fibers of the Federation of India has alarmed even those Indian leaders whose traditional policy has been to "accept what is given and then to ask for more." No provision has been made by which the Federal Legislature can in future secure a measure of self-government by amending the Government of India Act, 1935. India's new deal is not of such a liberal variety, the nationalist party leaders say, as to lead to freedom. The new constitution, unlike the one given to the

Philippines by the United States, does not provide any evolutionary process which would gradually bestow more and more responsibility on the Indians themselves.

MEDIEVAL ANACHRONISMS

Q. What about your Princes, your own Princes? Didn't they exploit you before the British came to India? And wouldn't they exploit you if the British were to depart?

A. What eight out of ten Americans do not realize is that our fight is as much against the native exploiters as against the foreign ones. We have no quarrel with the British people; in fact, the good feeling that prevails between the two peoples seems almost miraculous in these days of international blood feuds. I have noticed that the Chinese seldom speak with the Japanese, and the Germans and the British are bitter foes. But the best of friendship continues to exist between the Indians and the English—perhaps a tribute to the spirit of Gandhi's movement. And yet we are opposed to the British system which exploits us; similarly, we are opposed to any native system which oppresses us.

Naturally, the nationalists have declared war upon the Princes, and the Maharajahs have made a common cause with the British imperialists. And if it were not for the protection of the British services and army, the Indian Princes would be out of India now. They know it; some of them have begun to build castles in California and Switzerland. According to the nationalists, the Maharajahs are merely a part of the British problem. They will follow in the wake of the British when the inevitable day comes.

Some of these Maharajahs are good citizens; there are, in fact, quite a few glorious exceptions. The Rulers of Mysore, Travancore, Baroda, Bhavnagar, and of a few other States are enlightened and progressive, and their realms can boast of greater strides toward modernization than British India. But most Maharajahs have long outlived their day, except in one field—that of glamour and romance. They tend to be on display as playboys rather than as rulers.

Long before Hollywood took over the field, Indian princes were the greatest contributors to native as well as international romance. London, Paris, and lately New York have been the scenes of the royal dramas. London was the Mecca of the Maharajahs seeking political salvation. Most rulers of the First Class States make the pilgrimage every year or once in two years, and very few of them die before making one of these tours. The interesting feature of these voyages was that their stops at Paris en route to London were of long duration. A few princes had their permanent residences in Paris or the vicinity. Tukaji Rao of Indore built a palace there for Nancy Miller, his American bride. His Highness, the Aga Khan, had racing stables in Paris. He got a net price of 7,744,500 francs when he sold them in 1925. He is the world's number-one racer, more than once the winner of the Derby. He is known to have once paid $ 90,000 for a colt. But the most extraordinary story about him broke in 1929, after he discovered a girl named Marcelle Carron in Chambéry in the Savoy hills. It was one of the most violent cases of love at first sight. A millionaire prince of India met the daughter of a small hotel-owner in a candy shop where she was working as a saleswoman. He had gone into the shop to buy a box of candy. He saw the girl and bought the whole shop. He presented her with a diamond wedding ring which cost him a fabulous sum.

Princes inherit, it appears, the spirit of romance as well as the throne. Prince Ali Khan, the scion of H. H. the Aga Khan, was involved a few years ago in a romance. London has witnessed truly sensational exhibitions by India's royalty. Sir Hari Sing, for a time known as "Mr. A." for "reasons of State," got into trouble because he loved the "Grasshopper Girl". The romance ended when, in a Paris hotel, the Maharajah signed two checks of £140,000 each as "hush" money, but its echoes resounded for a long time. A bank was sued by the real husband of the lady concerned who was deprived of the sumptuous amount by an impersonator, and everything,

alas, was made known to the fashionable society of the world.

The United States, like France and England, has also the vivid recollection of a romantic Maharajah from India. The former ruler of Indore, Tukaji Rao, soothed his soul by marrying Nancy Miller of Seattle. It happened after he had been deposed in connection with the Bawla-murder mystery. A nautch girl named Mumtaz Begum had escaped from the ruler and sought refuge with a Bombay millionaire named Bawla. Bawla lost his life, but Tukaji Rao lost only his throne. He was given an annual pension of $ 320,000 with which to carry on, however.

Their own people in India are also occasionally cheered by those darlings of Paris, London, and New York, the only difference being in the effects felt. There, as well as in Europe, the various displays of a Maharajah's circus enrich the leisure time of society people, while their subjects in India pay for these entertainments with sweat, toil, tears, and blood. The Thakore of Gondal was weighed in gold, not in silver, when he celebrated his silver jubilee. Later the largesse was confined in the royal treasury. And when the Nizam of Hyderabad had a celebration, every possible imitation was made of the King's jubilee in Great Britain. Jubilees have become a fashion among Indian royalties since the London celebration. The marriage ceremony of the Maharajah of Jaipore and the Maharaj-Kumari of Jodhpore lasted seven days during which millions of dollars were spent. Two grand processions were staged involving scores of elephants with solid gold howdahs.

The Maharajahs can do anything they wish unless they become too good for the British interests or too bad to guard from indignant public opinion. There are occasional depositions, however. In Indore, three successive depositions have taken place in the last fifty years. Similar is the case of Alwar. The third deposed ruler of Alwar traveled in Europe in private coaches at his people's cost. He had lost his throne, but not his "religion," for every car that he used in Europe was

stripped of all leather in advance so that the hide of dead animals would not pollute the sacred skin of His Celestial Dignity. There are incidents of depositions because a king was too good for British interests. The late Gaekwar almost lost his throne for not bowing low enough to the King at the famous Delhi Darbar. A chief in Kathiavad named Gopaldas Desai was deposed because he refused to go to see Lord Lloyd, then Governor of Bombay, unless he could wear his usual Gandhi dress.

CASTE AND THE OUTCASTE

Q. What about your caste system? How can you ever expect to have a united India so long as the caste system is there to divide you? And what about your outcastes, the untouchables?

A. Let us take the caste system first. There was a time, in the ancient Aryavarta, when the caste system proved to be one of the greatest social inventions of all times. Mind you, I am against the caste system as it is to be found today—it has no place in modern India. But long before America was born, the caste system went a long way toward insuring India's unity instead of fostering disunity. In the first place, it secured racial purity; it should be recalled in this connection that India was the object of more invasions than any other country in the world. Wave after wave of new cults, creeds, complexions, and bloods spilled into India. These had to be harmonized before they could be properly blended. By raising a barrier against inter-marriages, the caste system prevented a mongrel breed. Then by assigning a separate function to newcomers, it maintained the integrity of Indian economy and also fostered social order. In more modern times its functional division served the purpose of the medieval guild system. For the caste system staved off class cleavage.

Even today the caste system is not a very unpleasant obstacle so far as the unity of Hindu society is concerned, for it is mainly evident only in two fields: those of marriage and eating together, roti and beti. Otherwise, it functions very little. It allows, however, only a one-

way vertical mobility by making a fetish of the social status as fixed by birth. One could only climb down by marrying below one's caste, one could never rise to higher levels of caste. It does not prevent any horizontal mobility, but its mischievous effect is to be found in the relationship between Hindu society on the one hand and outside communities on the other. The caste system has been a stumbling block in the way of Hindu-Moslem unity, Hindu-Christian unity, and so forth. It is also opposed to the modern spirit of democracy. So it must be destroyed.

And it is being destroyed very rapidly. The spirit of western democracy, which has now more or less penetrated Indian polity, struck the first blow. Then the Hindu reformers took up the fight. University education has produced a whole generation of young Hindus who are disenchanted with the ancient institution. And urbanization and industrialization have struck the final, mortal blow. For the caste system was mainly feasible in a group living face to face in a village community. It cannot long survive the melting-pot and the anonymity of big cities. And also it cannot be easily preserved in factories where thousands belonging to different communities rub shoulders.

Now let us take the monstrous phenomenon of untouchability. No one can be more ashamed of the institution than a high-caste Hindu, and my heart aches every time I think of the unpardonable atrocities we Hindus have committed against our own co-religionists. For the untouchables also profess Hinduism ; they are simply outcastes, beyond the pale of the caste.

There are several theories about the origin of the system, and it is possible it had more than one beginning. One theory tells of the ancient Aryan's effort to subdue the aborigine he found in India. My own theory traces the origin of the institution far back to the time when ancient Hindus evolved the caste system to meet the problems created by a continuous influx of aliens. There was an original functional classification into four groups of Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas, and Shudras which

in turn multiplied and divided into castes within themselves by geometrical progression. The motive was to keep outsiders sufficiently at a distance, while holding them as members of the great Hindu society. The farther the group of such people was, either racially or culturally, from the Aryan Hindu, the lower its social status became in the hierarchy of castes.

Although the untouchables formed the base of the caste pyramid, the origin of untouchability was somewhat different. The untouchables were not merely the lowest subdivision of the original Shudras, the menials and the artisans, but they were a group of actual outcastes. Unpardonable social offenses were punished with excommunication in ancient India instead of with capital punishment, for many Hindus did not and still do not believe in taking life. The number of such outcastes increased in the course of time, and the characteristic Hindu faith in heredity and family led the higher castes to regard as excommunicated even the progeny of the offenders. The very touch of those anti-socials was considered polluting, and men, women, and children belonging to that group began to be regarded less and less as human beings.

The so-called untouchable was robbed of all his human rights. First of all he was forced to leave the town and live in a segregated camp in the vicinity. He was then obliged to give up all means of subsistence other than scavenging work and weaving. His children were excluded from the public schools. He was forbidden the use of wells or water-works. Roads leading up to the temples were closed to the untouchable. When he trudged to the village market, he had to shout "please keep off" as he went, lest any Brahmin should fail to recognize his birth and touch him by accident. Purchases were thrown into the folds of the pariah woman's sari so that the shopkeeper would not touch her flesh. When machines came to India, the least comfortable compartments of the railway trains were assigned to the untouchables.

Degradation and corruption worked on either side. The caste Hindus evolved the rituals of taking a bath or touching a Mohammedan to purify themselves after having an accidental contact with an untouchable. The untouchables, on the other hand, created their own "untouchables". A certain class of scavengers began to be regarded as literally untouchable even by the pariahs themselves. Half-naked, under-nourished, illiterate and superstitious, dirty and diseased, the pariah dragged on his existence of servility. Centuries followed centuries, but he went on cleansing the streets with bowed head and without raising even a finger in protest.

The movement of social reform struggled, though in vain, even in ancient times. In fact, the reform cause is as old as the institution of untouchability. It has waxed and waned along with the miserable fortunes of India's depressed classes. Taking into account the latest and the revolutionary turn in the situation, the fight against untouchability falls into five distinct stages.

The reform movement was initiated by Buddha, the rebel, against the rituals of Hinduism. Two centuries later (about 300 B.C.), another great Indian humanitarian of the pre-Christian era, the Emperor Asoka, dealt a telling blow to the solidarity of the caste system when he sent religious teachers throughout the land to preach equality and tolerance and to open schools and monasteries for the untouchables. Asoka's message of equality still inspires present-day Indians through inscriptions of his edicts on rocks and pillars which have endured through the ages. What has come to be known as the first phase of the reform movement inaugurated by Buddha ended with Asoka.

The Dark Ages saw India, like Europe in the north, plunged into political and social chaos. Hindu society was undergoing a process of disintegration in which the plight of untouchables became more precarious and more unstable than ever before. Then, after years of the most horrible oppressions and intolerable treatment, a reaction among the outcastes themselves became manifest. Mystic sages appeared all over India, teaching equality and

justice for those from whom they had sprung. Most notable among these was Kabir, a low-caste weaver, whose songs are still sung by all classes in India. This reaction of the lower strata has been recognized as the second phase of the reform movement.

A few centuries after the advent of the Christian era, and as India was laid open to the invasions of the western nations, the third major phase of the movement developed with the coming of the Christian missionary. Offering the Gospel with one hand and economic relief with the other, he was like a savior to the untouchables. Hindus have always had more religion than they required, and practically every philosophy of life was covered for them by the various schools of thought in their all-embracing culture. Economically well-off caste Hindus, therefore, were beyond the reach of the enthusiastic ecclesiastics who followed the imperialists. Untouchables, on the other hand, even in the early days of Christianity, were fertile ground for the missionary's planting of the Gospel. As today, the outcaste welcomed any new creed which recognized him as a human being rather than as the scum of the earth. The missionary brought a vision of clean and healthful living. He started schools, gave medicine to cure the sick, money to clothe the poor, and sanitation to eliminate filth. These were all part of, or complementary to, the Christian message. The promise of equality and recognition fell on the eager and grateful ears of the pariahs. What was the result? In the course of the last three hundred years, over ninety per cent of the six million Indian converts to Christianity have been won from the untouchable ranks.

Also, in the wake of the Christian missionary, came the militant Hindu reformists who organized Aryasamaj, popularly known as the Christian edition of Hinduism. According to the ideology of Aryasamaj, the outcaste can be reclaimed by purification. This movement, together with the advent of the missionary, ushered in the fourth stage of the development and has made the depressed classes acutely conscious of the opportunity to better their position.

This phase of the development brought the movement to the forefront of the national stage. Under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, the Indian National Congress twenty years ago adopted a resolution which called for the abolition of untouchability as a part of its national political program. Thus it was that the problem ceased to have purely social significance and became one of the political objectives of the strongest nationalist group in India. When, some years back, Gandhi staked his life on the cause of the untouchables, the whole of India, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and from the Arabian Sea to the Bay of Bengal, was thrown into a terrific seizure of anguish and alarm. Then the nation finally emerged from the spasm with the ancient citadel of untouchability shaken to its very foundations.

Temple after temple was thrown open to untouchables. High-caste Hindus all over the country embraced the outcastes. Common communal dinners, cleansing of the untouchables' quarters by Brahmins, worship of the pariah with flowers as a token of the changed attitude . . . these were a few of the aspects of the great movement which followed the immense spiritual reaction to Gandhi's fast. Under Gandhi's guidance the All-India Anti-Untouchability League was organized. It proposed a triple program of economic relief, education, and legislation to make untouchability illegal. When Gandhi was arrested again and removed from the field of action, he edited his weekly *Harijan* ("Children of God," meaning untouchables) from behind the prison bars.

The movement, however, lost its momentum. The persecution of the outcastes increased as reactionary forces mended their shattered ranks. At last, from his academic sojourn in America, came the youthful untouchable, Ambedkar. With the single word "conversion" as his slogan, he rushed the movement into its fifth and final stage.

Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar is the first untouchable to rise to national eminence. He was born in 1892 near Indore. His father was a soldier and well-known among his class for his bravery in the Afghan wars. The early years of

his son's education were spent in Satara. Then the young Ambedkar moved to Bombay to enter Alphinston College. He came to Columbia University after receiving his Bachelor's degree in 1912. His sponsor was the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda. While in the United States, he came into close contact with Professors James Shotwell, John Dewey, Edwin Seligman, and James H. Robinson, and wrote brilliantly on India's economic problems.

Ambedkar received his Doctor's degree at Columbia in 1916. Soon after he returned to India and, as a part of his contract, joined Maharajah Gaekwar's court. Although he was the chief in the office, his subordinates would not touch him because he was untouchable by birth. Greatly inferior though they were in intellectual acumen, cultural background, and financial standing, the clerks would drop the papers to be signed lest they should touch his table. Ambedkar was forbidden to go to his subordinates' desks, and he was socially ostracized. They even approached the Parsi proprietor of the only hotel that gave a room to Dr. Ambedkar, and managed to have the tenant ejected. In disgust he resigned from the Gaekwar's service.

Dr. Ambedkar then went to Bombay and became professor of economics at the Sidenham College of Commerce. After serving for two years there he went to England to study for the Bar. He also received the degree of D.Sc. from London University. He went back to India in 1924, and practised in the Bombay High Court. He soon became famous as an able barrister. His fame or ability, however, could not level the barriers that stood between him and the caste Hindus. He had to lead a passive resistance campaign to enable his community to use the public well in Malad, a suburb of Bombay where he lived. In 1927 he burned a copy of *Manusmruti*, the Code of Manu, in a mass meeting in defiance of Hindu usages. He was appointed as the member of the Legislative Council of the Bombay Presidency in 1927. He led a passive resistance movement to enter a temple at Nashik—the very place where he afterwards announced

his revolutionary plan in which thousands of untouchables took part and suffered great hardships. In 1930 he was invited to London as a delegate to the famous Round Table Conference. When Gandhi was fasting in 1933, he said, "Dr. Ambedkar, my life is in your hands."

Insults, hatred, and snubs were the rewards reaped by Dr. Ambedkar from the majority of caste Hindus. Events followed events until things came to a head. Millions of his community were suffering terribly under his very eyes. It became impossible for him to keep his indignation under control any longer. In the autumn of 1935, at last, he blew the trumpet of revolution.

The tables were turned. Under the leadership of Dr. Ambedkar, the submissive and meek untouchables became defiant. There was a time when they thought it sinful to rise against the Brahmins. They believed then that their degradation was due not to the accident of birth but to the sins committed by themselves in previous incarnations. But that was yesterday. For a time in 1935–36 many of them followed fiery Ambedkar, in a mettlesome defiance of the religion they were born in.

It was no longer left to the reformers—and they are great in numbers—to agitate for a "change of heart" on the part of their bigoted co-religionists. Nor could missionaries act as liberators of pariahs any more. The so-called untouchables had risen for the first time in history to fight their own battle. It was a revolt from within, instead of a reform from without. They were out to destroy their shackles without giving the tyrants a chance to appear benevolent. They were sure of success, because they knew their strategic importance in the highly communalism-conscious India of the present.

In these days of separate electorates and communal representation, an addition of 70,000,000 people—and that is the estimated strength of the depressed classes—would delight any denominational or religious group in India. If all the untouchables join the Sikhs, that religious clan would become eight times its present size. If the

Christians succeed in assimilating them, the strength of the followers of Christ in India would be twelve times as great as it is now. The Methodists in 1935–36 dreamed of converting 70,000,000 untouchables and becoming the greatest denomination in the world. The Buddhists simply could not embrace them because of their meager strength in India.

The events of the recent years have made it clear that the leaders of the depressed class calculated correctly. All religious interests, without exception, made appeals to these deserting Hindus. Deputations of Christian missionaries waited on Dr. Ambedkar with alluring promises. In the first month after his announcement, he was approached on more than ten occasions by high authorities from different denominational groups. The editor of *Zion's Herald*, a New England Methodist weekly, went all the way to India to confer with Dr. Ambedkar. Hundreds of converts to Christianity flooded the leader's mailbox with accounts of the happy experiences they had had within the Christian fold. Moulvis, the high priests of Islam, extended to him the most cordial invitation time and again, and assured him of the most tender treatment if and when, along with his friends, he became a Mussulman. The high priests of the Jainas, the Buddhists, and the Sikhs also joined in the chorus of invitations to these outcastes seeking conversion. Overnight, the untouchable was the most sought-after person in India.

Five thousand untouchables embraced Christianity in the Agra District during the first four weeks of the new movement. Missionaries there were greatly helped by a reformist Hindu priest who had lost all patience with the orthodox section of his community. Conversion followed conversion, no longer of individuals but of groups en masse. The entreaties of the great educated and reformist section of Hinduism voiced by Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Malaviya, who asked for the opportunity to finish their noble work of reform, fell on deaf ears. Even the unprecedented offer of the Sankaracharya, the highest spiritual authority of the Hindus to form a new

society which would be given recognition by his divine benediction was drowned in the great wave of revolution.

Conversion of outcastes is certainly the most direct and rapid antidote for untouchability. It suffers, however, from the shortcomings of a quick cure-all. Converted Christians are known at many places in India to maintain the same social gradation as the one they had observed when they were Hindus. They are further known, in thousands of cases, to worship their old gods and goddesses even after subscribing to the New Testament. One of the major reasons for the success of the Roman Catholics as compared with all the Protestant denominations in India is said to be their compromising attitude toward the Hindu caste system. At places it is evident that instead of becoming converts to Christianity, the outcastes have converted Christianity to their own various creeds.

The remedy of conversion, however, breaks down theoretical untouchability. Converts from the ranks of outcastes, therefore, were sure to lose the theoretical stigma of untouchability. But the question was: How many of the 70,000,000 depressed-class peoples would take the new path?

As time went by, the untouchable's zeal for abandoning Hinduism and for embracing a new religion began to fade. Dr. Ambedkar himself became a Sikh, but only a few thousands followed his lead in that direction. A great many of the others continued to look upon him as a brilliant champion of their cause, but for their own salvation they chose to await a change of heart on the part of the orthodox Hindus. In this way the movement again turned back to Gandhi's reform technique—a slower but a surer process.

The upshot of it all has been that untouchability has lost most of its social sanctions, and its solution thus proved to be a task less Herculean than that of solving the Negro problem in the United States. Though a centuries-old institution could never be abolished in a generation, India is well on its way toward wiping out the untouchable's indignities.

MISSIONARIES OF WHAT?

Q. (Confidential): What about the missionaries? Did you ever run into a cousin of mine, a Reverend Luther Doe? He's in Rangoon now, I think.

A. Missionary supporters always think a visiting Hindu can furnish information on their missions anywhere in Hindudom. India is as large as Europe, and I can report the doings of individual missionaries about as well as a Catholic could tell a Protestant how all the Rabbis are faring in the United States. The missionaries do not occupy as important a place in the life of our country as they do even in that of China. We seldom hear about their soul-saving activities unless a proselyting attempt is made upon us. We Indians are quite appreciative of the "medical and educational missionaries"—not that we asked for them—who are far outnumbered by the soul-saving kind. Once in a while, we receive a man of great courage and character from among their ranks, and on rare occasions some of them become sterling champions of India—men like the late C. F. Andrews from England and the late Bishop Fisher from the United States. And, by the way, there are more chances of our being moved by an American missionary than by an English one, if for nothing else than for the former's more genuinely democratic ideas.

But I am opposed on principle to the whole idea of missionary evangelism. The very notion implies a superiority complex as well as an impulse of self-righteousness. Now that might be tolerable in other fields, but when it is brought into the realm of religion and the spirit, it looks very strange to the Hindu. To the Hindu philosopher, nothing is more irreligious than a holier-than-thou attitude—an attitude which of necessity provides the driving force of evangelism. One cannot describe it as a human desire to share with fellowmen things that are found personally precious. Such a desire would turn into fellowship, into discourse, never into a drive for conversion. In this respect I feel that all the great religions of the world have one thing to learn from Hinduism: a humility born of a profound philosophic

insight into the relativity of knowledge, of ideals. According to Hinduism, Truth (God, the Cosmic Law, whatever is the cherished name) is one, but there are many approaches to it. Like the center of a circle, it can be reached from a million different points. I think that in this Hinduism is more in harmony with the spirit of modern science than almost any other great religion. It is forgivable to insist on *one* God, but to insist upon *The* Prophet and *The* Law is intellectually wrong. The assertion of Louis XIV that "I am The State" is quite innocent compared to anyone's assertion that "I am The Law."

Narrowness of the mind and of the spirit is hard to find among the Hindus. I might as well make this claim since I am prepared to admit criticism of Hinduism on many different scores. The fundamentally philosophic overtones of Hinduism make it unique in the family of religions. That is why Hinduism is more of a way of life than a religion in the western sense. This makes a Hindu—even the superstitious one who believes in sacrifice—an incorrigible liberal in spiritual matters. For example, you will never find a Hindu who consciously or unconsciously believes that the gates of heaven are open to none save the Hindus. But among the Christians—yes, even among *liberal* Christians—one comes again and again upon that view which indeed seems an anachronism in the modern world.

Once I was invited by a decidedly liberal minister to address a church group. After my speech on Gandhi and his non-violence, we withdrew to my host's office. He was full of praise for Gandhi's character as a man, his high ideals, his conduct, but he sincerely doubted that Gandhi could ever enter heaven until the burden of the Hindu saint's sins was delegated to Christ. I answered that according to my way of thinking, Gandhi's life had been the nearest approximation of the "Christ life," and I also expressed some fear about the chances of the rest of us modern mortals if Gandhi were to be denied heaven! I maintained that one could be good without being a formal follower of Christ, and I said that Buddha was a great example.

"But how could that be?" my host sincerely inquired. "Didn't the Buddha himself disclaim any divinity, while Christ said that he was *The* Son of God?"

"I am sure that a great man like Christ could never have claimed that," I ventured. "But if he did, I am all the more attracted toward Buddha for the very fact that he was great enough to deny his own divinity."

Did you ever hear of any missionary movement for mass conversion that was based on any theory save that of *The* Prophet, *The* Son of God, and *The* Way? This exclusiveness is antispiritual inasmuch as it is overweening in the light of the limitations of human perception. That is why Hinduism, of all the great religions of the world, has never organized a missionary movement. For there are not only various approaches to The Truth, but different approaches suit different peoples, and there can never be a totalitarian uniformity in spiritual pursuits. And how can the trading-in of labels make a better man? A Moslem can hardly become a better man simply by being called a Christian, and *vice versa.* Thus the more intelligent approach is to make a better Hindu out of a Hindu, a better Christian out of a Christian, a better Jew out of a Jew. But to remake a Hindu into a Christian and a Christian into a Hindu is often a mere change of labels and seldom a spiritual experience.

If this is true of an individual's conversion, how infinitely more true it would be of mass conversion. How can a thousand people feel the inner spiritual urge to become Christians at the same hour and the same place? And yet it is often done in India. These can only be the Indian replicas of the Chinese "rice Christians." There are objective facts to prove this point. According to the admissions of various missionary boards themselves, ninety per cent of their Indian converts come from the pariah class—men and women in dire need of financial support and of an opportunity to raise their status to the level of the caste Hindus. I am glad for these people who can thus receive some aid which their own co-religionists have so shamefully refused them, but where does the Gospel figure in all this? Is the intellectual

content of the spiritual message such as to appeal only to the neglected mind? Why has the evangelist seldom succeeded in converting a Brahmin, a Kshatriya, or a Vaishya? No amount of argument that Christianity has always appealed to the underdog could ever obscure the fact that mass conversion in India signifies more of a victory for the economic and political power than for the Gospel. One untouchable friend of mine once came to our school for medical treatment. I naturally asked him why he did not go to the missionary dispensary which was so close to his village.

"I did go there," he answered, "but they refused to get out the iodine until I was baptized."

This desire for mass conversion is quite natural to the Christian missionary. He and his family and his work in a non-Christian land are supported by the community back home. And the mission boards quite reasonably expect tangible results. And what can speak as impressively as figures—"Fifty thousand converts year before last, a hundred thousand last year!"

The missionary is more of a problem to the orient than the orient is to the missionary. His efforts, for one thing, have added one more minority problem to an India already overburdened with minority problems. Secondly, missionaries have not only "Christianized" this minority, but they have also tended to turn it away from its nation and culture. For a long time the Indian Christians, by and large, patterned themselves on the White Sahibs and even fancied themselves as little White Sahibs in India and not as Indians. Gandhi has not been too busy to observe that "Indians are influenced to wear pantaloons and hats instead of learning the teaching of Jesus." An Indian convert generally frowns upon the Indian costume and wears western clothes which were in vogue in Europe and America a few years back. He christians his daughter Violet and not Lakshmi, and his son Moses (of all Christian names!) and not Rama, because he has now become a Christian. If he is articulate, he may be taken to the United States to give a lecture tour. But once here he is paraded in Indian costume—a costume he put

away in India—for the sake of publicity and human interest. He wears American clothes in India and Indian clothes in America, and while here he freely reviles Hinduism and nationalism. Thus Indian Christians and Anglo-Indians, although more numerous than Hindus as visitors to America, are not true representatives of India. In fact, they even show a convert's inflexibility while in the country of their benefactors. For they have some outmoded and secondhand ideas of the West which are hard to change even while in the West, while the Hindu or the Moslem visitor is unhampered by these and behaves like the Romans in Rome.

Not only have there been occasional variations from this norm, but lately the entire picture seems to have changed. The Indian Christians have come to realize that their relationship to the White Sahibs is more expressive of an expedient compromise than of a permanent community of interests. They have, therefore, turned nationalist, and begun to re-Indianize themselves. That has been a great gain both for them and for India.

A similar change is discernible in the attitude of missionaries and of mission boards. Increasingly the emphasis is being shifted from conversion to religious co-operation. In a way it is a healthy sign. In a way it also reflects the handwriting on the wall. For no sooner does an Asiatic country become free than it forbids all mass conversion—as happened in Iran, Iraq, and even Japan. The time is fast approaching when the thirty thousand men and women proudly reported to be "engaged in missionary work in non-Christian countries throughout the world" are going to find themselves out of jobs and headed home.

The resentment against the missionary which is evident wherever nationalism has made inroads in Asia is founded on the belief that more often than not he has been an outrider of imperialism. History shows that imperialists have always followed in the wake of the missionaries, or *vice versa*. Most missionaries have been opposed to the growth of nationalism among the "natives." They have been such loud apologists of imperialism as to put British bureaucrats to shame.

The reason, in India's case, is plain. Even American missionaries have to mortgage their right of free judgment and free conscience to the British before they are allowed to enter India. The American public is kept inexplicably in the dark in this connection. No missionary can enter India without giving a written guarantee to the British that he will do nothing to impair the interests of the British Empire. This means that even when missionaries find that the British treatment of the Indians is unfair, un-Christian, and evil, they must keep quiet, to placate the powers that be. Now and then there are noble examples of defiance, like Bishop Frederick B. Fisher of Detroit, who sympathized with the nationalist cause and befriended Gandhi and Nehru. He was thrown out of India.

The promise that prospective American missionaries to India must embrace is "to do nothing to, or in diminution of, the lawfully constituted authority of the country." This is often justified under the convenient Christian theory of rendering unto Cæsar that which is his. But what is Cæsar's and which is God's? Two enlightened missionaries to India, J. Holmes Smith and Ralph Templin, could not agree with the accepted distinction. "We had not been long in India," they wrote to the Viceroy, "before we discovered that many of our senior missionaries, and the vast majority of our Indian Christian friends as well, considered it as intended to make us pro-Government, even in relation to the noble, non-violent effort of the current nationalism to induce in that Government a change of heart. We recalled the story of the Irishman who, when told that his country was to be neutral in the war, exclaimed, 'Neutral? Against whom?'"

The result of this letter followed the expected pattern. The Government approached the mission board and made veiled allusions and suggestions. The mission board "encouraged" these two missionaries to come back to the United States.

But it is the Smith-Templin kind of missionary that we would like to keep in India!

IS NIRVANA NEGATIVE ?

Q. But perhaps it is Hinduism which holds you people back from progress. Perhaps Christianity might provide you with an urge to march forward. What is this I hear about nirvana ? If the soul seeks self-annihilation, then how can man have hope ?

A. Now that is a large question. But there is one thing which I would like to suggest. Please do not encourage the mischievous attitude of some students of comparative religion who are clever enough to admit that there is good in every religion and then drop the hint, "But the crown and culmination of all religions is Christianity." They also make unequal comparisons between our two religions ; they put Hinduism's notions of the other world beside Christianity's humanistic philosophy and thus make out a good case for the latter. The proper procedure would be to compare philosophy with philosophy and notions with notions. Now the cycle of reincarnation which culminates in nirvana is one of those notions which can neither be proved nor disproved, and its equivalent in Christianity is the theory of the Day of Atonement. If anything should be compared at all, these two should be. But even then nirvana should be considered in its proper light.

Actually, the theory of nirvana is based upon the Hindu conception of pantheism as contrasted to the Christian one of transcendentalism. According to the pantheistic doctrine, we are all partial manifestations of the godhead and our aim is to acquire perfect godhead. We are like sparks shooting out of the great central fire. And in the quest of perfect godhead, the soul is on a great march, passing through various incarnations, discarding one body after another as worn-out clothes are thrown away, gathering ever-deepening impressions to ever widen its entity, until it reaches the point where it is everything, beyond time and space ; it is godhead. That is nirvana.

A drop of water is a drop of water so long as it hangs in the balance, but when it falls into the ocean it does not disappear ; it does not lose its entity ; it becomes the ocean itself ! This is scarcely a negative idea.

XII. GANDHI : THE UNWILLING AVATARA

. . . . And as Boddhisattva Avalokiteshwara stood on the threshold of nirvana, with one foot in heaven and the other in limbo, he heard the anguished cries of unhappy mortals who were still on the earth. And he said unto himself, "No, I cannot enter heaven until the last soul on earth is saved." So he turned his back on the threshold of heaven to come down on earth to be a man among men.

"THE JATAKAMALA"

WHEN I take a lion's-eye-view (sinhavalokan, which is looking backwards in contrast to vihangavalokan or a bird's-eye-view, which is looking downwards) of my formative years—which I hope are not yet over—I realize that personalities have had a greater influence on my political and social attitudes than ideas, and that great men stirred me more than great issues. I must go farther. In more than one instance I judged platforms in terms of the men who supported them, and failed to judge men in the light of the ideals they stood for. Just as, for a time in my early youth, I defined great poetry as that which was created by a great poet, so I believed, often enough, that causes were important in direct proportion to the nobility of the men who believed in them. Ideals were made for men, but by great men.

Perhaps I was not alone in this ; perhaps I was typical of the youth of India who were galvanized at that time by leaders who stimulated the awakened masses of India. Perhaps youth all over the world is like that, worshipping

the hero more than that which makes the hero, although my years in the United States have convinced me that leaders still play a greater rôle among people like the Indians than among people like the Americans. I have evolved a rationale for this. For one thing, finance capitalism governs a people on the impersonal and abstract level, while a feudal and village economy still retains the bonds of personal allegiance. And the American socio-economic structure is much less personal than the Indian. In the second place, a well-established democracy tends to minimize the rôle of leaders in the body politic, whereas societies built on personal rule are not only based on the theory of leadership, but the rise of a strong opposition leadership is also peculiar to them. America is a well-established democracy, while India is still struggling to be a democracy. In the third place, prosperity and tranquillity do not call forth great leadership, while problems and crises furnish the soil in which strong leaders, good or bad, grow. Americans are contented compared with our people, and though Americans may experience temporary crises, we have a crisis which is three hundred years old.

I should like to go a little deeper into the subject even at the risk of confusing it. What seems to be the happy result of finance capitalism and of democracy might also be their weakness. Indeed, I am one of those who would be wholly enthusiastic about the community which did not require leaders for its unity and for its safety. It would be a rare flower. But such a community seems hardly possible in this aggressive world of ours. Shakespeare's healthy and unsophisticated Miranda (who bears a strong resembalnce to Kalidasa's Shakuntala) is my ideal of womanhood, but I remember that she was too innocent to thwart the first urbane fellow she met (in this, too, incidentally, the plot of *The Tempest* follows the pattern of *Shakuntal*).

Please do not misunderstand. I merely wish to describe one of the very few weaknesses of democracy; I have no wish to give comfort to the dictators, who do not approve of such realism on the part of democrats.

I am doing this because I am mortally interested in democracy: for that is what I desire for my people. The weakness of democracy, as I see it, is that every man's son is so important (which I approve with all my being) that no one is important enough (which, I think, leaves a vulnerable spot for the enemy to attack). As W. S. Gilbert writes, "Where everyone is somebody then no one's anybody." There is another similar weakness of democracy. The impersonal quality of democracy generally inspires a lack of "common purpose." I am one of those who would think the human race fortunate if all of us were so good that life could be lived along virtually anarchistic lines. But that does not seem to be in the offing for some time to come. Moreover, the youth of the world invariably seeks its fulfilment in some sort of common purpose. And unless some desirable common purpose is inspired in them, the dictators will rush in to capture their imagination where the democrats fear to tread. Young men and women crave ideals to live for and to die for, and democracy must devise ways and means of generating a common purpose if it is to survive.

We might as well face it. The impersonal abstractions of democracy also create a third limitation which I have observed with deep agony of soul, namely, the problem of the weak minorities. Theoretically as well as practically, it is impossible for a suffering minority to get redress in a democracy unless and until it can sway the majority. If the oppressed group happens to be too poor to do effective lobbying, it has hardly any chance. This legal dead-end is one of the danger zones in which democracy at times crashes. A benevolent despotism, with all its limitations, has an advantage in this respect; it is capable of being moved by compassion, justice, pity. A bureaucracy is too impersonal to be moved by the appeal of men to men. Now it does no good to say that a minority would have no chance whatsoever under a ruthless dictatorship; for my point is that democracy is capable, if perfected, of being infinitely better than the most benevolent personal rule.

It can be argued that democracy, though slow in starting, can in a crisis rise to unqualified heights of leadership and of common purpose; Winston Churchill and the embattled Britons, Franklin D. Roosevelt and the arsenal of democracy that is the American people, are good signs of that. But we should not forget that we live in times when *blitzkrieg* and *blitzpolitik* are the order of the day, and that these techniques are bound to set the tempo for some time to come. In our appreciation, therefore, of the quality of latent democratic energy, we should not forget that more often than not we run the risk of being too late. Somehow or other these three cardinal weaknesses of democracy will have to be taken care of if we are to succeed. I simply pose the problem, and regret that I have no solutions to offer.

In India we have not yet succeeded in establishing an official democratic rule. We are on the march but haven't arrived. We still lack the power and the glory that is democracy. By the same token, we avoid the three fundamental weaknesses of democracy, so that we may take pride in our leadership which is of the first order. The contemporary leadership of nationalist India is the purest and most selfless in the world. It is true that an uphill fight invariably summons up a leadership of the finest caliber. But loyalist Spain was also fighting an uphill battle, and the heroic Chinese are still carrying a torch against odds. Without intending the faintest criticism of these two great peoples, I still suggest that the leadership of nationalist India remains unapproachable in integrity and selflessness.

If one is to understand the new India, therefore, it seems to me important to understand the Indian leaders. Perhaps a comprehension of leaders is essential in knowing any country, but I have a feeling that here it is of imperative importance. As I have pointed out, the youth of India is more deeply influenced by the country's leaders than by the impact of present-day ideologies. I know that it was true in my case, perhaps because I had had the privilege of coming into close contact with the captains of the nationalist army. But my real

argument is that we Indians still live through our leaders, and to comprehend us you should also study and know our champions.

The high standard of leadership which one finds in India is to no small degree due to the personal example set by Gandhi. Not that the flesh is less fleshy in India than elsewhere, the senses less sensitive, or ambitions less ambitious. Indian leaders are cut from the same cloth as the British and the American and the Chinese. But since Gandhi's advent, no one can stir up the masses except through doing genuine service and through self-sacrifice. In this process, the British example has also helped. There have been sensational exceptions, but generally speaking the British administrators in India have given a good account of themselves in the business of sweating their lives away for the Empire ideal. Mainly, however, it has been Gandhi's extroverted goodness which has taught lesser leaders to be also selfless. Thus, to understand the Mahatma amounts to gaining an insight into nationalist India's political pattern.

If there is one thing about India that all Americans know, it is "Gandy." To many, India means Gandhi, and rightly so. The Mahatma has become a favorite of the American people, and his simplicities and oddities have endeared him all the more. He is the object of many a good-natured joke and of humorous sketches in such shows as "Hellzapoppin" and "As Thousands Cheer." An Indian abroad learns to smile tolerantly over the dozens of little stories about the Mahatma. "Imagine Gandhi being asked by press photographers to reveal his million-dollar legs if he came over here." Or: "If Gandhi and Hitler met, I bet Gandhi would lose his shirt. Then what?" When the teetotaler Gandhi was accused of innocently drinking his favorite nira for years without realizing that it contained six per cent alcohol, many Americans felt that it was one on the Mahatma. Recently, *Liberty*, of all periodicals, seems to have become Gandhi's American mouthpiece. I can visualize the expression on the Mahatma's puritan face if ever he looked at the May 4, 1940, issue of that

magazine. On its cover an American oomph girl is pictured in her garters, and just below her slim legs is the legend : "My Sex Life, by Mahatma Gandhi." There have been jokes about Gandhi even in India, but not of the American variety. In most cases they betray a feeling of reverence. When Gandhi was arrested for the first time in India, for instance, a nationalist went to the fire alarm, broke the glass, picked up the telephone and shouted, "Fire !". In answer to the question "Where ?" he replied, "In my heart."

In 1930, Gandhi was regarded in the United States as "the man of the year" on the basis of the yardage or mileage of his newspaper headlines. Since then, several much noisier European leaders have usurped his place, and one of the latest minor news items about him has to do with the misunderstood letter to Hitler written on the eve of the second World War, in which Gandhi wrote :

"Friends have been urging me to write to you. I have resisted their request because of the feeling that any letter from me would be an impertinence. Something tells me, however, that I must not calculate, and that I must make an appeal for whatever it may be worth.

"It is quite clear that you are today the one person in the world who can prevent a war which may reduce humanity to the savage state. Must you pay that price for any object, however worthy it may appear to you to be ? Will you listen to the appeal of one who has deliberately shunned the method of war not without considerable success ?

"Anyway, I anticipate your forgiveness, if I have erred in writing to you."

Only the future will tell whether it was Gandhi who erred in writing that letter or whether it was Hitler who erred in not heeding it.

Apart from such occasional statements, the outside world hears very little about Gandhi nowadays. The work that consumes him now is more practical than spectacular.

His present home is a thatched hut in a hamlet called Segaon, in Central India. He is attended by a few of his

disciples, all of whom follow Gandhi in a life of simplicity, piety, and service. Far away from a railway station, the tiny village of Segaon formerly was typical of rural India in its illiteracy, poverty, dirt, and disease. Gandhi and his disciples pitched their tents there a few years ago and have made of it a model community. It is a beehive of activity with its night schools and weaving classes, sanitation center and scientific farming. In fact, it is the headquarters of Gandhi's huge program of revitalizing rural India through the revival of cottage crafts.

Gandhi rises at three o'clock in the morning and attends to his correspondence for an hour. At four he leads his congregation in meditation and prayers. At four-thirty he takes his morning walk and receives visiting celebrities and foreign correspondents. His stride is brisk; young men and women have to run in order to keep pace with him.

Upon returning, he breakfasts on dates and curds—the first of the three austere meals he takes during the day. Gandhi is a strict vegetarian, and his food is prepared by Mrs. Gandhi herself if she is not away on a service jaunt of her own. (All in all, Gandhi's food costs him around five dollars a month, and Mrs. Gandhi has to account for every penny of that. His diet is balanced and, contrary to popular belief, keeps him in good form and vigor.)

After breakfast begin conferences with different lieutenants on a variety of problems ranging from reorganization of the community kitchen to ways and means of ending British rule in India. An hour before midnight brings the end of the day's work, and he retires to a cot under the open sky. His curious ideas of identifying himself with the poverty-stricken masses of India prevent him from using a mosquito curtain. Instead, he applies a little kerosene oil to his face to keep the insects away. Like Napoleon, he falls asleep in a second. When he gets up, after four hours, he is fresh and vigorous.

From this unpretentious headquarters Gandhi guides the entire nation. Twenty-five years of continuous and conscientious service have enabled him to create a political

machine surpassing that of either major political party in the United States. Every village in India has a Gandhi worker now, and district organizations are headed by his disciples. Gandhi's lieutenants once headed the administration of nine out of the eleven provinces then under his Congress party's control.

This hamlet in which Gandhi resides has become the hub of the nation. Trudging over the bullock-cart road come provincial ministers to seek advice. Here Gandhi receives the leaders of the Hindus and the Mohammedans with the hope of patching up differences between the two warring communities. Here, especially during the last few years, he has been conducting his fight against what he calls the misrule of the maharajahs; he is striving to democratize their autocracies by fostering "representative governments in the Native States under the ægis of the ruling princes."

Born in Porbandar, northwest of Bombay, Gandhi comes from the Vaishya caste, or the caste of the husbandmen and traders who are notorious for a pacifism which more often than not verges on downright cowardice. Son of the Prime Minister of the native state, he had everything he could desire. The over-religious atmosphere of his home drove him to be an atheist at an early age and he even ate meat once, a sin unpardonable, to startle his caste out of its traditional timidity.

A bride was selected for him when he was eight and he married her after his thirteenth birthday. At eighteen he sailed for London. There, besides studying law at the Inner Temple, he read Plato, Mazzini, Thoreau, and Tolstoy. In 1891 he was admitted to the bar and returned to India.

His attempts at law practice in Bombay were not successful and he was on the verge of despair when he received a call from South Africa to act as legal aide to an Indian firm in Pretoria. His success there was phenomenal; within a short time he was earning more than $ 20,000 a year.

Outside of his law practice he interested himself in the legal disabilities of the Indian minority in South Africa and soon these became his chief concern; for the next

ten years he championed his compatriots against the Union Government. The new adventure landed him thrice in jail and took him twice to England to plead his people's cause. Finally, in 1913, the Union Government met him more than halfway and when he returned to India in 1914 he was received by the nationalists as a hero. His ascetic and colorful personality began to attract the rural masses hitherto unmoved by other urban leaders, and within a few years after he joined the Congress party he transformed it into an organization of the people.

Ever since, Gandhi's supreme leadership of India has remained unchallenged. True it is that upon three different occasions he renounced politics and retired to the inconspicuous arena of social reform. But it is equally true that each time he staged a triumphant comeback and resumed the command with added authority and glory. His fourth retirement came in the closing months of 1940 and amidst the confusion of the second World War. This time we thought he really had left us. For the Congress party had partially renounced Gandhi's cherished ideology of non-violence and offered to the British its co-operation in the war on the condition of Indian independence. But within a month his party came back to Gandhi like the prodigal son. For Gandhi is the one superb swayer of India's multitudes, and he can never be regarded as a spent force as long as he lives. How is this possible, the western mind wonders! What are the secrets of this insignificant-looking man's success?

To answer this question, one has to dig deep into India's heritage. To explore the social psychology lying behind the phenomenon, one must begin with the very source of India's mythology, where the Lord hath spoken :

> *. . . When Righteousness*
> *Declines, O Bharata!, when Wickedness*
> *Is strong, from age to age, I rise, and take*
> *Visible shape, and move a man with man,*
> *Succoring the good, thrusting the evil back,*
> *And setting Virtue on her throne again.*

This Golden Promise was given to the Hindus by the Lord : it is recorded in *Bhagavad-Gita*, their Bible. Now,

after centuries of retelling, its fulfillment is believed in as Christians believe in a Day of Atonement. According to Hindu theology, God incarnates Himself or takes avatara, whenever He sees fit, in order to protect His good children, and to destroy those who beleaguer them. Suffering unbearably today, tomorrow we will have help because of the Golden Promise—thus the Hindus of all ages have comforted themselves.

Every Hindu familiar with the *Puranas*, the sacred books, knows that each age (yuga) has had an avatara. There have been nine such already, who have made manifest in their succession the process of evolution.

Now it was ordained that there would be yet another incarnation, and that "virtue would be set on her throne" a tenth time, thereby ending this present kali yuga (Age of Darkness). This time the "Man among men" would be Kalki, say the *Puranas*, and it would be His pleasure to usher in an era of light by destroying the evil ones who bedevil His people.

In the hour of destitution and agony, the Hindu is wont to look up to the high heavens and wait for an avatara to come down to earth and clear the path for him. This is not merely his personal habit ; it is the custom of the community. And what could be a darker hour than this, asks the thinking Indian who has observed, rightly or wrongly, the half-starved, half-naked millions of India living for decades on the verge of death. They felt enslaved by an alien people, and they even saw the tallest among them being humiliated by the petty underlings of a sovereign overseas. Not so conscious of political and economic issues, the masses were aware of the affronts to their centuries-old culture. Half-amused and half-indignant, they have heard the missionaries of the ruling race abusing the Hindu gods ; they have seen churches rise where once their temples stood. The high caste, the privileged, noticed the *Mahabharata* being replaced by the *Iliad* on the shelves of seats of learning, and Kalidasa by Shakespeare. The Sanskrit pandit has had to learn an alien tongue to get a job. The aristocrat realized with a deep sense of humiliation that he must

give up the costume of his forebears and ape the Europeans in order to earn a respectable living. The Brahmin and the untouchable, the caste and the outcaste, the mass and the class, all alike felt that every insult to their culture was an affront to Mother India.

And consciously or subconsciously they were expectant: they felt that an avatara was imminent. They recalled the promise of the Lord and felt sure that Kalki must come to chastise the evil-doers and restore Mother India to her traditional majesty. Men's hearts were ready to receive a Messiah; they were eager to endow someone, as it were, with a halo. The hour was auspicious for the right man to be taken or mistaken for God.

They had to wait a long while at the crossroads. Many a promising personality proved to be a false one. It was about this time that there began to be rumors about a tiny Indian who was fighting in South Africa against a powerful government. What interested the illiterate masses more was the news that, though fighting, he went unarmed and that he bade his followers never to raise a finger against the opponent. The villagers avidly consumed information about this man who was preaching and practicing the creed of ahimsa or non-violence, the Gospel that Buddha had preached, and Mahavira also.

So when Gandhi returned to India in 1915, he had a ready and eager audience. Curious crowds gathered around him wherever he went. The villagers noticed that Gandhi distrusted the machine and preferred journeys on foot whenever possible. The sight reminded them of the Buddha walking from village to village to spread his Gospel, and of thousands of Yogis who annually make long journeys on foot to visit sacred shrines. Gandhi's simple life, his passion for truth, his fearlessness, were in keeping with the Indian tradition of the Mahatma, the great soul. His vegetarian diet encouraged the peculiar Indian belief that all living creatures are sacrosanct. The villagers observed with tacit and peculiarly Indian reverence the fact that Gandhi was leading the life of a Brahmachari, a celibate, calling his wife Ba or Mother. They identified him with Mahavira,

the Jeena, the conqueror of all the six senses. His loincloth was reminiscent of Isa Masih, the Christ. His use of the Ramayan Mahabharata language and his constant allusions to Rama Rajya—the ideal Kingdom of Rama—as India's goal sounded to the multitudes like the preachings of ancient Rishis. His habit of squatting on the ground invoked before the India's eyes the familiar sitting posture of Lord Buddha. It was a great change, indeed, from the galaxy of other contemporary Indian leaders who spoke the alien Angrezy, dressed like Europeans, and sat on chairs; here was a man who deliberately neglected the fashionable customs and who appealed to India's elemental ideals of greatness.

The crowds surrounding Gandhi began to assume the form of throngs of devotees. Villagers traveled miles to have a Darshan—a ceremonial glimpse of Gandhi. Mothers brought their ailing babies to be touched by Gandhi and to be healed. Long queues of peasants waited for a chance to take the dust from his feet, a devotional ceremony, which, after hundreds of performances, left Gandhi's feet almost raw. The city-dwellers, the reporters, the leaders, followed him wherever he went, even to the remotest village. And the hamlet where Gandhi pitched his tent became for the time being the center of national gravitation.

In no time, Gandhi's picture was on the thatched wall of every hut in India. His photographs hung in every bungalow of the upper middle class, and his busts in marble and bronze adorned the mansions of industrial tycoons of Bombay, Calcutta, and Ahmedabad. More than one Maharajah ensconced Gandhi's portrait in his private chambers, if not, for discretion's sake, in his reception hall. Penny postcards showed the new hero sitting on the lap of Mother India. Some of the postcard artists portrayed him wielding his spinning wheel after the fashion of Lord Krishna spinning his invincible Sudarshan Chakra, or the disk of fire. Other postcards depicted him as he sat in meditation under a tree in the manner of Buddha with a halo around his face. He was shown holding Mount Govardhana on his little finger

just as Krishna did, so that his farming community, according to the *Puranas*, might be protected and saved from devastating rains. Everywhere he was identified with one or another of India's past avataras.

Mystical coincidence has played a large part in establishing Gandhi as the idol of an abnormally religious people. Early in his career as the leader of the Indian people, when ground was being broken for the first non-cooperation movement of 1919–1920, a strange story went the rounds, and it helped create Gandhi's reputation as an avatara—incarnation of God—in the eyes of the masses. The incident took place in a tiny village tucked away in the Province of Bihar. In connection with a lecture tour, Gandhi was driving from one village to another on a cart road. An old blind woman had heard that he was to pass by her hamlet, but that he was not going to stop there. Undaunted, she trudged through the furrowed fields under the scorching tropical sun and stood by the dusty road waiting to hear the whir of his automobile. Strange to say, when Gandhi's car reached the spot, suddenly a tire went flat, and its occupants had to alight for a time. Gandhi's eyes fell on the blind woman, and he approached her in humble obeisance. The old creature, perceiving a hand of God in the accident, prostrated herself at Gandhi's feet and wept.

The stories of miraculous healings and of Gandhi's disappearances from jail are endless. The faithful still think the Bihar earthquake was sent by God to chastise the orthodox Hindus who objected to Gandhi's anti-untouchability campaign. Then there is the story of the discovery of the most unusual horoscope dealing with Gandhi. In 1930, during the height of the Civil Disobedience Campaign, a southern Brahmin astrologer announced the finding of a long-sought document, mentioned in the *Puranas*, which he believed to be centuries old. When its contents were made public in the national press, the entire populace shook its head over what seemed to be an ancient prophecy of Gandhi's coming and of his exploits on this earth. The eventual victory of Gandhi and of satyagraha was part of the prediction.

The Indian public, moreover, is always hearing from "notable astrologers" who forecast nationalist victories for Gandhi on the eve of a political contest. Naturally, the public remembers only those few forecasts which, in accordance with the statistical law of probability, have come true.

The deification of Gandhi, however, is the act of a people born and bred in the avatara tradition, and is not Gandhi's own maneuver. The canonization has come unsought. The halo has been added by the masses and is not of Gandhi's own manufacture. The emergence of pure and simple politician as a prophet of the Indian people has been aided by the peculiar faiths, traditions, and beliefs of the multitudes. Customs and beliefs, however unsound and unscientific they may be, have a tremendous capacity for molding attitudes and for producing social action, hence their reality in society. They can neither be ignored nor rendered ineffective. Gandhi, the Mahatma, the product of mass psychology, is as significant as Gandhi, the statesman, the product of his individual nature and will. It was people's hearts, no doubt, that enshrined him; but his prophetic role endowed the straightforward political struggle of the Indians with the richness and profundity of a great national crusade. What is more significant, even Gandhi himself cannot have it otherwise. All his efforts at divesting himself of the halo, at ceasing to be a Mahatma, have failed utterly. In spite of all his denials of divinity and his confession of moral lapses, he continues to be worshipped as a deity by the masses.

This faith in Gandhi's divine mission is so deeply embedded in the psychology of the man-in-the-street that to him truth and "Gandhi says so" have come to be synonymous. He refuses to listen to the other side, however honest and justified it may be. To attack Gandhi spells the ruin of a newspaper, for the circulation tends to dwindle rapidly without the help of censorship or storm troopers. The *Hindustan* of Bombay suffered from this invisible reader-censorship in 1930. Even the *Times of India*, one of the most powerful Anglo-Indian newspapers,

largely subscribed to by Europeans and pro-government clerkdom, had to change its tone when it felt the unmistakable effects of the spontaneous boycott of the people.

The belief in Gandhi's infallibility is strongest in the villages. To the villagers, there are only two camps in India: Gandhi-wallahs and Sirkar (the government); and the latter, of course, is wrong. Traditionally suspicious of strangers, the villagers receive you with warm hearts and open doors if a Gandhi-cap slants across your brow. Gandhi's name is the best currency in the hands of Congress propagandists, for the illiterate masses, unable to understand the intricacies of politico-economic issues, just "know by instinct" that what Gandhi advocates is in their own interest.

CHARISMATIC QUALITY

In attributing a prophetic role to Gandhi, however, the multitudes were not entirely unearthly in their reasoning. Their devotion has a solid foundation in Gandhi's own ascetic and self-sacrificing character. As already pointed out, it was Gandhi's charisma which demanded obedience; it was Gandhi's own behavior patterns that brought divinity down upon him. Gandhi became a god to the people precisely because he reminded them of god-like personalities from India's past. What appealed to them most was the entirely modern, utilitarian version of saintliness that Gandhi displayed before their very eyes. He is not the traditional yogi withdrawn to a cave in the Himalayas, and for that matter even the most ardent yogi devotee knows that at times the needs of our complex civilization are beyond the influence of a man of meditation. The multitudes approve of Gandhi as a man of action, a twentieth-century Mahatma, one who can tackle political, social, and economic problems and who can handle politicians adroitly. They have seen him in his work-a-day life, doing the same things they do, but with an unusual twist which to them appears charismatic or superhuman.

The charismatic quality is exemplary—something to be imitated as a duty. Gandhi's rôle as an ideal leader, therefore, is significant. As I have said, people have an entirely new conception of leadership since Gandhi appeared on the scene. Formerly mental brilliance, a glib command of English, a comfortable bank account, noble birth, and the stamp of Oxford or Cambridge were the assets that made a leader in India. Today the tables are turned. A man with these properties has to strive against heavy odds if he hopes to become influential. Instead, a leader has to be simple, preferably in loincloth. He must have a long record of suffering at the hands of the British and he must have sacrificed all he had ; for that is what Gandhi has been through. He must be fearless, like Gandhi, and must know how to speak in the people's tongue. Gandhi's vegetarian diet is also a fashion to the point of a requirement, and many a meat-loving Mohammedan and Hindu leader has changed the eating habits of a lifetime. Gandhi's moral code is inflexible and had doubtless caused the undoing of more than one carbon-copy Mahatma. Even Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, whose popularity is second only to Gandhi's, has been criticized because he indulges in an occasional cigarette. The change is complete. The entire Congress party is studded now with little Mahatmas. The former natural leaders, mostly English-trained lawyers, are left waiting by the side of the road while illiterate, low-caste but determined and sincere village workers march to the full glory of the Congress high command.

As an originator of fashions, Gandhi can well be the envy of Hollywood stars. For there can be no competitor in India when he sets the tempo and the pace. Early in his career in India, about 1916, he used to wear a shirt instead of a plain loincloth. Once, just by accident, the collar button of his shirt was seen open in one of his photographs. Open collars became the order of the day. The white headgear, introduced by Gandhi, shaped and tipped over one eye much like the U.S. Army's overseas cap, has become so popular that nearly every man in India owns at least one ; officially they are the insignia of

Gandhi sympathizers. High blood-pressure is now the most fashionable and common ailment among the well-to-do in India, for Gandhi suffers from it occasionally.

Gandhi's charisma is admitted even by his adversaries. His guileless and transparent personality makes him lovable even when fought against, and respected when denounced. As far back as a quarter of a century ago, General Smuts, to take one instance, while imprisoning Gandhi in South Africa confessed that he would have committed the same "treason" had he been in Gandhi's shoes. Completely won over, the General himself went to the prison to negotiate with the Indian leader and there signed a pact. "I get," remarked Gandhi, "the best bargains from behind prison bars." A decade later, Gandhi was again arraigned in a law court, this time before an English judge in India. While sentencing Gandhi, who had by then become a Mahatma, to six years' imprisonment, the judge observed, "If the course of events should make it possible for the Government to reduce the period and release you, no one will be better pleased than I."

This same honest-to-goodness quality of Gandhi's is largely responsible for the frequent invitations he receives from the Viceregal Palace. Attired as usual in his home-spun loincloth, Gandhi has been frequently seen climbing the steps of the Viceroy's lodge to confer with His Majesty's highest representative in India, thus re-enacting a scene which, back in 1931, annoyed Winston Churchill to such a degree that he was quoted as saying, "The picture of that half-naked fakir ascending the Viceregal Palace makes me mad." Churchill is justified in seeing some incongruity in the picture, for when His Excellency the Viceroy invites Gandhi to his Delhi palace to make his "personal acquaintance," he is inviting an "old rebel" who has pledged himself to throw the British out of India.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Why do the avowed political enemies of Gandhi succumb to him personally? Why do the British have

these spasmodic outbursts of affection and respect for a man they have so often imprisoned and tried to stop?

The explanation is in Gandhi's own personality. He fights non-violently, without injuring his opponent, and he has a child-like, toothless, disarming laughter. Gandhi's formula for disarming his enemies and overcoming opposition is embodied in the golden rule: "Love thine enemy." It is characteristic of an inspired, or charismatic, leader that he never treats his opponents as men with different values and different viewpoints, nor as enemies; rather he treats those who resist him or ignore him as delinquent in duty. His attitude seems to be: They haven't seen the light as yet, but there is still hope for them. Those who have observed Gandhi's methods at close range know that, like the lawyer and soldier he is, he follows a carefully planned procedure, and that each new dissenter is a challenge to his skill. His first maneuver, when an impasse arises, is to cease public utterances and controversy through the printed word. He seeks instead a personal interview with some spokesman of his Indian opposition. Being an exceedingly gracious person, his first inquiries during the intimate meeting are about the opponent and his family; he knows and remembers every name of any consequence to his opponent. With the amenities out of the way, he turns to a lengthy review of the past when both of them worked shoulder to shoulder and admired each other. Gandhi's way of emphasizing with all his persuasive power the fundamental unity underlying their temporary differences. But even at this point, Gandhi does not broach upon the issue; he lets his opponent air his grievances first. It is then that Gandhi lets loose a barrage of logical arguments with all the ease acquired while practising law. Finally he convinces his adversary that both parties have the same end in view, and that their only differences lie in their ways of gaining this mutual objective. The straightening out of these little residual differences Gandhi leaves for the inevitable next interview and, as expected, when the adversary comes to see Gandhi

again, he is in fine shape for the final adjustment of minor points.

It is possible that Gandhi is conscious of his own charm. In countless instances when he has found himself in a tight spot, he has contrived to interview his critic or antagonist personally. In the majority of these encounters, his disarming smile and penetrating eyes have saved the day for him. On the eve of his interview with Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the Moslem communalist leader, for instance, he declared on April 23, 1938, "We are friends, not strangers. It does not matter to me that we see things from different angles of vision." The power of Gandhi's personal-touch method in politics is now so widely recognized that many an adversary, eager to keep up the struggle, seeks to avoid seeing him personally. Thus when Gandhi, in 1932, announced his preference for being Winston Churchill's house guest in England during the second Round Table Conference, Mr. Churchill demurred. Once, when a communalist Mohammedan lawyer was stirring up the Moslem League against Gandhi's National Congress, some friends suggested to the Moslem leader that he should see Gandhi in an effort to end the controversy. The Mohammedan declined the suggestion with the remark, "I will never do that. I am afraid Gandhi will convert me to his own viewpoint."

The select group around Gandhi would inform you, if somewhat hesitatingly, that Gandhi's personal-touch method (called the "human touch" by the Marquis of Zetland, who framed the new India Act) was one of the chief reasons for the great nationalist victory of 1931. After the bitter nationwide fight of 1930, Lord Irwin, now Lord Halifax, "the Christian Viceroy," as Gandhi dubbed him, released Gandhi from one of His Majesty's numerous prisons and invited the erstwhile ward of the State to the Viceregal lodge for negotiations. At one o'clock on a moonlight night, Lord Irwin and Gandhi signed the treaty now famous as the Gandhi-Irwin Pact. The Viceroy urged the "half-naked fakir" to pose for a joint photograph in celebration of the event, but Gandhi refused, since he never poses before a camera. When

the Viceroy offered a mild drink to his ascetic guest, Gandhi asked for a glass of water instead. Then from the folds of his loincloth, he quietly pulled out a neat little package. In it was some of the contraband salt which had just landed sixty thousand men and thirty thousand women in jail. Gandhi diluted a pinch of the salt in a glass of water extended to him and drank it. Thus Gandhi literally "proved his salt" and a roar of laughter from the Indian and the Briton cemented the pact which paved the way for the new constitution. Later, Gandhi paid a call on Lady Irwin and admonished her to give half an hour a day to his spinning-wheel program.

Yet this unarmed little ninety pounds of humanity is terrifying at times. The mighty empire is appalled when he threatens to give the signal for one of his civil disobedience campaigns. He is more feared than a nation in arms. I remember watching some two hundred police headed by British Inspectors and a magistrate arrest him after two months of the Civil Disobedience Campaign of 1930. Evidently fearing the worst, they came in the dead of the night to spirit the Mahatma away while his people slept. Although the men and women with Gandhi shared his views on violence, the police watched them warily. The Bombay Mail was halted in a jungle between two stations so that the prisoner could be put aboard without attracting attention. With his never-failing poise, Gandhi asked the English magistrate to read the warrant for his arrest. The Englishman trembled as he obeyed, and his voice failed him twice. The inspectors squinted at their watches nervously while resting their free hands on their revolvers. But, serene and gentle, Gandhi had eyes only for his people. Sitting there under the stars, he asked his saddened little band to give him his favorite music—the song of the ideal man who is detached alike in blisss and sorrow. At the close of the chant, Gandhi stepped lightly into the patrol wagon, leaving a surprised inspector to follow him. We asked the Mahatma for a message to his wife. "She is a brave girl," he said, and with that they took him away.

This terrible meekness of Gandhi is often akin to a peculiar kind of arrogance—a psychic complex in which his absolute certainty of purpose is combined with his oriental fatalism and a living faith in the doctrine that truth triumphs eventually. In a way, Gandhi's self-confidence is a further sign of his revolutionary charisma—*It is written—but I say unto you.* At the time of the Karachi Congress, a band of Communists demonstrated against him and tried to injure him physically. In an open meeting in the evening, attended by half a million people, he laughed at the incident and declared, if I remember his words correctly: "I keep no bodyguard to protect me. My chest is literally bare. Yet no one can kill me. For my bodyguard is no less a person than God Almighty." A few months later a bomb was thrown on his car in Poona. No serious damage was done. Immediately afterwards, however, he announced that from then on he would ordinarily not use an automobile so that assassins would find it easier to get at him. A bullock cart has been his official means of transportation ever since. Another incident was told to me by a revered teacher who was a prison companion of Gandhi's in the Yeravda Central Jail. Once he begged Gandhi to take more food and to be more careful about his health. Here is Gandhi's reply: "I am taking good care of my body. I feel as responsible as a pregnant woman. God in His infinite mercy has chosen, it seems to me, that I be instrumental in bringing forth India's freedom. I, therefore, cannot afford to die as yet."

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

The personal touch, which has brought to Gandhi so many notable victories in public affairs, is but an extension of his mannerisms in private life. For one thing, Gandhi never forgets a face or a name, a gift often attributed in America to President Roosevelt and James A. Farley. The doors of his hut, a moving workshop, which travels from Kashmir to Cape Comorine and from Bombay to Burma, are always open to all sorts of visitors. Any tongue-tied villager can see him, even at midnight,

after the tradition of India's past great Emperor Jahangir. The pressure of work compels him to receive foreign correspondents while taking his austere meals or even while lying in his bath. He generally sleeps four hours out of the twenty-four, perhaps today in a speeding train and tomorrow in a jiggling automobile en route from village to village.

I remember seeing him one morning early in 1930, as he blotted his signature on the Ultimatum to the Viceroy with one flourish of his hand, and with the next started a letter to an untouchable girl of ten who lived at his retreat five hundred miles away, to inquire if she had used iodine on her injured finger. During his second sojourn in the Yeravda Jail, he used to write—on the blank corners of newspapers—a hundred and six letters weekly to the inmates of his ahsrama, and this correspondence was over and above his usual mountainous daily mail. He used the corners of newspapers because it hurt him to use the prison stationery which was "supplied at the expense of the poor Indian taxpayer."

Gandhi's personal touch can be a shade ironic, particularly with his nearest and dearest. This genial and humane friend of the people at large is the most exacting of taskmasters when he deals with those who are closest to him. Any member of Gandhi's intimate circle will tell you that in order to have the privilege of living with him, a man or a woman must be prepared to sink with him into a veritable sea of self-sacrifice. One of them was overheard to say that "dancing on the edge of a sword" was easy compared to winning the Mahatma's personal favor. Gandhi never allows anybody to do any menial labor solely for him. But the individual who is entrusted with the task of mending or washing his simple garments is apt to be publicly rebuked if they are not sent back in good repair and immaculate. One of the rules of his co-operative retreat is that no member can have personal belongings. Once his wife, "Mother" to the multitudes of India, innocently hoarded the huge sum of twenty-five rupees (about ten dollars) for what seemed to her to be a worthy purpose. When Gandhi

came to know about it, he exposed his wife in a long article published in his weekly *Young India* under the title, "My shame, my sorrow," and went on a three-day fast !

I have had some personal experience of Gandhi's exacting attitude toward the people around him. One fine morning when we were camping in Karadi, I went to Gandhi's hut with a poem which I had written the night before and which I thought was quite good and timely. It was entitled "Sapoot," "The Good Son" (of Mother India), and the subject was, of course, Gandhi himself. He carefully looked at the piece and read the sonnet without betraying any feeling. No sooner did he finish reading it than he whirled on me and asked, "What is this ?"

"A poem, Bapuji," I said.

"Why did you write it ?" he demanded.

"Well . . . ." I didn't know what to say.

"Why should you spin poetry when you can well use your time spinning cotton ?"

I had no asnwer, at least not at that moment. I left the hut heavy of heart and crest-fallen. Later Gandhi's secretary came to console. "You know," he assured me, "Bapuji actually thought the sonnet was good ! He told me so after you had left. He also told me that he did'nt wish to spoil you and over-stimulate you into writing more poems by praising the one you had brought." Years later I discovered that the poem had been included in an anthology which serves as a textbook in Gandhi's own college !

I had another experience of the Napoleonic discipline which Gandhi demands of his followers. This happened a week later and in the same village. One of the rules that Gandhi had laid down for the First Batch was that all the lamps should be darkened promptly at 9 : 00 p.m., and that everyone should be in bed by that time. If you could not sleep . . . . well, you could gaze in silence at the stars while lying in your bed. One night the devil must have possessed me, for I kept on talking with a companion long after "Lights Out." The reckoning came the next morning at 4 : 00 a.m. As soon as the

prayer was over, the leader of our group, who in normal times was my professor in English, reported us to Gandhi. There followed a sermon from Gandhi which lasted well over an hour and which dwelt repeatedly on the nature of the discipline required of us and also on the seriousness of our crime. Gandhi continued that public rebuke until tears rolled down the cheeks of us two culprits. But we loved Bapuji all the more for it, and resolved, "Never again. . . ."

A story which gives further proof of Gandhi's discipline of those he loves reached me recently. It concerns Sardar Prithvising, whom, as I have said, I knew under the alias "Swami Rao," as an inspiring teacher and as a dear friend during my high-school days. He had become a terrorist during a stay in Canada and California in his early days. Some time after his return to India, he was arrested in 1915, in connection with the Lahore Conspiracy Case, and deported for life. When part of his sentence had been carried out in the notorious Andaman Islands, he was brought back to India to pass the rest of it in the Rajmahendri prison. Strange as it may seem, he managed to escape from the jail in 1922, and successfully eluded the vigilant eye of the secret service for the next sixteen years. What is stranger still, on May 18, 1938, he visited Gandhi, confessed his distrust of violence, and declared himself to be ready to join the ranks of the Mahatma's non-violent army. Failing to see any evidence of criminal conduct in his career, Gandhi promised to help him, but only on the condition that the fugitive from justice first give himself up to the proper authorities. For there can be, according to Gandhi, no secrecy in satyagraha and no withholding of truth. To this proposal Sardar Prithvising unhesitatingly agreed. Thereupon Gandhi invited the police superintendent of Bombay to his residence to take charge of this newest convert to non-violence. Satisfied now with his disciple's readiness to pass through the ordeal of prison again to purify himself, the Mahatma left no stone unturned in order to have the ex-revolutionist freed. "I would like to have," Gandhi told his much-

impressed public, "a man like him as my companion in these last years of my life."

Yet, strict though he is with his friends, he is far less lenient with himself, Perhaps the following is the best example to illustrate how completely Gandhi lives for his cause. The world of self-entertainment is as far from him as Coney Island is from St. Helena One day during his last visit to London, his secretary, much amused, carried to him a visiting card bearing the name of Charles Chaplin. Whereupon Gandhi, in all sincerity, inquired, "And who may this distinguished gentleman be?"

PRACTICAL IDEALIST

Neither Gandhi's charisma nor the charm of his personality, however, would have been enough to make him the sole representative of the Indian people that he has become, or to keep him on his lofty pinnacle all these years. There are yogis and gurus aplenty in India, and some have greater claims to saintliness than Gandhi. Moreover, it is not hard, as every tourist knows, to find Indian people of great charm, with winning personalities. But Gandhi has become "the only man who can deliver the goods" in India. Gandhi is more than a pious man and an appealing person; he is a politician as well. In addition to his many gifts there is something which integrates all sides of his nature—the strength which comes from a prudent policy. And it is this complex blend of qualities that has made Gandhi.

Before Gandhi's appearance in the Indian political kaleidoscope, the nationalist movement consisted of a few organizations formed from India's wealthier class whose sole function was to bicker mildly with the Government when the latter drastically violated the former's vested interests. Their protests and petitions were impotent because there was no sanction behind them. The great masses were untouched, and in them lay an inexhaustible store of human energy. Any man who could unleash that energy and mold it into concerted social action was destined to be the Leader. The

politician in Gandhi met historical necessity with his practical program of satyagraha.

It was impossible for India to rise in armed revolt against the British Government. Britain could not be beaten, Gandhi maintained, at her own game. Even a net work of secret terrorist societies could not bring the Government down, because it would have to remain underground and this would prevent its organization on a nation-wide scale. To lead the masses of the nation into action, the movement had to be at once dynamic and legitimate. I still recall very distinctly Gandhi's solemn figure, with eyes half closed, addressing a multitude of people assembled for the evening prayer on the eve of his famous march to the sea. He began with these words : "The very fact that you all are here this evening, in spite of your expressed determination to overthrow the existing order, shows that my method is the only way out. Had we entered on our program a small item, say, such as slapping a representative of the bureaucracy, we would have been prevented even from assembling here this evening. But we are out to invite suffering, and not to inflict it. And hence the disability of the Government to suppress us legally."

He offered his program to the restless masses and with it his challenge that it could lead to their political freedom. The people were ready to resort to plans that sounded only half as good. What is more significant, what Gandhi said was written in their scriptures, so that deep sources of emotion were tapped by his words.

Gandhi's realism could be interpreted in terms of the daily bread of the toiling masses. What his satyagraha could do for their political needs, his spinning-wheel program could accomplish for their economic needs. The people that Gandhi had to deal with were, to quote his own words, semi-starved, half-naked, illiterate, and superstitious. A hundred and fifty years of servitude and a systematic humiliation of their culture and creed had left them human wrecks in body and mind, lacking in self-confidence. Gandhi's problem, therefore, was twofold, namely, economic relief and spiritual regenera-

tion. First he had to give them bread so that, second, he could shake them out of their "slave mentality."

Had he favored industrialization on a large scale as the remedy for India's economic distress, he might have added wealth to the coffers of the fortunate few who have a common cause with the Government in exploiting the masses. This might also have given employment to the urban population, and enriched the middle class of a few towns and cities. But India is a continent in which eighty-five per cent of its population eke out a hand-to-mouth existence in the 730,000 villages scattered over its entire area, the majority of them far from any railroad station. The whole rural population is agricultural and leads an idle life for at least half of the year for lack of industrial work to occupy time left over. Apart from the fact that there is little willing capital for the building of big industrial plants, to conserve the human resources of such a mighty mass of men was a great economy in itself. Keenly aware of this, it was Gandhi's common sense and native insight which led him to launch his program for the revival of cottage industries, with the spinning wheel as the symbol of the movement and the actual means to its success. Thus, figuratively, Gandhi became identified with the dispensing end of a vast breadline of semi-starved thousands whose average income is not more than $3·60 per month.

The politician Gandhi has a natural gift for the unusual and the startling. He wanted to identify himself with the poverty-stricken masses. His dramatic moves in that direction were shown in the devolution of his dress. From expensive and up-to-date European suits, he has passed through a shirt and a dhoti stage, and wound up with a loincloth. He feels he should not wear more than his poor compatriots can afford. Luxuries of the Maharajahs are at his disposal, but his simple food consists mainly of dates and curds. And of all the drinks in the world, he prefers a goat's milk. The dish he uses for every meal is the same battered, tin object which he brought with him out of one of His Majesty's prisons. He travels always in a third-class compartment

when on a railway train, and on deck when aboard a ship. He inaugurated his anti-untouchability campaign by adopting an untouchable girl as his daughter. On his latest visit to London, he rejected royal hospitality and stayed with the poorest people of London in the East End, where he won the title of "Uncle Gandhi" from the poor children who flocked around him during his early morning walks and evening prayers. Invited to Buckingham Palace as His Majesty's guest, he walked about in his loincloth with as much detachment as he had showed as a guest in the untouchable quarters back in India. When he has to concentrate on writing, he does not retreat to a seashore cottage, but observes a day of silence instead.

These things do make news, and there are many critics who see in them merely a flair for the colorful and the histrionic. Some men go further and accuse Gandhi of deliberately exploiting the weaknesses of an abnormally religious people by doing what in other countries would have led him to the cross or the lunatic asylum. None, however, doubts the sincerity of his purpose, and it is agreed on all hands that the swaraj movement owes most to the Mahatma. Perhaps each great social movement in history owes most to its one outstanding leader.

THRESHOLD OF GODHEAD

Always on the threshold of godhead, Gandhi has consistently and emphatically denied any divine power. Perhaps no one in modern times has had a better chance of being accepted as a Buddha, a Christ, or a Mohammed. But the so-called Saint of Sabramati has left nothing undone to block the appearance of Gandhism, which might easily find some two hundred million believers at the very onset. Here is a typical story of the man who refuses a halo in spite of unprecedented hero-worship—a story eye-witnessed by the author :

In June, 1930, Gandhi and his so-called First Batch of civil-resisters were camping in a tiny village called Karadi in the Gujarat District. Gandhi was living in a bamboo hut, especially constructed for him in a mango grove.

The salt movement was in full swing, and the entire nation was being directed from these unpretentious headquarters. One morning a group of villagers came to Gandhi's hut in a procession—women leading the little column with triumphant song. A band of musicians in the rear was regulating the tempo of the march. The men were bearing fruits and flowers and bags of money. They approached Gandhi with piety, and placed the offerings reverently at his feet.

"Our village well—" faltered the spokesman of the delegation in answer to Gandhi's penetrating glance. "Our village well was without water for these many years. Your sanctifying footprints touched our soil yesterday, and lo, today the well is full of water. We pray to Thee—"

"You are fools!" was Gandhi's caustic interruption. "Beyond a doubt, it was an accident. I have no more influence with God than you have." Then the severe expression in Gandhi's face gave way to a fatherly smile. He patiently began to explain away the mystery, using homely analogies which could be understood by these illiterate villagers:

"Suppose a crow sits on a palm tree at the moment when the tree falls to the ground! Would you think that the weight of the bird caused the tree's uprooting? Go back," commanded the tiny man on a palm-leaf mattress, "and instead of thinking about such silly accidents, utilize your time in spinning and weaving cloth to clothe Mother India!"

Gandhi, whose career owes much to miraculous accidents, thus denies himself the most supreme accident that can ever happen to a mortal—that of becoming a Son of God, of being the founder of a new faith.

XIII. KHAN: THE FRONTIER GANDHI

'Tis only saints in youth
That can be saints in truth;
Ah, who is not a saint
When ebbing passions faint?
—"THE PANCHATANTRA"

THERE is another Gandhi in India—a Gandhi not by birth but by popular acclaim. He is the beloved, giant Pathan chieftain of the North—Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. Admiring and devoted people of India spontaneously bestowed the title "the Frontier Gandhi" upon him and more Indians know him by his foster-name than by his real name.

Like Mahatma Gandhi, the Frontier Gandhi is a compelling personality. But while the Mahatma is celebrated for his gaunt appearance, the most obvious features of the Khan are his height, his vigor and gusto. One of the reasons Gandhi is on a pinnacle in India is that he is so tiny, but one of the reasons why the Khan towers among India's leaders is the fact that he is actually taller than the rest.

Should Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan ever become the slightest bit ambitious, should he ever set his will to it, he could be the most powerful man in India, save Gandhi. I select my words deliberately and reiterate that he could be the "star" of India if he chose to be that star. For in addition to his sensational personality, he embodies the answer to the most severe problem of India; he is a living symbol of Hindu-Moslem unity. He is a Mohammedan who commands the respect of his own community, but he also enjoys the implicit confidence of

the Hindu majority. Since it is realized on all sides in India that, if the apprehensions of the minority are to be allayed, one of its own members must be chosen as the head of the movement, Abdul Gaffar Khan is a natural choice for a rôle of tremendous power.

But he distrusts fame, and in humility and selflessness he can match his master, the Mahatma. That is why he enjoys the distinction of never having been the President of the Indian National Congress, which in his case amounts to an achievement, even a feat. Mahatma Gandhi is the president-maker, and Pandit Nehru holds the disputed record of being the youngest President of the Congress, but the Khan has the distinction of having refused the high office more often than any other Indian —always excepting Gandhi, of course.

The British Government is fully aware of the strategic position and the potential power of Abdul Gaffar Khan. Consequently there have been numerous efforts on the part of the British authorities in northern India to buy off the Khan by the allures of official receptions and honorary titles. Failing in that, they have often endeavored to crush the revolutionary spirit of the Pathan Giant by subjecting him to inhuman treatment. Once he was sentenced to three years' rigorous imprisonment in "Hell Prison" at Dehra Ismail Khan. The irons around his ankles were so small that they cut into his flesh and caused areas of infection.

When he finally emerged from "Hell Prison," he had lost 100 of his normal 220 pounds, and also six teeth. But Sarhad or Frontier Gandhi came out as fervent a nationalist as ever. He smiled his newly acquired toothless smile, and declared, "With love you can persuade a Pathan to go to hell with you, but by force you can't take him even to heaven."

Feeling helpless before the undaunted spirit of the Khan, the British authorities have tried to undermine his powerful influence by creating a confusion about his "real motives and hidden ambitions." They have sought to frighten the Hindus away from the Moslem Khan by painting him as a pan-Islamite. The Hindus

have been told often and vainly by the British authorities that underlying the Khan's exhortations to "exterminate the British who keep us in slavery" has been a shrewd scheme to "exterminate the infidel who stands in the way of a Moslem World." By a strange irony of fate, however, none but a handful of Mohammedans have ever charged the Khan with duplicity, and these cynics accused him of neglecting Moslem interests. To this charge the Frontier Gandhi answered, "People criticize me for having joined the Congress. The Congress is a national, not a Hindu, body. It is an organization composed of Hindus, Jews, Sikhs, Parsis, and Moslems. The Congress as a body is working against the British. The British nation is the enemy of the Congress and of the Pathans. I have therefore joined, and made common cause with, the Congress."

When what was intended as a potential wedge between the Hindus and the Moslem boomeranged, the British authorities tried a novel and disingenuous trick. They took advantage of the innocent and accidental fact that the color of the uniform of the Khan's volunteer corps was red, and that the volunteers were popularly known as the "Red Shirts." The authorities began to say that the Red Shirts were Communists and that the Khan was a Muscovite in the pay of Stalin. (Actually, the Khan's Pathans dyed their shirts red for the simple reason that the red stain obtained from red bricks was the cheapest thing they could buy.) This innuendo was aimed at the industrial tycoons of Ahmedabad and Bombay, who supported the Gandhi movement and who were fully expected to be alarmed at the "new disclosures." It was also aimed at the conservative Indian peasantry, which forms the backbone of the Congress party, and which also was fully expected to reject the leadership of a man with anti-religious tendencies. All that the Khan had to do in order to counteract this propaganda was to publish the five-fold credo of his Red Shirts which is, if anything, the antithesis of the Communist doctrine. The solemn oath that each Red Shirt has to swear upon induction is :

1. To be loyal to God, the community, and the Motherland
2. To be always non-violent
3. To expect no reward for services
4. To eschew fear and be prepared for any sacrifice
5. To live a pure life.

The British then tried to show to the people of India that the Khan was an "unlettered upstart," opposed to the West, to progress and industry. This canard, however, could not stand up under the impact of facts. For the Khan's own brother, Khan Saheb, ex-Premier of the Northwest Frontier Province, was educated in England, a co-student with Nehru. Another member of his family attended Cornell University. His parting blessing to an England-bound relative of his was, "Go and learn what has made the Englishman a great conqueror and a great organizer, but do not forget what you are."

All these maneuvers of the British to damage the Khan's power and prestige actually lent new force to his activities. A man who is feared by his foes invariably has a waiting line of friends, and the Indian people were all the more appreciative of the Khan's strength when they began to see that the British were mortally afraid of him. To this aura unwittingly bestowed by the British was added the appeal of the Frontier Gandhi's mellow personality. He appeared formidable to the British authorities, but the Pathan farmers who came to know him found him gentle of bearing and shy in manner. Moreover, the big Moslem spoke the language of the peasants in spite of the fact that he was born a Khan, chief of a Pathan tribe, and brought up in comparative comfort. For this knowledge of the common people's concerns Abdul Gaffar could thank his early years when he tried to be an ordinary farmer himself. He started by borrowing, from his father, seventy acres of land, four bullocks, and two servants. He slaved in the field like any other Pathan tiller, and when he took an hour's siesta in his favorite mulberry grove after his midday tiffin, the chief took his servants along so that they could enjoy the same rest and comfort. Even today when he

has become a national figure, separated from his plow against his will, his favorite recreation is to take long walks with Pathan farmers on the frontier hills and talk about agricultural problems, the cure of plant diseases, crops and rains, the mysteries of long-rooted and short-rooted plants.

ONCE UPON A TIME . . . .

The real glamour of the Frontier Gandhi, however, lies in the fact that he is the strangest, the latest, and the most significant convert to Mahatma Gandhi's creed of non-violence. Not every day does a chieftain of the Pathan sharpshooters become an apostle of non-violence! And when the new apostle in turn converted many of his Pathans (whom the British Tommies describe as "half Apache, half Irish, and the other half double-cross") to the profession and practice of non-violence—well, a thunderbolt had struck. India could not believe its senses. It is because of this that Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan is regarded as the miracle man of modern India.

When the unexpected happens, people are naturally curious. When the unexpected happens and means a turn for the better, people are appreciative. But when the change, and the revolution come from the least expected direction, people are aroused, galvanized, and are filled with the spirit of a crusade. Now I am not talking about any eleventh-hour change of platform, which, for example, enables an erstwhile Democrat to be nominated as the Republican choice for the White House. The change I am talking about is the *change of heart* in a high place which contains within it the spiritual force for changing the heart of a whole community. The Pathan's change of heart went deep within him. It was in the tradition of Prince Gautama who became a mendicant Buddha. In contemporary India, another such inner revolution is revealed in the great life of Gandhi, wherein a Prime Minister's son became the champion of the dispossessed. Nehru the Brahmin Aristocrat becoming Nehru the Socialist is likewise an example of the same spiritual phenomenon. But none of these famous

changes-of-heart was as dramatic and as challenging as the revolution in the inner life of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. For the Terrible Pathan has now become another Terrible Meek One.

That the Khan has not always been an advocate of non-violent resistance is considered no flaw in his character but rather a proof of its granite qualities. When he was a man of violence he was extremely violent. One of the few stories of his early life speaks rather emphatically of his belief in corporal revenge. The anecdote comes from one of his young relatives, Dewane Fulsafi by name, who once as a young boy was beaten up by a bully named Gunjea. The crestfallen boy rushed to the Khan's house and sobbed out his sad story. "Where is Gunjea now?" the Khan demanded.

"In front of the mosque by your house," replied the boy between sobs.

Without a word of explanation the Khan proceeded to the mosque, the youngster trotting behind him, beaming with reflected glory. The Khan seized Gunjea, the bully, lifted him up like a puppy seven feet above the ground. He pounded the man until he was covered with blood. The Khan continued the punishment until Gunjea was compelled, Pathan fashion, to "rub his nose on the ground and hold his ear-holes and promise on God and all the holy saints of the Pathans that he would never hurt a child again."

Even the beginnings of his political career, according to popular legends, are tinged with violence. In those days he was a follower and a trusted lieutenant of the famous Haji of Turangzai, a lifelong enemy of the British Government and the leader of many Pathan-British shooting affrays. When the Massacre of Amristar followed the agitation against the Rowlatt Act in 1919, and when the British troops in the Northwest Frontier Province began to comb the area to capture all possible rebels, the Khan and his followers, along with the Haji of Turangzai, were made to flee for their lives into the wild Mohmand hills. Later on the Governor of the Province persuaded the Khan's father to call his rebellious

son back. A large meeting was held in a mosque to honor the returning hero, and it was during that assembly that Abdul Gaffar Khan was given the title of "Badshah Khan" or the "King Khan."

For some time thereafter everything went smoothly, but one fine morning the town of Utmanzai woke up to find itself surrounded by British troops. Big guns were mounted all around the village, and the main street swarmed with militia. Important members of the community were forced out of their homes and made to sit facing the guns. No sooner did the soldiers get ready to open fire, with the intent of blowing the so-called rebels to bits and teaching the rest of the villages a lesson, than the British Chief Commissioner arrived galloping on a charger and blowing his whistle. He gave orders not to proceed with the projected punishment, and posed as a rescuing hero and offered to be the friend of the Pathans if only they would co-operate. The Pathan tribesmen showed overt appreciation, but smiled inwardly at the huge drama staged for their benefit which, with their cunning mountain sixth-sense, they were able to see through. Thereupon Mr. Keen, the Chief Commissioner, stepped upon a cannon and made a speech which to this day is mimicked to the amusement of many a café crowd by the nephew of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. The part of the speech which I quote is an admonition of the white man, who regarded the Pathan mountaineers as childish simpletons, uttered in a You-Children-of-the-Great-White-Queen mood :

"O people of Utmanzai! Do not imagine that because the Sirkar (British Government) is busy elsewhere, it cannot attend to you. The arm of the Sirkar is very long. It can attend to Germany, slap Russia, and reach you also. Because of your villainous activities, I am compelled, with aching heart, to fine you people sixty thousand rupees, and take these eighty men as prisoners until the fine is paid."

The great father of the great Khan rose to the occasion and pleaded that he alone be taken as a hostage because the whole responsibility rested on his son's shoulders.

The appeal was disregarded, and the aging patriarch was taken to prison along with his seventy-nine tribesmen. The Tommies searched what was left of their homes and hearths, which the Pathans considered a great insult to their womenfolk. It was one of these excesses which caused the notorious Afridi Ajab Khan to kidnap Miss Ellis, an isolated case which has received more notoriety than a hundred cases of similar shamefulness committed by the army of occupation.

The Khan's humanity has always embraced the people of Afghanistan as it has that of India. He firmly believed that the abdication of King Amanullah was caused by the intrigue of the British who had become apprehensive of the progress Afghanistan was making under that great king who is now a refugee in Italy. The Khan tried hard to diminish the aid going to Bach-i-Saqao, the puppet, from his side of the border. But it was not until 1930 that he joined his fight to "throw off the foreign yoke" with the larger cause of national liberation as championed by the Indian National Congress.

THE HILLS AND PLAINS

When a man with such a record and background comes into the fold of non-violence, and brings along with him hundreds of thousands of yesterday's warriors, it gives heart to the skeptic. It is because of these unexpected and pleasant surprises that Mahatma Gandhi has become in recent years a frequent visitor to the Northwest Frontier Province and guest of the Frontier Gandhi. The friendship between the two Gandhis has grown so deep by now that once the Mahatma wept upon parting from the Khan. "I have a feeling," said the Mahatma at the conclusion of one of his tours northward, "that the brave Khudai Khidmatgars will carry on satyagraha even if my Hindu satyagrahis fail me." The Mahatma has taken these long and arduous journeys as a tribute to these Pathans of the north. And the entire nation has joined him in acclaiming the bloodless achievements of the martial tribes. Under the leadership of the Khan and with the guidance of the Mahatma

the Pathan tribes are learning to use a new and powerful weapon.

Consequently, the eyes of the strategists in the field of non-violent direct action are turned northward. To them satyagraha appears to be passing through a do-or-die test in the Northwest Frontier Province. The contrast between the host and the guest, Frontier Gandhi and Mahatma Gandhi, between the traditionally passive Hindus and the warlike Pathans, between the polished culture of the Indian plains and the coarse folkways of the northern mountains is by no means a matter of academic interest alone. An internationally significant issue rests upon it. If what has been true of the Indians of the plains can be shown to be true also of the violent Pathans of the hills, it gives the lie to the general charge that "satyagraha is a weapon of the vegetarian weaklings of India."

Hindu religion and Indian culture are regarded by many a well-meaning critic of satyagraha as indispensable not only for satyagraha's emergence, but even for its use. The historic testing ground for Gandhi's non-violence, they point out, has been the India of the plains mainly inhabited by the so-called non-martial races. There, the masses are steeled in the tradition of ahimsa, or non-injury to any living creature by thought, action or deed. Non-violence is all right, they say, for the Vaishyas who do not eat meat because it is contrary to their religious tenets. It may appeal to the passive Jainas, with their anxiety not to kill microbes even by their breath, but not to people who know how to fight and who are not afraid of the sight of blood.

These arguments, used as they are against the Vaishya, Mahatma Gandhi, and his satyagrahi disciples, obviously cannot apply to the Pathan Frontier Gandhi and his ferocious followers. Gandhi's India has perhaps the appearance of law and order, but the region where Frontier Gandhi rules supreme has a different story to tell. The gateway of the Khyber Pass, it borders on the no-man's-land between India and Afghanistan. At any moment a lone traveler in those hills and dales of the

Hindu Kush ranges is likely to hear a bullet whiz by his ear and strike against the rocks with a ping, producing a haunting, weird echo. Those who pretend to know, as Kipling did, tell us that a shiny brass button is worth a murder in those untamed regions. It is a place where even the adolescent becomes a good marksman, and where every grown man is a sharpshooter. Killing and being killed are everyday affairs. Missing the target is regarded by the Pathans as the meanest of crimes, for a bullet wasted is an enemy saved.

The differences between the northern mountaineers, the Pathans, and the Indian plainsmen are not merely geographical ; they are also psychological. Until 1930, the Northwest Frontier Province was to the average Hindu more strange and distant than some foreign lands. Most of the illiterate Indians did not know of the existence of such a region within the boundaries of India. And to the educated minority the Province was a danger spot on India's northern border, a "red spot" with Communist overtones. Gandhi himself, before 1930, and other Congress leaders diplomatically avoided including of these northwestern people in the Indian independence movement.

But on April 23, 1930, the whole of India was made frontier-conscious by astounding and swift-moving incidents on the northwestern border. While the entire nation was engaged in the great Civil Disobedience Movement, and Gandhi was breaking the Salt Law at Port Dandi, news came that the Pathans of the Northwest Frontier Province had joined the rest of India in its fight for freedom. It was also reported from Peshawar that there already had been two shootings by the British troops to suppress the movement among the Pathans. The people's side estimated the number of deaths at "not less than 500," while the Government put it much lower. The most salient feature of the whole incident was that those reputedly belligerent and sharpshooting Pathans, those who died and those who survived, stuck to non-violence not only under the gravest provocation but in the face of a deadly and prolonged fusillade. An

eyewitness, writing in Gandhi's *Young India* of May 29, 1930, summed up his impressions as follows :

"1. Nearly five hundred men have lost their lives.

"2. They all died in a strictly non-violent manner, bravely courting bullets.

"3. They could have created the most terrible riot if they were not actuated by a touching, though perhaps a blind, faith in 'Baba Gandhi.' "

Thus, dramatically, as a direct consequence of the Peshawar happenings, the two-centuries-old mental barrier between the Indian people of the plains and the mountaineer Pathans of the north was leveled overnight. The National Congress opened its doors to the so-called violent tribesmen. It received in return thousands of new recruits and was able to set up the nucleus of a National Congress organization which in the national election of 1937 succeeded in forming the governing ministry of the Northwest Frontier Province. The purpose of the Mahatma's recent journeys north has been to assist in the recruiting of a standing army of a hundred thousand Pathans, pledged to non-violence, to be used by the Congress Party.

Great as this contribution to India's struggle is, it has greater significance in relation to the theory of satyagraha. It has shown that, once consciously and deliberately adopted as a principle of policy, satyagraha may be successfully used by martial peoples of both East and West. Thus the Northwest Frontier Province has provided Gandhi with a new and decisive ground for his ideology.

THE MAHATMA AND THE GIANT

If it is hard to find two peoples more unlike each other than the Afghans and the Indians, it is still harder to find two leaders, pledged to the same ideology, who are so completely different. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, leader of the Indian people of the plains, is a Hindu who abhors meat and comes from a caste which is notorious for its passivity and mildness. Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan, leader of Pathan mountaineers, is a Mohammedan meat-

eater and comes from a nomad tribe (Mohmadzai) which is famous for its reckless bravery and what the British call unruliness.

Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan seems almost twice as tall as the Mahatma. While Gandhi weighs ninety pounds, the Frontier Gandhi tips the scale at 220. It is doubtful whether Gandhi has ever held a gun in his hands. The Frontier Gandhi comes from a family renowned for its prowess with arms. Gandhi's father was the prime minister of an orderly native state in India. The Khan's father was the chief of the village of Utmanzai in Peshawar, who saw the hectic days of the Sepoy Mutiny.

Gandhi's ashrama is in the fertile plains of Gujarat on the banks of Sabramati. The Frontier Gandhi's retreat is on the River Swat, surrounded on all sides by the hills of the Hindu Kush, and within the earshot of the bullets of the Khyber Pass. Now almost bald-headed, Gandhi garbs himself in a mere loincloth. The Frontier Gandhi with close-cropped black hair and a pointed beard, puts on simple but sufficient robes.

Gandhi was educated in England and is a barrister-at-law. The Frontier Gandhi began his education in a maklab (religious school) in a mosque "where maulvis (priests) taught the Holy Koran and gave a smattering of secular subjects." Later he entered an English school, but "unfortunately did not pass the matriculation examination." Although Gandhi is a revolutionist in the English eyes, he is hailed as a "peaceful rebel." But Abdul Gaffar, according to Sir Michael O'Dwyer (who was assassinated in England in 1940 by a Sikh who sought revenge for the Massacre of Amritsar)—and this statement has been contradicted by the Khan himself—"is in close touch with the hostile Frontier tribes and is the son-in-law of our most persistent enemy, the Haji of Turangzai, who has so often in recent years roused the Mohmands, Afridis and other tribes to attack Peshawar itself." Although the ex-satrap of the Frontier Province lacked evidence and was mistaken in his facts, he symbolized the official attitude toward Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan.

Gandhi and the Frontier Gandhi, however, have in common a deep religious faith and spirituality. As a result of Gandhi's influence, the Khan has acquired a passion for non-violence comparable to that of his master. He owns large land plots and other properties in the Peshawar district and his word is regarded as law by the Pathan masses. In 1920 he started his constructive activities by founding a nationalist school at his village, Utmanzai, and tried to spread its branches in other parts of the province. Then followed his numerous incarcerations by the British, who saw in his school the seeds of a powerful movement. As the authorities feared, the school turned out numerous workers and became the nucleus of a vast organization that later came to be known as the Khudai Khidmatgars, or the Servants of God. The membership of this body is estimated at one hundred thousand volunteers, every one of whom is pledged to strict non-violence.

THE HINDU AND THE PATHAN

How do these Khudai Khidmatgars, the soldiers of the Frontier Gandhi's non-violent army, compare with the satyagrahis, the soldiers of Mahatma Gandhi's non-violent army? What are the cultural, situational, and temperamental differences between them—these two groups which have observed, equally effectively, the discipline and denials of non-violence?

The people of the plains are absolutely disarmed and have no immediate access to foreign territory in order to import arms. The Pathans of the frontier, not so thoroughly disarmed to begin with, are in constant communication with the tribes dwelling in the border no-man's-land and with the Afghans who could easily supply them with weapons of war. By and large, the Indian does not know which end of a gun to hold in his hands. While it is legally impossible to have organizations of Indians pledged to violence, the Pathans have always had their tribal and military confederacies.

There are significant differences of culture and temperament between the Hindu and the Pathan. The

Hindu has a long tradition of non-violence. The Pathan has no such background, and, what is more revealing, he is considered "cruel and bloodthirsty" by ethnologists. Furthermore, the caste-bound Hindu is not concerned with national defense, for he has relegated the art of war to the single community of Kshatriyas. The Pathan, on the contrary, has no caste. All are equal according to the Islamic doctrine, and all form one community. There is no division of function among the Pathan analogous to the division created by the Hindu caste system. The Pathan lives in a cultural milieu "where every man has to defend his own life and honor."

The Hindu has his Karma ; everybody receives according to his own merit. Believing as he does in divine dispensation, he leaves the task of reward and retribution to the Universal Law. Not so with the Pathans, at least not in practice ; the old Semitic rule, "an eye for an eye, a life for a life," holds good among them. Nor has the Pathan any cultural trait analogous to the Indian's faith in the power of suffering. Furthermore, since he does not believe in the divinity of man, he lacks the Hindu's faith in the ultimate goodness of human nature. It may be that truth triumphs in the end, but the Pathan is temperamentally too impatient to wait for that.

And yet under the leadership of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan the Pathan has surpassed the Hindu in patience, suffering, and the practice of non-violence. Having once deliberately and consciously adopted satyagraha as a means to acquire ends, the Pathans of the northwest have displayed an equal, if not greater, mastery of it.

LEADER TO LEADER

The frontier experiences in non-violence have given new life and vigor to Gandhi's movement. They have opened new and erstwhile impossible fields for satyagraha to conquer. The victory, however, owes most to the vision and determination of Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. He has traveled a long way since his early days as a convert to non-violence. Rich, luxurious, carefree, and proud, he was then called Badshah or King. Now he is

a Khudai Khidmatgar, a Servant of God. Frequent prison confinements have broken his once giant-like body. Gandhi's vegetarian diet has also influenced the Frontier Gandhi's eating habits. Long experience in leadership has ripened his personality, and his success has brought him an added degree of humility and humanity. He has been like the proverbial mango tree which is humbler when laden with fruits. The undisputed leader of the Pathans, he, in turn, gives his unflinching allegiance to a greater leader, Mahatma Gandhi.

Here is an example of his peculiarly Pathan loyalty. In 1931, after the victorious conclusion of the Civil Disobedience movement of the previous year, the National Congress party held its annual rally at Karachi. It was a triumphant affair, and a whole city of tents had arisen overnight out of the dust. One evening the volunteers on guard sighted a huge band of red-shirted stalwarts approaching the Congress camp. Leading the procession was a giant with a staff in his hand. A general alarm was sent throughout the camp, for all, including the present writer, took the marchers to be Communists coming to create trouble. It took some time for the leader of the band to convince all concerned that he was Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan and the Red Shirts were his Khudai Khidmatgars. As he regarded his own advent on the national scene as of no consequence, he had failed to send any previous tidings of his visit. Such was the unheralded and startling first appearance of the Frontier Gandhi before the people of the plains.

In the evening, the plenary session of the Congress was discussing how many representatives to send to the proposed Round Table Conference in London. There was a motion before the house that Gandhi be designated the sole representative. Most people were for it, but a few lesser leaders, eager to share the honor with Gandhi, were opposing the resolution. Suddenly a tall magnificent man ascended the rostrum with the confidence of a triumphant general. People recognized him as the Frontier Gandhi and they applauded him as they had never applauded anyone before except the Mahatma.

When the tumult and the shouting subsided, the Frontier Gandhi said, if I remember his words correctly, "I am a soldier, and the word of my chief, Mahatma Gandhi, is the last word for me," and with that he quietly sat down. There was no further debate. Gandhi was immediately elected the sole representative of the Indian National Congress at the Round Table Conference.

Another incident which has clinched the Frontier Gandhi's devotion and loyalty to Mahatma Gandhi as well as to his doctrine took place in 1941. Under the terrific impact of the second World War, and in what many regard as an opportunistic mood, the Congress cabinet offered to co-operate with the British Government on certain conditions in the prosecution of the war, and to facilitate this projected alliance it renounced the creed of non-violence in the fields of "external invasion and internal disturbances." This meant, of course, that Gandhi had to resign from the organization. All his lifelong and most trusted colleagues, including Nehru and Patel and Rajagopalachari, parted company with him in that critical hour when his cherished doctrine of satyagraha faced its most crucial trial. But there was one man who remained faithful to Gandhi and to non-violence, and he was Khan Abdul Gaffar Khan. Eventually the Congress cabinet recanted ; for, among other reasons, it could not do without Gandhi. Perhaps it is also true that it could not do without the Frontier Gandhi.

XIV. NEHRU: THE THOROUGHBRED

. . . and behind me lie, somewhere in the subconscious, racial memories of a hundred, or whatever the number may be, generations of Brahmins.

—JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

NEHRU is a thoroughbred ; he looks like one. Born of blue-blooded parents, and bred from the best families through many generations, Nehru is high-spirited, elegant of carriage, and his well-proportioned head sets off a handsome physique. His regular classical features seem chiseled out of marble. His shapely nostrils flare with the sensitivity of a Man-o'-war, and save for his bald head, which is hidden under a Gandhi cap, he is a perfect specimen of Indian manhood. He would be regarded as physically remarkable in any land.

Nehru is a thoroughbred—a happy combination of English etiquette and oriental decorum. And yet he is too self-confident to be suave, and too honest to be smooth. He is also subject to the varying moods of the over-civilized : his superb autobiography, *Toward Freedom*, is a veritable study in pleasurable moodiness. But what stands out sharply about Nehru is his candor, and I have never ceased to marvel at the phenomenon of such an honest and guileless man in the rôle of a successful political leader. There is no *real politik* about him, no clear-cut endeavor to consolidate personal power ; he develops no political machinery to manufacture popularity, and he shows no desire at all to create a "good impression." Yet he is second to Gandhi in the collective consciousness of India, and an outstanding contender for Gandhi's crown of thorns. The fact that Nehru can be a tremendous national influence without being an

actual political power is perhaps a tribute to India's masses who look for the real thing and not for the effect. Or it may be because Jawaharlal Nehru stands on the mighty shoulders of his great father, Motilal Nehru, or because Gandhi is his godfather. But it is certainly true.

Nehru is a thoroughbred even in temper. He is candidly intolerant of cant and cant-makers, and he has a majestic way of looking down upon those who have not as yet seen the socialistic light as he sees it. His friends have observed with agony of heart that the older he grows, and he is fifty, the shorter becomes his temper. His devoted admirers become worried, realizing that unrestrained temper can spell the end of a political career. But I think they are false prophets. We have a saying in India that too much love begets too much anxiety. They may be seeing ghosts where none exist, and they may even be underestimating Nehru's hold upon India's masses. For one thing, spleen, unfortunately, is not so much of a liability in India as it is in other countries, especially in democracies ; Indians have a long tradition of paternalistic chastisement. In the second place, there is a certain nobility about Nehru's short temper which to me precludes any tragic denouement to the heroic drama which has been his life. In the third place, there are good and understandable reasons for his irascibility ; he has suffered as a martyr from all sides. His father died while leading the national struggle, his mother's death was hastened by the hardships of civil disobedience and the sufferings she was once subjected to by cruel police, and finally his gallant wife died a patriotic death on the altar of voluntary suffering. He himself is an "in-again, out-again" prisoner, and a lonely soul even in the midst of admiring multitudes.

TOWARD A WORLD OUTLOOK

Among India's political leaders, Nehru is next to Gandhi in influence, and he is also the second best-known figure abroad. His reputation outside of India rests in no small measure on the unique story he has written of himself in superb English prose. His autobiography has

won him the appreciation of English and American liberals, and often he has been described as the white hope of world socialism. But there is a subtler cause for his success abroad. The western mind, often confounded by that medieval genius, Gandhi, discovers in Nehru the first ray of light in the Indian dark. Nehru thinks in western ways and yet represents the aspirations of India ; he uses the western terms to reveal the soul of the Gandhi movement. American and European friends of India feel more at home with Nehru than with Gandhi ; for Nehru talks in a language they are accustomed to and about things that sound practical to them. So far as they are concerned, Nehru is even useful in making head or tail out of Gandhi's satyagraha. There is a third reason. Nehru knows Europe very well, if not the Americas, and he is quick to perceive the importance of contacting visiting celebrities in the interest of India. For this many a disgruntled Indian intellectual has charged him with a habit of overestimating the importance of the visiting white-skins and also with ignoring home-grown talents. Even Gandhi has been criticized in this way. Although most Indian leaders—even those who are fighting against the superiority feeling which white imperialism manifests—usually go out of their way to favor white champions and to pass over native talents, I think that the indictment is not deserved either in the case of Gandhi or in that of Nehru, and all would agree that playing favorites is no game which that other stout-hearted leader, Patel, ever plays.

Nehru's special appeal to the non-Indian is firmly founded on his internationalism. It has also been his great contribution to Indian politics—this relating of the formerly segregated Indian struggle to world events. Nehru is the first of the important leaders of India to interest the outside world in his country by taking an interest in the world at large. He is also the first, among Indian politicians of consequence, to broaden the Indian mind by posing the local problem in a world setting. "More and more I came to think," Nehru wrote, "that these separate problems, political or economic, in China,

Abyssinia, Spain, Central Europe, India, or elsewhere, were facets of one and the same world problem. There could be no final solution of any of them till this basic problem was solved. . . . As peace was said to be indivisible in the present-day world, so also freedom was indivisible, and the world could not continue for long part free, part unfree. The challenge of fascism and Nazism was in essence the challenge of imperialism. They were twin brothers, with this variation, that imperialism functioned abroad in colonies and dependencies while fascism and Nazism functioned in the same way in the home country also. If freedom was to be established in the world, not only fascism and Nazism had to go, but imperialism had to be completely liquidated."

During the time that Nehru was pushing toward an international outlook and paying visits to embattled China and Spain, India was maturing politically. Due to his constant prompting, the nationalists organized thousands of processions and meetings to dramatize their sympathy with those who fought an uphill battle for freedom and democracy. India was aroused in behalf of China, Abyssinia, Palestine, and Spain. The nationalists sent food, clothing, and medical supplies to China and Spain.

However timely Nehru's insistence on a world outlook was, it introduced a new pattern in India's political design, and many an old-guard leader became frankly worried over the drastic change he was called upon to make at an advanced age. Indian statesmen had trained themselves in the art of fighting only against the British, and this sharing of burdens on a world-wide front, as Nehru proposed, went against their hardened natures. Inevitably suspicion was aroused and charges were made. The only criticism which had some point can be summarized as follows: the Nehru viewpoint is a radical ideologist's internationalism and not that of a statesman. The informal alliances which Nehru fostered, the conservatives say, are motivated by his basic credo that the workers of the world should unite in a common fight against vested interests. Look at the lost causes he has

espoused, they point out—Abyssinia, Spain . . . even China! What they would prefer from Nehru would be to see him attempt to win over powerful but anti-British nations. But would Nehru ever consent to this?

Yet, Nehru is the only Congress leader who has given some thought to the status of an eventually free India among the family of nations. He has indeed been the Foreign Secretary of the Indian National Congress, and for a long time Gandhi has been entrusting international problems to him. He is the Indian best qualified to fill that post, with one reservation. He knows next to nothing about the Americas, and knows too much about Europe—twin facts that leave some gaps in his grasp of world forces. There is too much of the British public school in him. Apart from that, his contribution has been very valuable. It was he who contacted Mustafa Nahas Pasha and the Egyptian Wafdists in India's behalf. It was he who interested the Spanish loyalists. It was Nehru who tackled the knotty problems of Indo-Burmese and Indo-Ceylonese relations. It was he who befriended Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and laid the foundation of a possible Congress-Kuomintang collaboration and a Wardha-Chungking axis. Nehru stands alone in having boldly stated his dream of a future India based upon regionalism. "My own picture of the future," Nehru has declared, "is a federation which includes China and India, Burma and Ceylon, Afghanistan, and possibly other countries. If a world federation comes, that will be welcome." Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has already reciprocated Nehru's feelings in a letter to him. "I am firmly convinced," the Generalissimo wrote, "that the question whether the future world order will be worked out of the present chaotic state of affairs, depends upon the outcome of a united struggle of our Asiatic peoples."

What stood out most strikingly and ironically about Nehru in the fateful years of 1940–1941—when the mortal struggle between democracy and dictatorship began—was the fact that although he was the most significant and devoted democrat alive, he found himself behind the bars

of a prison maintained by the very champions of democracy. About Nehru's allegiance to freedom and democracy, there could have been no doubt even in the enemy camp. Even his nationalism and socialism are tempered by ideals of democracy. Yet on November 3, 1940, Nehru stood before a British law court to be tried under the Defence of India Act. In accordance with the creed of Gandhi, he pleaded guilty, and concluded :

"I stand before you, Sir, as an individual being tried for certain offenses against the State. You are the symbol of that State. But I am also something more than an individual. I, too, am a symbol at the present moment, a symbol of India, nationalism, resolved to break away from the British Empire and achieve the independence of India. It is not I that you are seeking to judge and condemn, but rather the hundreds of millions of the people of India, and that is a large task even for a proud empire. Perhaps it may be that though I am standing before you on trial, it is the British Empire itself that is on trial before the Bar of the world. There are more powerful forces at work in the world today than courts of law ; there are elemental urges for freedom and food security which are moving vast masses of people, and history is being molded by them. The future recorder of this history might well say that in the hour of supreme trial, the Government of Britain and the British failed because they could not adapt themselves to a changing world. He may muse over the fate of empires which have always fallen because of this weakness and call it destiny. Certain causes inevitably produce certain results. We know the causes ; the results are following inexorably in their train."

"Four years of rigorous imprisonment !" shouted the magistrate of a court instituted by the British democracy, and pounded his gavel. It was all over.

To Jawaharlal Nehru, however, this was nothing new. The "habitual" jailbird was simply making his ninth pilgrimage to prison. The constant confinement has failed to smother the fire in his heart. The British law courts have demanded seventeen years and nine months

out of his twenty-five years of allegiance to the Indian National Congress. Sometimes, of course, he has been released before the term of his imprisonment expired. He is fifty-two now, and he has spent over nine years of that time in more than nine jails of British India as well as those of the Native States.

This record of suffering and self-sacrifice is enough to justify Jawaharlal's popularity. He has, however, participated in more active heroism. In 1928, he led a demonstration against the Simon Commission. He was severely beaten by the mounted police in Lucknow. On one occasion, he scoffed at a murder threat from terrorist quarters.

It is necessary to know Jawaharlal's family background in order fully to appreciate his suffering and sacrifice. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and his slightest wish was a command in his early years. For two centuries, the Nehru family has possessed great wealth and prestige. His ancestors moved down to the plains from the Kashmir Valley at the behest of Mogul Emperor Farruksiar. The Mogul created them landlords. That was in the eighteenth century. Ever since, culture and luxury have been the lot of the Nehru family, which still retains its original Aryan features and complexion.

Jawaharlal's father was the outstanding lawyer of his day. His position in the nationalist movement was second only to Gandhi's. But this did not bind him to the Mahatma's simple life. On the contrary, Anand Bhavan, the Nehrus' Allahabad residence, is more magnificent than that of many a Maharajah.

Legends have grown up and persisted, in spite of all denials, about the reputedly extravagant living of Motilal and Jawaharlal Nehru. Although groundless, these stories have played an important part in popularizing the father and son. One story has it that the Nehrus sent their linen to a Paris laundry every week. More widespread still was the legend that Jawaharlal and the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor, were such inseparable co-students at Harrow that when the Prince visited India, he asked to see Jawaharlal who was in jail at that time.

The truth is that frequent donations by the Nehrus to the cause of India's freedom have made the family considerably poorer. Even the palatial Anand Bhavan has been given to the Congress. When the masses compare, as they naturally do, the present impecunious condition of the family to its previous wealth, the result is obvious. The aura of renunciation surrounds the figure of Jawaharlal in the mass mind.

At sixteen, Jawaharlal went to England with his parents. There he entered Harrow and later went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and came under the influence of Oscar Wilde and Walter Pater. Consequently, he adopted what he calls Cyrenaicism and what most people call hedonism ; it was in the air at Cambridge in the first decade of the century. His ambition to play a prominent part in Indian politics, however, kept him busy watching developments in India.

At twenty, Jawaharlal took his degree from Cambridge and joined the Inner Temple. In 1912, he was called to the Bar. After seven years of the English scene, he returned to India.

NATIONALISM AND SOCIALISM

Gandhi and Nehru met for the first time in Lucknow in 1916 at the annual session of the Congress. That year saw the beginning of the Gandhi era of nationalism. The mutual admiration and friendship of the two—leader and lieutenant—grew with time. Twenty years later, they met again at Lucknow at another annual meeting of the Congress. But this time Jawaharlal was the president and Gandhi the "retired general."

Today, after twenty-five years of unfaltering loyalty to the Mahatma, Jawaharlal has come to a partial parting of the ways with his chief. During the last two decades, the younger leader has come face to face with the dire facts regarding the condition of the Indian masses. Gently bred, he was at first appalled at this spectacle of stark poverty. Recovering from his instinctive nausea, he next condemned himself as a part of a system which he saw sucking the very life blood of the

masses. Finally, today, he reveals himself as an avowed Socialist, and goes from town to town declaring "that the only solution for India's problems lies in socialism, involving vast revolutionary changes in the political and social structure in land and industry as well as the feudal autocratic Indian States system, which has long outlived its day."

As a matter of fact, Nehru is not a pioneer Socialist in India. Communists and Socialists pitched their camps in the country a long time ago. Nehru, moreover, has taken to socialism gradually, step by step. The thing that singles him out most from the Socialist ranks in India is that he is also a well-known Congressman, holding an important office. But he has not split with the Congress. And nothing substantial can be achieved, he has admitted, time and again, without Gandhi. Once in 1930, during an informal walk and talk together, Nehru told me and a few friends of mine at the Gujarat Vidyapith : "Gandhi is our biggest gun. We might choose our own ammunition, but we must fire through him."

The rise of socialism in India can be traced back to the World War. As a result of the war, India had an industrial boom. Manufacturing tycoons doubled and tripled their wealth overnight in those days, but the plight of the workers remained unchanged. The rumbling of discontent among the proletariat, audible in pre-war days, grew louder. The teeming farming population of upper India, especially the inhabitants of Punjab, were resentful of the inroads made on their male community by enforced enlistment in the British Army. The inevitable post-war slump increased the general uneasiness. The brunt of the depression fell upon the workers. The industrialists forgot the abnormal profits of wartime, and began to reduce wages, to dismiss employees.

THE PEASANT AND THE WORKER

The awakening of the masses found some outlet in the Congress activity which was at that time completely dominated by Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi's outlook has always been typical of that of a peasant. With ninety per

cent of the population dependent directly or indirectly upon the soil, it was natural that the largest masses, the peasants, should be drawn to an organization controlled by the "Super-Peasant."

The workers in the big cities, such as Bombay, Calcutta and Ahmedabad, did not see the answer to their problem in the Congress. They looked upon it as the mouthpiece of the bourgeoisie, a body financed by the capitalists of the country. Consequently, they began to consolidate their ranks in unions of their own. The All-India Trade Union Congress, founded in 1921, was a powerful group by this time. Inspired by developments in the Soviet Union, especially by the Five-Year Plan, the urban workers were waiting for a messiah from the steppes. By 1927, as Jawaharlal put it, "vague confused socialism was already part of the atmosphere of India."

About this time, a new element was gaining importance in the Indian political mosaic. The youth of India was demanding a hearing. Their organizations sprang up like mushrooms, and by 1928, there was hardly a town of any size in India without its unit of politically minded young men. These societies were sincerely radical. Their guiding spirits were Socialists or near-Socialists. They advocated that Gandhi give up his leadership. They wanted a younger, more militant captain.

At this very psychological moment, Jawaharlal returned from a visit to Russia. A following was already waiting for him when he came to India with new ardor and resolution. His work among the peasants of the United Provinces had already given him a name among the urban workers. Always fiery in phraseology, he now had a Soviet background. With no hesitation, the youth of India took him as their idol. Ever since, his activity has flowed into two channels. On one hand, he has gone on with his work as a prominent nationalist with Gandhi and the Congress. On the other, he continues to propagate socialism, depending on new associates outside the Congress ranks as well as within.

In 1929 strikes occurred all over India. The Bombay Textile Labor Union strike was the first. A general

strike of the jute workers followed in Bengal. The Iron Works at Jamshedpur, one of the largest in the world, was the next to be threatened by a labor war. The Iron Plate Works in the same industrial town, connected with the Burma Oil Company, succeeded in suppressing the walkout before it reached large proportions. The labor movement was becoming class-conscious for the first time in India's short industrial history.

Meanwhile, the struggle on the nationalist front was reaching its climax. With the instinct of a born leader, Gandhi felt that the time had come for direct action against the British Government of India. The situation called for a strong Congress president who could swing the youth leagues and the workers behind that body. Gandhi's choice was Jawaharlal. He was one of the youngest Congress presidents ever to occupy the chair. Under his leadership, the Congress started the Second Civil Disobedience movement which began with Gandhi's march to the sea. Oddly enough, he presided over the All-India Trade Union Congress in the same year. Since then, he has been the president of the Congress several times.

As one of the most active leaders of the national struggle, the young Socialist soon landed in jail. In fact, except for a few weeks between his numerous arrests, Jawaharlal has spent all his time in prison since 1930. In those years of solitude and introspection, he carefully plotted his next line of action. Released in the spring of 1936 on account of his wife's illness, he lost no time in making his platform clear. His solution for India called for greater revolutionary changes in the social order than a Gandhi-dominated Congress was likely to sanction. It was socialism, pure and simple.

All these years, Jawaharlal had worked under Gandhi with the hope that he would win the aging leader over to the cause of socialism. He eventually did succeed to a certain extent. He won Gandhi's support in the Declaration of Rights resolution, which was based on the similar American Declaration and on Socialist theory, at the Karachi Congress. He converted Gandhi to a belief in

Complete Independence for India rather than Dominion Status. Gandhi even went so far as to admit that "devesting of vested interests" was essential for doing away with the exploitation of the masses. But that was all.

EVOLUTION WITH AN "R"

There remains an unbridgeable canyon between the methods of the two leaders. Gandhi's faith is pinned on social evolution, a gradual and voluntary conversion. The younger man thinks that India should work toward social revolution, and that force is necessary. Gandhi does not believe in the destruction of the class with property and bank accounts. He contends that under proper supervision, they should hold their wealth in trust for the people. To Jawaharlal this sounds medieval. He objects to Gandhi mixing religion and mysticism with politics. The younger man believes it dulls the edge of revolutionary ardor.

The odds are piled up against Nehru as the leader of Socialists in India. An overwhelming number of the Congressional representatives are not in favor of socialism. The party is, to be sure, growing stronger. But the masses are still conservative, as agriculturists are bound to be the world over. In India, the farmers still think of their miseries in terms of fate, rather than in terms of economics.

Jawaharlal advocates a Socialist republic of workers and peasants of India. It is a well-known fact that in a republic the workers usually get the upper hand over the farmers because of the former group's urbanity and superior organization. Hence India is far from an ideal country for socialism to flourish in.

Mahatma Gandhi, the National Congress, and the nation at large have the typical peasant outlook on life. The urban Jawaharlal, therefore, has a long way to go. No one realizes this more than Nehru himself, and he does not, consequently, force the issue. India's immediate problem, moreover, is national independence, and that is one plank on which all are agreed—Socialists and nationalists alike.

But there is a deeper cause for the bonds between Gandhi and Nehru than mere political expediency. They are fond of each other, and their friendship is underlined by a father-and-son attachment. "Failure with Gandhi is preferable," Nehru will tell you, "to the gaining of a temporary advantage without him." And this is what the Mahatma has to say about the Pandit: "As for Jawaharlal Nehru, we know that neither of us can do without the other, for there is a heart union between us which no intellectual difference can break."

According to radicals, Indian as well as European and American, however, this attachment of Nehru to Gandhi constitutes India's greatest misfortune. For they believe that India cannot progress until it breaks away completely from Gandhi's medieval mysticism. In their judgment Nehru is the only man who can accomplish this task by successfully challenging Gandhi. They think that as the leader of the Forward Bloc, the firebrand, Subhash Chandra Bose, is unable to deliver the goods and that Nehru should take, therefore, the helm of India's social revolution. In their blissful ignorance they ridicule the argument that a substantial part of Nehru's prestige among the masses still derives from Gandhi's "heart union" with the Socialist Pandit. Not that Nehru would be absolutely impotent without Gandhi, but he would certainly pile up odds against his cherished dream by parting company with the Mahatma. What is perhaps a sounder argument of the radical element is their claim that Nehru might succeed in urging Gandhi and the Congress still further toward his Socialist goal if he, instead of Bose, should take an uncompromising stand. For Gandhi respects Nehru's judgment more than that of any other man, although the Mahatma's heart is more in tune with Patel than even with the Pandit.

When a man is great, naturally greater things are expected of him, and his followers are at times quite unreasonable in their demands. Since Jawaharlal Nehru has vision and integrity, certain of his limitations seem more glaring than those of other Congress leaders. It is often complained that even Nehru has not as yet worked

out any clear-cut blueprint for the seizure of power, and this in spite of his Marxist schooling. But this is a failing not only of Nehru but of all Indian leaders, and William Henry Chamberlin is quite right in sensing in this connection "a weakness of the nationalist movement with which Nehru is identified." My only answer is that the plan is implicit in Gandhian satyagraha to which Nehru adheres at least as a matter of policy. In *War without Violence*, I tried to systematize the strategy in a way that the westerners could appreciate. But since explanation to the West is not the immediate concern of non-violence's generals on the spot, it is reasonable to expect that they would be quite content if their strategy worked even without the benefit of any systematization.

What should more greatly alarm American and English publicists are Nehru's words written on the eve of his imprisonment in 1940. Hoping against hope to maintain "the silken bonds" between the peoples of India and Great Britain, Nehru had worked for a reasonable settlement until the last moment. But finally he had to admit that "the parting of the ways has come." Such a statement has a mortal bearing on the world situation when it comes from a man like Nehru. For millions of Indians are quite without Gandhi's and Nehru's sentimental love for Oxford and St. Paul's, and for a long time these two men have represented the last link between the nationalists and the Britons. A somewhat similar conclusion having to do with the incompatability of Japanese dreams (with which I have no sympathy) and the Anglo-American interests was arrived at by Yosuke Matsuoka during his six months' fishing trip. Only a few tears were shed upon his declaration. But disillusionment in India is bound to grieve liberals the world over ; for India's claims are not against Anglo-American interests but in behalf of democracy. No effort should be spared to prevent other Indian leaders from arriving at Nehru's point of despair. There may still be hope of collaboration based on equality as long as Gandhi keeps up his vegetarianism and does not take to fishing, and as long as Nehru's disappointment does not harden into conviction.

XV. TAGORE: LAST OF THE GURUS

Man is Man, Machine is Machine,
And never the twain shall meet.

—RABINDRANATH TAGORE

WHEN Rabindranath Tagore, whose works were welcomed to a place of high honor in younger nations and were jealously worshipped in India, died in Calcutta on August 7, 1941, the East and West could unite in saying, "One by one the lamps of loveliness are going out." In Tagore, India lost her greatest poet since Kalidasa, and the world lost one of its profoundest creative minds. Both hemispheres bowed to the memory of the poet-prophet who, for fourscore years, had denied with his silvery voice the famous lament of the poet of the West that "never the twain shall meet."

But it was not a sudden blow. Only three months before, on May 6, 1941, Tagore had celebrated his eightieth birthday. On this occasion Mahatma Gandhi wrote to him: "Fourscore is not enough. May you finish five! Love." Tagore's reply was: "Thank you for your message, but fourscore is impertinence. Five-score will be intolerable." India's fear was echoed in England, when Oxford University discarded its ancient tradition and hurried to honor the aging Indian poet. Always in the past, people had gone to Oxford to receive an honorary degree of Doctor of Literature, but in Tagore's case it was conferred *in absentia*, and the Mountain went to Mohammed.

Tagore's passing away signified the end of an era. And yet his memory is too recent and too vibrant not to be included among the living forces of India. It will be some time before my country will be able to realize that he is no more.

Even during his last days on earth, Tagore kept up his lifelong habit of getting up at 4-00 a.m. and working on manuscripts until late in the evening when the setting sun coated his Uttarayan palace with gold. The last thing he was busy on was his autobiography, and hardly a year passed without one or two books—novels, plays, and collections of poems—appearing. In between he found time to study chemistry, as well as to paint water colors which became the center of a bitter controversy both in the East and in the West. There were many experts who maintained that Tagore was one of the greatest painters of modern times, and the founder of his own school of chchandas or rhythmic art. There were other critics, however, who believed that Tagore's paintings reflected his second childhood, and that he was exhibiting pictures he had forgotten to scrawl on the corners of his exercise books in school. Yet Tagore was undaunted, and he was quite serious about his artistic mission of stripping all living and growing things of their outer embellishments and thus revealing them, on canvas, in their inner rhythm.

PILGRIM OF THE WORLD

It was, however, for his poetry rather than for his paintings that the world came to recognize and respect him. That Rabindranath Tagore, more than anyone else in the twentieth century, had been instrumental in bringing the East and the West closer was aptly and even superbly recognized by the civilized world in 1913 when the Nobel Prize in Literature went for the first and only time out of the orbit of western culture to be awarded to the Indian poet. Of course Kipling, who also was born in India, had achieved the same distinction long before Tagore. But while Kipling's life-work resulted in deepening the gulf between "the lesser breeds" and God's chosen caste, it was Tagore who for the first time in recent centuries showed that the East can contribute to the West something more than a burden for the white man to bear. The only India that Kipling knew and revealed was the India of the army cantonments, and to him that

vast area and that ancient people represented only a rugged and mystical background for the exploits of his white heroes and heroines. In this, too, Tagore turned the tables. In quite a few of his novels, the West has formed the background for the spiritual exploits of his Indian characters.

Ever since that day in 1913, Tagore had been India's greatest and most effective ambassador of good will to the world at large. What he described as his "pilgrimages to the West" numbered around nine, and he had been invited and re-invited by most of the countries of Europe and the western hemisphere. On other occasions he had paid repeated visits to the nations of the Far and the Near East, and to China on the one side of India and Iran on the other he had devoted his special love and interest. But the United States has been the scene of his most spectacular feats as well as failures. On the credit side it can be said no other Indian visiting this country has rivaled him in interpreting India to the United States: not even Uday Shankar, the famous dancer, can be considered as a close second. For in the early twenties, the United States experienced what was described as "the Tagore craze." On the debit side, Tagore was a victim of propaganda and of whispering campaigns. He often complained that he had been a "grossly misunderstood man"; and on his last trip to America, he suddenly decided to turn back from the port without disembarking.

Tagore was a man of great dignity. Tagore's is one of the most aristocratic and cultured families in the world —something like the Adamses of Massachusetts, but with a much longer lineage. The high Brahmin family settled in western Bengal in the seventh century, and for a long time many of its members served as special advisers to the Great Moguls. In the seventeenth century, the then elder Tagore was created a Prince and a great landowner. Prince Dvarkanath Tagore, Rabindranath's grandfather, was partly instrumental in the abolition of the Suttee in 1829. Rabindranath's father, Debendranath Tagore, who was known as "the royal saint," helped establish Brahmsamaj in 1845 to purify Hinduism

and thus to stave off the onward march of Missionary Christianity in India. Rajah Sourindramohan Tagore strove for a revival of Indian classical music. Rabindranath's cousin Abanindranath Tagore became the father of the renaissance of India's art, and Gaganendranath Tagore, another cousin, came to be regarded as one of the greatest modern artists. Rabindranath's elder brother, Dwijendranath Tagore, wrote several philosophical treatises, and Jyotirindranath Tagore, another brother, became an industrial leader. Rabindranath himself, youngest of seven sons, became the first Indian writer to be recognized by the entire civilized world.

The Creator was seldom kinder in bestowing on one man the triple blessings of talent, beauty, and lineage. And beauty, rather than "handsomeness," was the word to describe Rabindranath Tagore. Six-feet-three, with Indo-Aryan features and complexion, full brow and deep brown eyes, silver-gray beard and flowing wavy long hair, wearing his high turban and silken robes, to many an American Tagore resembled Christ as He is depicted in the paintings of Da Vinci. His voice issued forth like high keyed silver bells, almost womanish. His sensitive tapering fingers looked like flames of fire, reminding one of the fingers painted by the artists in Ajanta caves. . . . I have sat for hours, quietly in a corner, looking at that perfect creation of God in his musical movements. In fact, many people went to his school at Santiniketan to enjoy this one privilege.

That many Americans should have confessed to feeling crude in the presence of Tagore is understandable in the light of his family history as well as his own personality ; and many an Indian had also felt the same way. Tagore's mission to the West, however, was not to reveal oriental grace. His one ambition in the early twenties was to bring back to the Occident the human touch which was being destroyed by the rampant nationalism of the West. He was among the first to perceive the process of dehumanizing which industrial civilization fostered, and the growth of western nationalism which to him was nothing short of organized greed. This message he

carried from audience to audience in the United States, in England, and in most of the countries of the continent. In 1926, he carried the same message to Italy where he was invited by special request. In spite of the fact that Mussolini received him cordially and fêted him throughout Italy, he voiced his protest against the doctrine of The Almighty State. Although he maintained that Japan "has infused hope in the heart of all Asia" by becoming the first nation in the East to break the barrier and face the western world with industry and with might, he criticized that country for becoming a characterless replica of the occident, and especially for imitating western nationalism. For this, the Japanese press condemned Tagore's speeches as the "poetry of a defeated people" while it glorified its own bushido. The very countries which took the lead in nationalism were fighting its extreme forms in 1941 and one wonders what might have been if they had taken India's message, as expressed by Tagore, more seriously. . . .

The Messenger from India was also a keen and witty observer of the American scene, and it was often difficult for people who surrounded him to decide if he was pulling their leg or merely indulging in the poetic license of moodiness. James B. Pond. Tagore's American impresario, confessed that the Indian poet was one of the most difficult men he has ever managed. Once Tagore remarked that he was impressed by the fact that American women have more leisure than any other women in the world, and then he added with a fatherly twinkle in his eye that it should be utilized for "study and improvement." The joke was enjoyed by many, but was regarded as a Parthian arrow by many more.

Most foreign observers of pre-depression America were bound to notice the waste involved in an economy of plenty. Tagore put it like this : "Of all the lands that I have visited, the United States is the only one where a person eats the inside of a slice of bread and throws away the crust."

But the favourite piece of Tagore lore is the following : Once Mr. and Mrs. Will Irwin and James B. Pond took

Tagore to see the Harvard-Princeton football game. All in the party, and especially Will Irwin, were getting more and more excited as the game progressed, forgetting the presence of Tagore. Once, by chance, they glanced at Tagore and noticed that he was not looking at the game at all. He sat there with his eyes closed in meditation, his chin lowered against his chest. They tried in vain to get him interested in the two famous elevens. When the grid-iron classic was over, Mrs. Irwin asked Tagore, "Well, how do you like our football game, Mr. Tagore?"

"It is no game," replied Tagore in all seriousness. "It is war."

The Hindus in the United States were displeased with Tagore during his first lecture tour which was later described by his manager as "an unparalleled triumph." A California Indian named Ram Chandra wrote in the *Hindustani Gadar* that Tagore was a turn-coat who was sent by the British to spread propaganda against his own compatriots. There were rumors of a plot on Tagore's life, so that several lecture halls were guarded by detectives.

Tagore's second lecture tour found him kicking over other traces. This time the Indians in America were pleased with him, but Tagore's criticism of the United States immigration laws had antagonized several important Californians. As a result, Tagore was a victim of lies and blackmail, and his reception everywhere was considerably cooler.

But Tagore was too great a man to allow a sad personal experience to color his appraisal of an entire people. In June, 1940, he wrote to President Roosevelt: "All our individual political problems today are merged into one supreme world of politics which I believe is seeking help in the United States as the last refuge of spiritual man, and these few lines of mine merely convey my hope, even if unnecessary, that the United States will not fail in her mission to stand against the universal disaster that appears so imminent."

Tagore's popularity had had its ups and downs in Great Britain just as in America. However, his acquaintance with the English scene extended over a

longer period of time. His first visit to England took place in the autumn of 1874 when he went with his elder brother to attend a school at Brighton. The headmaster, well-known as an amateur phrenologist, greeted the young boy with the remark, "What a splendid head you have!" Later he went to London to study law, but he returned home without finishing the course. His aging father made another effort to make a "practical man" out of him, and sent him to England once more to study law. Rabindranath stayed on the ship as far as Madras and then took a train back to Calcutta to muse away his days in the great family palace called Jorasanko. Thus, like Bernard Shaw, he was no school-product but, also like Bernard Shaw, he was a lusty student of libraries and life. Instead of going to the Inner Temple while in England, Tagore spent most of his time in the British Museum, and devoured Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Goethe, Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso. He also translated into Bengali parts of Victor Hugo, Shelley, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Tennyson. His favorite English poet had always been Browning, and he thought that Walt Whitman was America's greatest poet. In his own poetry, he abandoned the traditional Indian meter, and in his songs he occasionally showed the influence of western music. Early in his youth he became famous in India as the "Bengali Byron."

Thus his English associations stood him in good stead in his literary career. W. B. Yeats and Sir William Rothenstein were among the first to be enchanted by Tagore's poetic genius, which reminded them of Maeterlinck and the dreamers of the new Celtic School, and Tagore's English transformation (not translation) of *Gitanjali* ran into several editions before the first original Bengali edition was sold. Added to this literary success was the glamour of the Nobel Prize, and the British Government's award of a title in 1914.

Tagore's cordial relations with the British authorities terminated violently on April 18, 1919, the date of the Massacre of Amritsar. With deep agony of soul, Tagore resigned his knighthood and wrote to the Viceroy :

"The time has come when badges of honor make our shame glaring in their incongruous contact of humiliation, and I for my part wish to stand, shorn of all special distinctions, by the side of those of my countrymen, who for their so-called insignificance, are liable to suffer a degradation not fit for human beings." His request was not granted, but neither he nor his friends ever used his title since the incident. The latest evidence of Tagore's attitude towards the Empire was furnished by a poem broadcast on May 24, 1940, during the Empire Day ceremony. But whether it was a boost for the British Empire or a subtle crack is still a matter of contention. For the last lines of the poem were :

Offer not the weak as a sacrifice
To the strong to save yourself.

Tagore has revealed the soul of the East in its beauty of simplicity, but mainly in its august maturity. He has expressed it in lyrics. He has set it to music. He has put its elusive essence into drama.

But obviously Tagore's great talent for giving the lie to Kipling's complacent couplet would not be quite so well established if the Hindu poet had been satisfied merely with drawing back the curtains to show the true East to a world audience. Great as this service was, he added to it by reversing the mirror and bringing to the East the message of the West. He became a pilgrim to the West.

When he returned home, he gave added emphasis to certain Western values, and assimilated into his teaching what he called the West's "strength of reality, which knows how to clear the path toward a definite end of practical good." It was soon apparent that Tagore's admiration for such a path was to be realized by very practical means. In 1922 he established, with the help of Leonard K. Elmhirst, a graduate of the Agricultural School at Cornell, the Institute of Rural Reconstruction at Sriniketan, very near his academic center of Santiniketan. Santiniketan and Sriniketan are today the two great wings of what is known as Visva-Bharati, the international university.

Tagore's Institute of Rural Reconstruction has pioneered in many directions. One of its most imaginative and effective features for years has been seasonal melas or fairs. To the mela are invited thousands upon thousands of villagers from miles around. For, according to Tagore, when the Indian village desires to feel in its veins the throb of the greater life of the outside world, the mela has always been its way of achieving that desire. The mela is a festival of play, song, folk dancing, gymnastics, legerdemain, as well as a fair for markets and exhibitions of home-made goods and agricultural products. Contests are held among bards and composers, and prizes are given to the most original. Teachers from Tagore's school use the occasion to hold heart-to-heart talks with various village groups on social reforms. Scientists from the school give lantern lectures on sanitation and planned farming. This institution of mela is utterly unlike the British system of formalized lectures on new agricultural methods. It has proved a very successful means of stimulating the villagers to social reform and of improving agricultural and cottage industries. When there are no melas in progress, Tagore's constructive program goes forward in night schools, and the villages under the surveillance of the Tagore Institute have grown into model villages of India.

There is another field in which Tagore's international outlook has served India well—in the sphere of the Indian's attitude toward Englishmen as people. It stands to reason that under the terrific impact of a life-and-death nationalist movement Indians were apt to feel bitter toward the British. But Tagore's tireless fight against any narrow nationalism has been largely responsible for warding off this danger. He time and again reminded Indians that the fact that the British have come in and occupied an important place in India's history should not be regarded as "an uncalled-for, accidental intrusion. If India had been deprived of touch with the West, she would have lacked an element essential for her attainment of perfection."

Perhaps this is merely a part of the universal and all-embracing character of Tagore's thinking. The Bengalis, for instance, are alleged by many to be narrow provincials. There had been several attempts to misuse Tagore's great influence to advance the prestige of Bengal as a province. But Tagore had always advised his fellow Bengalis to think of India first and of Bengal afterward. A recent example of Tagore's broadmindedness came in July, 1939. The Bengali patriot Subhash Bose was challenging Gandhi's All-India leadership, and many an influential Bengali was asking Tagore to come out on the side of Bose. But Tagore's reply was :

"Of this new life which Mahatmaji gave to India the stage of initiation is not yet passed, and further advance along its way should still be under the guidance of the Master. Like Nandi who stood guard at the entrance to Shiva's hermitage, I must raise my warning finger, for all that the Mahatma has to teach may not yet have reached us."

Just as he had fought narrow provincialism among his fellow Bengalis, so had he fought narrow nationalism among his fellow Indians. As long ago as the hectic years of the Swadeshi movement, 1905-1910, he maintained that "our fight is not as much against the British as against ourselves," and not as much political as social. According to Tagore, India has been given her problem from the beginning of history : it is the race problem, because of which India's history has been a story of continual social adjustment (with such inventions as the caste system which Tagore once described as the United States of a Social Federation) rather than one of power organized for defense and resistance. In the early twenties, Tagore took Gandhi's point of view for one of narrow nationalism and criticized it. But that was the only break in an otherwise lifelong and noble friendship, and he soon withdrew his criticism. It was Tagore who first welcomed Gandhi and his disciples when they returned from South Africa and when the rest of the country was still either uncertain or mildly amused. And it was he who said of the Mahatma on the eve of Gandhi's famous fast unto death, "He has come after a

thousand years. Shall we send him back empty-handed again?" And Gandhi always addressed Tagore as Gurudev or Great Teacher.

All this does not mean that Tagore was not an ardent supporter of Indian independence; on the contrary, internationalism presupposed nationalism. Tagore was not opposed to the type of patriotism that Gandhi has been able to inspire and hold in check. Tagore believed that only when India can meet England as its equal will all reason for antagonism, and with it all conflict, disappear. Then will East and West unite in India, "country with country, race with race, knowledge with knowledge, endeavor with endeavor. Then will the History of India come to an end, merged in the History of the World which will begin."

SINCE KALIDASA

To Indians, however, Tagore was above all the symbol of unity between the ancient Aryavarta (the land of the Aryans) and Hindustan of today. His poetry runs the gamut of India's heritage. From the seers who sang the *Vedas* in the third millennium before Christ down to present-day Gandhi, Tagore was a reflection of them all. The philosophers who wrote the *Upanishads* in 500 B.C. came to life again under his magic fingers. Buddha's teaching of maitri, the bond of love, took on new importance in Tagore's *Religion of Man*. Sages like Kabir and Nanak, who glorified mysticism in the Middle Ages; Emperor Akbar, who Indianized Islam in the sixteenth century; and the baools, devotee-poets who until recently sang on the banks of the Ganges in Bengal—all these voices of the past formed a part of Tagore's lyric chorus. As a result, the poet earned a place in the broken line of India's gurus.

Hundreds of years ago, the gurus, master teachers, were the guardians of Hindu culture. They kept Indian life in a constant flow by performing a dual task. First, they interpreted old philosophies by writing bhasyas, or treatises, in the terms of their times. Second, they readjusted, through personal example and by teachings, the

Hindu views of life to the new environment and conditions around them. In the twentieth century, Tagore emulated them in both respects. If it were not for his interpretation of his country's heritage in the most modern linguistic forms and thought-images, India today might have been bereft of her traditional spiritualism. Save for his synthesis of the old idealism and the modern realism, India, like Japan, might be today a lifeless imitation of the West.

Tagore was born in 1861, which was just about the time that the impact of western culture, introduced by the British bureaucrats, began to disintegrate the settled life of Indian people. Born in one of the wealthiest and most cultured families, he himself was subject to a conflict of ideas. On the one hand, he heard as a boy the Upanishadic discourses of his father, Devendranath Tagore, whom his countrymen regarded as a maharshi, spiritual leader. On the other hand, he associated with his cousin, brothers, and sisters, who professed the agnosticism of Mill and Bentham.

When young Rabindranath reached manhood and began to look around him, he soon realized that the denationalizing and demoralizing influence of the ruling race was sweeping over the peninsula. Parrotry of the mechanistic ideas of the West had replaced original thought in the minds of the leaders of public opinion. The idealistic view of life was outmoded.

Tagore saw that a well-balanced combination of those two intangibles, eastern idealism and western realism, was the solution of the problem. But he also knew that unity between the two outlooks could not be created as long as the master-and-slave feeling existed. Tagore set out to make India proud of her heritage. His poems were filled with traditional thought and imagery. His plays ridiculed the buffooneries of the imitators of the ruling class. In his lectures he expounded the wisdom of Hindu scriptures. On all sides, he worked to revive India's ancient glory.

The exquisite beauty of Rabindranath's prose and verse, and the profound philosophy underlying all his

writings, caught the imagination of the people. There dawned what may be described as the Tagore Age of India's literature. For the last forty years, Tagore's has been the most decisive influence, not only in the literature of his own province of Bengal, but throughout central and northern India. Literature as different as that in the Hindi, Gujarati, Marathi, and Urdu languages developed the lyric style of Tagore—so much so that it became a sure pitfall in the path of young poets all over the nation. Since Kalidasa, the greatest Sanskrit poet who flourished in the third century of the Christian era, Tagore has been the first national poet in the true sense of the term. While 18,000 lines are credited to Milton, Tagore wrote more than 105,000 lines of verse. His songs number from 1,300 to 1,400. Some of India's best novels and hundreds of short stories appear in the long list of his writings. His philosophical treatises and essays on art and literature lie on the library tables of the so-called intelligentsia, but his creative writings have swayed the masses of his countrymen. Unschooled peasants have a great store of his songs on the tips of their tongues. And when the moon is high overhead, the people of the small towns often perform his historical plays in the streets for the free enjoyment of the entire community.

THE MASTER-TEACHER

True to the tradition of the great teachers of the past, Tagore, the man of letters, became a man of action in a further step toward his goal of first reviving the ancient culture of India and of then seeking a higher unity between India's tradition and western science. In 1901, he started an educational project on his father's estate about a hundred miles from Calcutta. Apart from his writings, this is the most precious gift he has left behind.

It is quite likely that Tagore's educational philosophy reflected his unfavourable reaction to the British school system in India. The hybrid character of what is loosely called the government educational system in India owes its origin to the decade preceding the year 1835 in which

English became the official language of India. That decade saw the famous controversy between the Anglicists and the Orientalists, the Anglicists advocating the introduction of the British school system in India while the Orientalists upheld the traditional curriculum based on the teaching methods in ancient Aryavarta. The main battleground was the province of Bengal which, in a way was a definitely unlucky thing so far as the Orientalists were concerned. For Bengali Indians like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, out of their honest anxiety to do away with their people's superstitions and ill practices, favored the Anglicists and hoped that a fresh educational system would bring to India a new outlook and added vitality. In league with the Indian reformists were extremists of the other side who thought Anglicization would be going too far, and who not only defended the Indian system of Guru-Shishya but all other institutions of India, bad or good, and thus did their part to hasten the final defeat of the Orientalists.

The outlook of the Anglicists was conditioned by the British attitude of superiority and a disdain for Indian culture, art, religion, and social system. This is made amply clear in the famous *Minutes on Education* by Lord Macaulay, the most distinguished of all Anglicists. He wrote :

"The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which by univesal confession there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to our own ; whether, when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems which by universal confession whenever they differ from those of Europe differ for the worse ; and whether, when we can patronize sound philosophy and true history, we shall countenance at the public expense medical doctrines which would disgrace an English farrier, astronomy which would move laughter in girls at an English boarding-school, history abounding with kings thirty feet high and reigns 30,000 years long, and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter."

That a man of his intellectual stature failed to distinguish between figures of speech and imagery on one hand, and painstaking records on the other; that a man of his immense gusto failed to remember his own western and yet implausible *Iliad* and his own English Chaucer and King Arthur, can be explained away only on the grounds of the self-righteousness and complacency of his race and religion. History has made him out a false prophet, for he prophesied that if the British plans of education "are followed up, there will not be a single idolator among the respectable classes in Bengal thirty years hence. And this will be effected without any effort to proselytize; without the smallest interference in the religious liberty; merely by the natural operation of knowledge and reflection."

What he conceived to be the magic of the English language and western science not only failed to produce the results he promised, but reacted unfavorably in its new milieu. It produced such departures as that of Sanskrit and even vernaculars being taught to Indians in English. English, a foreign language, was the medium used in all college courses and in most of the high-school training of Indians, so that many students knew more about Shakespeare than about Kalidasa. We have the spectacle of Indian students knowing centuries of English history and nothing about their own. This unnatural method uprooted the Indian mind from its native soil: an Indian sociologist felt more at home writing his thesis on the condition of mill-hands in Manchester than writing about the workers in the Ahmedabad mills.

There is another indication of the failure of Macaulay's expectations. For one thing, from the Battle of Plassey to the so-called Sepoy Mutiny, that is, from 1757 to 1857, British missionaries dominated the field of education in India. In 1857 the Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras were established. New universities and university training of Indians followed. All these institutions were patterned after Macaulay's original plan. Thus India has been exposed to English influence for over three hundred years—longer than any other Oriental or

any African country—and yet it is the least westernized of these lands. One sees housewives in Iran, China, and Japan wearing skirt and coat, but Indian women still cling to their exquisite saris. The fez has been replaced by the hat in Iran and Turkey, but the only thing which has replaced India's traditional turban is the Gandhi cap. The more the missionaries reviled Hinduism, the more they revived it.

For all these reasons, there dawned in India an era of national education. Swami Shradhanand and other Aryasamajists took the lead in this direction and founded several gurukulas. Under Gandhi's lead, vidyapiths were established in such strategic places as Ahmedabad, Bombay, Wardha, and Benares. But long before that Tagore had modeled his school after the ancient pattern of the gurukula. He established his school in the name of santam (peace), sivam (good) and advaitam (union). He also struck two fundamental notes for his ashrama : "One of the universe, the other of the soul of man. This shrine is situated at the confluence of the streams of these two notes." The whole theme was much like the one symbolized in Henry Thoreau's *Walden*.

In such surroundings, and away from the bruit of the metropolis, though within easy access of it, he built thatched huts for the handful of teachers and students who were caught by the idea. This nucleus has now grown into Visva-Bharati.

There is a legend attached to Tagore's choice of the site for Santiniketan, the abode of peace. The story is based on tradition, as are the histories of all gurukulas, or clans of the gurus, of bygone days. The poet's father traveled the length and breadth of India, but never until he saw the isolated ground where Santiniketan now stands could he locate the ideal spot for a meditative retreat. When he saw these particular acres in Bengal, he was struck by their appropriateness as the site for a sanctuary. He returned there again and again. Finally in 1863 he bought the ground, sculptured the wild growth into a beautiful garden, and erected a temple. In 1901 his son, Rabindranath, started his small school there.

Meditation is natural at this place. Often I sat there long before the daybreak, before the ashrama choir was out to welcome the sun with its music, and melted into the serene peace that surrounded me. The morning star glimmered down through the foliage at me, a tiny speck of human flesh seated on stone. The integrated habits of mind that naturally flowed there amid the speaking silence of the forest and under the open sky have disappeared in the fast-moving life of Manhattan.

Such were the ideals of Tagore when he chose the site for his school. The forest, according to him, unlike the desert, or rock, or sea, is living. About one hundred miles from the metropolis, Santiniketan, the poet believed, gives its students a perspective on life which would be impossible in the city.

Tagore's selection of a forest retreat for his school was one of the first evidences of a behavior-pattern that gradually made the people of India identify him in their minds with the gurus of the past. These master teachers of ancient Aryavarta were all forest-dwellers. Their usual abodes were some shady spot either on the Ganges or on the bank of a lake in the Himalayas. Under the shadow of the banyan tree, encircled by the murmuring bamboo jungles, they lit their sacrificial fires. Around them were their wives, their children, and their pupils. The latter were the flower of Indian youth—heirs to thrones, sons of bania bankers, Brahmin boys, and future generals. Under the watchful eyes of the gurus these students grew in sympathy with all creation. They grew familiar with the soil under their plows, with the cows that they shepherded in surrounding pastures, with the rabbits and deer that came to their huts for feeding. The birds nesting in thatched huts were their singing companions. The rivers that were stirred by their eel-like splashings as they took their morning baths had great messages for them. Communion with nature was the first step toward communion with life's fundamental problems, and direct contact with the guru's own life was the main part of their education in the forest school.

When citizens and leaders from the surrounding towns and cities came to pay homage to the master teachers, the latter gave them unbiased advice the wisdom of their disinterested thinking in the midst of such tranquil surroundings and under the open sky. On rarer occasions, the gurus left their ashramas to accept the invitation of a harassed king and to direct his court for a time. They were the indirect molders of community life, though untouched by it. Like a lotus unto water, they were connected with, yet untouched by, society.

In the light of this tradition of India's history many of Tagore's seeming inconsistencies had a deep meaning. Although most of his thinking was devoted to the problem of redeeming India, Tagore, like the teachers of old, seldom participated directly in politics. Only on rare occasions, when Gandhi was fasting unto death, or when the British Government conducted a massacre at Amritsar, did he move out of his forest retreat to put the weight of his personality on one side or the other. Politics interested him insofar as they had to do with social reform and educational enterprise. His was the privilege of thinking disinterestedly for the benefit of society. India has always recognized it as the most sacred service.

THE TEACHER AND THE TAUGHT

Pupils at Santiniketan memorize scores of Tagore's melodious songs without any conscious effort. They learn the tunes from the morning rounds of the ashrama choir which awakens the community with the poet's music. They pick up the tempo from evening dances. The great store of Tagore's songs, often filled with philosophy and always in charming style, furnish the students with a key to the things and personalities around them. The songs also develop in the students a proper life-perspective in general. It was this privilege of living in the consciousness of the great poet and looking at the world through the philosopher's eyes that distinguished Santiniketan from modern schools in India.

Tagore's pupils at Santiniketan got more than indirect contact with his great mind. The teacher and his pupils had many an hour together. In classes under mango groves, or when the poet invited his students to hear one of his latest creations, in rehearsals of his plays which Gurudeva himself directed, and in informal wanderings in the garden, the students found in the aging saint a very humane, charming, and wise personality. Tagore's moments of exhilaration never failed to awaken his students. They have a store of such tales.

There is the legend that once he was reading to his students the Bengali version of his *Religion of Man*, the lectures he delivered at Oxford. The room suddenly grew dark with an approaching summer storm. Thunder cracked very low over the building. Rain began to beat upon the windows. The poet rose from his chair and hurried from the room, shouting, "The master calls me!" The next morning they learned that he had written his famous thunderstorm poem.

Then there is the story of a rehearsal when everything went wrong. The pupils were practicing dancing for one of Tagore's plays which was going to be produced in Calcutta as a part of the spring festival. The poet was coaching the dancing and acting from an easy chair. Someone failed to follow the music. Exasperated out of his usual composure, Tagore, then already more than seventy, left his chair and began to execute the dance as he would have it done. Only the intervention of his daughter, Mira, who feared that he might collapse from the unwonted exertion, interrupted his demonstration of how to express the soul of that dance.

Then there is the tale of an afternoon when he suddenly stopped reading a lesson to his class and exclaimed, "Do you know, even a poet requires some rice once in a while?"

The entire life of Santiniketan was centered around the versatile personality of Tagore. In spite of the great scholars and artists who took Tagore's abode of peace as their own permanent residence, in spite of a brilliant faculty and a growing student body, Santiniketan was

essentially a one-man university. Tagore's forest retreat, like schools of ancient India, offers a sharp contrast to highly organized modern universities. It is the difference between personality and organization.

It is in the broken line of gurus in their gurukulas rather than through organized seats of learning maintaining existence for long periods of time, that India has preserved and enriched her culture so far. Santiniketan of Tagore may be the last flicker of the tradition.

To many a westerner, therefore, Tagore's abode of peace has appeared as a fantastic anachronism in the present age of science and technology. Many an Indian also has felt that the idea has outlived its usefulness. But whatever the truth in the matter, there is no doubt that Tagore, by his teachings and the example of his forest retreat, answered a very pressing need of India in transition. Thanks to Rabindranath Tagore, probably the last of the gurus, India will remain India even when the age of the machine has appeared to engulf her completely.

XVI. ON GANDHI'S RIGHT AND LEFT

When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

—MATTHEW

THE PEASANT GENERALISSIMO

THE inexorable logic of power would have led me to place Patel before all others among political leaders of India, next only to Gandhi, had that been my only criterion. For when it comes to actual political control, there is no one in India to match Sardar Patel, always, of course, excepting Gandhi. The overwhelming full name of this sixty-five-year-old Indian patriot is Vallabhai Jhaverbhai Patel, and "Sardar," a title which means Generalissimo, has been bestowed upon him by his present followers.

Nehru, no doubt, is the darling of India, and the Frontier Gandhi an awe-inspiring miracle man. But the Sardar is the supreme authority behind the scenes, and he holds within his coarse peasant's hands almost all the political strings. He is the one-man Tammany of India. The party machine which Patel has built up for the benefit of Indian nationalism is capable of giving a few lessons to the Democratic Party in the United States, even as it was under James A. Farley.

Between 1937 and 1939, when the Congress party ruled supreme in eight out of the eleven Provinces of India, Sardar Patel was the uncrowned king of India. Technically he was nothing more than the chairman of the All-India Congress Parliamentary Committee. Actually he was the maker and breaker of provincial prime ministers. N. B. Kharé, the late Prime Minister of the Central Provinces, tried to be an exception. In the twinkling of

the Patel eye, Kharé was no longer Prime Minister of the Central Provinces.

Indians as well as interested Englishmen and Americans have always enjoyed speculating on who will inherit Gandhi's toga. After some thought they have invariably been divided between Nehru and Patel. Quite a few have predicted that Patel might play Stalin to Gandhi's Lenin, with Nehru gradually fading out of the picture as a Trotsky. My own notion is that no single individual will be able to replace Gandhi. With good fortune, Mother India can again expect to be blessed with another Patel or another Nehru, and perhaps with many more of them. But as Bernard Shaw says, Gandhi is a man who comes once in a thousand years– and we all know that Shaw wouldn't like to say that about anyone else except himself. Patel and Nehru and Mrs. Naidu and quite a few others are among the greatest personages of their time, but Gandhi is the man of the millennium. No one singly will be able to replace him, but a group of men could come close to doing it. This group of leaders, as likely as not, will be the present high command of the Congress party of which Nehru and Patel are the outstanding members. And all of their friends as well as the friends of India are praying that the present friendship between Nehru and Patel will continue for a long time to come. For in them India has a perfect pair, Nehru with his mass appeal and Patel with his party machine and practical political knowledge.

The most powerful man of India is also the most unpopular Indian leader—here also Patel tends to follow the American pattern of party bosses. Sardar Patel is unpopular primarily because for a quarter of a century he has served as Gandhi's No-man. Gandhi is gentle and extremely polite, and he can seldom refuse a request. The thankless task of saying No has fallen on the Sardar's shoulders. Moreover, Gandhi has always been pestered by some dutiful but dense member of his ashrama, or by scatterbrained women from Europe and America, of whom Sardar Patel has rightly been intolerant. It is seldom that a Miss Slade comes to Gandhi's

retreat ; most foreign women disciples fall into another category.

Then, Gandhi's No-man is also the Congress party's hatchet-man. Others might desire and even inspire a purge, but they would appoint Sardar Patel as the high executioner. It was Gandhi, for instance, and through him the Congress party, who proclaimed prohibition in Bombay, but it was Sardar Patel who incurred the hatred of the Parsi community which suffered most when that great city went dry. There is no doubt that often enough the Sardar does some purging on his own, and here the notorious case of Khurshed Nariman comes to mind. One is also told of the ruthless manner in which he has driven out of Gujarat many of his potential rivals. But one must bear in mind while judging him that he is, first and last, an organizer and a disciplinarian. We have a proverb in India, "Some green sprigs are also burnt along with the dead wood."

For all this and much more Patel has lately become the most hated man in the Congress party, and many wild and untenable charges have been flung at him. Some Parsis describe him as anti-Parsi, while some followers of M. A. Jinnah call him anti-Mohammedan. The Socialists denounce him as "an unscrupulous and ambitious bourgeois." I have worked in his organizations and no-tax campaigns for a long time, and I feel that none should doubt the sincerity of his services to India and to Indians and his utter disregard for personal gains.

Patel's bearing and manner must have contributed much to the legend that he is a merciless opponent. He is heavy-set and his impressive and massive head stoops with a bull-necked obstinacy. When other politicians speak, he often sits quietly in a corner of the rostrum, supporting his face with an up-tilted palm while his free hand is planted on the floor beside him. Half of the time his eyes are closed as he listens, his fierce mustaches hiding his upper lip. In this position he has always called to my mind the picture of a dozing lion. If the lion is handed a note or telegram, the eyes open quickly and they look like burning coals.

When he walks, it is with the surety of a lion. He never seems to be in a hurry, unless it is to strike down an opponent with his verbal claws. He manages to give the impression of boundless but well-controlled energy. Besides his grim appearance there are the brusqueness of his personal contact and the straight-from-the-shoulder quality of his words. He is impatient of idle talkers, of armchair revolutionaries, and of those whom he regards as political upstarts. His is a careeristic view of politics, which means that a party member's right to shout his head off should be earned by a long record of service and sacrifice. He despises the bright-eyed lads with quick tongues who have read the books, but who have not fought in the political arena.

Patel is direct to the point of unnerving his opponent. Once a charming lady came to him to give her testimony in a riot case he was investigating in south India. She told him she was on the spot and that she could swear the police did not open fire until after the crowd began to throw bricks at them. Patel gave her the full benefit of his disturbing eyes, locked them with those of the lady, and then asked, "Were you re-e-ally there?" The woman left the room without a word.

Sardar Patel comes from the caste of Patidars, who are the farmers of Gujarat. This has played a significant part in his career. India is a country of farmers, and the Sardar can speak their language and understand their problems. The son of an agriculturist, he was born in Kheda district in 1876. His strong-willed and strong-bodied father used to take him to the fields, giving him lessons on the way and during the work. These were Sardar Patel's lessons in the "mental arithmetic" at which Indian farmers are adept.

In the year 1901, when he passed his Pleadership Examination, a typical choice confronted him. He wanted to go to London to become a Barrister-at-Law, but so did his elder brother, and there just wasn't enough money in the family to carry them both through school in England. So he chose to remain at home while his brother, the late Vithalbhai Patel, went to England. This

peculiar partnership with his brother proved to be lifelong ; Vithalbhai always earned the honors while Vallabhai worked behind the scenes. Later on, Vithalbhai became the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly while the Sardar stayed away from Delhi and worked among the people to put thunder in his elder brother's throat.

For the next nine years he practiced law to earn enough money to go to England. Finally, in 1910, he set off and within two years passed his law examination with honors. The Middle Temple called him to the Bar in 1913, and the same year he returned to India. In no time he became well known as a criminal lawyer, and his ability to floor the contending lawyer by fair means or foul earned him a waiting line of clients. But his real opportunity came around 1920 when he offered to defend, in some cases gratis, those Patidars and Dharalas who were charged by the Government with violent acts committed during the non-violent non-co-operation movement.

The Sardar's conversion to Gandhism came during 1917–18, but it was a tough and a long-drawn-out affair. In those days Gandhi used to frequent the famous Gujarat Club in Ahmedabad with a view to enlisting outstanding citizens in his political campaigns. Patel was the one member of the club who sneered at the Mahatma, remained aloof, and went on playing cards. But soon the Mahatma fascinated Patel if for nothing else than for his persistence and personal fearlessness. Ever since, Patel has been Gandhi's right-hand man, and sometimes even the left. He has Gandhi's confidence as has no other man on earth, a fact which is bitterly resented by Patel's enemies.

A series of campaigns followed in which Patel acted as the General and Gandhi as the guiding spirit. In 1917, it was the Kheda no-tax campaign ; then, the Nagpur flag satyagraha ; then, the Boarsad no-tax campaign ; finally, in 1928, came the famous Bardoli satyagraha which to this day remains the perfect example of non-violent direct action. It was during this struggle that India found in Patel her supreme organizer, a brilliant

campaigner, and a master of maneuvers. Even Gandhi could not do better in planning and executing a campaign. It was for his Bardoli record that Patel was elected President of the Indian National Congress in 1931 when nationalists had scored their greatest victory up to date. Patel's organizing abilities were again enlisted in 1936 to handle the first national elections. The Congress party swept the country and came to power with a magnitude that astounded not only the British, but many an Indian as well.

And yet it has only been since 1930 that Patel has become a familiar face outside of Gujarat, his own province. He may or may not be a retiring man, but there is no doubt that he feels more at home when he exercises remote control and does some long-distance wire-pulling. There is an anecdote that he never tires of recounting for the benefit of his young Socialist opponents who, according to him, need to learn the art of silent work. Patel says that once during an annual session of the Congress at Calcutta he failed to accompany Gandhi to the huge meeting tent for some reason or other. Later he went to the meeting, but the volunteers at the door did not recognize him. So he went back to his own little tent and took a long nap.

Patel's devotion to Gandhi is more personal than doctrinal. He has none of Gandhi's religious fervour and, until very recently, whatever use he had for God he kept as his own well-guarded secret. According to Gandhi himself, "Vallabhai found his Vallabh (God) in Bardoli." It was the results-here-and-now quality of non-violence which first attracted the Sardar, not its assurances for the hereafter. Although next to Gandhi he is India's best manipulator of non-violent direct action, there are stories to the effect that ahimsa was, at one time, a matter of policy for him and not an article of faith. I cannot guarantee the truth of the following story, but it might serve as an indication of the people's conception of their Sardar. During the Bardoli campaign, much of the strategy depended upon the wholesale resignations of the village tax-collectors and Sardar's main

task was to secure these resignations. During the day he made eloquent appeals to them to respond to the call of Mother India and he extolled the virtues of non-violence. But at night he made a habit of inviting a few of the tax-collectors who stuck with the Government to a private meeting in his room, where he made veiled references to the strong-arm methods used by some people when they lose patience.

A man of urgent likes and dislikes, Patel has neither Gandhi's disarming simplicity nor Nehru's fascinating polish. He is no orator like Mrs. Naidu, and his English speeches can be put down as definitely poor. His verbal efforts in Hindustani are indeed amusing if not fantastic. But when it comes to addressing farmers in Gujarati, even the Mahatma cannot approach him. India is full of brilliant debaters and astounding orators, and I say this with no sense of pride but with the sure knowledge that it has been one of the curses of my country. But all the celebrated speakers and august orators of India take their hats off to Patel in the pure art of plain speaking in a language that the tiller of the soil can relish. Patel's sarcasm is vindictive, his tongue acid, his jokes biting like farmers' jokes, his images bizarre, and his language loamy. He has nothing but scorn for the literary, and this enables him to blaze new trails and thus to enrich his mother tongue in a way nobody else has. I have a feeling, along with many other Gujarati writers, that Sardar Patel's speeches during the Bardoli campaign will some day be generally regarded as great examples of what Gujarati prose can do.

Patel jokes as Gujarati peasants would joke. During the Bardoli campaign, for instance, the Government confiscated the cattle of those farmers who refused to pay the land revenue. The black buffaloes of the farmers were herded together in crowded corrals. Sentries guarded the enclosure to make sure that the buffalo owners did not release their stock from the corrals, but otherwise the Government neglected the animals. Under such unhygienic conditions, the buffaloes began to shed and languish until their hides actually lost all pigmentation.

Not long afterward, Sardar Patel remarked in one of his speeches to the peasants : "Our White Sahibs took away our buffaloes. But they didn't like them black. So they made them as white as their Mem Sahibs." The farmers relished the joke so much that it has become a classic.

On another occasion, Sardar Patel became aware that the otherwise fearless farmers were sick with dread of a fat bully of a low-caste police officer who was quick with the lash and the trigger. Patel decided to take a hand in the matter. One night as Patel sat upon a speakers' platform before a thousand of these helpless farmers, he could not fail to notice that his partner on the stage was the local terror, the fat purplish policeman who had been sent by the Government authorities to cover Patel's movements and tell them what he said. Patel was not the man to pass up an opportunity like this. Very sure of himself, as always, he saw to it that the first part of his speech on farm problems was quite commonplace. Then suddenly he whirled upon the policeman and shouted : "I have heard that you have reason to be afraid of this man." His rigid finger pointed at the offender like a spear, and the whole thing would have overcome a much stronger man. A thousand pairs of eyes followed Patel's finger to the bulging uniform of their arch-enemy. "Are you really afraid of this man?" Patel continued. "This pumpkin?" (Shy laughter.) "This onion?" (Bold laughter.) "This eggplant?" (The laugh of their care-burdened lives.) Before Patel could say another word, the deep purple nightmare left the stage, and soon afterward he applied for a transfer.

The Sardar is not dramatizing his qualities when he claims that his "Only culture is agriculture" : he is simply stating a handy truth which does him more good than harm. Patel's nationalism has none of the breadth of vision which Gandhi shows when he plans for the India of the future. Nor has it any of the intricate logic of that twentieth-century intellectual, Jawaharlal Nehru. Patel's nationalism has the rough fibre of the farmer's patriotism, an unsophisticated but healthy love of the

land and of the people of the soil and an intense hatred for any power or party whch tries to establish an overlordship upon his land and his people. The Sardar also displays the farmer's strong will and calm nerve. Gandhi has a saint's control over his senses, while Patel has a general's complete control over his nerves and emotions. When the body of his brother, Vithalbhai, was brought to India from Europe, for instance, the Government offered to release the Sardar from prison, but only upon certain conditions. He chose to remain locked up.

Patel has been extremely fortunate in his lieutenants and his satellites. There is no province in India which is as well organized and as full of new vibrant life as Gujarat, but the credit for that is as much due to the handful of silent and sincere workers who obey his orders and prepare the ground while always remaining in the background, as it is to Patel. There was that tall, dark, and handsome firebrand, the late Mohanlal Pandya, who became a trusted leader of the farmers of Gujarat but who in turn owed his allegiance to Patel. Once he was a bomb-thrower, a disciple of Aravind Ghosh of the revolutionary days, but he eventually turned into a Gandhi-ite, and a very effective one. Then there was Ravishankarbhai, whose saintliness was so highly respected that even the raiding Dharalas on the rampage threw away their guns at his bidding. Jugatram Dave, one of Gujarat's most original "poets of the people," is also a trusted lieutenant of the Sardar. Where Patel goes, there too will be found Swami Anand, a brilliant prose-writer, a tireless worker, and an erstwhile revolutionary. Narhari Parikh, who has now become the president of the Gujarat Vidyapith with the blessings of Patel, is also a faithful follower of the Sardar. Patel once raised a million rupees for that educational institution. Mahadev Desai, Boswell of both Gandhi and Patel, shuttles between these two great men. Shankarlal Benkar, who has organized India's strongest labor union in Ahmedabad, is also Patel's trusted supporter. And there are many more who cannot even be enumerated here.

Through a curious line of reasoning, Sardar Patel has now been identified as the leader of the Right (conservative) wing of the Congress party. More and more observers in recent years have been coming out with statements to the effect that Patel has the confidence of the moderate middle-class people and the ear of the industrial tycoons of Ahmedabad and Bombay. This sounds strange since Patel has, in the not too remote past, uttered words which could have come from a Marxist. My own feeling is that at the proper time Patel may yet outdo the Socialists with his own peculiar brand of radicalism. It will not be of the Communist variety.

It seems to me that one of the reasons why Patel is sometimes regarded as an unscrupulous bourgeois is that he does not always understand young people, let alone arouse confidence in them. Perhaps it is the Hindu traditionalist in him which regards youth as an object which should be seen and not heard. Most Congress Socialists have been young men and women, whom Patel has refused to give a hearing before they proved their mettle among the masses and did political spadework. The personal bitterness created by Patel's patriarchal attitude is increased by the knowledge that Patel does hobnob with the financially mighty. He has been a constant critic of the young Socialists, but at the Haripura Congress he declared open warfare. "Let me make it clear," he said to the young Socialists, "that we have tolerated you for two years, but the time has come when we shall no longer tolerate you. We shall now give it back in your own coin." The break was complete. Whether or not Patel was a reactionary, he then became established as such in the minds of the young Socialists, who are indeed disproportionately articulate and conspicuous.

Opposed to this canonical attitude of Patel's are his statements made to the farmers of Bardoli. "If anyone is fit to walk with his head erect," Patel has declared in many speeches, "it is the peasant. He is the producer, the others are parasites." And again: "The whole world depends on you two—the agriculturist and the

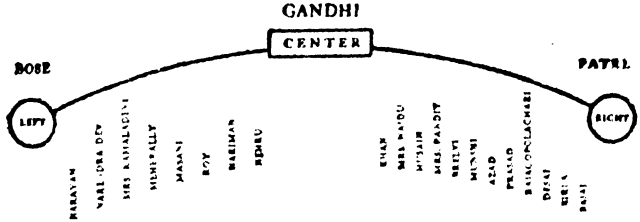
laborer—and you are the worst-abused people on earth . . . Who ordained that the Government should be the proprietor of the soil, and the cultivator a mere tenant? But it is on that theory that a land tax is imposed upon him which sucks him absolutely dry. And to complete the tragedy, the Government has the support of our educated classes in that bleeding process. . . . I shall feel myself blessed and all my labors fulfilled when I see you come to your own and walk erect like men."

If the man who expressed these revolutionary words turns into a reactionary at the decisive moment, it will be caused as much by his peasant's static outlook as by the continuous taunting and badgerings of the Left group which is undoubtedly encouraging Patel's trend toward conservatism. One thing remains clear in the confusion. Today Patel is hailed as the leader of the Right. It would be interesting and perhaps clarifying to align some of the more important Congress leaders according to their economic ideology and social philosophy. With Bose at the extreme Left and Patel heading the Right column, Gandhi is bound to be at the center—the rallying point of the whole movement—with both sides trying to pull him in their respective directions.

Many Americans have asked me to place important Congress leaders in a schematic pattern as well as in their mutual relationships to each other. And there is good reason to attempt this. For the Congress Socialists, though far from a formidable factor, have been steadily gaining in power and prestige since 1935. But there has been more than one excuse for avoiding it. For one thing, such a classification is bound to be unrealistic and consequently unfair to most Indian leaders who haven't as yet begun to think in these concrete western economic terms. Next, while the radicals are in the Left bloc because of their ideology and deliberate choosing, the luminaries to the Right, in most cases, are there by some accident and not through conscious selection of a platform. Again, the leaders of the Left, with the solitary exceptions of Bose and Nehru, cannot even remotely approach the Rightists included here in political stature.

And yet they must be introduced on equal terms for reasons of clarity and the scheme. Finally, all cannot be dealt with here in this short space, even if only the most important ones are taken into account. The selection, therefore, cannot be based on one single standard. The logic of importance will be supplemented by the consideration of a person's appeal for Americans and Europeans. This dual judgment will be further modified by a personal equation, because in quite a few instances my personal acquaintanceship is likely to exert a greater influence than it should. In three or four cases, I am going to select leaders whose legendary aspects, whether soundly based or just "reported," filled my adolescent dreams, on the theory that I was typical in undergoing such influences. It should be obvious that this particular counting of noses will not be very scientific, nor the classification permanent and fool-proof. Many leaders whom I should have liked to include will be left out through no fault of theirs.

At any rate, the pattern would be something like this :



THE FIREBRAND

One of the ten most outstanding living leaders of India, Subhash Chandra Bose, is now on the extreme Left in the array of Congress leaders, the virtual head of the radicals. But he has been forced to that point rather than elected to it. A series of accidents has played as significant a rôle in the evolution of his radicalism as his own militant thinking. There are leaders in India who hold more extreme economic and political views than

those held by Bose, but then they are neither as magnetic nor as influential as Bose ; hence Bose is more important than they. On the other hand, there are one or two men who in their hearts hold the same views as Bose and who also have greater mass appeal. But they do not wish to make an open break with Gandhi. As a consequence, Bose stands out as the leader of the Left.

There is hardly a leader in India, and Nehru is no exception, who has suffered more at the hands of the Government than Bose. What makes Bose a real martyr is that he has also suffered at the hands of the members of his own party, whether justly or unjustly depends upon the loyalties one holds with respect to him.

So far as the various provinces are concerned, the British Government has wreaked its most consuming wrath upon Bengal. So far as the leaders are concerned, the bureaucracy has used its most extreme coercion on Bose, the present leader of Bengal. The authorities are afraid of both Bose and Nehru, but Bose has never received that sentimental consideration which Nehru has received. The story goes that once Bose and Nehru were released from jail in the same year and allowed to go to Europe for reasons of health and family. Immediately the question of their free movements in European countries came up before the Baldwin government. The Prime Minister is reported to have balked angrily about Bose, but he is said to have sanctioned Nehru's passport with some allusion to "the old school tie." Bose's prison terms make a baker's dozen if his latest incarceration is taken into account, and in this 1941 instance he was arrested long before any other Indian leader. His elder brother has also faced several prison terms.

The British Government is particular about Bose because it holds the theory that Bose's Congress allegiance is just a façade, and that actually he is the "heart and brain" of the so-called terrorist group, the Bengal cult of bomb-throwers. The charge has been discussed on the floor of the Legislative Assembly, and even aired in the Anglo-Indian press. In 1926, Bose filed a suit against the paper, *Englishman*, which had alluded to his deadly

and revolutionary connections. He was then in a prison serving one of his numerous terms, but succeeded in getting an apology and damages of 2,000 rupees. What has pained him more has been his realization that many of his fellow Congress leaders hold the same views and have never wholly trusted him. He flatly denies the charge, and no tangible evidence has ever been produced to prove his connections with the so-called terrorists.

For over a decade Bose has displayed what his opponents unkindly describe as a stepchild mentality. According to this theory, Bose's spectacular actions and extreme policies are efforts to draw attention from the Mother Congress. He has also been accused of being jealous of Nehru. That may not be true, but there is a close parallel between the careers of Nehru and Bose. Both started out as the idols of the Indian youth, and before 1930 both shared the limelight equally. Between 1929 and 1931, both Nehru and Bose became prominent in the Trade Union movement. In 1928, both Nehru and Bose were equally responsible for the formation of the Independence League which for the first time issued a serious challenge to Gandhi's comparatively moderate policies in favor of Dominion Status. The mass appeal of both Bose and Nehru was founded on their advocacy of a militant outlook in the Congress party.

But from 1930 onward, Nehru began to outshine Bose as far as political influence was concerned, partially because Nehru was blessed by Gandhi while Bose was not—at least not actively. The other minor reason was that Jawaharlal was standing on the mighty shoulders of his esteemed father, the late Motilal Nehru. But perhaps the main reason is the difference in personalities. Both Bose and Nehru have written what can loosely be called autobiographies. Reading *Toward Freedom* by Nehru gives one the feeling of coming into contact with a Himalayan personality, while reading *The Indian Struggle : 1920–34*, by Bose, reminds one of the turbulent and unpredictable Indus.

Subhash Chandra Bose was born in Cuttack, Bengal, in 1897. His father, Jankinath Bose, was a Government

Pleader of middle-class means, and although not a Brahmin, was regarded by his friends as a highly cultured and noble man. He saw to it that his son received the best education available, which the young Subhash rightly deserved. For Bose had a consistently brilliant record as a student and as a scholar.

He studied for seven years at the Protestant European School at Cuttack, and it was during those years that the seeds of anti-British feeling were sown in his mentality. He was a sensitive youngster, and he resented the feeling of superiority that his Anglo-Indian classmates displayed toward just plain Indians. During his years at the Presidency College in Calcutta, he was implicated in the famous incident of Mr. O., who had made a habit of manhandling the boys. The students got together and gave the professor a thorough thrashing. Though nothing could be proved against the young Subhash, he was dismissed from the college.

Thereupon, his father sent him to England, where, within six months, he passed the Civil Service examination and stood fourth in the list. Soon, however, he resigned from that much-coveted position and joined Gandhi's Non-co-operation Movement of 1921. Later he came under the inspiring influence of the late C. R. Das, the last great leader of Bengal, and became his right-hand man. After the death of Das, a bitter feud ensued between Bose and the late Sen Gupta for the leadership of Bengal. Each published a political journal. Bose had his *Forward*, and Sen Gupta had his *Advance*, which lashed at each other mercilessly. The Congress high command favored Sen Gupta, and this was the first item in Bose's bill of complaints against the men around Gandhi.

In 1930, while in a jail, Bose was elected Mayor of Calcutta, and in 1938 he was elected the President of the Indian National Congress. The following year he again managed to get elected to that august position, but soon became a victim of the Gandhi-Patel purge. His course ever since has been a long struggle against the Gandhi group whose policies he regards as insipid. He has

wavered between Hitler and Stalin as his model of the Strong Man needed to make India free, but there is one point on which he has never changed : he wants to throw the British out of India by hook or by crook. There is something peculiarly Irish about him in this respect, and it was no accident that he became the best and most trusted Indian friend of Eamon de Valera. Bose, fair of complexion and impressively built, has a face which has always reminded me, strange as it may sound, of the face of the Buddha as conceived by Chinese artists.

THE CONGRESS SOCIALISTS

Jayaprakash Narayan, a charming man around forty, is one of those rare Indian leaders educated in the United States rather than in England. As such, he has made his distinctive mark ; he has brought to Indian affairs two peculiarly American qualities. He typifies American speed a healthy tendency to cut red-tape, and he has introduced the American habit of fact-finding, which should precede any attempt at tackling a problem. The Labor Research Department of Congress which he established under the inspiration of Pandit Nehru is a model in this respect. His clipping bureau, one of the first of its kind in India, has provided many a vague idealist with concrete facts.

Jayaprakash Narayan is one of the founders of the Congress Socialist Party and also one of its outstanding spokesmen. He is handsome, always immaculately dressed, and a charming companion.

Acharya Narendra Dev, an erstwhile non-co-operator and a thoroughgoing disciple of Gandhi, has now become an outstanding "brain-truster" of the Left wing of the Congress party. His political career commenced with the secretaryship of a local Home Rule League, passed through the hectic days of the Non-co-operation Movement of 1921, and achieved an All-India repute during the Civil Disobedience Movement of 1930 when he was imprisoned for the second time. In 1934 he was elected the president of the All-India Socialist Conference.

Narendra Dev, however, is more noted for his scholarship and educational activities. He is the principal of the National Vidyapith at Benares and one of the greatest authorities on Indian history. In 1932 I had the privilege of sitting in on two of his classes when I was making a secular tour of the sacred city of Benares, and I was struck by his insight into the Indian forces of the past.

Mrs. Chattopadhyaya, better known as Kamaladevi since her estrangement from her poet-husband, was born in 1903 and is a ranking member of the Congress Socialist Party. She was educated both in India and England, and during 1928-29, was one of the leaders of the youth movement in India. Repeated confinements in prison have tempered her once vibrant personality, but she is still an outstanding fighter in behalf of the underdog.

Yusuf Meherally, one of the most brilliant leaders of the Indian youth and a confirmed Socialist, would have made a successful lawyer had he not renounced everything for his country and the projected social revolution. In 1930, Bombay was the G.H.Q. of the nation-wide Civil Disobedience Campaign, and Meherally was among the few who led that great city with imagination and courage. He was born in 1903, and has been in the vanguard of most struggles in the past thirteen years. He is also an outstanding Moslem in the Congress fold.

M. R. Masani, a brilliant young Parsi who has held various commissions in the Congress Socialist Party, Joint Secretary, General Secretary, and so on, was born in 1905 and educated both in India and in England. His socialistic views have not prevented him from obtaining a high rank in the Bombay Provincial Congress Committee. In fact, it can be said of most members of his group that they are equally, if not more, devoted to the mother institution, the Indian National Congress, of which they form the loyal opposition, than they are to Socialism. Masani, however, has the added distinction of being a rich Parsi turned Socialist. He is a good speaker and a good writer, and a young man with great promise.

M. N. Roy, now neither a Socialist nor a Communist in the accepted meaning of the terms, has his own brand of radicalism. Nobody recognizes this fact more than Roy himself, who has, therefore, started his own group of Royists. Roy is a born revolutionist, has been a factor in four revolutions, and is disowned by as many revolutions. He was in Moscow and connected with the Comintern, which later sent him to China in 1927 to work with Borodin. He fled China when Chiang Kai-shek turned against the Communists, and went to the Philippines. From there he was invited to Mexico. Sometime thereafter he was smuggled into India; the story goes that a woman betrayed him, and he was arrested and sentenced to six years' rigorous imprisonment. He also figured in the Meerut and Cawnpore Conspiracy cases. Roy is handsome, brilliant, and unpredictable. The Indian revolutionary is married to Evelina, a Mexican revolutionary.

Khurshed Nariman is the brilliant Parsi who was born in Bombay, as most Parsis are, in 1885. He is a lawyer by profession, as most Indian leaders are; and he has given up the practice of law in favor of patriotism, as most Congress leaders have. Nationalistic distinction came to Nariman back in his professional days, however, which is unusual. As a young lawyer and a legislator, he fearlessly exposed the scandals and frauds hidden under the Bombay Development plan which subsequently became famous as the Back Bay Project. The result was that a Mr. Harvey, Superintendent of the Development Department, filed a defamation suit against him, which dragged on for months. But Nariman finally emerged victorious, and overnight became a national figure. Since then he has been a leader of the young men and women of India, and a prominent Congressman. Lately he was a victim of one of Mr. Patel's periodical purges. Nariman is a fiery speaker, and leans toward radicalism.

THE CONGRESS RIGHT

Seth Jamnalal Bajaj, long the Treasurer of the Indian National Congress, also contributes the major part of the

Congress treasury ; he has donated around three million rupees by now to various Congress causes. The Congress purse will never be empty so long as Bajaj and Birla, another Marwaree big businessman, are there to take care of it. Seth Bajaj, who is called "Sethji," was born in 1889, and inherited wealth from his adopted parents. The advent of Gandhi on the Indian scene proved a turning point in his life, as it did in the lives of many other rich Indians. He renounced the Government title of Rao Bahadur and also his Honorary Magistrateship and jumped headlong into the Gandhi movement, courting several imprisonments. His brave wife, Janki Devi, has always been by his side, even in arrests and imprisonments. His son, Kamalnayan, has also gone through those rigors from an early age.

Bajaj is fat, but tall and kindly looking, and his passion is the betterment of the untouchables. In 1928 he opened a magnificent temple at Wardha and welcomed untouchables to it for the first time. He is a caste reformer, which is a good deal for a Marwaree to be. He is devoted to Gandhi without stint, and it is in his town, Wardha, that Gandhi has made his headquarters for the evening of his life.

Bajaj rolls in money, but he regards his wealth as a trusteeship. It is men like Bajaj who have retained Gandhi's faith in the medieval ideal of the rich man as the patron and trustee. A good proof of this came in the last month of 1940 when Bajaj was being tried under the Defence of India Rules. Bajaj, after describing himself as a representative of the merchant class in the Congress Cabinet, added that he thought that his imprisonment was by way of expiation for the wealth he had amassed under the British rule.

Ghanshyam Das Birla, the mighty "G. D.," is another Marwaree millionaire upon whom the Congress party as well as many other nationalistic enterprises depend. Birla is one of India's richest men and is indeed a financial wizard. His formal schooling is negligible, but he can give a few instructions to professors of economics. He was born in 1891, and he is a landowner and a merchant

prince. He owns one jute mill and three cotton mills in Calcutta, Gwalior, and Delhi, and he also operates four sugar factories. His import-export trade is among the country's largest. He is devoted to Gandhi and is the general secretary of the All-India Anti-Untouchability Association. He has held several high Legislative posts and been president of the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce, but he has deftly stayed out of actual Congress politics. Like Bajaj, he is a social reformer and he has poured his millions into educationsal institutions.

Bhulabhai Jivanji Desai, who has come only recently into the open politics of the Congress party, has earned for himself one of the most significant and secure places in the party hierarchy nevertheless. Born in 1877, Mr. Desai soon became one of a dozen of India's most successful and prosperous lawyers. He is impressive-looking, and a Beau Brummell where clothes are concerned. He was the Leader of the Opposition in the Legislative Assembly at Delhi, and an able spokesman of the Congress viewpoint ; the task of boring from within was entrusted to his experienced hands. In Bombay they say he has all the virtues of the late Motilal Nehru, but that he lacks one thing that Motilal had : a son like Jawaharlal Nehru to inspire him and even drag him into the dangerous arena of suffering and martyrdom which might eventually make him a national hero.

Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, the First Brain of the Land, whom Indians understandably call "C. R." for short, is the undisputed leader of southern India. He has brought to the All-India politics the subtleties of mind of a southern Brahmin, and is one of the ten foremost leaders of India. Born in 1879, C. R. became a successful lawyer, a distinguished writer, and a superb debater. He is one of Gandhi's most trusted friends and his advice has always proved important with the Mahatma. The friendship has now grown into a relationship ; for the daughter of the Brahmin C. R. married the son of Gandhi, a Vaishya.

C. R. has been prominent in Congress politics for over two decades now. In the early twenties, when

Gandhi was in jail. C. R. was the standard bearer of Gandhism. But his real talents became known when he was chosen as the Prime Minister of Madras in 1937. His was the best-conducted administration in all India, and it was he who gave a lead to the other Congress Prime Ministers of the remaining seven Provinces.

C. R. is witty and quick, and knows how to propagandize a cause. I remember the advice he gave us youngsters on one occasion. "If you are preparing to go to jail," he told the group, "the giving up of the morning tea is not so essential as the giving up of the morning newspaper. That's the thing you will miss most. And also get ready to do without fresh air. You will soon learn that it is not so important after all." And he has, by the way, written one of the most amusing jail diaries that I have come across.

Rajendra Prasad, one of India's ten top leaders and a perennial member of the Congress Working Committee, has also been the president of that national organization. He was born in 1884 and educated in law; his was a fabulous law practice until he gave it up to join hands with Gandhi in 1917, in connection with the Champaran Satyagraha. If anyone in the Congress circle fails to look like a leader, it is Rajendra Prasad; he is always simply dressed and modest-looking. And yet he is beloved in his province of Bihar and respected all over the country. He is a great scholar, and a model organizer; his organization of the Bihar Earthquake Relief was praised all over the land. His heart bleeds for the poor, but he is not a Socialist.

Abdul Kalam "Azad" is the fifty-four-year-old Moslem savant who has had from the moment of birth the best that a devout Mohammedan could desire. He was born in Mecca in 1888, the Moslem holy of holies; he was educated in the Al Azhar at Cairo, the oldest and most renowned university specializing in Moslem theology. Early in life he became a scholar in Persian and Arabic, the height of Moslem culture, and his *Commentary on the Koran* has been hailed in several Mohammedan countries as leading contemporary work.

But when he came to his father's country, India, it was not merely as a Moslem scholar; the authority on the old had by then become an admirer of the new. Forthwith he started in Calcutta his famous Urdu weekly, *Al-Hilal*, which advocated reforms in the Mohammedan community and which also gave information to Indians about Turkey and other Moslem countries. When the Government suppressed it, he started a new one immediately and named it *Al-Balagh*, the revolutionary temper of which led to his internment along with the Ali brothers. Upon his release, he joined Gandhi and became active in Congress circles. By now he has been the president of that organization several times, including 1941.

"*Azad*," meaning The Free, is the pen name of a man who actually should be called Abul Kalam Mohiyuddin Ahmed "Azad." He is short and looks like Trotsky without the latter's wild hair, and he is the Congress party's answer to Jinnah's claim to Moslem leadership.

K. M. Munshi, a successful lawyer and a great novelist of Gujarat, had become a legend long before he joined Gandhi and participated in the nationalist struggle. He was born in 1887, and is an absolutely self-made man. After many trials and tribulations, he was able to marry the woman he loved, Lilavati, who is also a well-known Gujarati writer. Together they have made a rich contribution to the literary life of Gujarat as well as to the social life of Bombay. In 1937, Munshi became the Home Minister in the Congress administration of the Bombay Province, and the novelist is now famous all over India as an able administrator.

Syed Abdulla Brelvi, editor of *The Bombay Chronicle* since 1919, is the frail but exquisite Mohammedan who is also a thoroughgoing Congressman, and he has often held high positions in the Congress organization. He was born in 1891, and ever since he came of age he has worked hard and intelligently to bring about Hindu-Moslem unity.

Mrs. R. S. Pandit, who was born Sarup Kumari Nehru, is a sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, and the first Congresswoman to become a provincial minister; she was the

minister of health and local self-government in the Congress administration of the United Provinces. She is a beautiful woman and an effective speaker and writer. Her husband, Ranjit S. Pandit, had a lucrative law practice in Rajkot which he gave up to participate in the national struggle.

Dr. Zakir Husain, the forty-two-year-old principal of Jamia Millia Islamia of Delhi, is one of the most important Moslem leaders in the Congress fold. Although he is not an active member of the Congress party, his whole life-work underlines what the Congress stands for. He was Gandhi's choice to head the committee which chalked out the Wardha Scheme of Education, and he is a man to be watched with high expectations.

THE INDIAN NIGHTINGALE

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's reputation abroad as the foremost leader of Indian women does not do her full justice. She is much more than that, a leader both of women and men. It would be more appropriate to describe her as the foremost woman leader of India.

In fact, her views on masculine-feminine equality are so radical that she frowns upon the idea of any specialized feminist movement separated from an all-embracing national campaign. That was the one criticism she had to make of American women in public life. "The American women," she retorted to an American woman interviewer, "weaken their effectiveness politically by going off to themselves and having a 'woman's party.' Why, in Heaven's name, don't they join forces in the national party and stop talking so much about sex?" If women are comparatively backward and if they must strive to equate their status with men . . . well, a national struggle would be much more effective than a woman's party. So thinks Mrs. Naidu.

Mrs. Naidu is a rebel in more than one respect; she is a vibrant symphony of the unexpected. She was born a Hindu, and has now become the universal Modern Woman par excellence. She is a Modern Woman who is also a devoted mother. She is a Brahmin who married

a Shudra. She is a Hindu who is more noted for her Mugalai tastes. She is a Bengali who is eloquently fluent in Hindi, Urdu, and English, but not in Bengali. She is an exquisite poetess who is more famous for her politics. And, although all her life she has done a man-sized job, she is a charming woman and a great lady.

In the art of conversation and repartee, there is no one in India to match her skill. Quick-witted to the point of danger for any conversational opponent, among her friends she is the life of the party. The austere Gandhi becomes an imp in the exhilarating company of Mrs. Naidu. I especially recall the somber days at Port Dandhi where the Mahatma and his party were breaking the Salt Law in 1930. Sarojini Naidu and the late Abbas Taiyabji were on hand to take over the command in the event of Gandhi's arrest. Every evening those three would sit on the rostrum, technically erected *under* a rukhada tree—technically because the girth of a rukhada's trunk is always wider than the spread of its branches. The blue ocean formed the background, and there was always a crowd of more than fifty thousand people to listen to Gandhi. Pandit Kharé would start off with music, but Gandhi would catch hold of Mrs. Naidu's long black hair in one hand, and tweak the flowing white beard of Abbas Saheb in the other, and then pretend, in front of the great crowd, to make a sailor's knot. The crowd, tutored in the tradition of krishnalila, or the "play of the gods," would thoroughly enjoy the antics provoked in Gandhi by Mrs. Naidu.

Mrs. Naidu is an old campaigner, and she has a ready answer to anything, both on and off the platform. In 1924, she was touring through East and South Africa to survey the causes of the various indignities suffered there by her compatriots. At a dinner table General Hertzog asked her why her countrymen did not repatriate to India. "I might as well ask," she countered casually, "why you Hollanders in South Africa don't return to the Netherlands!" The first question that American reporters asked her upon her arrival in New York for a

lecture tour was what she thought of Katherine Mayo. "Who is she?" Mrs. Naidu wanted to know.

Even her extemporaneous speeches are perfect specimens of classical oratory. Audiences in the United States, where her lecture tour was more successful than that of any Indian save Tagore, often wondered at her mastery of the English language. They marveled at the way she concluded her mile-long sentences without committing a single grammatical mistake or dictional error. Her supremacy in the art of speech is now so well established that she has become a sort of official orator of the Indian National Congress. It is Mrs. Naidu who is delegated to deliver the speech of thanks at the conclusion of all important rallies. It is Mrs. Naidu who is called upon to introduce personalities, new as well as outstanding. And when things go wrong at a political conference, it is Mrs. Naidu on whom all depend to change the mood of the assembly by her witticisms and crusading idealism.

The hub of Bombay is Mrs. Naidu's suite at the Taj Mahal hotel. Her salon is a godsend for the foreign correspondent who is touring India for a month or two to write a book. Here he learns more about Indian leaders and the party's inner politics in an evening than he otherwise would in a month of arduous travel and interviews. And it takes all kinds to make a party at Mrs. Naidu's. Hindus and Mohammedans, Parsis and Christians, Congress leaders and the Liberals, writers and industrialists, Indian musicians and American novelists—all gravitate to Mrs. Naidu's sooner or later. It is the Cliveden of India, but of course without some of the latter's tendencies or chic.

Mrs. Naidu was born on the thirteenth of February, 1879, and her maiden name was Sarojini Chattopadhyaya. Her father, Aghore Chattopadhyaya, was a noted scientist in his day, and her brother, Harindra, is famous in India as well as in England as a poet, dramatist, and actor. Another of her brothers lived for a long time in Berlin; he was the intellectual mentor of many radical Indians who had made their homes somewhere in Europe

and his sudden disappearance at the outbreak of this war is still an unsolved mystery for all and a personal tragedy for many.

The Chattopadhyayas are Bengali Brahmins, but Sarojini's father had lived in Hyderabad, in the south, where she was born. Hyderabad is the capital of the kingdom of Nizam, the domain of the richest man in the world, and one of the three centers of real Mugalai culture. It was this accident which has enabled Mrs. Naidu to be at home in both Hindu and Moslem environments. It has also made her a tremendous factor in Hindu-Moslem unity. And so far as friendship between the Hindu and Moslem leaders is concerned, she has been of supreme value. For Mohammedan leaders feel more at home in Mrs. Naidu's salon at the Taj than in any other Congress center, official or unofficial.

She was an extremely bright girl from the very beginning. She passed the entrance examination of Calcutta University at the age of twelve, a record in itself. For the next six years she had to study at home at the feet of her great father, because she was too young to be sent abroad. The following four years she spent in England, both at King's College, London, and Girton College, Cambridge.

While in England, she tried her hand at writing poetry in English, and in her youthful gusto dashed off enough for a slim volume. She was fortunate enough to receive the frank advice of two outstanding English poets, who saw in her poems a promise of genius, but whose sensitivities were jarred by an oriental's frantic efforts at Anglicizing herself. They counseled her to retain her Indian idealistic flavor and use English as a mere medium of expression. She tried that, and quickly became an accepted poetess both in England and in India. There are two volumes of her English verse, and her sonnets have brought her special distinction.

Although she is fat and a little slow in her movements now, she is reported to have been very beautiful in her youth. She had a ringing voice and the aura of a poetess who was not of this world. She was popularly known as "the nightingale of India." But "the nightingale of

India" was soon better known as "the Florence Nightingale of India." For she immediately plunged headlong in the movement to improve the status of Indian women, wrote short stories to popularize science and medicine, and finally joined the Home Rule movement headed by Mrs. Annie Besant. In her life and career, as in the life and career of many more Indians, the Massacre of Amritsar was a crucial affair. She became a revolutionary overnight and came into the forefront of the Congress party. She rose rapidly in the ranks, and in 1925 became the president of the Indian National Congress. India has no higher honors to offer, either to a man or to a woman.

Since then, she has been elected president once again, and whether or not she occupies that high place, she has become, like Gandhi and Nehru and Patel, a permanent fixture of the Congress Cabinet. She represented Indian women at the Round Table Conference in 1931, and later on came to the United States for what turned out to be a triumphal lecture tour. In the literary field, she was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature in 1914.

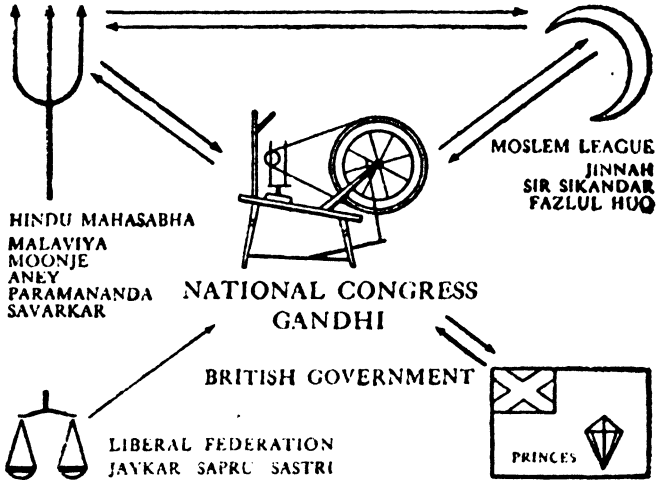
In the winter of 1941 she was imprisoned for the fifth time by the British authorities for her nationalistic activities. She had to be released immediately because of her poor health—but she was released against her wishes ; for the foreign yoke has turned India's delicate poetess into an incorrigible rebel.

THE BODY POLITIC

It is often pointed out by interested sources that the All-India National Congress is not the only political organization in India, nor are the Congress leaders the only Indians of prominence. The representativeness of this nationalist party is questioned on the ground that there exist in India two powerful communal organizations, the Hindu Mahasabha and the Moslem League. After these one more organization is also mentioned, the National Liberal Federation. There can be no doubt that the Congress is by far the most powerful and influential organ of the Indian masses, and this is proved by a

very singular circumstance. Ever since 1930, the British Government has been replaced by the Congress as the center of attack on all sides. There was a time when the Liberals used to fight the British Government in their own sulking constitutional way. Not that they have stopped it altogether now, but in recent years their main attacks have indeed been aimed at the Congress. The Hindu Mahasabha, too, is nowadays concentrating its more formidable resistance on the Congress rather than on the Government because of what it considers the default of the nationalists on the side of pure Hindu interests. The Moslem League seems to have forgotten that the real opponent is the British Government; it has proclaimed an open war on the Congress. Of course, once in a while, all these parties criticize the Government, but their main wrath has lately been spent on the nationalists—and this proves beyond question that the Congress has almost acquired the position of a parallel government.

A picture of the body politic of India, together with its various leaders, would look something like this:



THE BRAHMIN OF BRAHMINS

Just as Patel and Bose stand at the opposite poles among Congress leaders, so are Jinnah and Malaviya the two extremes in the ranks of communal leaders. But Malaviya, the octogenarian Brahmin of Brahmins, besides being the antithesis of Jinnah, is one of India's most venerated and complicated personalities. Four times a President of the All-India Congress, he has also been the President of the All-India Hindu Mahasabha for three terms. In fact, he is the Founding Father of the Hindu Mahasabha.

In many respects it was Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya who gave the cue to Jinnah to enter the stage of India with his thumping battlecry of "Save Islam!" Malaviya's influence was growing by leaps and bounds in the Congress's policy-making conclaves. At the second Round Table Conference in 1931, it was Malaviya who balked at the Hindu-Moslem compromise proposed by Gandhi. And it was Malaviya's Hindu Mahasabha, together with the Aryasamaj, which estranged and even enraged many Mohammedans with its policy of shuddhi (reclamation of original Hindus by reconversion of Moslems and Christians back to Hinduism). Thus Malaviya, one of Mother India's most gifted sons, has been a decisive cause of Hindu-Moslem conflicts.

Everyone admits, nevertheless, that he is a nationalist and a very important one. His standing in the Congress party, until very recently, had always been at the very top. But in a revolutionary Congress dominated by Gandhi and Nehru, Malaviya soon became an anachronism, a misfit relic of the Moderate period of 1908–1916. He was the first to realize that the change in the national temper meant the beginning of the end for him and his school, so he organized the Hindu Mahasabha and became the spokesman for that center of religious orthodoxy.

Malaviya has several strings to his bow. To start with, he has all the attributes and assets and the emotional appeal of a truly great revivalist. The rosy picture he draws of the ancient Aryavarta is all sweetness and light, and he is capable of making it an infinite source of joy

and pride to those Hindus who are conscious of their contemporary shame. When he proposes to revive that Hindu India of bygone days, his listeners, many of whom are merchant princes and landowners, are filled with pious frenzy. Malaviya's followers then begin to dream, as they imaginatively and yet gloriously march backwards through centuries. And with that rekindled vision of India, Malaviya indeed fulfills their conception of the High Priest. Malaviya looks the part physically. He has a straight figure even at eighty, and his limbs still move with a young man's ease and swiftness. He is vibrant and inspiring, contagious in his enthusiasm and energy, and his ringing voice has a sweet metallic quality. He is an old-school orator, too, the best of his kind in India. He has a superb command of Hindustani and English, and he is a skillful coiner of phrases. His choice of words is gaudy, but his words linger on in the listener's mind. If he is listed on a program as one of the speakers, others might as well surrender; for he always makes a speech which easily spills over two hours. Yet the curious part about Malaviya's long-windedness is that people enjoy his speeches as they would a night at the opera; they listen to him to the end, spellbound.

Malaviya's speeches are necessarily long because even on the subject of television he must bring in the achievements of the ancient Hindus. Nine times out of ten he begins with the Vedas, lingers lovingly over the Upanishads, pauses a little longer on the era of the Buddha, and by the time he arrives at the point where the British came in, the clock has ticked off more than an hour. His admirers like it, especially the Hindu Maharajahs and industrial magnates. They worship his words, his way of life, his insistence on the march back to the Vedas, and they think that Malaviya is the greatest modern savior of the Hindu Dharma. They leave the key to their treasuries in Malaviya's hands, hoping to obtain the key to heaven in return. Malaviya has in this way become to benevolent Hindu enterprises what John R. Mott is to Protestant missionary enterprises. Malaviya has raised millions, more millions than any other

Hindu has ever been able to collect for social reform, and has earned from the Mahatma the significant title of "the greatest beggar in All-India." A concrete testimony to Malaviya's ability to beg for others (which is traditionally a privilege of the Brahmins) stands in the form of the Benares Hindu University, one of the finest in India and also the most heavily endowed. Malaviya is the founder of it, but his official position is that of a mere Vice-Chancellor. Characteristically he leaves the position of the Chancellor open, to be filled by the year's highest contributor.

It is, however, as the Brahmin of Brahmins that Malaviya stands out in bold relief. A whole popular lore has grown around his religious orthodoxy. He was born in 1861 in a Brahmin family of very limited means, and yet he somehow managed to secure for himself a first-class education. After finishing his high-school training, he worked part-time to be able to pursue higher studies. From an early age he displayed a marked interest in old Sanskrit literature and in ancient knowledge. He developed a nostalgia for the Vedic Aryavarta which became his dreamland, and he was destined to devote the rest of his life to proving that if the Indians went back to the true Hindu life, everything would be all right again. In consequence, he has now become the epitome of orthodoxy, the perfectionist of caste observances, and a living encyclopedia of Hindu hygiene.

When, for instance, he went to London in 1931 in connection with the second Round Table Conference, he had to have a de luxe cabin all to himself to insure the integrity of his exclusiveness. He had taken along a Brahmin cook (almost all cooks serving in Hindu families are Brahmin by caste, while most of the Indian cooks who serve in European families are Goanese), who soon erected a separate kitchen of his own on the first-class deck. But that was nothing compared to what I myself have seen. In 1932, Malaviya came to Santiniketan to visit Tagore, another Brahmin. Malaviya brought his own cook even there, and wouldn't eat with Tagore, because the poet occasionally entertained outside his

caste. To go back to Malaviya's legendary trip to London. He had several bottles of Ganges water for use on the boat, where drinking would be taboo for him otherwise. He also had with him a plentiful supply of the sacred ashes of cowdung for his morning worship. His devotees had expended special efforts to provide him with fresh milk at every port, and he himself seriously thought of taking a cow along. Years later I had the privilege of occupying a suite in which Malaviya had stayed while in London, and I found that the bathroom was constructed in Indian fashion. My landlady explained that it had been remade for Malaviya.

More recently, Malaviya created a sensation by going through kayakalp, which is the Yogic equivalent of western rejuvenation. It must be emphasized that the ceremony did not signify any desire on his part to become young again; to Malaviya it only meant proving the validity of the ancient science of Hindu medicine even at the risk of his own life. The treatment lasted for forty-five days, during which he was placed in a sealed chamber modeled after a woman's womb. There was neither light nor any ventilation in that womb-shaped shrine, and only Malaviya's son was allowed to visit him occasionally. This was all done under the constant vigilance of a Yogi reputed to be one hundred and seventy-two years old, who prescribed that Malaviya should forego all food but milk. An Ayurvedic medicine was freshly and elaborately prepared every night about fifty miles from Allahabad. It contained many secret ingredients and required a well-guarded ceremony of preparation. Information about only one item of the whole process leaked out to the public; a palas tree was burnt every night in half a ton of cowdung cakes, and the ashes were brought to him every morning.

On the forty-fifth day, Malaviya emerged from the womb-shaped chamber and looked, according to the testimony of all who saw him, twenty years younger. His wrinkles had disappeared, and he walked erect even at seventy-seven. He could dispense with glasses, even while reading in the pale light of an oil lamp. A board

of doctors who examined him pronounced the treatment successful. Malaviya had only one comment to make: he was cared for with all the tenderness generally lavished on a new-born baby while he went through the treatment.

There is still plenty of life in this Grand Old Man of India, and plenty of promise. But his latest communalist policies, one must point out, will lead us toward anything but a rejuvenation of India.

HINDU LEADERS

Dr. B. S. Moonje, a leading light of the Hindu Mahasabha, offers severe competition to Jinnah and his Moslem League. Moonje is a nationalist, and in the past has participated in Congress activities, but he wants to make sure that the Moslem minority does not get the veto power over the Hindu majority. Moonje advises vepetarian Hindus to become meat-eaters and to take up the military art. He is India's best authority on Army affairs, and founder of the Bhonsle Military College, Nasik.

Madhao Shrihari Aney is the sixty-year-old Hindu leader who is very much like Pandit Malaviya in his policies; he wavers between the Congress and the Hindu Mahasabha. He is more at home in parliamentary struggles than in the open direct action methods advocated by Gandhi. Lately the word "Hindu" has replaced the original "Indian" in his political philosophy.

Bhai Paramanand is the uncompromising Hindu fighter who is also a staunch Aryasamajist and a leader of the Hindu Mahasabha. He is an ex-revolutionary who was interned in the infamous Andaman Islands until 1920. A nationalist at heart, his present preoccupation lies in making secure the rights of the Hindus and in reviving the old glory of Aryavarta.

Vinayak Damodar Savarkar, one of India's most legendary ex-revolutionaries, has more and more in recent years identified himself with what many regard as communal activities. But the old air of mystery, daring, and burning patriotism still linger around his impressive figure and dramatic movements.

Vinayak is one of the three famous Savarkar Brothers who have devoted their lives to the cause of Indian independence and suffered great privations on account of their policies. Vinayak Savarkar was born in 1883 and earned a name for himself at the early age of ten as a precocious but promising poet whose verse was being published in the famous *Kal* of Poona. After a stormy student career which was filled with dismissals because of his fiery nationalism, Savarkar finally became a Barrister-at-Law. In 1900 he founded his revolutionary society in Nasik, and in 1906 he won the Shivaji Scholarship, awarded by the late Shamji Krishna Varma, and went to England. Later on, he drifted to Paris, where by then had gathered a group of Indian expatriates who carried on revolutionary work under the leadership of Shamji Krishna Varma and Madam Kama. One of the few strategic mistakes he has made in his romantic life took place in 1910 when he returned to England and was promptly arrested on the charge of "Conspiracy to wage War against the King Emperor."

While he was being brought back to India to face his fate, he managed to escape from the boat and swam safely to Marseilles. But his Indian accomplices fumbled the opportunity and Savarkar was again taken a prisoner. Then arose a famous controversy over his custody between France and England: the case dragged on and was finally referred to the Hague. Subsequently he was sentenced to two terms of transportation for life and sent to the hell prison of Andaman Islands. It took thirteen years of constant agitation to get him released, on specific conditions, in 1924. He was interned at Ratnagiri and soon he discovered that he could participate only in such social reform movements as the anti-caste campaign, anti-untouchability work, and Hindu Sangathan.

Savarkar holds a sort of record for writing books which the British authorities find it necessary to proscribe. He is a reputed writer, an emotional and poetic orator, and a man of great magnetism.

THE QU-I-D-I ÂZAM

There are two sides to any politician, two interpretations of a politician's personality and policies—the sympathetic one as given by admirers and followers, and the sardonic one reflected by the opposition. In quite a few cases, it is merely entertaining and instructive to give the two pictures so drawn of the same personage, but in Mohammed Ali Jinnah's case, it is imperative. Unlike most Indian leaders, Jinnah has more adversaries than admirers, but the brighter of the two pictures of Jinnah's work and worth should not be neglected because of popular resentment among the masses of India. The two pictures of Jinnah are so violently conflicting that they might be of two altogether different people.

Let us listen to one Hamid Ali Khan, a purely fictitious and synthetic character, and see what he has to say. Hamid is a Moslem Leaguer and attends the Aligarh Moslem University. When we enter Hamid's cubicle, the first thing we notice is the picture of Jinnah which hangs prominently on his wall. If Hamid is fortunate, he might also have an autographed letter from Jinnah which is framed and is standing on the table. We need not draw it out of him ; he will inform us promptly that "Jinnah is the Savior of Islam in India. Had it not been for Jinnah, the Hindus would have been successful in establishing in India 'the tyranny of the majority' under the guise of democracy. The Hindus want to revive their ancient Aryavarta in which they would refuse to give equal status to Indian Mohammedans. Against that conspiracy, Jinnah has declared a jihad in which all we Moslems have joined, and Pakistan (a plan which envisages an eventual partition of India) is our battle-cry. Some day, Indian Mohammedans will thank God or the Qu-i-d-i Âzam (the Great Leader)."

Let us go to Benares from Aligarh and pay a visit to one Lal Shankar, also a fictitious and synthetic character. Lal Shankar attends the Benares Hindu University, which does not, of course, imply that all students there are communally minded ; that charge cannot even be brought

against Aligarh Moslem University, although lately Aligarh has become the brain of Pakistan. Lal Shankar is a Hindu, a nationalist (he has Gandhi's portrait on his wall), and for our practical purposes, he has lately become interested in the Hindu Mahasabha (note the picture of Malaviya on his desk). But in fairness to Lal Shankar, Hindu, it must be stated that there are three of him for every Hamid, and also that as many Mohammedans lean toward unity with the Hindus as hold Hamid's isolationist views. Lal Shankar's outburst follows :

"Jinnah is the greatest obstacle in the way of Indian independence," Lal Shankar sighs. "His one interest seems to be to keep the Hindus and the Moslems divided —which is just about all that the British want in order to keep India perpetually under the yoke. God knows that we Hindus, too, are for all the legitimate rights of Mohammedans and of all other minorities. Is Jinnah *really* interested in securing those rights? If so, then why does he come out with new demands every time his claims are satisfied? I think that he is afraid of Hindu-Moslem unity becoming a reality, which might lessen his prominence. That's why he is not interested in any type of reasonable settlement. Why is he proposing Pakistan? For he well knows that Pakistan is one thing no Hindu in his right mind would agree to. . . ."

In both these summaries of Jinnah's policies one naturally finds dyed-in-the-wool partisanship, and perhaps the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes, as it so often does in the case of men in politcis. A great many Mohammedans have lately come to adore Jinnah and follow his lead implicitly. But there are as many Mohammedans in India untouched by his emotional appeal as there are those who respond to it. His critics who describe him as "the little Hitler of Malabar Hill," however, should be categorically answered in one respect. Jinnah may be vain and eager for power, but he is utterly honest, scrupulously upright, a man of great personal integrity. There is no Indian to whom the British Government has offered greater lures for the promise of

his support. Jinnah has resisted them all, and pursued his own independent course.

This sixty-five-year-old intellectual is tall and lean. His eyes sparkle with shrewdness. He is very particular about his clothes, wears them well, and used to have a wardrobe full of famous Bond Street labels. He is assertive and strongly opinionated, and his language is challenging and yet engaging. Altogether he gives the impression of a strong personality.

Jinnah was born in 1876 in a Khoja Moslem family, and at an early age he prepared for law. As a lawyer, his rise was slow but steady, and there came a time when he was highly successful. There were other lawyers in Bombay at that time who made more money and perhaps were regarded as greater authorities on jurisprudence. But Jinnah had the distinction of being the best showman of them all. Quick, exceedingly clever, sarcastic, and colorful, his greatest delight was to confound the opposing lawyer by confidential asides, and to outwit the presiding judge in repartee. In all these characteristics he was the Indian replica of the late Lord Birkenhead. He gesticulated dramatically, and always paused for effect.

Jinnah began his political career under enviable circumstances. In 1906, he became the private secretary of Dadabhoy Naoroji, the patriarchal Parsi and one of the founding fathers of the Indian National Congress. Jinnah rapidly rose in rank, and soon became a member of the Imperial Legislative Council.

In those days Jinnah was a rebel and the Bombay hero of both Hindus and Moslems. The question came up as to whether or not a memorial should be erected to honor Lord Willingdon, then retiring Governor of Bombay. Jinnah opposed the plan bitterly and won out. There was a triumphal procession in his honor, and Jinnah was paraded on the shoulders of Bombay students. Citizens raised money and erected the People's Jinnah Hall in the memory of his first significant political coup. Then came the passage of the Rowlatt Act in 1919. Jinnah resigned from the Imperial Legislative Council and wrote: "I feel that under the prevailing conditions I can be

of no use to my people in the Council, nor consistently with one's self-respect is co-operation possible with a Government which shows such an utter disregard for the opinion of the representatives of the people at the Council Chamber and the feelings and sentiments of the people outside."

The present-day arch-communalist was then one of the leading nationalists in the land and a ranking member of the Congress party. Jinnah was also a social reformer. He had little to do with religion, much less with the religious bigotry which he helped to arouse later on. He dressed like an Englishman and not like an orthodox Khoja. He married a Parsi woman and not a Moslem bride, and he became the father-in-law of another Parsi, his daughter's husband. He never made any reference to the Holy Koran.

But slowly the scene was changing: Gandhi was coming into prominence in Congress circles, demanding that it was high time the nationalists changed their method of attack. The fancy debates in Legislative Assembly and the method of parliamentary reforms appeared impotent to Gandhi—he advocated direct action instead. This was not the game at which Jinnah excelled. He was sure to shine in Assembly debates, but he was not sure of himself in connection with Gandhi's techniques. It just wasn't his idea of a revolution. In 1921, he broke away from the Congress at Nagpur. And when Gandhi initiated his great non-violent battle of 1930, Jinnah went to Europe.

But soon his opportunity came. One by one all the great Mohammedan leaders of India died and left the field open. The psychological moment was provided by the ascendancy in Congress circles of Pandit Malaviya's Hinduistic point of view. Returned to India, Jinnah seized upon this, adopting the slogan, "Islam is in Danger," and became the president of the Moslem League in 1934. Since then he has concentrated his attacks not upon the British Raj, but upon the Congress and its various leaders. Once in a while he has negotiated with a Rajendra Prasad, a Nehru, a Bose, or a Gandhi,

but always the parleys have broken off. Then have followed lengthy correspondence with a Nehru or a Gandhi. These correspondences have a curious and unfortunate pattern. No concrete proposal comes from Jinnah's side, but always scathing criticism of some minor point.

Some unkind critics have hinted from time to time that Jinnah is not so much out to settle the issues as to settle some personal scores. As the months go by, Jinnah seems to become more and more touchy about "the dignity of the President of the Moslem League." Early in 1941, Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, invited Gandhi to visit him at Simla hill. Immediately Jinnah demanded that the President of the Moslem League also be invited by the Viceroy, which was quite all right. But the second invitation brought on the famous Automobile Incident. No one except His Excellency is allowed to use a motor vehicle in Simla; all others have to use a rickshaw. The Viceroy realized that Gandhi would never on principle pamper himself with a rickshaw. Showing consideration for the Mahatma's age and health, the Viceroy sent his own motorcar to meet the Mahatma at the station. When Jinnah arrived, he saw no automobile waiting for him, which he publicly interpreted as a discrimination against the Moslem community. He "wrote a letter to the *Times*" about it.

Jinnah had to change his life drastically to play his new rôle of the Savior of Islam in India. His Bond Street clothes gave way to achkan-shervani, his felt hat to the fez. For the first time in his life, when well past sixty, he began to improve his Urdu, which must now take the place of his beloved English. And the one-time ardent nationalist became the guiding star of communalism and even of Pakistan, declaring: "Make me the dictator, put matters into my hands, and I shall show you whether I cannot fill every high post in the land with efficient Moslems."

MOSLEM LEADERS

Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan, next to Jinnah, is the most prominent Moslem leader outside the Congress fold.

He is by no means a faithful follower of Jinnah and his policy, and his Prime Ministership of the Punjab has never been controlled by the Moslem League. Although Sir Sikandar's policies have coincided more than once with those of Jinnah, the former has been a drastic critic of the latter's proposal to partition India. Sir Sikandar, a distinguished soldier, is also a successful businessman. Lately he has become an active member of the Moslem League, but has showed a much more conciliatory attitude toward Hindu-Moslem unity than Jinnah.

Fazlul Huq is another prominent Moslem Leader out-the Congress party; he is the Premier of Bengal. Huq has been for a long time a moving figure in the Praja Party of Bengal. Often his policies do converge with those of Jinnah, but he has declared himself against the partition proposal.

THE "LIBERALS"

Mukund Ramrao Jayakar's position in the body politic of India is that of a Liberal. There are a handful of Liberals in India, and there is a National Liberal Federation. But it is a party, if one wants to call it a party, composed of a handful of leaders and no followers to speak of. Practically every member of the Liberal Federation, however, is a prominent citizen, distinguished both for his intellectual talents and for his money. In consequence, the Liberal is more articulate and conspicuous than what his non-existent following would justify. Although the Indian Liberal does not cut much of a figure in the public eye, he has indeed influence in the sense that his group would certainly be consulted in any crisis by both powerful Indian politicians and Government officials.

Jayakar, who is now a judge on the Federal Supreme Court, is a social reformer and a first-rate constitutional lawyer.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru is another leading Liberal; he was born in 1875 and had a brilliant career as a student. He became a famous and an extremely prosperous lawyer in Allahabad, where he enjoyed the late Motilal Nehru's

friendship. He was one of the real luminaries of the Round Table conferences. In the mass mind, his greatest distinction is that he was one of the famous pair of Sapru-Jayakar mediators who traveled back and forth between Gandhi's cell in the prison at Poona and the Viceregal Lodge to bring about the settlement in 1930. Sapru, a sound scholar, is a patriot of the type that flourished in the 1908–1916 period of moderation.

The Right Honorable V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, born in 1869, is also a distinguished Liberal who comes from a prominent southern family and brings to All-India politics the Madrasi subtleties of mind and eloquence of speech. For a time he was the Agent for Government of India in South Africa. Since Gokhale's death, Sastri has become the main inspiration of the Servants of India Society.

All these men are truly outstanding leaders, and their names are sure to figure in the headlines whenever big things begin to happen in India.

PART FOUR: POLITICAL

XVII. INDIA, AMERICA, AND THE WAR

On the thirty-third day after I departed from Cadiz, I came to the Indian sea . . . beyond the Ganges.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND

THE bonds between America and India are more numerous than most Americans realize. The golden chain of coincidence with which history has linked the two great nations is indeed a long one. The magnitude of America's stake in India's future, likewise, is greater than is commonly known. The whole story of the Indian movement can be viewed from an American angle.

We Hindus take a pardonable pride in the fact that had it not been for us "undiscovered" Indians, America would not have been the same America from 1492 on. It was Columbus's eagerness to find out what we were doing and how much money we were making that gave him the idea of sailing the seas in the first place. He came and went in the New World, thinking all the time that he was looking at India "beyond the Ganges." So the red men were called Indians, and we ancient India-men—Hindus, Moslems, Parsis, Sikhs—have to explain to young American boys that we are indeed Indians though we are not the scalping kind. To the surprise of many a Moslem visitor, Americans actually graduate from college thinking all India-men are Hindus, because their teachers used the predominant name to distinguish India's people from the grand old aborigines.

America and India have revolutionary wars in common. America's forefathers fought for their country's independence; my father fought for ours and so will my son

if need be. America's forefathers fought against the British, and we Indians are fighting against the British now. We, therefore, feel that we are doing nothing mischievous. We have the glorious example of the United States.

General Charles Cornwallis, after fighting against the American rebels in 1777 at Brandywine, came to India as Governor General to try his hand against other rebels. Long after we Indians received a Governor General with a background of the American Revolutionary War, we also got some political slogans and patterns of resistance from the Land of Liberty. India's salt campaign in 1930 was based upon the American doctrine of "no taxation without representation." India re-enacted its own version of the Boston Tea Party in 1921–1922 when it boycotted "British tea" produced in Darjiling and Assam under a system which demanded not only Indian sweat but also Indian blood.

Then there was the Civil War in the United States. The American fight for the emancipation of the slaves was quickly adapted by humane Hindus into a war to end the caste system and to re-establish the untouchables. From that day forward, Abraham Lincoln has provided India with a large part of its political and reform vocabulary; with George Washington and Thomas Paine he became one of the American heroes whom India has admired and tried to emulate for generations.

More recently, a Little India made its home in the United States. At the opening of the twentieth century, especially between 1907 and 1910, began what is sometimes described in California as "the tide of the turbans." Actually, it was a tiny stream, and never a tide. The number of Hindus in the United States never exceeded the twenty-thousand mark, and today, as I have said, there are fewer than four thousand Indians in America. When they arrived in large numbers before 1917, they generally came down from Canada and drifted southward to the rich valleys of California. Most of them were Sikhs, popularly known in California as Rag Heads, who had behind them valuable experience in the agri-

culture of sugar cane, corn, cotton, and melons. They were like birds of passage, who drifted from place to place as the seasons changed, from San Joaquin Valley to Sacramento and the Imperial Valley. They were recognized as industrious workers and skillful farmers. They distinguished themselves even at the arduous task of asparagus cutting, and their fine hands were seen at work over melon and cotton crops in the Imperial Valley. Fresno was full of praise for their handling of fig orchards and vineyards. They were indispensable in the rice land around Sacramento.

They were thrifty and enterprising and many of them soon passed into the landowning class. Fifty thousand acres of rice land in California were operated by the expatriate Sikhs by 1918. Since they never constituted a menace to the people who had come to California before them, they were popular with the local residents. But there were other orientals whom the Californians wished to exclude. The Chinese Exclusion Act was introduced in 1882; the Japanese were next on the list. So when the Alien Land Act was eventually passed, Indians were included, for discretion's sake, along with the Japanese. Finally, there was the Immigration Act of 1917. Since then the tiny stream of turbans has been stopped once and for all.

Along with other orientals, quite a few Sikhs went back to their homeland. Some of them returned to India to seek mothers for their would-be sons, while others bade good-by to the land of opportunity in order to avoid legal difficulties. A small number of those who preferred to stay on in the United States drifted toward eastern industrial centers. Those who remained in California, however, gradually thrived in spite of hardships, and made an alert and well-to-do, if minute, community.

Then something happened which law-makers had not anticipated. That small community of Indians became one of the prime movers of the home-rule campaign in India through a series of long-distance political coups. Nothing else should have been expected, however. The

California Sikhs were stirred by the freedom and the political enlightenment which they had experienced for the first time in their lives among the liberty-loving peoples of the United States. These expatriates began to love their motherland as never before, and they understood the cause of their country's downfall much more clearly in non-colonial America. Their eyes were opened for the first time to the vision of an independent India full of promise and bounty. They organized the Gadar (Revolution) Party and raised funds for the welfare of their less fortunate compatriots in America as well as for nationalists in India. They encouraged celebrities from India to visit the United States to tell their country's story.

Partly drawn by the financial security that the California organization could offer, and partly inspired by a desire to see the great country-without-an-empire, many Indian revolutionaries came to the United States. Several of them had prices on their heads. Quite a few were sure to be hanged if they ever returned to India. For years they had been hounded out of one European capital after another. America was a land where solicitous strangers were not agents of the police. Here they could work in behalf of Indian freedom. Thus India's political exiles trekked toward the United States in keeping with a time-honoured American tradition. They were simply doing what the Irish revolutionaries—and one can mention exiles from many other European countries—had done before them. Ever since the Revolutionary War, the United States has given refuge to homeless patriots from all over the world who carry the torch for freedom. America has not only strengthened freedom and democracy within its own boundaries; it has also helped to establish freedom and democracy in other lands by giving shelter to apostles of human rights who would otherwise have been struck down by the enemies of freedom.

In 1898, a small but spirited cult of bomb-throwers had its origin in Bengal among the Bengalis who hated Britain. The theory was that if enough Englishmen working in the civil and military services of India were killed or terrorized, their cousins in London might not

want to set foot in that wild continent, and the British Government of India would come to a standstill and would be ripe for a coup d'état by the nationalists. But India's traditions of non-violence stood in the way—in the way of these revolutionary patriots—and they found that their numbers were not increasing. The Bengalis followed the Irish pattern, but their countrymen lacked the Irish temperament. Promising young men were drawn away to the impotent pursuits of parliamentary tactics by moderates who believed that India's status could be improved by legal battles. However, the Punjab and Maharashtra and the United Provinces joined forces with the Bengal cult of bomb-throwers, and the strategy of terrorism reached a new high during the decade that preceded the first World War. The British Government did succeed in catching a few of the terrorists and in hanging them, but many more managed to escape out of India before the C.I.D. (the secret service) closed in. They established themselves in such Asiatic capitals as Kabul and Tokyo, or in such European capitals as Berlin, Paris, Rome, and Geneva.

Although the Gadar Party in California did not by any means belong to the bomb-throwers' cult, it now and then sheltered these revolutionaries in desperate financial crises. Gradually, a few expatriate Indian leaders came to the United States with the purpose in view of presenting their side of Indian controversy to the American public. In their wake came Indian students, who studied at such universities as Harvard, Columbia, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, and California, and drank in the American spirit of liberty and the idea of the intrinsic worth and dignity of every individual. When these young men returned to India, they naturally showed fresh skill at aggravating the old wound—alien authority. Thus the United States became one of the strongest centers for India's fight for freedom before the first World War.

By the time the first World War started to swamp humanity, a score of India's revolutionary patriots had established themselves in the United States. There was no special love on their part for the Kaiser's government,

but they made common cause with it all the same for political expediency. To their strategy was added the strength of other revolutionary leaders who had been making the rounds of European and Asiatic capitals. As the war progressed, Berlin became more and more the center of revolutionary activities in India's behalf. The Kaiser was trying to match T. E. Lawrence's Fifth Column activities within the Ottoman Empire with his own revolutionary agitations in India, which were to synchronize with his European offensives. The German High Command placed great funds and facilities at the disposal of Indian revolutionaries who had flocked to Berlin with a view to the final putsch in India.

In the United States, the few Indian revolutionaries who had stayed behind carried on their activities in league with Irish patriots. Two or three abortive attempts were made to send arms to India for the use of revolutionaries on the spot. Meanwhile, the United States was drifting more and more to the side of Britain and to an open declaration of war. The Indian revolutionaries were quick to sense the changing temper of the people of the United States, who had hitherto been favourable to the idea of a free India. Some of them went to Germany. The great Lala Har Dayal had already gone there to co-ordinate the movement. Finally, the United States went to war against Germany and a dozen Indian patriots were arrested in California and other states and imprisoned for "waging wars" against an ally of America.

The post-war period saw a drastic change in India's political picture. Gandhi had by then become the leader of the nationalist movement in India. In a very definite way, he had neutralized the Bengal cult of violence through his own peculiar brand of bloodless revolution. He cut the ground from under the feet of Indian revolutionaries in Europe and in America. Anyway, Gandhi had little faith in agitation abroad; he believed that India's real fight was at home and that the world was bound to recognize India's claims as soon as the nation developed an overwhelming strength from within. He prevailed upon the Indian National Congress to close

its foreign branches and urged it to concentrate on the non-violent batttle at home. With a series of swift strokes, he restored the leadership of the Indian revolution to the champions on the spot. There was an inverse ratio between Gandhi's rise to power and the sunset of the influence of the insurrectionists abroad.

The old-fashioned revolutionaries who had been carrying on the agitation an ocean away from India became a spent force. They were compelled to realize that the Indian masses had outgrown their leadership, and they failed to understand the new spirit of Gandhi's India. For fear of losing their heads, none of them could return home to observe the new India at work and to renew their view-points and policies. From a distance it was virtually impossible to grasp the speed and sureness of Gandhi's satyagraha. Therefore, many of them became bitter against satyagraha in general and Gandhi in particular. Moreover, the kill'em brotherhood lost prestige in foreign countries where they had operated. People all over the world were intrigued by Gandhi and the baffling phenomenon that his non-violent India was presenting. India was beginning to make spot news for the first time in the history of the Indo-British relationship—front-page news with which the old-type Indian revolutionaries, then stranded in foreign countries, had no connection. They became anachronisms—not only men without a country, but also men without a cause. It was heart-rending to see their changed position, and there is nothing as sad as a hero outgrown by his own cause. It is one of the cruelest cuts of history.

In the 1920's, the United States began to see a new kind of unofficial envoy from the East. Young men, and even young women, came to America from India and talked to American audiences about Gandhi and satyagraha. American audiences were relieved to find that these spokesmen of India had no bitterness in their hearts against the British people although they hated British imperialism. They quoted Wilson, not De Valera. The young nationalists were calm and objective as they presented their review of the Indo-British relationship.

They were all the more effective for that, and gradually a consciousness of India grew in the minds of a great majority of the American people. American audiences, who had an inborn sympathy for the underdog as well as for all those who fought for freedom and democracy, were roused by the lawyer-like presentation of India's case that these sons and handmaidens of Gandhi were able to offer. There was also one fundamental difference between these younger men and women and the old-school revolutionaries. The newcomers, still warm from the fire started by Gandhi, were satisfied to just talk about it, but the exiled leaders had once built fires of their own.

Gandhi, meanwhile, had succeeded in making Indian independence into a world issue, partly by his own captivating personality, partly because he was backed by millions who had become politically articulate for the first time, but mainly through the fascination of his novel weapon of massed and organized non-violence. The citizens of the United States, amazed by a discovery of nation-wide distress on the other side of the globe, felt that what happened to one-fifth of the human race in India had a direct bearing upon their own fortunes. Moreover, there was the curious spectacle of a non-Christian people getting somewhere by applying lessons taken from the Good Book. American missionaries were startled, too, and had political stories to tell when on furlough. Statehood through sainthood sounded familiar to Americans, something that William Penn and William Lloyd Garrison had stood for in their own history. They realized also that Gandhi was even using Henry Thoreau's phrase, "civil disobedience." Church groups throughout the United States began to feel sympathetic toward what Gandhi was doing and also toward India's needs. American liberals, weary of wars and in search of a moral substitute, also felt drawn toward the Gandhi movement, and they threw in their weight on the side of Indian nationalism. And those were the days of the liberals! America, by and large, was for the Indian nationalists.

From another angle, Gandhi was saving India from the criticism that staunch individuals like Pearl Buck made later on, of other Asiatic countries. In an unusual and searching article in *Asia* entitled "Western Weapons in the Hands of the Reckless East," Pearl Buck had this to say about the Sino-Japanese war: "What we now see in China, therefore, is the combination of parts of two civilizations, without the restraint of the balancing parts; that is, a war carried on with modern weapons, the product of the West, and with a spirit of utter disregard for individual human life, which is a result of the life in the Orient." In the light of later developments in Europe, many Chinese rejected this differentiation. From India's point of view, however, *even* western "humanitarianism" was being perfected in Gandhi's satyagraha.

And yet, the disciples from India failed to enlist the sympathy of American people as Chinese spokesmen were doing. Perhaps the apprentices of Gandhi were not entirely to be blamed. There have always been many more Chinese in the United States than Indians, and also America has always had greater economic and trade interests in China than in India. India has been an almost monopolized green pasture for the British. The United States trade balance with India was in reverse until the outbreak of the second World War. Then too, unlike China whose enemy is Japan, we Indians have made the fatal mistake of selecting "the wrong enemy." The United States usually distrusts what the Honorable Enemy has to say about China, while England's versions of affairs in India have been more readily accepted than the pleas and accounts of Indian nationalists. How unfortunate for India that we are at odds with Britain and not Japan! It has made all the difference, for example, so far as the comparable histories of American missions in India and China are concerned. American missionaries in China have contributed heavily toward Chinese nationalism and toward Chinese resistance against the enemy. American missionaries in India, on the other hand, have not given our nationalism the benefit of many hymns of praise.

Against such odds, it was almost impossible for Indian spokesmen to compete with those of China. Moreover, China has had ambassadorial and consular relations with the United States, while India has never enjoyed any such privileges.

There have been other reasons for our failure to appeal to the American people, and perhaps equally important ones. As Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt explained to me at the White House in the winter of 1941, a knowledge of Chinese culture has been much more widespread in the United States than information about India's civilization and India's culture. I do agree that the lack of a cultural approach has been one of the fundamental weaknesses in our relations with the American people. Indian interpreters would do well to follow the example of the Chinese in this. Everything from *Lady Precious Stream* and the writings of Lin Yutang down to "Confucius say . . ."—even the popularity of chop suey—has helped to make America conscious of China. After attending on several occasions the carnivals which are the Republican and the Democratic conventions, I have also felt that maybe India's spokesmen have been too serious for American audiences. It is the Hindu one-track mind, I'm afraid. India's case has seldom been presented on the human level, man to man, or woman to woman. And Indian culture has made a lasting impression only upon the old New England school of poets and philosophers, the so-called Boston Brahmins.

Then there was that tabloid version of India, *Mother India*, by Katherine Mayo, four hundred pages of extraordinary, vividly dramatised claptrap. What really hurt us, I suppose, was the spectacle of an American woman willing, through innocence or ignorance, to join in the imperialist conspiracy to defame and to discredit our Mother India. Many American friends of India used their voices and their typewriters to reply to Miss Mayo, and many sons of Mother India made telling protests, too, against the visitor's generalizations. Nevertheless, the book made its impression, and at the time affected

American opinion which was then beginning to reach out toward my country.

When the tumult and the shouting had died, the issues were clearer. *Mother India*, had at least, aroused curiosity. That gave the unofficial spokesmen of India a splendid opportunity for reply. Some great women of India were invited by American lecture agents to answer Miss Mayo's contentions.

By the time I arrived in the United States, a huge wave of reaction had set in. Wherever I went in the United States and Canada, I found a deep and genuine sympathy for India, and I also observed a universal desire to know and learn more about that distant land. Once I debated with P. W. Wilson, that genial and brilliant Englishman, on Indo-British Relations, and we ended up by agreeing on most points. On a few points we disagreed, but we agreed to disagree. My contacts with other notable Englishmen while in the United States have been even more fortunate. I found that generally Americans were for India's independence and regarded with some skepticism the usual British apologies for keeping the key to our freedom in their pocket.

In the United States, understandably enough, I made the rounds to meet and to pay my respects to the exiled Indian revolutionaries of the pre-Gandhi era about whom I had heard so much during my adolescence. They were few and far between, and some of them were revolutionaries no more. In many cases, the revolutionary ardor was dimmed or extinguished entirely. Years later I met Lala Har Dayal and found him to be a scholarly and kindly man. In Mexico, I met another distinguished ex-revolutionary who had settled down to practice medicine and to operate a silver mine. He talked about the days of the abortive Partition of Bengal, which was before my time, and I found his story enlightening as well as hair-raising. (He gave me a huge sheaf of papers which contained his unpublished articles and a book, asking me to try to find a publisher for them. I sent his writings around, but was soon told, to my great grief, that the world had passed him by, and also his writings.)

When I told him the story of Gandhi's India and of Gandhi's satyagraha, his own country appeared as remote to him as Timbuctoo.

India's nationalism received the greatest encouragement in the years 1937 and 1939. The efforts of the Indian volunteer interpreters in this country were beginning to tell, while the activities of the nationalists at home were producing astounding results. There was good news from India, and for the first time since 1930, my country began to appear in the headlines. The Congress party had come to power in eight out of the eleven provinces under the new constitution. There was hope in India and praise abroad. The Congress provinces were making rapid progress toward democracy in general and social legislation in particular. The administrative abilities and the statesman-like dexterity of the nationalist leaders—yesterday's political prisoners—were invigorating India and shaming Great Britain. For the first time in the history of the Indo-British relationship, the Indians felt that they were "somebody" and were holding up their heads. That was India's first taste of power for full many a moon, and the erstwhile opponents of the Congress began to compete with each other to do honour to the nationalists. Even Indians in the British services sought to curry favor with the men and women they had arrested and tortured only a few years back. Some of these Indians, holding high diplomatic positions abroad under the protection of Great Britain, made overtures toward their own politicians for the first time in their conservative lives. The long line of candidates waiting for a turn to swing themselves up on the swaying back of India's playful elephant included several new mahouts from the United States. Some of the few Indian businessmen in America had always kept aloof from nationalist "propagandists" and had fought shy of joining groups which tried to help the struggle at home. These people now became the most ardent members of such circles. The whole spirit was changed. Those who had toiled despairingly took heart and became self-confident. There was much around them to please them. Americans were

becoming convinced of India's ability to govern herself, and they were in favor of India's early independence. For the time being and to all appearances, the battle for American public opinion, which was yearly becoming more and more crucial in world affairs, seemed to be won.

But fateful events in Europe changed all this. Things were happening fast, in Europe just across the Atlantic, and in Asia just across the Pacific. The peninsula which weeps Ceylon into the Indian Ocean was once again an object of indifference in America.

England's declaration of war on September 3, 1939, marked the beginning of an agonizing conflict in our hearts. We reflected the mental struggle of the great nationalist leaders in India who found themselves staring straight into two gun barrels. The dilemma of the Indian nationalists consisted of a choice between two evils. For decades they had fought against British imperialism and power politics as they had experienced them in India. In that struggle, some of them had beheld the blood of their brothers covering the ground and then had learned that the ground was confiscated. They had only the ambition to establish democracy in their land. Democracy of, by, and for Indians. Their abhorrence of Nazism or, for that matter, of any form of totalitarianism was genuine, more genuine, perhaps, than that of the more callous democracies. Their distrust, on the other hand, of the British idea of democracy was equally profound and deepened by long experience. Being reasonable, they were willing to grant the possibility of an eleventh-hour change of heart on the part of the British. But they asked proof. And no proof was forthcoming. It was a bewildering and bitter time for all of us.

Those of us in America who had appointed ourselves interpreters of Indian nationalism naturally shared the anxiety of our heroes at home. It was indeed difficult for us to forget what the Armistice of 1918 had brought to India. And yet it was much harder for us to be either the conscious or the unconscious tools of Nazi propagandists. We loathed any shape or form of totalitarianism. Making common cause with the enemies of

democracy was simply out of the question. There was one more complication to face. We were in a foreign and yet friendly and hospitable land, enjoying its generosity and proverbial freedom. We could not even think of exploiting those privileges. Though the United States was not yet at war, we believed that sooner or later it was bound to be drawn into the maelstrom. We decided, therefore, to read and not write, for the time being, to listen and not talk, only occasionally breaking our silence in an effort to interpret what was happening in India. This we felt had to be done lest India be wholly forgotten and lest liberal forces lose sight of all ideals of democracy. Moreover, rightly or wrongly, we were considered "authorities" on India by many groups, whose requests could hardly be refused. Of course, we were laying ourselves open to attacks from Indiaphiles and Indiaphobes, Anglophiles and Anglophobes. But we knew in our hearts that we were not the agents of any interest save that of the land of our birth. We also knew that nobody in his right mind could describe us that way. For one thing, the Indian National Congress does not believe in sending propagandists abroad, and it has no funds to support even the self-appointed disciples. We spoke on India because India was what we knew and also because India was what we loved.

We did not claim that we were official spokesmen; we were plain citizens of India whose consuming interest was India's freedom, and who happened to be in the United States. Our only recognition came from non-Indian sources, yet soon we were cautiously approached by both sides in the world conflict, both seeming to value our support and desire it. They did not seem to know that Gandhi's satyagrahis could not give aid or allegiance to anything but the nationalist cause.

This stand was, to some extent, true as well of the old-fashioned revolutionaries of India who had responded to German overtures during the last war. They, too, had changed. A handful of them who persisted in their old tactics were woefully mistaken, to say the least. Hitler, the realist, ruled out such allies in *Mein Kampf*,

when he wrote : "I still recall the equally childish and incomprehensible hopes that England was facing a collapse in India which suddenly arose in folkish circles in the years 1920–21. Some Asiatic fakir or other, perhaps, for all I care, some real Indian 'fighters for freedom' who were then running around Europe, contrived to stuff even otherwise quite intelligent people with the fixed idea that the British Empire, whose keystone is in India, was on the verge of collapse right there." In consequence, when World War II began Wilhelmstrasse said "No!" to an old "friend" from India, then residing in Japan, who volunteered to come to Berlin.

After the first few months of the war, Americans became aware of the Indian paradox which stood out in bolder relief than ever before. It became clear that although India was *officially* at war against Germany, *popularly* she was not at war at all. India's heart was not in the fight although she went through all the motions required by her rulers. This was all the more baffling when the American people learned that the Indian leaders were 100% for democracy and 90·09% against a Nazi victory. Americans began to ask searching questions, of Indians and of the British, in the opening months of 1940. According to a letter published in *Time*, Lady Diana Duff Cooper was almost driven to desperation by the inevitable but-what-about-India questions that her husband had to face before each audience he addressed in the United States. Over and over again I was invited to explain the stand of the Congress party in India. I was not looking for another little brick to throw at England, which was already going through its ordeal of bombs. After all, India's fight for freedom had been going on unceasingly for decades before the war started. The Indian impasse, as it stood early in the war, could be summed up as follows :

THE MORAL ISSUE

On the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1939, a few hours after Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain declared war on Germany on behalf of His Majesty's Govern-

ment, Lord Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, gave the news to the Indian people over the radio "'We find ourselves at war with Germany today."

According to Mr. Chamberlain : "It is the evil things we shall be fighting against, brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution, and against them I am certain the right will prevail." In other words, it was to be a crusade against the dark forces of political injustice and military unscrupulousness. The Indian Viceroy's appeal was no less moral. He had called on India, had practically committed India, "on the side of human freedom against the rule of force."

Underneath the apparent sameness of procedure in the two countries, there was a political disparity which could not be escaped. When Mr. Chamberlain committed Great Britain to a war on Germany, he did so as the duly elected representative of the British people. When Lord Linlithgow committed India to the war, he did so as an appointee of a sovereign overseas against whose rule the Indian people had been struggling for the last quarter of a century.

Here was a subcontinent, three-fourths the size of the United States, inhabited by one-fifth of the human race. But when it came to committing 360,000,000 people to the war, neither the people concerned nor their duly elected representatives were consulted, and that was one of the most vexing points in the dispute that followed between Gandhi and the British Government.

OUTDOING THE DOMINIONS

What irritated the nationalists most was that India was plunged into war long before the British Dominions. The British Dominions, with their traditional loyalty and cultural affinities, took their time about coming into line with Great Britain. They had their culture and civilization, their Shakespeare in common with the English people : they had a deep love for the royal family. But India, with no such sentimental and spiritual ties, was at war within a few short hours after England's declaration.

Apart from the formal declarations of war, India was actually at war long before the British Dominions. Two months before the actual outbreak, Indian troops were sent to Singapore, Aden, and Egypt, and this too without the consent of the Indian Legislature and in spite of tacit understandings.

In 1935, the Army Secretary, on behalf of the Government of India, made a conditional promise that the Central Legislature would be consulted on the sending of troops outside the country, but no such consultation was offered before the dispatch of Indian troops abroad on the eve of the war. When Indian nationalists discovered that General Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa, had not deemed it wise to participate in military measures outside of his country, even at the outbreak of the war and for a long time thereafter, they began to press their charge that advantage was being taken of India's lack of political authority.

Yet Great Britain had not done anything which was not constitutionally proper. Under the new constitution, the Governor General can declare peace or war. It was idle, therefore, to contest the British action on legal grounds. But, according to British statesmen as well as the Viceroy of India, this was a war to defend democracy and to preserve human values of freedom and justice and the right of small and weak nations to live in a peaceful world. The accent was on ethical issues and not on political and military expediencies. If this was true, then Great Britain was indeed exposed to the Congress party's charges.

FOR "A CLEANER DEMOCRACY"

Nationalist opposition to this arbitrary method of involving India in the war could not be interpreted as India's opposition to British actions in Europe. Gandhi himself gave voice to his sympathies in no uncertain terms. In January, 1940, he stated: "Strange as it may appear, my sympathies are wholly with the Allies. Rightly or wrongly and irrespective of what the other powers have done under similar circumstances, I have

come to the conclusion that Herr Hitler is responsible for the war. Unless the Allies suffer demoralization, of which so far there is not the slightest indication, this war may be used to end all wars, at any rate the virulent type that we see today . . . I have the hope that India, distraught though it is with internal dissensions, will play an effective part in ensuring this desired end and the spread of a cleaner democracy than we have known hitherto."

Even left-wing Congress leaders like Nehru maintained that Nazi aggression was a greater threat to humanity than British Imperialism. Moderates and Moslems alike, all took sides with the democratic forces. The Congress party, by far the greatest non-Government political body in India, condemned Nazi aggression in formal resolutions. It professed that "it has seen in Fascism and Nazism the intensification of the principle of Imperialism, against which the Indian people have struggled for many years. The Working Committee must, therefore, unhesitatingly condemn the aggression of the Nazi Government in Germany against Poland and sympathize with those who resist."

NO "PROMISES" THIS TIME . . . .

But there was a big "if" before nationalist India would actively participate in the war. Having made clear its sympathies, the National Congress party desired to make sure of certain things. The first World War, too, they recalled, was fought to save the world for democracy. The outcome of that war, however, especially in the case of India, had some surprises. India was not only not allowed to become a free democratic state, but even the promises of Dominion Status were forgotten. This time they wanted to make doubly sure before actually participating in the war. To the Indians, the best proof of the Allied war aims could be found in their application to India. The Working Committee of the Congress party, therefore, stated in a resolution passed on September 15, 1939 :

"The people in India in the recent past faced great risks, and willingly made great sacrifices to secure their own freedom and establish a free and democratic state in India, and their sympathy is entirely on the side of democracy and freedom, but India cannot associate herself in a war said to be for democratic freedom, when that very freedom is denied her, and such limited freedom as she possesses is taken away from her. The Working Committee, therefore, invites the British Government to declare in unequivocal terms what their war aims are in regard to democracy and imperialism and the new order that is envisaged, in particular how these aims are going to apply to India and to be given effect at present."

A month after the challenge of the Congress party, on October 17, 1939, the Viceroy of India announced that "the natural issue of India's progress . . . is the attainment of Dominion Status . . . and I am authorized now by His Majesty's Government to say that at the end of the war they will be very willing to enter into consultation with representatives of the several communities, parties, and interests in India and with the Indian Princes, with a view to securing their aid and co-operation in the framing of such modifications as may seem desirable." Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India, did not add anything in the way of further clarification the following day when he stated in England that the present constitutional status of India would be "open to modification in the light of Indian views" at the conclusion of the war.

These were mere promises, and not of automatic Dominion Status at that, and lately promises have acquired the habit of being easily broken in international affairs. Similar promises were given to India during the last war, without being fulfilled at the right time. If India were to wait again for the conclusion of the war, there was no guarantee, the nationalists contended, that history would not repeat itself. This time the Congress party proposed to have something more concrete—what Gandhi called "honest action to implement British professions of democracy."

Eager to compromise with the nationalists in the Empire's hour of trial, the Viceroy tacitly agreed with the nationalists that something more than words was necessary to bring popular support to England's aid. He entered upon a now well-known series of negotiations which failed to bring any agreement and which were postponed until some more auspicious time. The Viceroy took natural pride in having "had the advantage of a full and frank discussion with no fewer than fifty-two people." Then he regretfully announced to an eager India that the different communities of interests had failed to agree among themselves. The nationalists, now a little more stiff than at the beginning, replied that one cannot find unity by giving equal weight to every little shade of opinion. Some went further and charged that the Viceroy was only emphasizing differences to justify a do-nothing policy. Even Gandhi, who has a reputation for understatement, accused officialdom of reviving the "ugly spectacle of Britain's playing off the Moslem League against the Congress." Moreover, as Nehru pointed out, the negotiations failed, not because of disagreement between the Hindus and Mohammedans, but because of a "fundamental difference" between the British Government and the Congress regarding Indian liberties. The disappointment of the Congress party sought expression in action. The Congress sent out a call for non-co-operation with the British Government in its prosecution of the war. Eight out of the eleven provinces, which were under the complete control of the nationalists, responded to that call. The Congress administrations there tendered their resignations and forced the British Government of those provinces to rule by virtue of special powers and to suspend the constitution.

CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY

Unquestionably there was some justification for the British policy of postponing the question of Indian freedom until the end of the war. It was too much to expect that Great Britain, engaged in a life-and-death grapple

in Europe, would take time out to sit at a council table and try to solve one of the most complicated problems in the world. On the other hand, it was also too much to expect Indian nationalists to put their faith in British promises, especially after the sad experience of the first World War. The nationalists did appreciate the British predicament and, consequently, did not insist on any full and final solution. All they asked was "some honest action" and an agreement on the basic principle of India's inalienable right to self-determination.

The whole Congress attitude had been given a concrete form in two propositions made by Gandhi, Nehru, and the Working Committee. The first of these was that India should be recognized as a free and independent nation, that is, the British Government should proclaim before the Bar of the world that Indian people and not the British Parliament could and should decide the form of the future government of India.

Elaborating on this point, Gandhi said on February 6, 1940: "The Viceroy's offer contemplates final determination of India's destiny by the British Government, whereas the Congress contemplates just the contrary. This Congress decision is that the test of real freedom consists in Indians' determining their own destiny without outside interference."

This demand did not exclude a breathing spell for the transference of power, nor did it imply that Indo-British relationship would end then and there. The Congress has repeatedly shown its eagerness to safeguard all legitimate British interests in India, and it might even have proved tractable to the idea of some such arrangement as that existing between the United States and the Philippines.

The second demand of the Congress contemplated calling a Constituent Assembly, with "Moslems and other accepted minorities represented by separate electorates," if so desired by the communities concerned. "It has already been made clear on behalf of the Congress," ran the Working Committee's resolution, "that minority rights will be protected to the satisfaction of the minorities concerned, differences, if any, being referred to an

impartial tribunal." It was demanded that this body be empowered to write the future constitution of India. Elaborating on this point, Gandhi declared: "I fail to see why Britain's intention about India should be dependent upon Moslem, Hindu, or any other opinion—not even the Congress opinion. The only opinion that counts is Indian opinion. India's opinion can be ascertained by the free vote of her people. The only true and democratic method is to ascertain their will through adult suffrage or some agreed equivalent."

THE MINORITY MALADY

For some reason or other, these two proposals of the Congress were neither accepted nor rejected by the British Government. They were buried under a mass of literature and argument about the two main limitations of India, namely, the problems of minorities and defense. The Marquess of Zetland, Secretary of State for India, rather sarcastically said to the Indian nationalists that before demanding even Dominion Status, "they should strive after that agreement among themselves without which they will surely fail to achieve that unity which is essential to the nationhood of which those with vision among her leaders have long dreamed."

Thus, India, along with Europe and America, began to be afflicted with the contemporary epidemic of the minority problem. In India, however, the problem was posed on somewhat different terms. The real minorities —the Sikhs, the Parsis, the Christians, the Buddhists, and the Jainas—were apparently at peace with the Hindu majority, and they did not ask for any special privileges unless such privileges were granted to the Moslems. Theirs was a defense psychology not against the majority but against another, if major, minority. Lord Zetland and Lord Linlithgow failed to show that any minority other than the Moslems was disputing the claims of the Congress party to represent all. So it was a question of Hindus versus Moslems.

There are, in India, in round figures, 250,000,000 Hindus and 80,000,000 Moslems. Roughly, the ratio

is three to one in favor of the Hindus. The Moslems, no doubt, are a numerical minority, but can 80,000,000 people, asked the nationalists, ever be considered a political minority weak enough to be exploited in a democracy? Moreover, the Northwest Frontier Province is more Mohammedan than the rest of India, ninety-five per cent of the population there are Moslems. Nevertheless, that province has been under the complete control of the Congress party, and Gandhi has always had more devout followers there than in even predominantly Hindu provinces. Such statistical facts led nationalists to attribute bad faith to the British who raised the question of Hindu-Moslem differences. According to the nationalists, the differences were not real, but were artificially created to serve imperialist purposes. Moreover, as Nehru asserted, "No one stands in the way of an unequivocal declaration of the war aims and Indian freedom by the British Government except themselves." Once Indian liberties became a reality, he further asserted, this "internal problem" of India would be solved all the more quickly. Contrary to the impression created by the British, Mohammedans have not been opposed to the nationalists' Fight for Freedom. A few of them desired special consideration for their community in the future constitution of India, which the Congress party did not oppose. It is most important in this connection to realize that the then president of the Congress, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, was a Mohammedan himself.

I am one of those who believe that the Hindus, since they are in a majority, should make greater sacrifices than the Mohammedans in the interest of Indian unity. The question is that of creating an atmosphere of mutual understanding and trust, and it is up to the majority to take the lead. Gandhi has repeatedly wished to offer the Moslem community a blank check to fill out as it will —an offer which has equally often been canceled by the leading members of the Hindu Mahasabha. I am also one of those who advocate the abolition of the caste system which has in many imperceptible ways worked

against a harmonious blending of the two great religious groups of India. The two most vital agencies of social and cultural intercourse are the dinner table and the institution of marriage, both of which are severely restricted by the Hindu caste system so far as inter-communal contacts are concerned. I, therefore, believe in encouraging inter-communal dinners and marriages.

The British Government refused to believe the nationalist contention that more Mohammedans adhered to the Congress party than to the Moslem League. Instead, they upheld the claim of Jinnah that he spoke for the 80,000,000 Moslems of India. It was quite natural that both sides should have exaggerated their respective followings among the Moslem communities. But fortunately there are some decisive figures and statistics to tell the story. The last test of political strength was provided by the first national election held under the new constitution in 1937. What happened then? India's thirty-six million enfranchised voters returned the Congress party to power with an overwhelming majority, and installed Congressmen and Congresswomen as Ministers over two-thirds of India. What kind of a showing did the Moslem League make? The new constitution provides 482 seats for the representatives of the Moslem community in the eleven Provincial Assemblies. Out of these 482, only 110 Moslems were returned on Jinnah's Moslem League ticket. If that meant anything, it revealed that the Moslem League could claim the support of only less than one-fourth of the Mohammedan community. What the British statesmen were doing, then, in backing the Moslem League during the early months of the second World War amounted to giving the leader of *a minority within the Moslem minority* the veto power over the destiny of 360,000,000 Indians.

560 VERSES 80,000,000

Along with the Hindu-Moslem dispute is the problem of the Princes—five hundred and sixty-odd big and small Maharajahs who rule over one-third of India. As Lord Zetland told American reporters in 1939, Great Britain

has pledged herself to "provide for their protection against aggression from without and rebellion from within." The almost over-enthusiastic support that these Princes pledged to the King Emperor at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe is understandable in the light of Lord Zetland's statement.

To the nationalists the attitude of the Princes is not surprising; they have always regarded the Maharajahs as an appendage of the British problem. Moreover, as the nationalists have pointed out, the needs and aspirations of 80,000,000 "subjects" of these Princes do not enter the British mind at all. These 80,000,000 Indians who live in the Native States were one with the Congress party in demanding a Constitutent Assembly to work out India's constitution. Gandhi said to the British, therefore, that he for one was more concerned with the fate of 80,000,000 subjects of the Maharajahs than with the fate of five hundred potentates.

"FOR INDIA'S PROTECTION"

Then there is the question of the defense of India. The British maintained that "the defense of India could not be left to an Indian Government." They also expected that the urgencies of the second World War would make the nationalists more reserved in their demands.

These two points, on the contrary, seem to have had a quickening effect on the drive for independence. Leaders maintained that India would never be prepared to defend herself under the traditional British policy of keeping Indian defenses so weak that she had to hide behind the British Navy. England has always behaved like the father in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* who developed a vested interest in the helplessness of his own daughter since that was the only condition under which Elizabeth Barrett could be kept from becoming a Browning. India would have to take a chance if she were ever going to be a great and independent nation, and this, they argued, was as good a time as any.

THE HALF-HEARTED WAR AID

So far, however, the controversy between the Congress and the British Government had remained, in Gandhi's words, "purely moral" for, owing to its material and military control, Britain was able to regulate garrisons and drain India's wealth at will. Although the Congress policy of non-co-operation had partly succeeded in paralyzing the administration of eight out of the eleven provinces, it was not able to hold up war aid from India.

The Indian Army, still under the direct authority of the Viceroy, was being mechanized to fulfill its rôle in the war. The fighting force was greatly bolstered during the first month of war by calling up reservists and by mobilizing territorial units. A considerable part of the Indian Army was dispatched from India to take up war duties. Mohammedan battalions were already on the Western Front.

Great Britain was also receiving support from the Native Princes. Two hundred and fifty Maharajahs had pledged their "loyal support." Money had already been proffered; the British war machine had received some 8,200,000 rupees from them by the spring of 1941. The Nizam of Hyderabad, the premier ruler and the richest man in the world, placed his army at the disposal of the British Government, and donated some $ 500,000 for the expenses of the British Air Force. And, as in the World War, conscription was about to start in some of the major States.

It was interesting and sad to note that Great Britain's only active allies in India were those who had no use for democracy. In its war to defend democracy, it lost even the moral backing of those Indians whose life-work consisted of building a democratic India. The Native Princes, who had rushed to help Britain save democracy in Europe, were a group of perhaps the most ruthless suppressors of civil liberties and democratic freedom in the whole world. The best that Britain could do to defeat Hitler in Europe was thus to rally behind its banner the little Hitlers of India. Naturally the Congress pointed out

this incongruity in its September 15, 1939, statement. It said :

"The Working Committee has noted that many rulers of Indian States have offered their services and resources and expressed their desire to support the cause of democracy in Europe. If they must make their professions in favor of democracy abroad, the Committee suggests that their first concern should be the introduction of democracy within their own States, in which today undiluted autocracy reigns. The British Government in India is more responsible for this autocracy than even the Rulers themselves, as has been made painfully evident during the past year. This policy is the very negation of democracy and of the new world order for which Great Britain claims to be fighting in Europe."

Who was the only other formidable Indian supporter of the British? He was M. A. Jinnah, president of the Moslem League. He has never tired of declaring that democratic procedures and a democratic government were not suitable to India because India, according to him, is not a national state, in the western sense, but a conglomeration of communities.

There must be something radically wrong, the nationalists argued, when all the true democrats were staying out of a fight to save democracy, while all the avowed enemies of democracy at home were rushing to save democracy abroad.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST

However, even this aid from India paled into insignificance when compared to India's performance during the first World War in which 1,336,620 Indians were sent to battlefields in France, Palestine, Syria, and Mesopotamia —178,000 more men than all the troops contributed by the combined Dominions of Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.

All in all, India contributed $500,000,000 to the Allied war machine. War loans to the value of $700,000,000 were purchased by India, in addition. Finished products to the value of $1,250,000,000 were sent to the Allies

from India. The British seemed to realize that this performance could not be repeated without popular support, that is, without the co-operation of the powerful Congress party. This view was implied in the opposition with which both Sir Samuel Hoare and Lord Zetland were confronted during the debate on "India in the War" in the British Parliament on October 26, 1939. Wedgewood Benn, former Secretary of State for India in the Labour Cabinet, described Gandhi as a "true friend" of Great Britain, and described the British handling of the recent demands of India as "shabby."

Lord Snell contended: "The Indian people consider that they have been morally committed to the prosecution of a war wherein they were not consulted, and that they will have to abide by a peace wherein they will have no say." Lord Sankey asked: "As far as it (the British proposal of a consultative committee during the prosecution of the war) goes it is a good idea, but does it go far enough?"

Liberal England felt that a golden opportunity was wasted by the Chamberlain Government, and that the "shabby" handling of the situation gave Hitler, Von Ribbentrop, and others an opportunity to jibe the British on "unremitting national oppression in India." It was also believed that an unfavorable impression would be created in the United States.

The doubts were confirmed. In the battle that Great Britain was waging to capture American public opinion, the Indian question remained embarrassing. Americans everywhere asked how Great Britain could fight for democracy in Europe while she denied freedom to India. India's aspirations were not contradictory to a British victory in Europe. Quite the contrary. India was exerting herself day and night in behalf of democracy. Even the so-called peaceful rebel Gandhi was "a fast friend of the British people," and, much to the chagrin of Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo, no section of the Indian community had responded to overtures from the "enemy camp." This self-restraint is unexampled when one

recalls that *one-fifth of the human race* had been plunged into a ghastly war without so much as a by-your-leave from its representatives, and that England's involvement in Europe offered India an unprecedented opportunity to strike.

In the early months of the war, many Americans were still questioning England on India, if for nothing else than to justify their own indecision. They could realize that whatever moral resistance the Indian nationalists might be offering had been forced upon them by the challenge of an unimaginative imperialism refusing to change its temper in spite of the self-purifying sacrifices it was said to be undergoing at home in the "Island Fortress." Britain's claim to be fighting for freedom was up against the acid test of what she did in India. What was her answer to Gandhi's statement that democracy, like peace, is indivisible? Could it be secured for the European peoples while it was denied to the Asiatics? Could it be saved in Warsaw when it was daily being crucified in the streets of Calcutta? Could Benes and De Gaulle be exalted while Nehru was imprisoned?

Such questions were in the air, not only in the United States but also in "belligerent" Canada. In March, 1940, the Canadian Institute of International Affairs invited me to address its various branches on "India and the War." In addition to lecturing to its audiences, I spoke before several branches of the Canadian Club and the Rotary Club as well as university groups. All in all, I delivered twenty-six speeches in sixteen days from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to Windsor, Ontario. The Canadian press received me generously, and the Canadians I was fortunate enough to meet turned out to be not only understanding but even encouraging. The Canada I addressed was a Canada at war, and it was not as if I were handing out a pointless talk. I was speaking on one of the most delicate and disturbing Empire problems of the day. I told Canadian audiences everything that I would have said if I were courting arrest in India, and yet at the end of several meetings resolutions were passed urging the Canadian people to send a strong delegation

to Great Britain "to press India's point in the light of what our speaker has said tonight."

I ended my lecture tour in Chicago, and there as well as in the surrounding area, I found genuine sympathy for the cause of India. Those were the days when the late Lord Lothian was talking about a European federation and praising Gandhi for envisaging India as "an oasis of happiness in a world maddened by machinery and speed." Liberal circles all over the country were advocating the speedy solution of the Indian problem.

In the meantime, a fateful event had taken place in Great Britain—Winston Churchill had become Prime Minister. In short order he proved himself the man of the hour, the only Englishman who could, by his personality and eloquence, rally his fellow Britons into a solid block of heroism and moral fortitude. Churchill the Prime Minister was also destined to cause a turning point in the history of Indo-British relations—but in an opposite and very undesirable direction. It is dangerous, I know, to point to the feet of clay of a popular idol. But I might as well face the worst and give the facts, however unpleasant.

Let me make my position clear. I deeply admire Churchill as the war leader of the British people. I feel that no other Englishman could have been so admirably fitted for the crisis and the danger, the time and the place. It did not take a prime ministership to make me a devoted student of his English style. It did not take a war to make India admire his gusto and his candor. We Indians have always preferred an honest enemy like Churchill to a self-styled friend like the late Ramsay MacDonald.

Indians can appreciate Churchill as the war-lord, but doubt his capacity to be the savior of democracy. Not that he is crafty and insincere, but that his breeding, training, and temperament make it improbable, if not entirely impossible, for him to be a true democrat. He is Kipling come to life. He is a medieval knight-errant fond of dragon-hunting, but he has visions of innocent fair maidens whom he can save and helpless vassals whom he can feed and protect when the evil days come.

He is quite outspoken about it all ; he is amoral so far as the "lesser breeds" are concerned.

His Indian record is the finest example of this. As a soldier in that land, he used India and Indians as a colorful background for his physical exploits. As a firebrand in the House of Commons, he used India and Indians as a proper background for his political exploits. He has never said it in so many words—nobody would—but all his words and actions point to a sincere belief on his part that none but the white are quite human. The rest of the world, he seems to suggest, is just a playground for the fit and the unfunny, among whom the Anglo-Saxons are the most fit and the least funny. When Churchill speaks of world democracy, he means democracy for the white man wherever he is ; and when he speaks of human rights . . . well, there are people who are not quite human.

If you have doubts, review Churchill's own words. "Most of the leading public men—of whom I was one in those days," said Churchill in 1931, "made speeches —I certainly did—about the Dominion Status, but I did not contemplate India having the same constitutional rights and systems as Canada in any period which we could foresee." Those who understand English know that today, and the day after World War II, and 2000 A.D. all fall within Churchill's "period which we could foresee."

As late as April 29, 1932, Churchill regarded Indians as "enormous masses of primitive people." Such people could hardly be expected to become civilized in a decade. Indians will not expect the promised Dominion Status at the end of the British-Nazi war when Churchill is the man who can make or break their freedom. This is what Churchill had to say about Gandhi and the Congress party : "Sooner or later you will have to crush Gandhi and the Indian Congress and all they stand for." Let us not recall to our sorrow that this is one of the two greatest champions of democracy speaking.

To assure British tories that no real change of heart had taken place at any time in his evolution from firebrand to champion of democracy, Churchill appointed Leopold

S. Amery as the Secretary of State for India. Now if Amery has been anything, he has been a greater opponent of India's aspirations than Churchill. We were not to get out of the Black Hole of Inequality if the British could help it.

Even before India had time to digest the news, the Churchill Government self-righteously announced that any change in India's status should await the end of the war. They said that Great Britain, fighting with her back to the wall, could not very well be expected to devote time and energy toward solving world problem number one. This was Churchill speaking, the same Churchill who had enough time and energy to urge in his magnificent prose, on the eve of the French collapse, a union of Franco-British empires. For the life of us we Indians failed to see how the return of a borrowed jewel could be more complicated than fitting a new diamond in the nose. The conviction was carried home that the only language Great Britain was prepared to understand was the language of military force and political blackmail, and that they had no use for the type of chivalry and idealism that India was displaying.

Britain chose to stand pat on India. This time, however, Gandhi's reaction was clear. "The virtue of self-restraint," he declared, "now becomes a vice." Yet he ruled out mass disobedience, that most potent weapon in Gandhi's arsenal, on the ground that it would be a serious blow to the embattled British. In its place he proposed individual civil resistance, a more or less new tactic. Under the 1940 plan, Gandhi became the sole arbiter as to who should be chosen to break the law; he even selected the time and the place for the drama of civil disobedience. Local police and the magistrate were to be given ample notice of the person, the place, and the hour both by Gandhi and by the Gandhi-nominated rebel. At the appointed hour, the civil resister proceeded to the meeting place which was invariably filled by thousands. In his wake came the police and the magistrate provided with a warrant. The objector could scarcely finish his first sentence before he was

arrested and rushed through a formal trial. This campaign started on October 21, 1940, when Vinoba Bhave, a devout Gandhi-ite, Gandhi's first choice, was arrested and imprisoned. The second sacrificial horse from the Congress stables was that thoroughbred, Jawaharlal Nehru, who was arrested little more than a week later. Then it became a daily occurrence, several people simultaneously offering civil resistance in different parts of the country. By the summer of 1941, some thirty-seven thousand Congressmen and women were locked up by the British authorities in India.

These arrests made little news in the United States; the American press seemed by then to have entered upon a conspiracy of silence with respect to India. Quite a few newspapers, including the New York *Times*, felt called upon to justify editorially the drastic sentence passed upon Nehru. For the swifter-than-lightning events in Europe had wrought a profound change upon American opinion and temper. The blitzkrieg had struck its first resounding blow. The Low Countries were flattened by what looked like a gigantic steam-roller, and in no time the mighty France lay prostrate. What England lost in Europe was in some measure made up by the sympathy aroused in the United States. More Americans wanted to give England all aid short of war.

Indians in the United States were beset by doubts. Was the Congress party pursuing the best course? It is always ridiculous for observers far from the battlefield to judge or criticize those who are leading the fight. To add to the difficulty created by distance was an airtight censorship that prevailed over India. News was scarce, and new arrivals from India were few and far between. But in spite of our realization of our limitations, we could not help wondering about the policy of the Congress party.

We speculated: Had the second World War effected welcome changes in the psychology of the guiding spirits of Indian nationalism? They might have come to realize that their movement was no longer a straightforward struggle between India and Great Britain. Both the

so-called China Incident and the Nazi War had forced the private dispute of Indian nationalists and British imperialists into the open and posed it squarely on a world setting. In consequence, the Indian leaders might have come to realize that they must do more than pit themselves and their millions of followers against British imperialism. It was quite likely that in the resulting confusion they had temporarily lost some of their confident hold over political forces in India. It was also quite likely that the general confusion in India reflected the mental confusion of nationalist India's leaders, who had for years trained themselves in an art and technique of fighting British imperialism, but who had suddenly discovered that they had a vastly different struggle on their hands.

For one can be a little flippant and still maintain with a degree of validity that as China's struggle, by and large, has all the attributes of a Y.M.C.A. revolution, so the Indian movement has all the earmarks of an Inner Temple revolution. No less than eight out of every ten leaders with All-India prominence bear the legend on their visiting cards : Barrister-at-Law. A great majority of the first-rank Indian leaders are finished products of the British public school system and of the Inner Temple in London, including Gandhi, Nehru, Patel, Desai and Prasad. Most Indian leaders are adept at parliamentary ways of fighting, and even when they are forced to revolutionary actions, their revolution still smacks of the "British sense of fair play"—which means, at its worst, that a barrister must address his contending lawyer as "my learned friend" even when he thinks that the fellow is a bungling idiot. It was quite natural, therefore, that Indian leaders with this training were not feeling quite at home in a world struggle which had at last outgrown the traditional pattern of an Indo-British controversy.

Indian leaders knew how to fight Britain, but they felt a bit uneasy about aiming at the old British bull and hitting a peacock instead, or that slippery bird Democracy.

Neither Gandhi nor Nehru seemed to be in any particular hurry to start a mass movement against the British ;

they needed time, it seemed, to recover their bearings. In the light of this reasoning, *individual* civil disobedience was a peculiarly Gandhian effort to clarify Indian issues abroad by the drama and color of a direct-action protest, without complicating them any further at home with the impact of a mass movement. Perhaps Gandhi wanted the neutral world to hear about the moral implications of the Indo-British controversy without doing anything which might minimize the chances of a British victory in Europe.

Yet it was just at this point that those of us Indians who happened to be abroad questioned the logic of such expectations. We were in a far better position to appraise the effect of Indian events abroad—and abroad largely meant the United States—than were those at home. I for one had been disillusioned about the effect of India's chivalry from the very beginning of the war, on the basis of experience in both the United States and Canada during the pre-blitzkrieg days.

What about the moral implications of the magnificent stand of the Congress party? Well, Churchill had fallen into the habit of speaking about "the two hundred million members of the British Commonwealth of Nations," neglecting even to mention India. Indians who were shedding their blood in Flanders, in Africa, and in the Near East became, by the implication of the English leader, mercenaries and even vassals, not "free men" fighting for human rights. Moreover, no political news was allowed to reach the United States out of India. News about India that would make curious little items in the American press was released while the news about the political deadlock was suppressed. On one day, for example—April 10, 1941—the New York *Times* carried two box-stories: one was entitled "Sieve on Room Door Warns Hindu Husband," and the other was headed "Hindu Weds a Tree." There was no mention of the big political wrestling match which was going on.

To complicate the picture in America, Indians were imported to the United States to "counteract the Mahatma Propa*gandhis*." These were offered by the British

Library of Information "at a low cost" to various American audiences. They included Hindus who were willing to say that they had no use for the Congress, and Moslems who were ready to claim that the Congress was fascist and that the Moslem League was truly democratic. Where was any appreciation of Gandhi's moral and chivalrous stand? Had the Congress picked the wrong time, or perhaps the wrong world, to try out its moral offensive? Force, and force alone, was drawing attention, and some of us felt that India's leaders have always minimized the importance of power.

Let me repeat that there was no question at any time of making common cause with the enemies of democracy. Indians, both at home and abroad, wanted to fight for democracy, but to fight like free men, to fight as an equal ally of the Anglo-American powers and not like plebes of Rome. Our clear task was to secure recognition as an equal ally of the Anglo-American powers. Having failed to obtain this through moral suasion, the only alternative left to us was to force Great Britain to it. *Individual* civil disobedience appeared to Indians abroad too tame, and we also felt that in relinquishing the governments of eight out of the eleven provinces of India the Congress party had committed a tactical blunder of the first magnitude.

India's concern of the hour was to be recognized as an ally, just as China had been, and not as a Sancho Panza attending the knight-errant who was aiding democracy in distress. Gandhi's moral and generous stand having failed, the use of mass disobedience seemed clearly called for. What if the British bureaucracy in India succeeded in turning a nationalist revolution into a civil war by playing the Moslem League against the Congress party? Even then Great Britain would have to yield; for civil war, quite as much as mass satyagraha, would stop all war aid from India. India had only to show a clear determination to fight for her freedom, and Great Britain would rush to meet the terms of the nationalists and grant India its rightful status among the nations.

This theory was borne out by the reactions of the American people. India was losing its American friends, one by one. In fact—it was painful to see—Indian independence had greater American support during the last war than in this one. Liberals were in favor of India's freedom but felt that it should not be made into an issue which could be exploited by the enemy. As the war progressed, they felt that it wasn't the most auspicious time for them to speak out and also suggested that Indians forget their troubles for the time being. They behaved as if they believed that any talk on India was in bad taste. By the spring of 1941, they hit upon the discovery that perhaps Britain's rule in India had not been so bad after all. Our friends also among the Y.M.C.A. executives and missionary boards, who realized that their own religious empire extended wherever the British Empire spread, changed their attitude completely for generally they were never interested in India's freedom. They were interested in the controversy only by virtue of their interest in England—to atone for England's wrong-doings in India. Theirs was the attitude of the grandfather of an illegitimate offspring who secretly aids a woman victimized by his son for the consolation of his soul.

"Experts" of the "fact-finding" institutions, to look in another direction, who had previously displayed some interest in India, also changed their attitude. In the spring of 1941, I was invited to attend an important conference in connection with the coming peace. It was a semi-secret affair and some of the most important exiles from Europe were there. Some outstanding Americans and foreign correspondents were also present. It was only with the greatest difficulty that this eminent group conceded that *the maintenance of the status quo, as it was before the war, that is, was not the only alternative to a Hitler victory.* They were not against India's independence, but even fact-finders had taken up the sword to defeat Hitler and assumed that once that had been accomplished everything was going to be all right.

Radicals had lost their interest in the Congress party at the very beginning. They wrote and talked about

India, but only to plague the British. They were disgusted when the actions of Nationalist India failed to take the generally expected pattern of a well-timed revolt in the midst of world upheaval. They railed against Gandhi's "pacifism" and non-violence. They made a telling point, however. A few broken heads among the Afrikanders in Johannesburg had made headlines in the United States while thousands of arrests in India had remained unmentioned. They, therefore, slyly referred to non-violence's insipidity and lack of news value. When it was suggested that a violent revolution would not suit the Indian temper, they made another point. Had violence ever been given a fair trial since Gandhi had captured India's imagination and diverted India's energy to non-violent channels? Who could say that violence might not have succeeded where non-violence failed, they asked.

Two Englishmen, who were in the United States on what were officially confirmed "unofficial" missions, told me that there was no desire on Churchill's part even to placate nationalist opinion. As of old, the Indian crisis was founded on mutual distrust; India distrusted the sincerity of the British while the British distrusted the abilities of the Indian leaders. Perhaps the British also thought, pessimistically and unnecessarily, that a united and free India would run away with its newly acquired strength without helping the British during the war and after. Something needed to be done to create an atmosphere of understanding, and Britain was the one to make a gesture, as she held all the trump cards. There was little that we in America could do. Concrete suggestions could come only from India and from Gandhi. The task of the Indians in the United States was defined by Sir Stafford Cripps. He had just been to India, seen Gandhi and Nehru, and was on his way to England to be appointed the British Ambassador to Russia. On a rainy afternoon he met a few of us in an Indian restaurant and told us that the only thing we could do while in the States was to persuade a few influential Americans to bring pressure to bear upon the British Government with respect to India.

I went to Washington in February of 1941 to deliver a speech. While there, I met several key people with a view to drawing their attention to the significant rôle of India in the second World War as well as in the coming world order, if the democracies won. Washington had by then become as important a center as London in democracy's fight. I was more anxious to meet the so-called interventionists than the so-called isolationists, since the latter had already interested themselves in India for their own reasons. To the few interventionists I was fortunate enough to meet, I submitted that the course they advocated would call upon the American people to make tremendous sacrifices both in men and money. This they would gladly do, I felt, to help create a better world. But the rewards of their great sacrifices should be insured in advance inasmuch as their experience in the past had not been so heartening. That democracy should win is the first concern of the vast numbers of American people, and that humanity as a whole, and not simply Europeans and Americans, should inherit a better order has been their fond dream. The realization of the dream must await victory, but a beginning can and should be made while we are all fighting and while the iron is hot. Some symbolic gesture is imperatively needed, and India offers the most crucial as well as the easiest opportunity for such a symbolic gesture.

Hitler has succeeded in selling Nazism to the German people on the fanatic basis of a religion. Nazi soldiers have shown a self-immolation yet to be matched by the Allied forces. A religion cannot be defeated by a war; it calls for a crusade. Imaginative action in India would lead that great country into the struggle with the utmost zeal and courage and faith.

More and more men's hopes are centered upon the expectation of unrest in the occupied areas as well as in Germany itself. This process can be hurried along by a display of Britain's good faith. Passive resistance in the occupied areas would synchronize with the advances of democratic forces and would finally succeed in averting a return to the Dark Ages. Passive resistance patterned

after Gandhi's satyagraha! Here too India offers an opportunity, since to many it is the epitome of the exploitation of one people by another, and also because one feels that with the solution of the Indian question, imperialism as we have known it will vanish from the face of the earth.

XVIII. THE BATTLE OF INDIA

. . . You have six hundred million arms, Mother!
—BANKIM CHANDRA CHATTERJI

INDIA is on the eve of a strange tomorrow. Her future will be partially decided by the two contemporary wars which are following similar patterns and which seem to be rushing to meet each other. Japan's westward march on the Asiatic mainland and the rumbling southward course of Axis forces, if unchecked, are apt to reach a meeting-point, and that meeting-point in all likelihood will be India. Perhaps the powerful thrusts that we witnessed in 1940 and 1941 were pointing toward the battle for India.

India's future, however, must depend mainly on her internal strength and development. To those of us to whom an independent India appears to be the only lasting solution of the problem of Hindustan, the question of the defense of India is of particular concern. We must think of what we will do when we are not still grasping Great Britain's hand.

This does not necessarily mean that India should be unwilling to cede part of her sovereignty to an acceptable international order or to a possible regional federation. Neither does it imply that India would sever all her connections with Great Britain or with the British Commonwealth of Nations. The Congress leaders have invariably taken a broad, forward-looking, and constructive view of Indian independence. Always between the lines of their declaration it has been implied that India's ambition is to secure independence in order to achieve a state of interdependence with the British Commonwealth on conditions which are mutually beneficial. The Congress leaders have even looked beyond

the British Commonwealth ; they seek independence so as to have interdependence with all the nations of the world which are willing to co-operate.

The course of events in Europe and in the Far East between 1939 and 1941, and especially the astounding industrial, military, and political advances of India during that period, are conclusive proof that Mother India has become a man. India is waxing incredibly strong, politically and in a military sense. On the other hand, the powers which India has most reason to fear have chosen a path which will lead to mutual exhaustion. There was heartening news from another direction ; India could look forward, it was asserted, to genuine co-operation from the British on terms of equality now that England was experiencing a change of heart. There were reports of a sincere social revolution in embattled England where duchesses slept side by side with commoners in subway stations in order to escape the bombs which recognized no social boundaries, and where even conservative politicians were saying that they must guarantee "to each individual in this island a secure prospect of food, habitation, maintenance and opportunity."

On the threshold of liberation and nationhood, India was naturally expected to be primarily concerned with the problems of a single-handed national defense in case of invasion. Some of India's leaders began to look into that vital matter with greater anxiety than they had ever experienced before.

Even the Indian expatriate circles in America began to think about the subject. I became absorbed in the study of India's capacities, wondering what would happen if India should decide to defend its frontiers with the might of arms instead of with passive resistance. In the light of my devotion to Gandhi, some friends felt that my interest in military problems was a betrayal of the cause of non-violence. This was unjust, because, although I have believed and still believe in the prowess of satyagraha if employed by masses of men, and although I have maintained and still insist that it can be as effective as

war, provided it becomes a movement of the people, I have always regarded it as *one of the methods and not as the method.* National defense is a matter of majority will and group action. To defend a country successfully these days, an overwhelming majority of people have to fight, violently or non-violently.

I believe that a working majority in favor of non-violent direct action controls Indian politics today. I also believe that this majority has more than an even chance of continuing to mould the destiny of a free and independent India. Likewise, satyagraha has the splendid possibility of being adopted as the defense policy of India even when the British Navy ceases to ride at anchor in the Indian Ocean. But if a majority of free Indians decide against non-violence as the policy of the state . . , then what? One must study the only effective alternative even if one is a pacifist by preference.

At the outbreak of the second World War in 1939, it was the question of the defense of India which was crucial in Indo-British relations. The British, feeling that India could not take care of herself, refused, either sincerely or shrewdly, to walk out on India and to leave her in grave peril. British statesmen declared flatly that "the defense of India could not be left to an Indian Government." They expected that the immediacies of the war, especially after the German invasion of Russia which threatened to instal Hitler at the Gate of India—the Khyber Pass—were enough to make the nationalists more cautious in their demands and restrained in their aspirations.

Nevertheless, it seemed to some that the British, unwilling to part with power, were exaggerating the importance of their strength in India. In fact, they tended to draw upon the Indian strength for use in the European war without sending India any military resources in return.

The dangers of invasion are real enough. If one takes all fantastic conjectures into account, there is no power in Europe or Asia which is not "reliably believed" to have designs on India. To military experts in India, however, there are only two frontiers and two possible

aggressors": Japan in the east, by way of Burma, Siam, French Indo-China, and the Free China ; and Russia in the north, by way of Afghanistan. An Axis threat from the sea as well as through Baluchistan should perhaps be regarded as a third possibility.

JAPAN TO THE EAST

Let us first take the possible invasion by Japan, not because there is definite intelligence about any such plan, but because the realist must face the worst. The much-disputed *Tanaka Memorial*, which has almost been regarded as the Nipponese *Mein Kampf*, is singularly vague on the subject of India. "If we succeed in conquering China," Baron Tanaka's blueprint says, "the rest of the Asiatic countries and the South Sea countries will fear us and surrender to us. Then the world will realize that Eastern Asia is ours and will not dare to violate our rights." Thus it is Eastern Asia, which does not include India, that is to come under Japan's domination, and India is simply expected to "fear and surrender."

Later statements of policy from high Japanese sources have been even less outspoken about India, but ever since the Chinese war started, the indifference of Indian leaders toward the threat in the east has been replaced by concern over Japan's actions. India's boycott of Japanese goods has been telling, and the Congress party has openly sided with the Chinese. However, the nationalists' policy with regard to Japan is that of erring on the safe side. They know very well that Japan has not yet conquered China but has, instead, bogged down in the intricate and endless reaches of interior China. Even if the conquest were completed, it will be decades before Japan can consolidate its gains in China, and until that time any Indian adventure would be bound to end in disaster. Chinese guerillas could cut the lines of supply at many points ; and, moreover, the Japanese would have to take over other Far Eastern countries before they ever got to India.

The expressed interests of Japan, furthermore, lead in other directions. More than anything else, the Japanese

want land for their surplus population. Their statesmen have declared that they do not plan to settle this surplus in any tropical country. Moreover, the standard of life in India is no higher than in Japan, and the flow of emigration, unlike that of water, tends to be from a lower to a higher level. Australia is more likely to attract the Japanese than is India. The White Australia policy has scandalized all Asia, but in Japan it has been taken as a veritable national stigma. It can be expected then that if Japan feels she can manage it, Australia will be attacked, in which event the United States will probably receive distress signals from the lonely Kangaroo-land marooned in a hostile Yellow Sea.

The Netherlands Indies may have to face the Nipponese danger even before Australia. The Dutch East Indies offer everything that the Japanese militarists could desire. Rich in natural resources and abounding in agricultural products, this golden archipelago of some two thousand islands has none of China's unconquerable interior. It would offer a sort of respite for the Japanese army, saddened and wearied by the Chinese impasse. And the people of the Dutch East Indies do not have any of China's or India's political consciousness to sharpen the resistance of the Dutch colonials. According to a columnist in *Yomiuri*, "The European war may be a complex affair, but in such an event the situation in the Far East becomes very clear."

Japan cannot, on the other hand, expect or get any help from within India. There was a time when the average citizen looked with admiration at Japan's phenomenal rise, at the spectacle of an Asiatic power compelling the respect of the West. He even entertained a mild urge to jump on the band-wagon and take up the tune of "Asia for the Asiatics." But what the Japanese characteristically describe as the China Incident has completely disillusioned the Hindu. The glamour is gone from the hero's face, now concealed under a death-mask. Japan can look for stiff resistance from a united India which no longer has any use for the Japanese version of the "revolt of Asia."

RUSSIA TO THE NORTH

Another power alleged to have designs on India is Russia. While I was in India, this particular threat from the north was freely ridiculed in nationalist circles and described as "Britain's pet bogey." Many Socialists maintained that Russia would never invade any country, least of all India. But when the Russo-German pact shook the world, and brought in its train the carving of Poland and the invasion of Finland, Indian radicals were forced to change their views. So were the Americans. For it was about this time that liberal Americans were casting around for a new attitude toward Russia. Vincent Sheean wrote to me asking if I had any knowledge of Jawaharlal Nehru's reactions. I replied that I had none, but that I could very well imagine them. To make sure, I wrote a letter to Pandit Nehru. One day, two months later, I received two letters from India, one of which had been "opened by the censor" and actually censored. It was a letter from Tagore, the silver-haired and politically innocent poet of India. The other was from Jawaharlal Nehru, and curiously enough it was untouched by the censors. As I had expected, the Socialist Pandit wrote, in part :

"My own reaction to the Russo-German pact was unfavourable to it, but I did feel that British policy was largely responsible for it, in the sense that Russia was driven into a corner. The subsequent Russian occupation of part of Poland seemed to me to follow inevitably from the collapse of Poland before Germany. The Russian invasion of Finland was condemned by me and I think that it was a very wrong move on the part of the Soviet Government. I said so at the time. I am convinced, however, that all these developments in Eastern Europe and Western Asia are obviously due to a deliberate policy of the British Government as well as of the French Government to extend the war to other fronts and possibly to change the whole nature of the war into a holy crusade against the Soviet. I do not understand why large concentrations of troops should be necessary in the Middle East, unless it is for this

reason. While, therefore, I have condemned Russian action in Finland, I have felt Finland was being used by the British and French governments for the advancement of their own imperialist policy."

The letter of this famous Socialist of India, who is also the world's leading democrat, should be read in the context of the day on which it was written—March 23, 1940. Subsequent developments must have made him a greater skeptic, but we cannot have any information on the subject as he is in prison at the time of this writing.

What is reassuring from India's angle is that Russia probably cannot fight on three frontiers at the same time —the European, the Far Eastern, and the Middle Eastern. And between Russia and India stand insurmountable ranges of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush, and also of the Sulaiman Mountains, leaving only the Khyber Pass and the Bolan Pass as precarious places of "contact." It is true that there are six more passes along these 2,150 miles of India's natural Maginot Line. But Owen Lattimore, who has crossed the romantic Karakoram Pass from Sinkiang to India, assures me that these passes are useless for military purposes, difficult even for small caravans. The trade passes from Tibet and Yunnan are even less negotiable. The two remaining passes, the Khyber and Bolan, meander through the no-man's-land that lies between Afghanistan and India. These two have been the historic routes of wave after wave of invaders.

If the Khyber Pass were to be tried, the Russians would have to march three hundred and fifty miles in a region where military supply lines can be maintained only with the greatest of difficulty. That route would also compel the occupation of Kabul, which is strongly fortified, and the defeat of the Afghan army and guerillas. Moreover, the mottled mountain walls of the Hindu Kush enormously favor entrenched snipers and defenders and drastically imperil invaders. All military experts agree that 50,000 crack troops of the Indian Army could keep an army of a million at bay there for years. Air warfare and parachute tactics are bound to make some difference,

but it is believed that the traditional land-of-Kipling way of fighting would be the least vulnerable to a Russian equivalent of a Luftwaffe.

On the other hand, it may be, as Augur conjectured, that Stalin "looks southward, where, beyond his native Georgia, lies Iran, the object of the traditional Russian aggressive policy, because that way lies the road to the Persian Gulf and the riches of Araby and India." By this route the Soviet army could avoid an assault on Kabul, circumnavigate it, use the metaled road from Herat to Kandahar, and quickly reach the Indian railhead at Chaman in Baluchistan. From the scant military news available from Russia one is led to believe that Soviet strategists prefer this route to the Kabul-Khyber plan. For one thing, Bolan is an easier pass to manage than Khyber. Second, the distance between the Russian and Indian railheads is only four hundred and fifty miles, the elevation seldom rising above 6,000 feet. Third, the Murghab valley would lend itself favorably to supply bases.

The Russian high command's preference for the Bolan Pass has been evident ever since 1921 when the Soviet Government acquired concession after concession from Afghanistan in order to construct the Kandahar-Chaman road which was finally linked with Herat. Wire connections between Merv in Turkestan and various military points in Afghanistan were also established. Thus Russian preparations terminated at Chaman, right at the gate of the Bolan Pass in the Sulaiman Mountains.

Yet, in spite of the frequent rumors of the massing of Russian troops opposite India's northwest territory, and in spite of the reported activities of India's old revolutionaries at Tashkent, a Soviet invasion of India does not seem probable. In any event, the Indian Government has taken precautions and built a strong and adequately garrisoned fortress at Quetta, which stands guard at the mouth of the Bolan Pass. Also, despite continuous intrigues in Kabul by the Russians, the Afghans are far from being won over and can be expected to put up a stiff resistance to any southward thrusts by Russia.

If the Persian route is selected, the way to India is long even if Stalin's armies can get past the expert marksmen in Iran's northern mountains.

Russia could not depend on a social revolution within India to aid an assault from outside. The Indian Communist Party is still an illegal organization, negligible in numbers and influence. The Socialists are more like left-wing nationalists than like Communists. India, recently industrialized, has a proletariat too small to be the vanguard of a revolution. And the great population of little farmers in India still blames kismet for their sufferings, not the capitalist system.

HITLER ON INDIA

After Japan and Russia, the Axis powers are supposed to be a real threat to India. That Hitler, and for that matter any conqueror, would like to take India, if he could, is understandable. A whole history of the past five centuries could be written on the thesis that India has been the basic cause of most of the wars in Europe and Asia during that period. The enslavement of the Near Eastern countries by the western powers can be explained only in the light of bejeweled India; in themselves they offer too small a reward to warrant the ghastly sacrifices of empire-building. India would naturally be the brightest gem in any emperor's crown—emperor old-fashioned or streamlined by the twentieth century. The British fought Napoleon ostensibly on minor matters concerning southern Europe and northern Asia, but actually they fought over India, and both sides knew it. India has been coveted by most of the expanding nations of Europe and Asia, not only for the past half-millennium, but for a thousand years before that. Naturally, the Nazis would like to include India in their New Order. (From this angle alone, the cause of Indian independence is a world issue; for all the nations which are weary of wars have a stake in it. India should be taken out of the orbit of "the coveted areas" or "the northwest territory" once and for all; only an India in her own ivory tower can forestall imperialist rivalries. A strong, united, and

self-governing India would be the greatest obstacle to the greed of aggressive powers.)

Amazingly, nowhere in his speeches and his writings has Hitler given any hint of his alleged designs on India. He, of course, has never failed to taunt the British about their "black record in India," and there have been frequent reports in the American press of activities of Hitler agents in India trying to build up a Fifth Column, but I know in my heart that India is one place where the Nazis have no chance. In February, 1941, seven Italians were captured in Bombay, but the Secretary of State for India hastened to assure the world that their pleas that Indians "should look to Nazi Germany for their freedom" had fallen on unreceptive ears. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, that German economist-extraordinary, did survey India for a few weeks on the eve of the war, and he also made the rounds of the industrial magnates of Bombay, Ahmedabad, and Madras. But he soon became the center more of hostile demonstrations than of open arms.

Gandhi's India has developed a horror of any forces which tend to thwart its developing democracy. From Germany's point of view, Indian leaders are checked off as too senile to respond to the promise of "better days." Hitler himself had nothing but scorn for India's leader or leaders, whom, as I have said, he described as "some Asiatic fakir or other, perhaps, for all I care, some real Indian 'fighters for freedom'." The realist Hitler himself had underlined the following in the Bible of the Nazis : "*England will lose India only if it either falls victim to racial degeneration within its own administration machinery* (something which, at the moment, is entirely excluded in India), *or if it is compelled to by the sword of a powerful enemy*. Indian rebels will, however, never achieve this. We Germans have learned well enough how hard it is to force England. Entirely aside from the fact that, as a German, I would, despite everything, still far rather see India under English than under some other rule."

On one occasion Gandhi said : "No wonder Hitler has challenged the British Government to prove her sincerity by recognizing India as a free nation. Whatever may be

his intention in issuing the challenge, it cannot be denied that it is pertinent." But in the same breath, and before Berlin could get any comfort out of his statement, Gandhi declared his sympathy for the British cause as compared to Nazi actions and intentions. Babu Rajendra Prasad, ex-President of the Congress, went even further and maintained that although "we have undoubtedly our grievances against England, all the same I realize that England is any day better than other totalitarian states." Berlin was quick to perceive India's mood, and made belated efforts to transfer to Russia the blame for all anti-British propaganda in India.

ASIATIC ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

Current history has taught us that the worst has lately acquired the unfailing habit of happening. The time may not be far off when India will be standing alone facing a tremendously powerful foe. This may happen if India becomes free and independent. It may also happen if Great Britain goes down and Hitler is the master of Europe, and Japan makes use of her membership card in a victorious unholy alliance. What then?

Industrially speaking, India would not be in as bad a spot as is generally imagined. Believe it or not, India is among the ten most industrialized countries in the world. Its annual foreign trade has for years been far in excess of that of China, and twice that of France. In the moving picture industry, that modern of moderns, India is next only to the United States in footage production. India is the second richest country in natural resources, second only to the United States, and in war matériel production, it can far surpass both China and Japan put together. It has great reserves of coal, but, thanks to shortsighted British policy, it produces less than China. The third largest iron reserves are to be found in India—the United States and France being first and second in this respect. The Tatas, the Indian equivalent of the Japanese Mitsui family, have control of the steel industry in India, and their plant alone is considered among the world's first sixteen, and the largest in the British Empire.

Had the British been more genuinely co-operative with Indian capital and Indian enterprise, had they been less afraid that an industrialized India would get out of hand, the country would have proved an even more incalculable asset in the second World War. The entire Asiatic and African matériel burden in the second World War could have been lifted from the bomb-shaken back of Great Britain by India.

The British did wake up to realities, but too late and almost on the eve of the war. They sent Lord Chatfield to India, and upon his recommendation, India received £ 34,000,000 from the British treasury, which was about two per cent of the total appropriation for British re-armament. Nevertheless, the frantic progress of war industries did enable India to outfit and equip the strong Indian-British force which landed in Iraq in April, 1941. By the spring of 1941, the land of Gandhi was fast becoming the Asiatic arsenal of democracy.

Both her geographical position and her rich resources came into play in converting India into a supply center for the entire orbit from Malaya to the Mediterranean. That is why it was in India that the conference of all the British countries, east and south of Suez, met in October, 1940, to explore "new responsibilities" that could be taken over to relieve Great Britain.

India has lately become more than a supply center. It is a vast workshop producing over twenty thousand items vital to equipping a modern army. In addition to filling the needs of the army at home, Indian factories are turning out hundreds of millions of rounds of ammunition for the use of British forces overseas. Ordnance factories are working on shifts, and are open for business twenty-two hours daily and, under the Compulsory National Service Act, the British Government of India has conscripted over forty thousand skilled workers.

Besides these Ordnance factories, there are several private production firms which have now been requisitioned by the Government of India. These have to obey the instructions of the Indian Commander-in-Chief, and suspend production of civil goods if so required. The

Tata iron and steel works at Jamshedpur are under martial law to insure a hundred per cent production capacity. The Tatas are supplying excellent armour plating for use in building tanks, and a large amount of commercial steel of ordinary grade for the Middle East, Kenya, and Uganda, as well as pig and foundry iron for England.

The war has also brought industrial expansion in other lines of production. Such materials as chlorine, soda, medical stores, and railway equipment are now produced in large quantities. By June, 1940, India had supplied 700,000,000 jute sandbags, 57,000,000 yards of gunny cloth, and 29,000 tons of raw jute.

Though India's military production after the first eight months of war had gone beyond the peak reached after three years of the last war, a further expansion of Government factories, costing over $ 25,000,000, was under way in the spring of 1941. Plants to produce high explosives, medium guns, and machine guns were also under construction.

According to a reliable informant who wishes to remain unidentified, a huge underground factory is operating "somewhere in C. P. (Central Provinces)." This subterranean factory was constructed with a view to the possible air invasion of India.

More important was the success of the Commander-in-Chief in persuading Valchand Hirachand, an erstwhile Congressman and a non-co-operator, to direct the establishment of a Government factory to build army and navy bombers in India. This financier is one of India's leading industrial organizers, and through his efforts, a plane factory was founded in southern India, scheduled to come into production in 1942.

India was producing war matériel faster and faster, enough to take care of ninety per cent of all the supplies needed by her armed forces both at home and abroad. Ordnance factories were whipping together rifles, machine guns, and light artillery, some of which India could afford to export to Australia. To augment the few gunboats of the Royal Indian Navy, shipyards were engaged in the mass production of torpedo boats and armed sloops.

Only engines were imported from the United States for the tanks which were rolling off India's various assembly lines.

Five more years of such industrial development, both civil and military, and India will be almost self-sufficient, able to meet the enemy on the economic front. But can India expect such a respite in which to prepare her defenses unhampered by the exigencies of war on her own frontiers or within her borders? Early in 1941, it seemed too much to hope for, and my thoughts turned to China. That country was in much the same condition when the first shots were fired at Lukouchiao. The flag of the Rising Sun soon loomed over little less than half of China, and Chungking was cut off from most of the strategic sources of munitions on the eastern seaboard. What was China's answer? What is now known as *guerilla industries* are only of academic interest to Americans, but to India their lesson could prove to be a life-saver in case some hostile power pounces upon us before we are thoroughly industrialized.

Like China, India has limitless labor power and tremendous area. It would be merely a question of organizing Industrial Co-operatives in the interior as well as in the gaps inevitably left in the "occupied areas." In two respects India would be more successful in organizing such "induscos" than China has been. India is better industrialized to start with, with richer resources both in technical skill and in raw materials; even the machine tool industries are already established. Rural India is well acquainted with the idea of consumers' co-operatives, and it will be a comparatively easy matter to introduce the exchange of military matériel.

The pattern is already laid down by the All-India Spinners' Association. It maintains, in hundreds of towns throughout India, wholesale houses where hand-made Gandhi-cloth as well as other articles of home manufacture are stored and sold. This nationalist enterprise supplies the plowman and his wife with cotton, spinning wheel, weaving loom, and other tools native to the cottage industries. The finished products are collected

by scouts and the agriculturists are paid according to the current standard of wages. The goods are collected at the provincial headquarters, classified, and then sent to the warehouses to be marketed. India may even have given the idea to China. And if it can be done in the cotton industry, it can also be done with light military matériel in case of an immediate war.

360,000,000 STRONG !

As India's war industries have expanded, the country's armed forces have developed. India has begun to realize that even the impossible can happen in Europe and the Far East. For the first time in three hundred years India faced the prospect of standing on her own, with no British Navy to hide behind. In consequence, the Royal Indian Navy embarked on a program of strengthening the Indian gunnery, anti-submarine, and mine-sweeping units, even while making hectic efforts to send aid overseas. Scores of new schools were established to train Indian officers and sailors. Within two short years, India's naval strength had increased two hundred per cent.

Greater strides were made by the air force. In addition to the British Royal Air Force then serving in India, especially on the northwest frontier, there was an entire Indian squadron under the Indian Air Force. New squadrons are being trained and raised, and here flying clubs play a major rôle.

That the main burden of defending India would fall on the land forces was realized by the military authorities. In consequence, the greatest expansion came in the Indian Army. The pre-war establishment of 200,000 men has grown, according to the best available information, into an army of a million troops, and this despite the dispatch of Indian contingents to Egypt, France, and England.

This unprecedented number was reached, first, by calling up reserves, second, by mobilizing the forces of the Indian Princes and, last but not least, by opening recruiting stations all over the country. The Indian Territorial Force, fifty per cent above its normal strength, has been taken into consideration in this account. In

addition there were civic guard bodies in the eleven Provinces of India. The streamlining of the army has gone so far that the famed Bengal Lancers and the Indian Cavalry are now turned into mechanized units.

Indian troops were doing their part even outside of their country. When the British forces stormed and captured Agordat in Eritrea during Wavell's lightning thrust across the desert, they were supported by a full regiment of Indian soldiers especially adept at mountain fighting and desert tactics. Indians were the first to enter Sidi Barrani, and they played a major rôle in taking Barantu. "Indian regiments in the desert," observed a military strategist later on, "appeared to be the best dug in, the best concealed." Their familiarity with the Hindu Kush defiles on India's northwest, where often they had to take cover on bare and rocky slopes, had apparently stood them in good stead.

These troops were only a small part of the 75,000 Indian soldiers serving in various African battlefields. Besides these forces in Egypt and Africa, there were stationed in England about 10,000 Indian soldiers who had escaped at Dunkirk leaving behind half that number in Nazi prison camps. Indian troops also stood guard at Aden and Hongkong, and the famous Singapore Royal Artillery was entirely manned by Indians.

And yet the Indian Army under the British has remained a mercenary affair. It is a well-drilled and well-trained and well-equipped army, but what about the inspired soldier's urge to fight as hard as he can and then a little harder? What about morale when everything goes wrong? Morale can neither be purchased nor hired. The Indian Army is a good supplement to British strength (which is all that the British want it to be), but without British splints the Indian Army would be a crippled force against the modern mechanized pincers of a mighty power. In due time, no doubt, India could raise a sufficient force with excellent morale, but years of preparation must be telescoped into weeks these days. If my country is overtaken by an enemy before it can boast of a real army, India will have to depend mainly on a "people's army,"

and only the Indian Leader or Indian leaders could raise a people's army. When such a desperate day comes India will be stronger without the British than with them. The regular army, in that case, would be of secondary importance. Our tactics could then follow the strategy of guerilla warfare as evolved by Lawrence in Arabia as well as by Chiang Kai-shek in China—in case we felt that the little private methods of our own northern Afridis were not respectable enough to use as an example.

Experts know that India has her peculiar military problems, especially those of the British-created concept of martial races and the segregation of the soldier. These might handicap the growth of a people's army. For to enlist such a people's army, Indians will have to throw overboard the traditional British policy of recruitment by which there has been created an artificial barrier between so-called martial races and the non-martial. The bitter lessons of the second World War as well as the demands of an eleventh-hour defense should break down these barriers ; all who want to bear arms should be encouraged to do so. The lack of fighting traditions in the Brahmin and Vaishya communities of Hindu society would, no doubt, constitute a serious obstacle ; in this respect the task would be harder than that of the Chinese guerillas. But that shortcoming will be more than balanced by the existence in India of a well-trained standing army. The people's front will have to be both political and military. In this connection the traditional British policy under which soldiers are kept apart from current thought and political developments would have to be drastically changed. For a people's army's main sustenance comes from ideals and the determination to die before those ideals are shattered by the aggressor. Political indoctrination would have to work hand in glove with military training. In this respect, the evolution of the New Fourth and the Eighth Route armies in China, barring their Communist overtones, would serve as the blueprint of our own program.

Such a people's army employing organized guerilla warfare would transform India's two otherwise dubious

qualities—teeming millions and great distances—into excellent military assets. According to this strategy, our great population would provide us with an endless supply of guerillas, while our main army would be kept intact for decisive massed action. Meanwhile, favored by the geographic situation, we could afford to draw the enemy inland so that our guerillas could harry the strangers on all sides, avoiding the Chinese mistake of the Battle of Shanghai.

This is an emergency program and nothing more. As I enlarge upon this plan, I feel that by keeping India militarily helpless during the heyday of the Empire, Great Britain missed a great opportunity to insure self-preservation when the waves of war shook the old ship of State. What a different picture it would have been in Asia had India been allowed by her board of British directors to develop strength and unity. The British rule in India is a generation older than the young and husky United States. But what a difference in their growth!

A strong and united India might have made all the difference in the world even for the United States of America. In 1941 it became evident that Great Britain, singlehanded, was not capable of surviving a showdown in the Far East. An urgent appeal was made to America, a plea for Washington to assume the leadership in Eastern Asia. Many nervous men now wish that India had been encouraged to develop its real strength during the preceding years. Had that happened, the United States could have concentrated on the Battle of the Atlantic, and India could have acted as the Asiatic power-house of democracy.

XIX. NEAR EASTERN NEIGHBORS

At the muezzin's call for prayer,
The kneeling faithful thronged the square,
And on Pushkara's lofty height
The dark priest chanted Brahma's might. . . .
The one great God looked down and smiled
And counted each His loving child.

—HARRY ROMAINE

POSSIBLE foes are not more important than probable friends. A preview of coming dangers need not obscure the vision of the promised land. It is imperative for India that her immediate military shortcomings be taken care of, but it is equally urgent that she think of what promises the future holds for her in the way of peaceful associations with her neighbors.

India has every reason to look forward to friendship. As I have said, India is the only large country in the world which has never warred on another nation. This is a real record, when it is taken into account that her history is counted in thousands and not hundreds of years, and that she was a powerful nation in the past. She was rich, and attracted looters and invaders. She was generous, and became, before the discovery of America, the refuge of Asia's oppressed. A handful of Parsis, driven out of Persia by the conquering Mohammedans, landed in India a few centuries ago. Now they are a thriving community of 120,000, and when, just a few years ago, the Shah of Iran invited them back on the guarantee of equal status, they preferred to stay where they were, in India. A Parsi of my acquaintance voiced the opinion recently that if his ancestors had landed anywhere but in India, there would not be a single Parsi left today.

No, there has never been a blood feud between India and any other nation. On the contrary, her neighbors, and perhaps the world, must feel grateful to India for her constructive contributions in science, the arts, philosophy, and religion.

Sometimes it is suggested that India's traditional tolerance may be a bit shaken now because of her experience at the hands of the British. The idea is that a mortal fight against imperialism is bound to harden into rabid nationalism. Whoever thinks this does not know Gandhi's and Nehru's nationalism. India will be among the first to temper her concentrated sovereignty with any acceptable super-national policy.

CULTURAL TIES

But meantime India cannot live in a vacuum until a real new order dawns on this self-destroying world of ours. She must think of the next best thing. "Continental regionalism" was, I believed, emerging as the next step out of the chaos of the two wars. For years the United States of America has had the acknowledged hegemony over the Western Hemisphere under the Monroe Doctrine. In Europe, Great Britain and Germany were matched against each other to decide which would have hegemony over Europe and also over the patchwork quilt of Africa and Asia. In the Far East, Japan had time and again reiterated its battle-cry of a "New Order in East Asia," and had backed it by the force of arms.

It was becoming daily clearer to the Indian leaders that whether England won or lost, "continental regionalism" was bound gradually to replace the old empire idea. Even if India became free in the ensuing struggle or transition, she would have to maintain her national integrity in a closely knit Asiatic bloc. That Great Britain would continue to exert for some time to come (except in the event of an outright defeat at the hands of the Axis powers) a significant influence over the destiny of Asiatic millions is plain to all. The policies and actions of both the United States and Russia will also have an influence in the shaping of the coming order in

Asia : these aspects of the Asiatic tangle are accepted facts to the western world. But there are less well-known Asiatic forces which may play a more significant rôle in deciding the issues than most experts suspect, and there is evidence that the more realistic of the Indian leaders are aware of them. Strategically situated as India is between the Near Eastern Mohammedan world and the Far Eastern Buddhist world, Indian leaders have lately been stirred by the idea of relating the independence of their country to the emerging Asiatic regionalism.

India received a new stimulus to her consciousness of the Near East recently when the Nazis revived, with more power than the Kaiser, the *Drang nach Osten.* Churchill had trumpeted a warning that the Nazis would knock at the "gates of India." Delhi (the seat of the Government) and Wardha (the seat of the Parallel Government) soon resounded with the names of neighbor cities, Kabul, Teheran, Baghdad, Cairo, Suez, Aden, Riyadh, and Istanbul. Such figures as Mohammed Zahir Shah of Afghanistan, Ibn Saud of Arabia, Reza Shah Pahlevi of Iran, Amir Abdullah of Transjordan, and Inanue of Turkey were thought of along with Gandhi and Nehru. It was quite natural. Indian Mohammedans describe themselves as a minority, but India is the greatest Moslem country in the world. Eighty million followers of the Prophet live in India and they are the largest Mohammedan congregation of any land. There has been no crisis in the world of Islam, political or spiritual, which has not touched India deeply. Even the Hindu majority has always felt a peculiar kinship with the Near Eastern Mohammedan world. Persian was the court language in India until the British supplanted it with English ; and many Hindus and Mohammedans adopt Persian as their second language. Nationalist India has decided to make Hindustani the national language, permitting two scripts, Devanagari (Hindi) and Arabic (Urdu). The Mohammedan invasions of India in the past, and the consequent cultural infiltration of the Near East by India, have inseparably linked Indian history with that of the western arm of Asia.

More immediate, however, has been the psychological affinity created by the Asiatic "common crusade" against western imperialism. India and Egypt and Turkey have exchanged leaders and observers, and they have kept an alert eye on each other with a view to forming their several nationalist movements into a concerted revolt of Asia. Nehru, India's unofficial foreign secretary, frequently visited the Mohammedan capitals of the Middle and Near East.

PAKISTAN

Nationalist India's friendly approach to the Near Eastern countries of Asia assumed a semi-official status at the Ramgarh session of the All-India National Congress. A delegation of Egyptian Wafdists was present there in the capacity of observers. But the inter-religious rivalries within India has complicated the process ever since. Especially Jinnah's Pakistan plan, which envisages dismemberment of India, has thrown a monkey wrench in the development of Asiatic integration.

For in 1938, Jinnah, president of the Moslem League, played his trump card. Speaking before the one hundred thousand Mohammedans who attended the annual session of the League at Lahore, he advocated a long-dreaded proposal of partitioning the country into a Hindu India and a Moslem India. Jinnah even predicated "the peace and happiness of the people of this sub-continent" on the country's division into "autonomous national states."

Jinnah's plan included the formation of a Moslem federation of northern India, based upon the 80,000,000 Mohammedans of the country. The proposed Moslem federation would include the present Northwest Frontier Province, the Native Hindu State of Kashmir (predominantly Moslem in population, but ruled by a Hindu Maharajah), and the Punjab, and would stretch eastward as far as the Burmese border, embracing the rich provinces of Bengal and Assam in its triangle. The city of Lahore, according to Jinnah, would be the capital of this Moslem state. After slicing off the rich base of the

Indian peninsula in the interest of the Moslem minority, Jinnah would be generous enough to let "Gandhi and his Hindus" take the immense area to the south.

This undoing of India's natural topography is excused by what the Moslem League calls "the basic principle": "Geographically contiguous units shall be demarcated into regions which should be so constituted, with such territorial readjustments as may be necessary, that the areas in which the Moslems are numerically in a majority, as in the northwest and eastern zones of India, should be grouped to constitute 'Independent States' in which the constituent units shall be autonomous and sovereign." Even such powers as "defense, external affairs, communications, and customs" are to be independent of the policies of the remaining Indian mainland.

The only explanation that Jinnah offers for his shocking suggestion is somewhat as follows: "There are in India today four main forces, namely, the British, the Indian Princes, the Hindus and the Moslems, that are concerned with the future fate and destiny of four hundred millions of the peoples who inhabit this vast sub-continent. India has never been, could never be and is not a national state. To contemplate a Government of such a vast sub-continent on the basis of one national and united India, when we know that it is composed of nationalities, is to presume the will-o'-the-wisp. The more the problem is honestly examined, the more one must be driven to the conclusion that the only solution of India's future lies in the division of India."

This quotation is given only to do full justice to Jinnah and not because it sheds any new or valid light on the situation. Now so far as the contiguous areas of the Northwest Frontier Province, the State of Kashmir and the Punjab are concerned, Jinnah has merely resurrected the older Mohammedan dream of Pakistan. The idea of turning India's northwest territory into a Mohammedan Empire is quite old, and has found strong expression in Urdu and Persian poetry. In the discourses of Sir Muhammed Iqbal, the greatest Moslem poet of modern times, Pakistan was conceived as the first step toward

re-establishing Pan-Islam in Asia and southern Europe. But, by including the Provinces of Bengal and Assam in the proposed Moslem federation, Jinnah has gone the visionary Iqbal one better.

The idea of Pan-Islam spread through the Mohammedan world in the last years of the nineteenth century; "a world revolution on purely Islamic lines" was advocated in an anonymous tract published in India. The idea was further explored by one Dr. Latif of Deccan Hyderabad. He divided India into "fifteen cultural zones" of which he described four as "Moslem zones." Sir Mohammed Iqbal proposed a separate "Moslem India," and in 1933, Chaudhrie Rahmat Ali coined the term "Pakistan." But the whole philosophy was belittled in Mohammedan quarters, let alone Hindu sources, which held that the movement was contrary to Islam's "spirit of expansion." When Pan-Islam was halted by the abolition of the Caliphate, Pakistan was also blighted. And so it remained until Jinnah modernized it and some professors at the Aligarh Moslem University gave it quasi-logical blessings.

Nationalist India has begun to perceive the hidden dynamite in Jinnah's idea. The very impracticability of the partition plan, the nationalists realize, necessitates endless and fruitless discussions and parleys, while the larger issue of national independence is side tracked. And the impasse is bound to postpone the establishment of any Asiatic bloc.

The British, naturally for different reasons, have also been quick to see the increased danger to their interests in India. From the British point of view, something fundamental was at stake: the political and administrative unity of All-India, Great Britain's proudest boast, was endangered by Jinnah's demand. The fast-changing temper of the Moslem League made the British feel like a Frankenstein lorded over by a creature of his own making. Actually several British statesmen found it necessary to protest against vesting the Moslem minority with the power to veto India's political progress.

More violent were the reactions of the Hindu Mahasabha. This communal body of the Hindus is quite

strong both in numbers and in economic power. Firmly opposed to territorial revision of India, the Hindu Mahasabha has time and again warned against a "Mohammedan conspiracy in northern India" and has assigned to Jinnah a rôle similar to that of Konrad Henlein during the Sudetenland crisis. Only recently in a formal resolution, the Hindu Mahasabha went to the extreme of welcoming the publication of the Jinnah-Viceroy correspondence because it "brought into light the conspiracy which Mr. Jinnah and the Moslem League are organizing to create facilities for the Moslem powers and Moslem countries for aggression against India by demanding, on the one hand, that Indian troops should not be used against any Moslem power or country and, on the other, that the present proportion of the Moslems in the Indian Army should not be reduced."

Supported by the Hindu Mahasabha, the Hindu ruler of the Native State of Kashmir could successfully resist any Moslem encroachment upon his sovereign rights. The first gun has already been fired in this direction. The Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, Chancellor of the Chamber of Indian Princes, has taken up the Hindu Mahasabha slogan of "Hinduism in Danger" and has exhorted his fellow Hindu rulers to prepare themselves to be the saviors of Hinduism. This happened at the reception given to him at Delhi by the Hindu Mahasabha. The martial Sikhs of the Punjab, traditionally hostile to the Mohammedans, are also bound to join forces with the Hindu Mahasabha and the Maharajah of Kashmir, for they are themselves a minority pitted against another large minority, and the Punjab has been their homeland since the birth of Sikhism.

Perhaps it is this knowledge of the inherent rivalries of different religious communities in India which prompts Jinnah to suggest "plans for two Indias—Moslem and Hindu—which are as unlike as Germany and France." I think he would be disappointed when he came face to face with the great dissimilarity between Pakistan and Iran, Pakistan and Afghanistan, or Pakistan and Turkey. And yet sooner or later he would have to join his

Mohammedan federation with them, if his dream of Pan-Islam were to come true. The ideal of Pan-Islamism as a political hegemony must contend with the reality that all the Mohammedan countries at the moment are nationalistic in their outlook. This trend is made clear by the fact that time and again Moslem statesmen in such Mohammedan countries as Turkey, Egypt, and Iraq have sympathized with the policies of the Indian National Congress rather than with those of the All-India Moslem League. The late Kemal Pasha was an outspoken critic of many Indian Mohammedan leaders, and he denounced the Caliphate movement in India. The Egyptian Wafdists sent a delegation to the annual session of the Indian Congress on the eve of the war. In 1914, many Moslem countries arrayed themselves against each other to prosecute a war initiated by rival European powers. Despite the fact that the Turkish Caliph issued a formal summons to a Holy War at the outbreak of the first World War, the Indian Moslems themselves remained loyal to the British and fought against Turkish Moslems. Likewise, the Arab Moslems proclaimed a war against the Turkish Mohammedans.

Consequently, Jinnah's dream of a Moslem Empire based upon a common religion would have trouble surviving the shocks of rampant nationalisms. And in spite of Jinnah's unwillingness to admit it, all students of India agree that the Indian Moslem is more like his Hindu compatriot than like his foreign co-religionists. Moreover, the tendency toward religious or racial fragmentation knows no end once it gets started. Czechoslovakia had its Czechs and Slovaks and, finally, its Sudeten Germans. By the same token, the proposed Moslem federation in northern India is likely to have its Shias and Sunnis—there have lately been serious riots at Lucknow between these two Moslem sects—its Aryans and Semites.

Moreover, the experience accumulated in the international field since the first World War is apt to make one wary of any partition plan. The Treaty of Versailles, under a peculiar interpretation of the Wilsonian doctrine

of the "self-determination of peoples" set up statelets on the singular basis of nationality or race or religion. However commendable the Versailles trend of the "Balkanization" of Europe was, it did subordinate two important factors which make a successful modern state in this aggressive world. These two needs, baldly stated, are, first, a sufficiently large and more or less naturally fortified geographical unit as a "place in the sun" and, second, a sound relationship between the geographical area and the national economy. The price for the neglect of these two needs has been paid in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania, Poland and Greece.

The Indian peninsula has such natural boundaries as to be the envy of other nations. Surrounded on three sides by the sea and on the fourth by the insurmountable ranges of the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush, India is a perfect geographical whole, equipped with ideal natural frontiers. A large country, almost as rich in natural resources as the United States and Russia, India can have a more or less self-sufficient economy. To partition it would be to set aside what nature and history have so generously endowed. It would also amount to providing new and ambitious foreign powers with a base of action right on the Indian peninsula. It would be national suicide. It would again be an indication of an unpardonable lack of understanding of what is now going on in Europe and the Far East.

The greatest difficulty in the path of Pakistan, however, would come from the masses, both Hindu and Moslem. For "autonomous national states" cannot be created save through a large-scale reshuffling and rehabilitation of the peoples. And people have their roots, deep roots, in their place of birth. They have economic ties wherever they have been making a living. Home-loving people have been known to make their exodus in the past, but only under unbearable oppression. In contemporary Europe, thousands, sometimes a million or two, have been known to emigrate en masse, but only under the rod of a dictator. To make Pakistan possible, tens of millions would have to be on the move for decades to come, tens of millions

uprooted from the place of their birth and living. And they would be replanted through the agencies of persuasion and planning, not at the point of the bayonet. The idea does not hold water. Already there have been anguished cries against the idea, not only from the nationalists, but also from Mohammedan communalists. Sir Sikandar Hyat Khan, one of the most powerful of Moslem leaders and Premier of the Punjab, has publicly condemned the theory of segregating the two communities. Many a Moslem organization has come out against Jinnah's plan.

Let us confine ourselves to Mohammedan opinion if only to give Jinnah the benefit of our grave doubts. Abul Kalam Azad, the Moslem president of the Indian National Congress, devoted half of his presidential address at Ramgarh session in 1940 to refuting the claims and philosophies of Jinnah and the Moslem League. Another sign of Moslem unwillingness to march behind Jinnah came from the Northwest Frontier Province, the most predominantly Moslem area of India: that province follows Gandhi's lead and spurns Jinnah's ideology. Another area which Jinnah wants included in his Mohammedan Federation is the Province of Sind, where the Moslem ministry has resisted all the overtures of the Moslem League. Not even Bengal, the largest province to be included in Pakistan, is certain to follow Jinnah's banner. Finally, representatives of all the Mohammedans in India who are opposed to Jinnah and who follow the lead of the Moslem president of the Congress, Azad, met in a huge rally in northern India and for the first time gave proof that there are as many Moslems outside the League as in it.

WHEN THE CLOUD PASSES . . . .

Because he was born a Hindu, Gandhi has displayed his usual good taste in saying that "Pakistan cannot be worse than foreign domination. I have lived under the latter though not willingly. If God so desires it, I may have to become a helpless witness to the undoing of my dream of a United India. But I do not believe that the

Moslems really want to dismember India." Sir Mirza Ismail, Prime Minister of Mysore, did not have to be so tender in his criticism of Jinnah, for he himself is a Mohammedan. "While I hope you will always be proud of being Mussulmans," he told the Moslem Students' Association in Calcutta, "and hold aloft the traditions of our great religion, you must never forget that your political allegiance is to India. It must be your duty to be, as you certainly can be, both good Moslems and good Indians."

Greater forces than Pakistan are blowing up like benevolent storms. The attitude taken by the near Eastern Moslem countries towards China's war for survival, in spite of great lures offered by the Axis, is most comforting. Moslems of the Near East almost to a man feel that Arab nationalism is more important than Mohammedanism in the shaping of their future. The next thing to come in Asia is the merging of the several nationalisms into an Asiatic consort of nations, as the first step toward a real league of nations organized on a world-wide basis.

XX. FAR EASTERN FRIENDS

Half the world is India and China,
Half the world is Himalaya.

AN INDIAN ADAGE

The western heaven . . . land of Buddha's birth.

A CHINESE ALLUSION

INDIA'S efforts to create an alignment on her Far Eastern frontier have met with greater success than her endeavors in the Near East. Here there is no political element to affect the different Indian loyalties. America, for example, has Catholics and Protestants, but few Chinese; India has Moslems and Hindus, but few Chinese. All parties in India have come to realize that it is to their interest that China win in her struggle against Japan and that India should contribute to the Chinese struggle as much as possible. The key to a more or less lasting and desirable order in East Asia, safe from the recurring threats of aggression, lies in this Indian-Chinese collaboration, I believe.

In the closing months of 1939 I attended a private meeting of the Institute of Pacific Relations. Delegates representing the United States, Australia, Canada, France, Great Britain, China, New Zealand, the Philippines, and India were present. Only Japan and Russia were missing. Most of all, I became interested in the strong and distinguished delegation which had come all the way from China for this special purpose. Among its members were Drs. W. W. Yen, P. C. Chang and Chi Ch'ao-ting; Messrs. K.P. Chen, K. C. Li, P. T. Chen, and Professor Chow Ken-sen. The more I mingled with my Chinese colleagues, the more I was struck by the

affinity of our outlooks, our problems, our aims, and our common purpose. I also came to realize that there was an organic relationship between Indian independence and the Chinese maintenance of sovereignty.

Deeply impressed by what I had learned of China, I chose "the Delhi-Chungking axis" as the text for an address before the Institute of World Affairs at Williamstown in the summer of 1940. By a curious coincidence, my speech came on the day the temporary closing of the Burma Road was announced. I maintained that a durable peace in the Far East can only be secured by alignments among next-door "good neighbors" who can go to each other's aid just by crossing the frontiers and without having to sail the seven seas.

The best possible way to prevent Japan from getting the upper hand in the new order in Asia would be a Delhi-Chungking axis, effecting an alliance among one-fourth of the world's population, which has identical "causes" and which is beset by the same dangers. Such a democratic bloc of 800,000,000 Indian and Chinese guardians of law and order would surely know how to create a true state of harmony and peaceful interdependence.

With this project in view, Indian nationalists should establish further contact with our northern neighbors, such as Nepal and Bhutan. Although Tibet, to take another instance, is more Indian than Chinese linguistically, religiously, and culturally, if not racially, Indian nationalists have not yet established any relations with it while Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek has taken measures to consolidate Chinese influence over that forbidden land, the Shangri-La of the world. That also should be remedied.

The idea of an East Asia bloc nourished from within has many obstacles to face, including, for example, the lack of political consciousness on the part of the peoples of Indo-China and the Netherlands Indies. But I have been greatly encouraged by P. E. Corbett's study on *Post-War Worlds*. He advocates regionalism as a prelude to a supra-national world organization. The thesis is a

radical departure from the League of Nations idea, as well as a supplement to it, and I am full of admiration for its validity.

CONTINENTAL REGIONALISM

My own interest in regionalism, which I regard merely as the first step toward a world organization, and which I do not conceive as politically exclusive, is deliberate enough. Believing with H. N. Brailsford that air power has made inevitable the unification of continents, I feel that the shrill lesson of the second World War teaches us that the day of small, completely sovereign national states is gone. The nations of the world are becoming more and more interdependent, not only because of developments in the fields of communication and transportation, but also because of the ever-increasing universality of accepted or rejected ideologies. In the past, empires were the pattern of unification, and such empires did constitute bulwarks against aggression from without, if they were not guarantees against exploitation from within. But the good old days were founded on centuries of sea power, and the genius of sea power has been to insure overseas and maritime groupings. More and more, however, air power is emerging as a formidable rival if not as the final victor, and the genius of air power is to nurture consolidations based on land connections.

Such reasoning inevitably led me to explore the possibilities of lining up "good neighbors" on the two great land frontiers of India. Perhaps this is putting the cart before the horse or jumping the gun : for India's immediate problem still remains the winning of national independence. But I feel that it is unwise always to omit from our present thinking the consideration of future events. This is not plunging into the wave of the future—it is just looking at the water. An airplane must take off from the solid soil of reality, but it must also fly : and even "realistic" thoughts are like airplanes. Let us try to see what the common problem of India, China, and Japan is.

INDIA AND THE FAR EAST

The historic relationship between India and the Far East has been a one-way process. India has always given to the Far East and has received little in return. It began with the eastward spread of Buddhism from the country of its origin. Sponsored by Emperor Asoka in the third century B.C., Buddhist monks went to China, Siam, Cambodia, Sumatra, and Java to spread the Gospel of Gautama the Buddha. Most of them went, never to return, and those who did come back brought stories of the conquest of Dhamma (piety) and not of the ways of life different from their own. From China, Buddhism proceeded to Japan, thus completing the influence of a religion which was born in the Indian Ocean area, in the Pacific orbit of Asia.

The Far East returned the compliment, as it were, in the form of the Chinese travelers who visited the royal courts and religious shrines of India between the fifth and ninth centuries A.D. First came Fa Hsien who left China for India in 399 A.D. Early in the sixth century came Sung Yün. They were followed by Hsüan Tsang and I Chang in the seventh century. All these visitors were pilgrims and not missionaries or emissaries. They came to India to learn and to pay respect, and not to impart knowledge of their own country. The result was that India influenced the culture and thought-patterns of China and Japan, Siam, Cambodia, Sumatra, and Java, but was not markedly influenced in return by the life and lore of those countries.

This historical retrospect explains the underlying drive of the Far Eastern orientation of the Indian people prior to the first World War. As a matter of fact, it represents the traditional attitude of the Indian people to the world outside. The national attitude of the Indian had always been one of self-sufficiency—perhaps a reflex based upon the overabundance of his own land. India has never reached out in a quest for territory, trade, or even technological progress. Perhaps that is why there has never been an Indian Fa Hsien or Marco Polo, Columbus or Vasco da Gama. India learned about other peoples

and other countries only when the latter took the initiative and forced themselves upon her. Invaders who came to India brought with them the information and inventions of their own countries and in this way influenced Indian thought and culture. The Near Eastern Mohammedan world came to life for India only through the Afghan and Persian invasions. The western world became real for India only when the Portuguese, French, and English pitched their tents in Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras—the English to linger on.

The countries which did not impose themselves on India had no effect on the average Indian's design for living. The Far East, in spite of its geographical proximity and cultural affinity, seemed distant simply because neither China nor Japan was in touch with India (except for occasional travelers, monks, and traders) until after 1400. This is the paradox of India and China—next-door neighbors of equally tremendous proportions—pursuing their respective national courses without reference to each other. This fact, coupled with the common Indo-European linguistic heritage, made the average Indian feel closer to Europeans and European institutions than to the Chinese or Japanese, in spite of any popular belief to the contrary. Until 1904, the average Indian knew more about Europe than about Eastern Asia, and his Pacific relations were chiefly through European interpreters and intermediaries.

The non-Asiatic overtones of Indian consciousness were nowhere so ironically evident as in the early history of Indian nationalism. English-educated Indians read about the Magna Carta and the exploits of Oliver Cromwell, the American and the French Revolutions, and they even read Mazzini. Their resistance to Great Britain, a western power, was colored and conditioned by their western education. Even in the formation of the Indian National Congress, now the most powerful non-governmental political body in India, fine English hands were discernible. India was fighting a western power in a western way without reference to similar situations in other Asiatic countries. Her nationalist struggle lacked a Far Eastern character,

let alone an Asiatic character. True to tradition, she regarded her struggle as a domestic dispute to be solved behind closed doors.

INDIA AND JAPAN

When the Far East was finally brought to India's consciousness, it was with a suddenness that amounted to a collective psychological shock. One fine morning in May, 1905, banner headlines broke the news to a stunned India that Admiral Togo had defeated the Imperial Russian fleet, almost annihilating Russia's might on the sea. So far as India—and for that matter any country in Asia—was concerned, the implications were more important than the news item. For the first time in centuries, an Asiatic country had emerged victorious over a European power. It can be done, thought the Indian in the street.

Oriental eyes were opened to their own potentialities. With the connection between world supremacy and the white race broken for the first time, pioneer nationalists in India went forward with much-needed self-confidence. That also marked the day of the Asiatic orientation of most of the unconnected and sporadic nationalistic activities in many countries east of the Suez. Peoples of Asia, who had hitherto pursued their national regeneration without reference to each other, began to conceive of a common menace and common challenge. It became the East versus the West.

Then followed the years which made it amply clear to Indians, and even to the peoples of the Middle East, that Japan and Japan alone among the Asiatic nations could challenge the West. Most Asiatics were dreaming of the day when a people who had seemed so arrogant to them would be humbled. They vicariously and even morbidly enjoyed the thought that insults to the West were administered in Japan by fellow-Asiatics. The most reassuring factor to India's political realists, however, was the idea of an Asiatic island empire pitted against a European island empire. To them, Japan above all was the natural enemy of Great Britain. Even in those days they saw

that the aspirations of the former and the vested interests of the latter ran counter to each other. Sooner or later there was bound to be a clash between the two island empires, and India, they felt, would benefit by the upheaval.

Japan seized the opportunity offered by the changed Indian outlook toward the orient. A definite impulse was given to regard India's struggle against Great Britain as a part of the wider struggle of Asia against the domination of the West. In this strugle, all Asiatic countries were to co-operate under the guidance of Nippon. This activity on the political front was supplemented by a Buddhistic revival in all the countries of the Far East and especially in India. Literature poured into India to generate a consciousness of common culture. For one thing, Buddhism is but a restatement of Hinduism and a product of India. Both great religions have in common Brahminic traditions and mythology. It was emphasized that the cultural affinity among Buddhist nations had grown with time and that the day had come when it should be put to some practical use.

Japan's Pan-Buddhism drive had a special appeal for the militant India-for-the-Hindus group in India. They appeared to have found in Japan an answer to their rivals, the communalist Mohammedans. The extraterritorial allegiance of sundry Moslem leaders has always perturbed those Hindus who desire to maintain the territorial integrity of India even when the British have withdrawn. The not-too-old pact among the Moslem powers of the Near East and Afghanistan (the Sa'adabad Pact of 1939 between Turkey, Iran, Afhganistan, and Iraq) has caused considerable anxiety to the leaders of the Hindu Mahasabha. More recently, the activities of the Fakir of Ipi on the northwest frontier of India and the consequent unrest in the tribes of Waziristan have alarmed even those Hindu leaders who otherwise are above communalistic considerations.

But while the Mohammedan communalists were making overtures to Afghanistan and Arabia across the Hindu Kush ranges, the militant Hindu leaders were apparently

directing their attention across the Indo-Chinese border to Japan. This wing of the Hindu Mahasabha wanted to create a Pan-Buddhist bloc as a bulwark against Pan-Islamism. To them it was clear that a northeast frontier, with Nippon at its door, would be a more than adequate reply to the alleged Mohammedan conspiracy on the northwest frontier. They dreamed of a Pan-Buddhist bloc, composed of Japan, India, China, Siam, Cambodia, Java, Burma, Tibet, and Ceylon, dominating Asia by overwhelming the Islamic bloc of Afghanistan, Persia, Egypt, Arabia, Iraq, and Turkey. A similar drive had been reported to be gaining impetus in Siam, the pivot of the eastern Asiatic balance of power, and often said to be to Asia what Franco's Spain is to Europe. The militant Hindu communalist leaders appeared to be ready to pay the price for this dream by granting Asiatic hegemony to Japan.

To Japan, on the other hand, Pan-Buddhism propaganda was apparently nothing more than a tactical move. The whole Asiatic policy of Japan seems to have been determined by its desire to upset the established balance of power in the East and to take advantage of the Asia-for-the-Asiatics feeling for its own expansionist aims. Consequently, the Japanese have been reported to be backing even the Pan-Islamic movement, a paradox inexplicable except in the light of Japan's opportunism. The Japanese together with the Italians are said to be running propaganda agencies in Iran and Arabia. In 1939 it was reported that both of these powers opened offices in Shanghai in an attempt to separate the Chinese Moslems from the nationalist front.

Even Thailand has imitated Japan in an effort to reach India culturally. A Siamese Goodwill Mission came to India in 1940 to tour the country. At Bombay it was greeted by M. R. Jayakar, a judge of the Federal Court, who in his welcoming address included Thailand in that region of Eastern Asia which Indian cultural and religious influence had penetrated. Jayakar made a fine point by recalling that the Indian missions to the Far East in the past had been non-aggressive in character. He also

underlined the missionary philosophy of Buddhism, which holds that missionaries to foreign lands should keep their eyes and ears open, but their mouths shut.

But to go back to the Rising Sun's influence over India, it must be said that Japan's cultural drive was wedded to an intensive offensive on the economic front. By 1930, Japan was supplying sixteen per cent of India's total imports. India was a tempting market for Japan. Though Britain had a sort of monopoly on the import trade of India, and in spite of the almost impenetrable tariff walls that were raised against Nippon, Japan continued to replace Empire manufactures. Shrewdly realizing that there was only a faint tinkle in the average Indian's pocketbook, the Japanese sold their goods not only attractively, but also at an incredible cheapness. They even under-cut Indian manufacturers in the sale of boots and shoes, buttons, tiles, toys, hosiery, umbrellas, and general toilet articles.

The Japanese orientation of Indian nationalism came truly into its own just before the Sino-Japanese war started in 1937. The number of Indian students going to Japan had been increasing by the year, and by 1936 Japan claimed that the number of Indian students in her universities was second only to that of Great Britain. More and more Japanese poets, philosophers, and artists came to India to address important gatherings and to meet leading Indians. When Yone Naguchi came to India, he was received by all the important leaders, including Gandhi and Tagore, and fêted all over the country. There was a reciprocal flow of Hindu publicists and writers into Japan.

The financiers of India also observed Japan closely and made a few important deals. The late N. B. Saklatwala, the Parsi tycoon, shifted his millions from India and invested them in Japan. Last, but far from least, was the movement to bring Buddhistic learning back to India. More Buddhist temples and monasteries have been opened in India in the last decade than in the preceding century. At each opening ceremony, a Japanese consul joined his

voice with a Hindu leader's in praise of their common heritage.

Japan's battlecry of Asia-for-the-Asiatics deluded some Indian leaders to such an extent that they could not understand the Chinese policy of preferring western powers to Japan in the process of the country's rebuilding and reorganization. Even in the summer of 1937, when the Sino-Japanese conflict started, some Hindu leaders in India and most of the Indian revolutionary patriots in Japan, who had sought refuge there since the hectic days of the first World War, were critical of China's failure to understand what they belived to be the true motives of Japan.

INDIA AND CHINA

But for most Indians the immediacies of the Sino-Japanese war changed the entire picture. They brought home the realization of how one Asiatic country may treat another Asiatic country when imperialistic ambitions get hold of a people. Even those Indian leaders who formerly put their faith in Nippon's slogan of Asia-for-the-Asiatics have come to realize that so far as Japan was concerned, it only meant Asia for the Japanese. When one Buddhist nation pounced upon another, Pan-Buddhism died before it was born. The heroic resistance of Chinese Mohammedans to Nippon's armies under the leadership of General Pai Chung-hsi, Moslem leader, has belied the Japanese claim that the Mohammedan population in China has been freed and is gratefully supporting Japan. All this, working under the unwritten code of comradery among suffering peoples, has ushered in the latest phase of nationalist India's Far Eastern policy—that of the Chinese orientation.

What has proved more fatal to Indo-Japanese collaboration in the New Order in Asia is Nippon's rumbling march on the Asiatic mainland which has brought the aggressor almost to India's eastern door. Anti-Japanese feelings began to mount in India and began to be crystallized in action. This came to such a point that the Japanese poet Naguchi wrote to the Indian poet Tagore :

"What I fear most is the present atmosphere in India which tends willfully to blacken Japan in order to alienate her from your country. . . . Believe me, it is the war of 'Asia for Asia.'" To which India's poet replied:

"The doctrine of 'Asia for Asia' which you enunciate in your letter, as an instrument of political blackmail, has all the virtues of the lesser Europe which I repudiate, and nothing of the larger humanity that makes us one across the barriers of political labels and divisions." Tagore signed the letter with the remark, "Wishing your people whom I love, not success, but remorse. . . ."

To Tagore's protest was added the younger voice of Harindra Chattopadhyaya, who wrote:

The day of song has passed you by,
Your color an Imperialist red
Your poet's truth becomes a lie
You grow an enemy of men.

Anti-Japanese feelings were underscored by definite pro-Chinese actions. Important Chinese leaders were invited to attend the session of the Indian National Congress and were afterward fêted all over the country. A China House was opened at Santiniketan, Tagore's international university.

The National Congress condemned the Japanese aggression in a strong resolution and pledged all possible support to China. In union with the Moslem League and the Indian Red Cross Society, it organized the China Aid Committee. July 7, 1938, was set aside as China Day, commemorating the anniversary of the outbreak at Lukouchiao. Meetings were held all over India to collect relief funds for China and to inaugurate the boycott of Japanese goods. Wharf coolies took the oath never to load or unload any merchandise from Nippon. Indian surgeons and truckloads of medical supplies were dispatched to aid China in her hour of need. In spite of the fact that the British Government of India did nothing to aid it, India's boycott of things Japanese became more successful than that of any other country in the world—except, of course, China's.

The attitude taken by the British Government of India with respect to the boycott of Japanese goods previous to 1939 is typical of England's Far Eastern policy of recent years. The aim of the British policy in the Pacific area seemed to be the preservation of the *status quo* in Eastern Asia, which meant chiefly the defense of British domination in India. The British realize that a strong and independent China just beyond Burma would be a great factor in speeding up the evolution of a strong and independent India. Thus, Britain tended to aid Japan by inaction or half-moves. The outbreak of the European war outweighed such considerations later on, however.

Fear of an independent China may have been partly responsible for British non-co-operation in connection with the Burma Road. The Chinese Government has depended more and more on western back doors for essential war supplies. The improvised road from Chungking to the Burmese border *via* Kunming is perhaps one of the only two important routes from outside. This road touches Lashio in Burma where there is a railway connection with Rangoon. When the Chinese request for extending that railway from Lashio to the Chinese border was rejected by the British Government, the Indian nationalists decided to get in touch with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek directly in the hope of Indo-Chinese collaboration.

LOOKING AHEAD

The Burma Road was becoming more and more vital to China. Indian leaders were quite loud, therefore, in their denunciation of Great Britain when the latter decided to close it temporarily. Although a few Burmese objected to its reopening, their criticism, according to the *New Burma*, was inspired by a desire to check the influx of Chinese refugees. And in the month of March, 1941, certain engineers were already prospecting a new supply line for China which would run across some of the highest mountains in the world to Sadiya in Assam, India, from Ningyuan in Southern Sikang. Another link between China and India!

Meanwhile, the Chinese Government has been making its way westward while the Japanese are bombing and harassing China's eastern seaboard. As China draws more and more into herself, into her complex and tremendous interior, she looks more and more to India across the mountains, instead of turning seaward.

Perhaps symbolic of an emerging alignment between China and India was the visit of Nehru to China in August, 1939. On the eve of the second World War, he met China's great Generalissimo, and was accorded the largest official welcome ever given to a foreigner there; some six hundred representatives of 193 public bodies in Free China greeted him at the airdrome. As if to give their blessing, two Japanese planes appeared in the sky and began to drop bombs. The great Indian and the great Chinese continued their conference in an air-raid shelter; common obstacles drew them together even more closely.

This handclasp of two good neighbors was repeated by various Chinese missions sent to India. To counteract Japanese propaganda, the Reverend Tai Hsu Sayadaw, "Archbishop of the National Government of China," headed a Goodwill Mission to India in 1940. His Holiness Tai presented to the Mahabodhi Society in Calcutta a silver pagoda from the Generalissimo as a token of China's good will. And to the Indian National Congress was delivered the following message from Chiang Kai-shek: "May the Indian and Chinese people entertain mutual affection, mutual understanding and mutual respect that will last to eternity."

Perhaps some day in the near future, the two great countries of Asia—China and India—will be driven together to offer a united front.

More likely, perhaps, than an outright Indo-Chinese alliance is the co-ordinating rôle of India in a consortium of Asiatic powers. It seems more probable, first, because of the Hindu-Moslem rivalry within India itself; while the Mohammedans are dragging India westward toward the Moslem world, the Hindus are accelerating India's eastward orientation toward the Buddhist world. This

tug-of-war might result in a tie and turn India into the meeting place of the two great arms of Asia. Although the logic of geography would favor Sinkiang a little more than it would India as the center of the coming consortium of Asiatic nations, the logic of economic forces would be on India's side. With industry, transportation, and communication in a more advanced state, India may look forward to a great future : but after how long is a secret of history yet unmade. This is taking a long-range view of history and of events to come. And it also assumes, of course, that India is now close to freedom.

EPILOGUE

I HAVE come to the last stage of my journey, to the end of my long American pilgrimage, and I feel like the pilgrim in the Himalayas who at long last reaches the peak of Kailas, only to discover that the wonders before his eyes are inseparably bound up with the joy and the arduous travail of his climb. And I recall the seven doubters who went on a long journey to consult the oracle of Dakshinamurti, only to find that his was the face of silence. But their doubts were dispelled when they realized that the pilgrimage itself was the answer.

Standing as I do at a journey's end, I look forward with mixed feelings to the day I shall sail for India. For while I shall be torn by the actual parting from the United States, I will be happy to see again my own country's shores. Sometimes I revert to childish reverie and wish these two countries were side by side, like the United States and Canada, so that I could shuttle between them as often as I pleased. But India is several blue oceans away and I must get ready for a long voyage. I shall have much to report about things I have seen and learned in America.

I came to the United States in the summer of 1934. Since then almost eight years have gone by, and from her Depression to the present I have tried to understand America's central drives and to dream the American dream. Gradually I have come to admire the texture of the American character and the quality of the American culture thoroughly enough to believe that the hope of the world really lies in this country, the powerhouse of democracy. And yet my American experience has underlined my strong belief that much of the hope of the future also lies in the renascent India, the sanctuary of peace. India may yet point the way.

The United States is the apex of western civilization. India and China are still the two pillars of the East. Thus any story of India and America has to be a fable of East and West. There is so much in common between the two —there is a real union which springs from the same spirit. What differences there are complement each other.

It will be a turbulent India I shall see after my years abroad. My country is at war. From the East and from the West, the thunderheads of greed and aggression are threatening once again an ancient and peace-loving people. The coveters of the riches of India are struggling with desperate fury and, if they are not checked, we may see a tremendous collision in historic Hindustan. This struggle would draw the two seemingly separate wars of East and West into one vast world conflagration. This would also produce one of the most decisive battles of any war.

That India can give a good account of herself on her own ground should not be doubted. What is of greater significance is the fact that the Indian Government has not chosen to wait until the enemy comes knocking at her gateway. According to General Sir Archibald P. Wavell, the new Commander-in-Chief of India, "our future efforts must continue to prevent the enemy, wherever possible, from getting within striking distance of this country." Thus Indian soldiers have won more battles in the Near and Middle East and in Africa than is generally known. They are standing guard also in the Far East where they are formidable bulwark against democracy's enemies. The Indian navy keeps open the lines of communication through the Red Sea. And India's war industries are day by day becoming more and more gigantic and vital to the total outcome of the war. All in all, India has become one of the first five factors which may decide this new World War in which the United States has its own mortal stake.

But if India stops or falters it will not only contribute toward the failure of democracy, it will be a result of the failure of democracy. There is still precious little appreciation in England and in America of what India is doing,

and of what India is capable of doing if aroused to the very depth of her being.

Totalitarianism should be staved off to keep human progress on the right path ; of course, the first war aim is to win the war. But why need this be reiterated by a thousand statesmen from a thousand platforms with the gusto which accompanies the announcement of a world-shaking discovery? No war has yet been fought in the history of the human race in which victory has not been the prime concern. This is a different kind of war we are fighting, so some nobler aims than mere military victory must head the list. If men believe the ideals they are fighting for they will fight a good and lusty war. The invincibles are those whose innermost aspirations are given concrete and official form.

Democracy's first victory must be won in India, and the ground is prepared. For India's dynamic present is devoted to endowing western democracy with the spiritual serenity of the East. The noble experiment of Gandhi can be summarized in his own belief: "In true democracy is found the very essence and spirit of the divine principle. True democracy allows the people to govern themselves and decide for themselves ; it grants them liberty of thought, and liberty to express that thought. In so doing, they may often fall into error and perhaps commit crimes that cause untold suffering ; but so long as they have liberty, they will detect the error and finally overcome it at its root. The gain might be slowly won, but it will be lasting because it was achieved by their own will and effort. No gain is worth the winning, save that you win it yourself."

What of the peace? The peace will be won during the war. It is when people are going through fire and are purified by it that they lose their callousness and rise above themselves. When the iron is hot the loving cup is fashioned. That mood of responsiveness should be captured and shaped by formal pronouncements to inspire a war-weary world.

The Roosevelt-Churchill Atlantic Charter is a welcome step in the direction of peace aims, especially the second

point wherein they express their "desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned." But as an Indian I feel that the point needs further clarification if it is to carry conviction in certain strategic areas of the world. Are the colonial peoples of older empires included in this generous offer? Will they be allowed a plebiscite to express *their* free wishes and aspirations? Perhaps the third objective is more to the point. For in it the heads of the Anglo-American powers categorically announce their "wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them." Yet this too leaves something to be desired. This guarantee is bound to give hope to large masses of peoples in Europe, and yet to Asia it seems like half a loaf. "Forcibly deprived," yes; but by whom and when? Are two-year-old aggressions worse than two-hundred-year-old aggressions? Is self-government to be restored only to the peoples ground down by Hitler and the Mikado or also to the peoples who have been restless under the rule of British, French, and Dutch? If all are included, then why not say so? It will make all the difference in the world.

The growing realization of the American people that it is not enough to win the war but that they must also win the peace is perhaps the most heartening development of the past quarter century. The idea that Anglo-American powers are preparing themselves to police the world in the interim between the war's end and the formation of a supernational world state is gaining greater currency as men's wishes for the future become more clear. That such a policy can go a long way toward preventing international chaos and new wars, is conceivable. But the suggestion is also bound to produce unnecessary suspicion in many parts of the world.

That this suspicion will not occur to the peoples of America, England, and the British Dominions, and to the refugee scholars and refugee governments, is understandable. But only a conscious propagandist or an unconscious partisan can be blind to its possible effects

upon the peoples of South America, of Europe and Asia and Africa. This fear, so full of dynamite, can be conquered once and for all through some symbolic act of self-sacrifice on the part of the Anglo-American powers—some action here and now. And in this direction, India offers the most strategic opportunity.

The exclusiveness of the Anglo-American alliance is likely to produce an "us *versus* them" feeling among the peoples of the world. Is it to be Anglo-Saxons on the one side and rest of us on the other? The whole prospect is filled with the germs of future wars. Here again a symbolic inclusion of a non-Anglo-Saxon, non-Christian country—preferably an Asiatic nation—in the Anglo-American alliance would have the broadest possible appeal.

The evolution of a super-national world state, to which each nation would cede a part of its sovereignty, should in no way be hampered, even by such a provisional alliance. From India's point of view, from Asia's point of view, yea, from the point of view of all the have-nots of the world, many important improvements will have to be made over the now defunct League of Nations. There can be no invidious distinctions between the partners in council. There must be some declaration of an international bill of rights, patterned perhaps after the American Bill of Rights. These minimum guarantees would tend to make peoples, and not just their governments, the members of a new world order.

Thus a great deal of my country's immediate fortune or misfortune depends not only upon the outcome of the war, but also upon the outcome of the peace. Yet the future, a proud future, rests entirely in Mother India's own lap. For India has arrived. She has finally restored her firm hold on the world's vital forces and rediscovered her glorious past. What inspires such confidence is the spectacle of three hundred and sixty million people stirred by political ideals and electrified by new ambitions and dreams. No rule of force can hold her now. India potentially is one of the few great nations of the world.

It is this India that I have tried to describe—a reborn India now ready to unveil the rich cultural offering of her ancient heritage for the benefit of all, an India anxious to take her own place at the Feast of Man.

The twain have met. I know. Millions have testified to it before, and now I have had my experience of it. During the past eight years I have been a man with ten senses—who sees, smells, hears, tastes, and feels both eastern and western—in a quest of two countries, two cultures, two civilizations, even two worlds. Under the surface, I have always found the same human drives. And both the Ganges and the Hudson, along with other mighty rivers of the world, eventually flow into the same vast ocean of fulfilment.

Every high-caste Hindu is believed to be twice-born, the first time physically and the second time spiritually when he puts away childish things and is initiated and endowed with the sacred cord. For some time my family has not observed the ceremony and so I was never given the yagnopavit. . . .

But I am twice-born now!

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