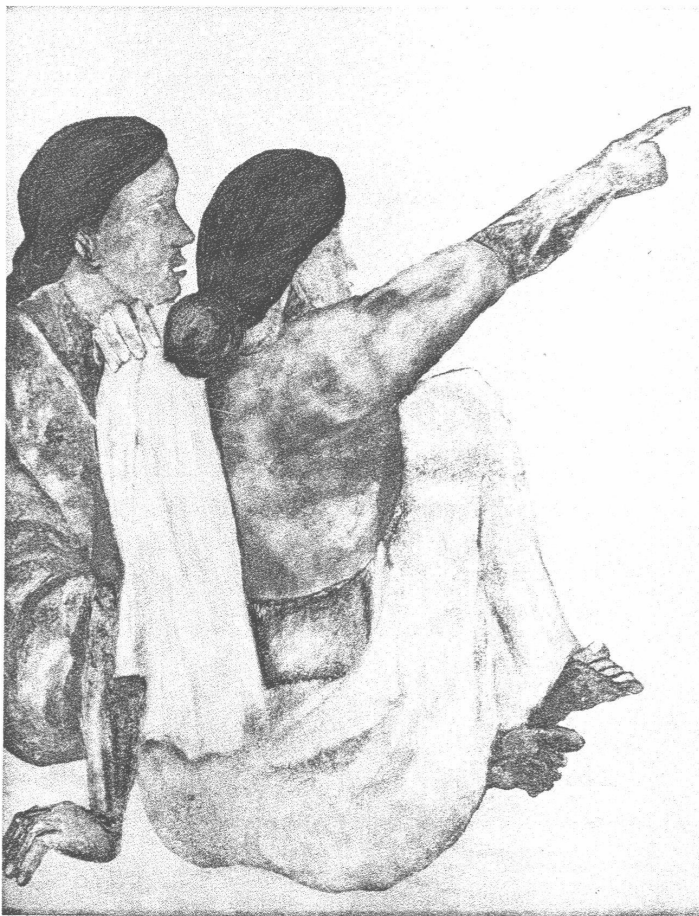


# THE BOOK REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 1993

VOLUME XVII - NUMBER 9



A.K. DAMODARAN  
*Each Word A Thing of Power...* 3

T.N. KRISHNAN  
*Food Economy and Hunger...* 5

GIRISH KARNAD  
*Translation/Imitation/Plagiarism...* 10

ADITYA BEHL  
*Oriental Eden: Marketing Our Classical Past...* 12

ALOK RAI  
*A Complex Colonial Encounter...* 13

MRIDULA GARG  
*The Security Syndrome in Modern Hindi Story...* 14

KRISHNA BALDEV VAID  
*After I am No More...* 16

Price Rs 10.00

## Contents

<b>EDITOR</b>	
Chandra Chari	
♦	
<b>MANAGING EDITOR</b>	
Uma Iyengar	
♦	
<b>ASSISTANT EDITOR</b>	
Preeti Gill	
♦	
<b>EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD</b>	
K.R. Narayanan	S. Gopal
Raja Ramanna	Nikhil Chakravartty
N.S. Jagannathan	S.S. Marathe
Romila Thapar	Meenakshi Mukherjee
K.N. Raj	V.P. Dutt
Mrinal Pande	Tejeshwar Singh
Chitra Narayanan	Ashok Vajpeyi
♦	
Design and layout	
<b>TULIKA PRINT COMMUNICATION SERVICES</b>	
C-20 Qutab Institutional Area, New Delhi 110 016	

<b>Subscription Rates</b>	
SINGLE ISSUE	
Rs 10.00	
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION (12 Issues)	
Individual:	Rs 100.00/\$30/£20.00
Institutional:	Rs 120.00
<i>(Inclusive of bank charges and postage)</i>	
LIFE DONORS: Rs 2000.00 and above	
<i>Please address all mail to:</i>	
Post Box No. 5247, Chanakyapuri	
New Delhi 110021	
Telephones 605252, 6874768	

The Book Review is a non-political, ideologically non-partisan journal which tries to reflect all shades of intellectual opinions and ideas. The views of the reviewers and authors writing for the journal are their own.

All reviews and articles published in The Book Review are exclusive to the journal and may not be reprinted without the prior permission of the editor.

A.K. DAMODARAN <i>Selected Works of Jawaharlal Nehru: Volumes 1—Volume 14 (Part I)</i> General Editor: S. Gopal	3
T.N. KRISHNAN <i>The Political Economy of Hunger: Endemic Hunger—Volume 3</i> by Jean Dreze and Amartya Sen <i>Deliverance from Hunger</i> by K.R. Venugopal	5
SOWMYA KANTI MITRA <i>European Union and Transformation of Europe's Economy</i> <i>EC 92, Germany and The European Community</i> <i>India, Germany and the European Community</i> Edited by K.B. Lall, H.S. Chopra and Thomas Meyer	6
SUHASH CHAKRAVARTY <i>Lord Curzon: The Last Moghul</i> by Nayana Goradia	7
VINAY LAL <i>Cartography in the Traditional Islamic and South Asian Societies</i> Edited by J.B. Harley and David Woodward	9
GIRISH KARNAD <i>Translation/Imitation/Plagiarism</i>	11
ADITYA BEHL <i>Myths and Legends of India: An Introduction to The Study of Hinduism</i> by J.M. Macfie <i>Indian Tales and Legends</i> retold by J.E.B. Gray	12
ALOK RAI <i>Alien Homage: Edward Thompson and Rabindra Nath Tagore</i> by E.P. Thompson	13
MRIDULA GARG <i>The Security Syndrome in Modern Hindi Story</i>	14
KRISHNA BALDEV VAID <i>After I am No More: A Short Story</i>	16
LAILA TYABJI <i>Mulligatawny Soup</i> by Manorama Mathai <i>The Permanence of Grief</i> by Nisha Da Cunha	19
SAMUEL MATHAI <i>The Jam Fruit Tree</i> by Carl Muller	20
VIJAYA SRIDHARAN <i>Education in Values: A Source Book</i> edited by C. Seshadri, M.A. Khader, G.L. Adhya	21
ARUNA SRINIVASAN <i>Noai Theerkum Yogasanamum Aarogyam Tharum Udar Payirchiyum</i> <i>Surya Sakthiyai Srappaga Payan Paduthikolovadhu Yeppadi?</i> <i>Vadiyar Sonna Arivurai Kathaigal</i> <i>23 Natkalil Hindi, Aangilam, Telugu, Kannadam Pesa Katrukollungal: A Handbook</i> By A.K. Seshayya	22
T. ANANTA CHARI <i>Leaves from a Policeman's Diary</i> by John Lobo	22
CLIFFORD SAHYARHA <i>You Are What You Wear</i> by William Thourlby <i>Passport to Power: The Scientific Guide to Personal and Professional Success</i> by William Thourlby	23
<i>The Layman's Medical Page</i> by Preeti Gill	24
Communication	25
Book News	26
Cover: 'Painting XV' by Shamshad, Oil on Canvas, 40" x 32"	

## Each Word A Thing of Power

A.K. Damodaran

SELECTED WORKS OF JAWAHARLAL NEHRU: VOLUMES I—VOLUME 14 (PART I)  
General Editor: Dr S. Gopal  
Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund, New Delhi  
Distributed by Oxford University Press.

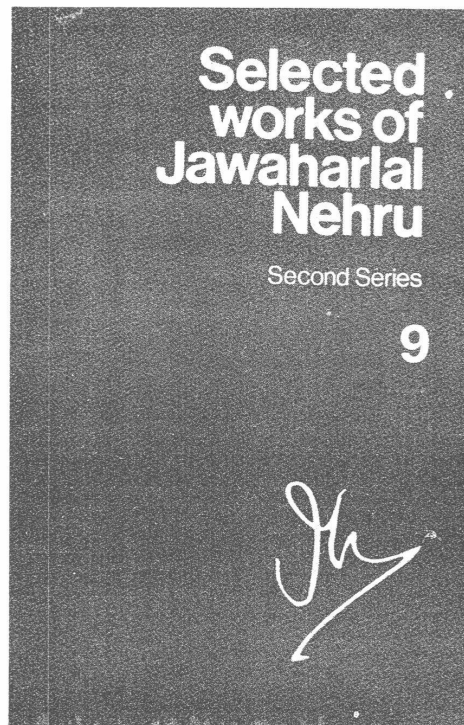
The second series of Jawaharlal Nehru's *Selected Works* published by the Jawaharlal Nehru Memorial Fund has now reached the fourteenth volume. The series begins with the assumption of office in the Interim Government by the Congress in September 1946 at the end of Part I of the fourteenth volume where we are now, the date is May 1950. The 14 volumes thus cover a period of less than four years. The allocation of the material to successive volumes has obviously some thematic principle. The editors are finding, now that Nehru is in full stride as an administrator, that one volume is not enough to cover a single historical development. The fourteenth volume is only the first which, we are warned, will have to be divided into two parts.

It is a marathon effort by any standard. The fundamental difference between the first series before Independence and the present collection is the comparatively limited and personal nature of the sources in the earlier part. Most of them consisted of Nehru's writings, letters, diaries, speeches *et al.* The only items outside this group would be the draft Resolutions for the Congress meetings. In the second series we have several sources, some already published and some printed for the first time. The Transfer of Power documents published in London are important in these early years. Then there are records of conversations with Nehru by foreign statesmen and officials published in the United Kingdom and the United States. The majority of the documents, however, consists of letters from Nehru on official matters to some colleagues, to Krishna Menon and Mrs. Pandit and, most of all, to Mountbatten. At one extreme is the anguished correspondence with Sardar Patel over vital differences of views just before Gandhi's death and, later, in early 1950. These letters to Sardar Patel have, in fact, already been available in *Sardar Patel's Correspondence*. At the other extreme are the impersonal notes in files from concerned Ministries like External Affairs and Rehabilitation which form a major source. Here, as the editors admit, we have a problem. In spite of the 30 years rule, the Indian Government is conservative about publishing secret and confidential correspondence and notings on

the files. This makes it necessary to explain the passages which are allowed to be published with detailed footnotes. In fact, the most important single service rendered by the editors of these remarkable volumes is the comprehensive explanatory and historically useful explanation of the background of the decision taken in the light of what transpired subsequently. All of this helps to assess the contribution of Nehru as an individual statesman and leader in difficult moments without the slightest attempt to gloss over uncomfortable details.

The first three volumes of the present series form a neat, self-sufficient whole. They deal with the period between September 2, 1946 and August, 1947, perhaps the densest single year in our chequered political history. The problems within the Interim Government because of the Muslim League, the beginnings of communal violence in the Punjab and in Calcutta, the replacement of Wavell by Mountbatten and the remarkable and productive personal equation between the new Viceroy and Nehru, along with the great figure of the leader of the Nation, sad and humiliated by the ironies of fulfilment but always available as a sanctuary in the last resort, provide the background of this rich chronicle of events and passions. The fourth volume begins with the trauma of Partition. From then on we are floating helplessly on the torrents of communal violence, the eruption of the Kashmir problem and the tragedy of Gandhiji's assassination. Nehru and Patel are at the centre of all this and they worked together, in spite of their continuing differences, like a team. A great deal of what happened then is not documented here directly because of Nehru's absence from immediate decision-making in various Ministries, like Home, States and Finance. Patel, John Matthai, Gopalaswami Ayyangar dealing with Kashmir, and Mohan Lal Saxena looking after refugee rehabilitation were major figures. Nehru comes into the picture only when there are odd complaints, or basic differences of 'ideology' on the domestic communal situation.

Apart from his Prime Ministerial responsibilities Nehru, in those early years of Independence, dealt with major questions of foreign policy. First on the list was the decision to take Kashmir to the



United Nations and the tough single-minded manner in which the country's leadership decided to make no compromise on the vital question of prior vacation of Pakistani aggression before a plebiscite. Here we have a clear picture of Nehru's clarity of outlook and, perhaps, more important, his ability to choose able lieutenants and leave policy implementation to them. On Kashmir he depended upon Ayyangar, Bajpai, B.N. Rau, Krishna Menon in London; on general U.N. questions, he was comfortable with Vijaylakshmi Pandit. Another important development was the Indonesian problem where Nehru played, from any objective point of view a crucial role with public and private diplomacy in his two constituencies, the Commonwealth and Asia. Many of the speeches in this period go back to the theme he propounded at the Asian Relations Conference which is described in the second volume, of an Asia with a new role to play in the post-colonial world, an Asia which had been ignored by the dominant continent of Europe for centuries.

The whole process of discussions, dialogues and negotiations about India's remaining in the Commonwealth on its own terms, provides a remarkable diplomatic event in which the decisions were all made by Nehru. Here, Krishna Menon and Atlee himself played important roles. It is also interesting to note that even in

those early years Nehru saw a certain commonality of geo-strategic interest with Australia and New Zealand.

The proceedings in the Constituent Assembly in 1948 and 1949 occupy only a very small part only in these volumes. The real work was being done elsewhere. We do have discussions, a great deal of them about private property; but the major problems were being decided by experts like Setalvad, Alladi and Ambedkar. Nehru's contributions are in the form of great speeches on foreign policy. Once the Constituent Assembly's work was completed, after many delays, late in 1949, came interesting personal problems like the choice of the new President. After some slight misunderstanding, Rajaji stood aside and Rajen Babu was chosen.

It was one of the most pleasant transitions in our history, this changeover from Dominion to Republic. The significance of the uneventful nature of this change can only be appreciated when one remembers the disorganised, conflictual situation in almost all Provincial branches of the Congress in those years. Only the presence of 3 or 4 big men at the centre of things kept things under control. In one interesting passage Nehru talks about the five men in the "inner circle" of the Congress, Azad, Patel, Rajendra Prasad, Rajaji and himself. It was a team with many problems; however, it "saved the sum of things" for the day. Apart from

assimilating the Hyderabad problem in its external context and successfully putting Kashmir on the shelf for many decades, Nehru succeeded in establishing excellent relations with the United States and slowly, gradually moving towards the beginnings of an understanding with the Soviet Union at a difficult time when the Communists in India were against the Central Government. Much of the information here is already available in other records but it is useful to have all of it together in one place.

In the relations with the Soviet Union, an interesting minor development was Ambassador Radhakrishnan's suggestion for a treaty with Moscow after his conversations with Stalin a few days before the Republic was inaugurated. The footnotes make it clear that Nehru was more cautious than Radhakrishnan or his officers on these matters (Vol. 14, pp. 204 & 543).

The other aspect of foreign relations with which Nehru was continually involved was the changes in China and Indo-China. He is, from the very beginning, clear about the difference between the varieties of Chinese and Russian Communism. There is an element of repetitive over-confidence in his articulation of the thesis that the changes in the Asian countries could be explained only from the perspective of a major agrarian revolution, in social organisation and in technology. He also felt that Mao and Chou represented divergent streams in global understanding. The great leader wanted a monolithic Communist Eurasian space. Chou-en-lai and his colleagues, comfortable with their immediate Chungking background, wanted a more pluralistic approach to the outside world: for instance, the US was an important factor. Nehru was also aware of the significance of a new powerful Chinese Government in Peking for Tibet. He is extremely clear about autonomy, "suzerainty" and "vague suzerainty". At no moment does he really envisage a fully independent sovereign Tibet. About the border problems which could result from the changes in China, he is a little complacent, more complacent than his officers, Vajpai and K.P.S. Menon, asserting that the Himalayan barrier was impenetrable (Vol. 12, p. 410). At the same time he was subtle enough to understand possible implications of these developments in the frontier areas within our territory. He began to talk, vaguely enough, about an efficient communications network, mostly roads, in the region.

Apart from these foreign policy matters what comes through again and again in Nehru's statements and speeches is his angry confident assertion of the composite culture of India. He was, truly, in a beleaguered situation in the post-Partition atmosphere of intolerance. The second feature is the overwhelming presence of Gandhi and his insistence on means before ends in the modern Indian context. It is only by a return to the Gandhian method, Nehru says again and again,

that communal hatred can be fought in its origins, "in the minds of men". Detailed policy decisions reflected this. The mosques which had been visited by Gandhi in Delhi only a few days before his death had to be repaired and returned to its owners. The developments in Ayodhya worry him. Here, however, we have only the beginnings of the story.

The communal problem had other, much more serious, implications. The last volume in the series is concerned with the developments in East Pakistan and the diplomatic efforts made by Jawaharlal Nehru to avoid a repetition of the 1947 horror. Liaquat Ali and Jawaharlal understood each other even though they had problems at home and the Nehru-Liaquat Pact was negotiated. An entirely new agenda had to be prepared to settle down the immigrants into West Bengal, Assam and Tripura. Nehru had to deal with worried State Governments in Calcutta and Gauhati. In the light of what transpired in the region in the eighties, immigration into Assam seems at that distant time a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand. Nehru was, however, quite conscious of its reality and its relevance.

Apart from these major policy decisions, solutions and, when necessary, evasions, which form the stuff of history, the interest in these volumes, as it is in his earlier writings, is in the personal angle. V.K. Krishna Menon emerges in these pages as a necessary interlocutor, a difficult person with his own complexes and problems, but totally loyal to Nehru the individual, and the ideology which he stood for. This is brought out by the interesting fact that most of the personal letters which go into the basic source material of these books, are the letters to Mountbatten, Krishna Menon and Patel. Among them, Krishna Menon is the most interesting as a partner in an ongoing dialogue. He discusses with him many problems completely unconnected with Menon's own special field of activity. He reports to him what is happening at home not so much with any immediate purpose in policy options, but merely to have the satisfaction of his own ideas being clarified by communicating them to a sympathetic audience.

"Your presence somewhere within reach is a great comfort to me, I really have very few persons with whom I can discuss any matter with confidence" (Vol. 13, p. 474). He had equal confidence clearly in Gopaldaswamy Ayyangar. However, during the years covered by these volumes, they were working together in tandem and there were not too many occasions to write to each other and leave precious documents for posterity. This was, however, not entirely true. A surprisingly large number of written communications went from Nehru to Patel, John Matthai, Mountbatten, Mohan Lal Saxena and Ayyangar himself. This articulation of policies in the form of letters is something which was essentially connected with Nehru's own methodical and

precise work culture. It is extremely unlikely that his successors would have left behind such detailed argumentation about every policy decision. In future volumes in the series, when Krishna Menon was in Delhi, there would be no occasion for such letters between the two men. The other three persons with whom he shares personal confidences are Mountbatten, his sister Vijaylakshmi, and also Patel. Vallabhbhai and Jawaharlal had major differences of opinion but they knew each other. This, of course, is fully documented in the parallel collection of the correspondence of Sardar Patel.

A rather unlikely figure, the American engineer, Trone, flits through these pages. He was an engineer with enormous experience in the United States, the Soviet Union and in Kuomintang China. Nehru brought him along to Delhi to advise the government on the organisation of the economic sectors. With his specific knowledge of planning in Russia and the conditions of underdevelopment in China, he produced a rather useful model for an Indian plan. Apart from its intrinsic importance, the Trone episode is significant as an example of Nehru's eclecticism in ideological matters. Before Mahalanobis came to the centre of the scene, Trone showed the way. Nehru, with his experience of the National Planning Committee within the Congress, India's experience of the wartime economy and the great river valley schemes of the New Deal in America, found in the Trone programme some sympathetic elements.

On the whole, this present series promises to be a continuing and rewarding exploration of recent Indian history, not complete by any means but accurate and useful as the most important single source in a situation where there is an embarrassment of sources. The standard of meticulousness in scholarship in the editing of Dr. S. Gopal and his team and in the detailed use of footnotes for explaining the background make it an almost self-sufficient documentary source of contemporary Indian history. The two series compare with the *Collected Works of Mahatma Gandhi*. There is, of course, the personal charm of Nehru, the man, which makes reading these documents a pleasant enough task. Even in the most complicated discussion of issues and points of view, Nehru's personal self insists on "breaking in"; Jawaharlal was not as prolific as Gandhiji was in quotable quotes but his strength was in a fluent, easy, effortless style, ordinary prose at its most attractive. There are, however, two or three passages in these volumes which merit attention. On diplomacy, here is something he has to say: in an official note. "This attempt to be clever by appearing to accept something and adding some qualifying conditions usually results in failure" (Vol. 10, p. 382). At a personal level there is this charming sentence in a letter to Clare Booth Luce: "I have to wander through life pulled in different directions, often doubting as to

what I should do and what I should avoid". (Vol. 6, p. 703). In his self-perception as it comes through again and again in his *Autobiography*, he sees himself as a sort of a scholar gypsy. There was always a little bit of the Arnoldian post-romantic in him. He was also at his best in non-committal epistolary flirtation with charming ladies of an uncertain age.

There is another splendid short passage about language and words. "Each word is a thing of power with a history behind it, calling up images in one's mind. No word can be ultimately translated with accuracy into any other language" (Vol. 14, p. 341). Then there is an eloquent and wholly unconscious testimonial to Jawaharlal's slow evolution as a spiritual being. "There is plenty of what I, as a Hindu, would call the element of divinity in the individual." Just to emphasise that this is no careless remark, he has this beautiful unattributed quote from some sacred scripture: "Lord, though I live on earth, the child of earth, yet I was fathered by the starry sky" (Vol. 14, p. 358).

These are rewarding little nuggets scattered through this remarkable collection. Finally, as an editorial achievement, this series promises to set something of a record for freedom from blemishes. I have been able to locate only 2 or 3 errors which can be corrected in the 3 volumes in the series. There is certain anachronistic indifference to the names of countries and states. Soviet Russia is used instead of Soviet Union at many places. The fact that Nehru used this phrase in his 1st book doesn't justify it in the contemporary context. General J.N. Choudhri is spelt in the earlier volumes with 'Y'. There is also a certain casual manner in which Sri Lanka and Malaysia are used for Ceylon and Malaya. In one place only did I find a mis-statement of fact. Yugoslavia is described as a non-Balkan State (Vol. 14, para 1, p. 506).

There are always new discoveries to be made in a *magnum opus* of this quality. The received wisdom about Justice Radha Binode Pal's well-known dissenting judgement in the Tokyo War Crimes Trial is that it was highly appreciated in India and the colonial world. In a telegram to the Governor of West Bengal (Vol. 8, page 415) dated 28th November, 1948, Nehru cautions the Governor against sending the telegram to General MacArthur in Tokyo. The telegram makes it clear that the Government of India would not like to be identified too closely 'with the wild and sweeping statements in the judgement'. This is the sort of thing which sends the reader scurrying to the archives for more information. Was this dissent to the dissenting judgement, general or Nehru's personal view? Was there a need not to displease the Western countries? All this is suggested in the text of the telegram."

A.K. Damodaran, a retired foreign service officer, is a well known commentator on international affairs.

# Food Economy and Hunger

T.N. Krishnan

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUNGER: ENDEMIC HUNGER—VOLUME 3

By Jean Dreze and Amartya Sen

Oxford University Press, New Delhi, 1992, pp. 385, Rs. 400.00

DELIVERANCE FROM HUNGER

By K.R. Venugopal

Sage Publications, New Delhi, 1992, pp. 223, Rs. 225.00

The Dreze-Sen volume under review is the third and last in a series on the political economy of hunger. It deals with "endemic hunger". Endemic hunger refers to persistent and continuing hunger in a specified geographical region and population. The question is how do you deal with it? Directly or indirectly? Directly, by providing food or indirectly, by enabling the purchase of food? Which is desirable, feasible and economical and under what circumstances? The essays in the Dreze-Sen volume attempt to answer these questions. The Venugopal volume is an analysis of the direct approach to deliverance from hunger and its feasibility and desirability in India.

The Dreze-Sen volume covers a number of country case studies, including one on China, but excludes any direct analysis of India. Venugopal's book, on the same theme, fills this gap. In this sense, these two volumes are complementary. However, they belong to different genres. The Dreze-Sen volume contains essays primarily by academicians while the Indian study is by an experienced administrator; the former maintains a high analytical standard while the latter is analytically weak but rich on practical issues.

The Dreze-Sen volume contains ten essays: four essays on Asia, another four on Africa and two on Latin America. All the authors are economists who are deeply concerned with development issues and policies. In order to widen the scope of these studies, the editors have provided a political economy framework and hence entitled the volumes *The Political Economy of Hunger*. But their explanation can be further widened to include not only political economy in a Marxian sense, but also facets of international politics. The politics of food at the international level has occasionally resulted in its use as a weapon to teach lessons at the cost of precious lives. This aspect of the political economy of hunger is left out of the purview of this volume and is a major lapse for a study on this scale. The set of essays

in this volume basically deal with national policies and programmes on the alleviation of hunger.

The framework for these essays is provided by the Dreze-Sen study entitled 'Hunger and Public Action'. It is an in-depth study of two alternative approaches to development and their efficacy in raising human welfare. These two approaches are described as 'growth-mediated security' and 'support-led security'. The volume under review comprises case studies of these two general strategies in solving the problems of endemic malnourishment and deprivation and tries to identify the strengths and weaknesses of each approach. While the 'growth-mediated strategy' is an indirect approach, the 'support-led strategy' involves direct action.

Brazil, in particular, and Latin America in general provide the prime examples of the 'growth-mediated approach' to development. The essays by Ignacy Sachs on Brazil and by Ravi Kanbur on Latin America detail the outcomes of this strategy in solving hunger and chronic malnutrition. The basic premise of this strategy is that it will enable the poor and the deprived to raise their entitlements. By entitlements is meant the ability to purchase food and other necessities from the market which implies that as the economy grows the incomes of the poor would increase as well. This depends on a host of technological, economic and social factors. This is where political economy comes into its own. The Brazilian study provides a number of insights into the interplay of these factors. Brazil had a very high growth rate sustained over a long period and has one of the highest per capita incomes among the developing countries. However, this had a negligible effect on poverty, the percentage of the poor declining only marginally during this period. The Sachs' paper provides an explanation for this.

How does one secure one's income? Either by owning income-generating assets or selling one's labour in the market for a wage. The greatest and most

precious income-generating asset in Brazil is land. It has one of the largest reserve of fertile land in the world and the density of population is quite low. But, this land is unequally distributed; out of the 570 million hectares of private land, 430 million hectares belong to the 10 per cent of the holdings. Besides, there are about seven million landless peasant families. The purchasing power of the legal minimum wage rate has declined continuously between 1955 and 1985. The pattern of land ownership is thus an important element of the political economy of hunger in the rural areas of Brazil. A similar story also emerges when one analyses the impact of industrialisation on poverty. The technology has been highly capital-intensive and labour-saving and the product-mix has been geared to luxury consumption and exports. While this is cited as a success story, this growth-led strategy did very little to eliminate hunger and malnutrition. The reason is quite apparent. The Brazilian growth rate was accompanied by an increase in the inequality in the distribution of income; the share of the bottom 50 per cent of the population declined from 17.4 to 14 per cent of total income.

What is the lesson? A 'growth-mediated approach' is not sufficient by itself to solve the problems of poverty, hunger and chronic malnutrition. The reason is that there is no guarantee that it will automatically provide the entitlements to the needy since income distribution is determined by the strategy adopted for this end. Unless measures to redistribute incomes are part and parcel of the growth strategy, the Brazilian outcome is the most likely result. Only the integration of the 'support-led strategy' with the 'growth-mediated approach' can lead to effective and lasting solutions for poverty and hunger.

For us, Indians, this is an important lesson at this moment in our economic history. We are in the process of a structural adjustment where market forces are being restored to their full strength. While this is justified on various counts, it is at the same time important to remember that problems of poverty and hunger cannot be solved by relying solely on the market mechanism. There is no doubt that when we complete our structural adjustment process the degree of inequality in income distribution in this country would have worsened like in Latin American countries. What will distinguish the Indian structural adjustment from those of Latin America is the manner in which we retain the essentials of a 'support-led strategy' during its implementation. If we fail in this then the results will be no different from those in Latin American countries such as Brazil, most of which had already gone through the process of structural adjustment.

The essay that is of most interest to us is the one by Carl Riskin on feeding China. This is a comprehensive and well re-

searched paper. In geographical area, in population size and in the range and depth of food policies, China provides an apt comparison for India. Indeed Venugopal's book naturally merits comparison with this essay by Riskin. The analytical shortcomings of Venugopal's work becomes apparent when it is read alongside Riskin's essay. Riskin's essay provides a total picture of the food economy of China—the historical background, the evolution of food policy, the role of the state and the outcome of these policies on hunger and levels of nutrition. The solution to endemic hunger in China led to simultaneous action on a number of fronts. The formation of communes found an alternative solution to ownership of productive rural assets and to the elimination of inequality in its distribution; the assignment of 'work-points' was an ingenious way of providing entitlements; and the direct distribution of foodgrains at state-controlled prices was not only to overcome the evils of the free market operations in grains, but also for maintaining personal and spatial equity in levels of food consumption.

Venugopal's study shows that there are some close similarities in certain respects between the Indian and Chinese approaches. India too recognised that for the very poor entitlements can be a problem and various programmes such as the Integrated Rural Development Programme (IRDP), the National Rural Employment Programme (NREP) and the Rural Landless Employment Guarantee Scheme (RLEGP) were introduced at different stages in planning. And like China, we also built up an extensive institutional structure for the public distribution of foodgrains and other essential commodities.

Venugopal devotes three out of six chapters for a discussion on the public distribution system in India. Chapter three describes its operation in the early to mid-eighties and in chapter four he proposes various suggestions to strengthen the system. In support of his policy recommendations, he analyses in great detail the Rs. 2 Andhra Pradesh Rice Distribution Scheme. The operation of the public distribution system in India is replete with political economy questions. Riskin's essay also points out that even in a controlled Chinese economy these were not satisfactorily solved. An important question relates to prices. At what prices does the state procure the commodities for public distribution and at what prices does it distribute them to the population? These prices will have repercussions on input uses, productivity growth, supply response and on consumer prices. Venugopal's book is for the most part silent on these crucial issues except indirectly when he discusses the quantum of subsidies involved under various schemes. Nor does he go into the question of the institutional structure under which agriculture and grain production take place in this

country. He also does not examine the desirability of land reforms as a possible solution for generating employment or for raising productivity and consumption levels of the poor. However, it is a useful study with some detailed information on certain aspects of the public operations in foodgrains. It could have been much richer if he had had an analytical framework to start with.

Venugopal's study highlights the urban bias as well as the bias towards the better-off sections of the population in the operation of the public distribution in India. Contrasting the political economy aspects of feeding the Chinese and the Indians, it is important to highlight some facts. During the past 30 years, the per capita availability of foodgrains has remained practically constant in India while it has risen significantly since the seventies. China procured between 20 and 25 per cent of its grain output annually for distribution and for maintaining its buffer stocks while this figure was between 10 and 13 per cent for India. Another important fact is that the spatial inequality in per capita grain production is not only much higher in India but it has been rising during the past 30 years. However, in both countries the government operations in foodgrains has resulted in reducing the inequality in per capita consumption levels. Venugopal does not discuss these macroeconomic aspects of public distribution in his book.

What do the China and India cases tell us? If rural assets are equitably distributed and with even a marginal operation in public distribution, a significant difference can be made to the extent of deprivation and endemic hunger. Even a marginal quantity of public distribution of grains helps because it checks price rises and thus protects the purchasing power of the poor. This important aspect of the 'support-led strategy' is brought out in the essay by Osmani on Bangla Desh. The case study of Bangla Desh also leads to the conclusion that ultimately the solution for chronic hunger involves a host of development issues.

The Sri Lanka study by Sudhir Anand and Ravi Kanbur deals with the impact of the 'support-led strategy' on a wide variety of development issues. This essay examines the changes in birth and death rates, literacy levels, health infrastructure, public distribution of foodgrains, etc. The counterpart of Sri Lanka is Kerala State in India and most of the analysis and the results reported here are already well-known for quite sometime.

The solution to endemic hunger in Africa is most complex. The gap between requirements and availability continues to increase and there are no signs of its reversal. The 4-essays dealing with hunger in sub-Saharan Africa indicate a large number of issues which require solutions. Taken together these deal with a whole gamut of economic policies extending beyond questions on food policy.

It is always difficult to sum up any volume which comprises essays by different authors. There are bound to be variations in the approach, style, analytical rigour and depth of analysis. But, taken as a whole does the volume tell a connected and comprehensive story? I do feel that the Dreze-Sen volume makes an important contribution to the debate, and the essays together cover all the critical issues on the political economy of hunger. There is an important message for us in this volume, namely that the 'growth-mediated strategy' and 'support-led strategy' are complementary and for the alleviation of endemic hunger, both these strategies have to act in tandem. A 'support-led strategy' without growth carries its own seeds of failure because it requires public resources to sustain such a programme. On the other hand, growth without equity not only fails to tackle hunger, but can also result in popular unrest and in the tearing apart of the fragile social and economic fabric. As Kaushik Basu points out in the last essay in the Dreze-Sen volume, the implementation of policies in this sphere requires 'political will'. It is the lack of 'political will' that often leads to the adoption of softer options, but such solutions are only temporary.

The global wind is blowing against the 'support-led strategy'. This strategy obviously involves redistribution of public resources as it entails some amount of public subsidy to the deprived. While subsidies cannot be substitutes for the fruits of development in the long-run, they may be essential from the point of view of equity. There is pressure on us by the Bank-Fund combine to reduce or even eliminate food subsidy. Very recently it has been reported that China has given up public distribution of grains at subsidised prices through the ration shops and will rely on the market mechanism. These are ominous signs. The Bank-Fund combine forgets to remind us that even in the United States while the market is assigned the dominant role there are many programmes to deal with endemic poverty which are in the nature of a 'support-led strategy'. If we forget this lesson it will be at our own peril.

I would like to end this review with an observation on a minor but important lapse on the part of the publisher of the Dreze-Sen volume. The blurb and the names of authors listed on the flaps of the dust jacket are of the second volume and not of the third volume, which can mislead a not so alert potential purchaser of the book. I imagine that the same mistake is probably repeated in the case of the second volume. Instead of the usual printer's devil we have here an example of a casual editor's devil!

T.N. Krishnan, is Honorary Fellow, Centre for Development Studies, Thiruvananthapuram.

## The European Community: Economic, Social and Political Dimensions

Sowmya Kanti Mitra

EUROPEAN UNION AND TRANSFORMATION OF EUROPE'S ECONOMY

Edited by K.B. Lall, H.S. Chopra and Thomas Meyer

Radiant Publishers, New Delhi, 1993, pp. xix plus 248, Rs. 300.00

EC 92, GERMANY AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

Edited by K.B. Lall, H.S. Chopra and Thomas Meyer

Radiant Publishers, New Delhi, 1993, pp. xxii plus 209, Rs. 300.00

INDIA, GERMANY AND THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

Edited by K.B. Lall, H.S. Chopra and Thomas Meyer

Radiant Publishers, New Delhi, 1993, pp xxii plus 164, Rs. 200.00

One is familiar with the Festival of India concept. It involves whole troupes of artistes, each doing her—or his—own thing; and at times they even perform as a group.

Similarly each one of these 3 volumes has sprung out of a Festival of Europe conducted here in New Delhi during September 1990! During this review these books shall, for reasons of convenience, be called EU, EC92 and India.

The central theme in both EU and EC92 is European Union. Thus, part I concentrates on institutional changes, and their role in reshaping the EC; EC92 also takes off in a similar fashion. There is an essential difference however. That is so because in EC92 the chapters deal with softer, but broader categories like politics, political cooperation, culture and—in one case—the EC's relations with an-

other regional economic grouping, the ASEAN.

Bhabani Sengupta spotlights some of the essentials in his usual inimitable manner. His argument that economic rivalries will succeed strategic—i.e., or cold war—ones is well taken; but there are insistent portents too that rivalries are getting more localised, or that they are being continued by proxy. This reviewer is perhaps hardly alone in thinking that this is a situation that will stay as long as the industrial production of ordinance continues to remain of such vital importance, not only for the economies of the western powers, but also several others. Recall, for example the sighs of relief in the US aircraft firm McDonnell Douglas after the Swiss June 6 referendum permitted the government there to go ahead with \$2.3 billion in orders for the thirty-

*The paper by Professor Hartmut Elsenhans (in this section is written in a cautionary manner—as a warning to the east European economies. If they want to avoid getting drawn into the faceless west European capitalist mainstream, warns Elsenhans, then they should consciously devise otherwise; they are, after all, not quite as badly off as third world countries, says Elsenhans. And that being so, they still retain a few of the options closed to the latter. This is a chapter written with a left orientation; that being so the author deserves kudos for having undertaken such an anachronistic task, and having done it adequately well. But this also is a time when the left, in Europe at least, appears somewhat hegemonised. Consumerism is rife. Recent labour strikes in Germany seem to hint that rather than independence of thought, action and the charting of an independent path what matters more now is parity of wages and living standards. There is no going back.*

four Hornets.

The paper by Professor Hartmut Elsenhans (chapter 2) in this section is written in a cautionary manner—as a warning to the east European economies. If they want to avoid getting drawn into the faceless west European capitalist mainstream, warns Elsenhans, then they should consciously devise otherwise; they are, after all, not quite as badly off as third world countries, says Elsenhans. And that being so, they still retain a few of the options closed to the latter. This is a chapter written with a left orientation; that being so the author deserves kudos for having undertaken such an anachronistic task, and having done it adequately well. But this also is a time when the left, in Europe at least, appears somewhat hegemonised. Consumerism is rife. Recent labour strikes in Germany seem to hint that rather than independence of thought, action and the charting of an independent path what matters more now is parity of wages and living standards. There is no going back.

In EU however the approach to European Union is more stylised. The analyses stick closer to well defined categories like trade, monetary union, financial and banking aspects, technology; but there is a very useful paper by Professor B. Vivekanandan included also (chapter 6) which outlines the relationship between the internal market and the EC's social dimension.

Of the eight chapters in this section, five are analytically straightforward, and deal with what at present is under way. That holds for Professor Rolf Langhammer's chapter on the external dimension of the 1992 Programme, seen in the related context of German unification. He does not make any bones about asserting that only the more competitive, and developed out of the EC's trading partners will manage to derive any gain from the internal market. He also highlights the potential loss of custom that is likely to result from a closer association between EC economies and the east European ones. Dr G. Faber's paper also mercifully avoids rhetoric. He in addition spotlights the achilles heel of the Community—competitiveness. Both are well documented papers and contain data.

But they also share a problem with all other papers in the three volumes—which is outdated data. The seminar was held in 1990, and the books have been published in 1993. The editors, and the publishers could have got the authors to attempt a final updating. As a result the chapter on German and European Monetary union by Dr. V.K.K. Bhalla has a treatment of the ERM, and comments on capital flows which seem rather out of place. The chapter's conclusions are theoretically tenable; it is only that reality has overtaken theory. Had the book been published in 1991, within a year of the seminar, this chapter would have survived scrutiny rather better!

After European Union, the middle

sections of EU and EC92 are reserved for EC's relations with eastern Europe and German Unification. The chapters on German Unification in EC92 read very much like "first reactions" by now. Such a lot has changed after 1989, when east Europe first started unravelling that it is hard to muster appreciation for chapters which now seem, at best, archival. EC92 is somewhat salvaged however by the contents of its concluding section, which deals with changing patterns of pan-European security. Some very basic and timeless questions are raised, and answers attempted, in these chapters. Also rather a lot of the writers—like Air Commodore Jasjit Singh and M. Zuberi—belong to the camp of professionals where matters of security are concerned.

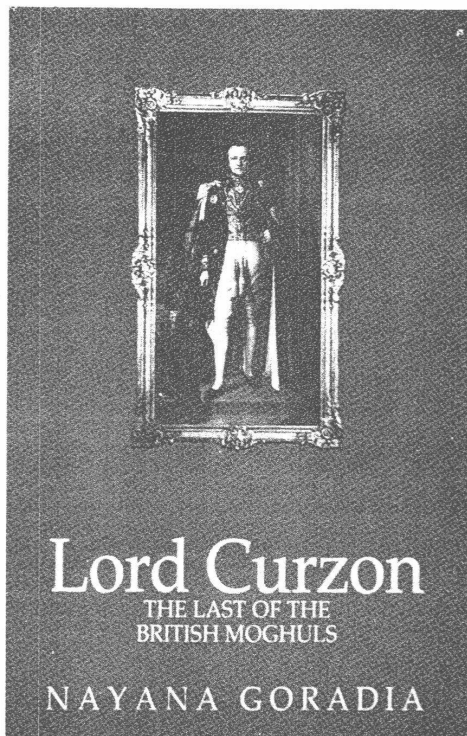
In the section on east European economic transformation and adjustment in EU, chapter 9 stands out. Co-authors Hans Linnemann and Atul Sarma set the relationships out in model form and also supply conjectures. It is a treat to read their account of the likely immediate implications of wage, and productivity differences between eastern and western Germany. The account brings out nascent tensions, outlines possibilities—but also cautions that there are frontiers beyond which the economic and social terrain is likely to be heavily mined. The recent IG Metall strike in Germany has quite amply vindicated their fears.

The third book on India, Germany and the EC is relatively self-contained. The papers in this volume mostly deal with some or the other aspect of India's relations with the Community; sometimes the third world as a whole also figures. There is a slight disappointment here in that although the book has Germany in its title, that country is specifically dealt with in only three out of the book's ten chapters.

Quite simply then, European reality has accelerated out of reach of rather a lot of the chapters, in each of these three books. Europe is altogether a messier affair now than it was after the war, or even in the years immediately prior to 1989. It is likely to become even more untidy as greater numbers of Europeans become EC members. This will also mean that pressures must mount to protect (or subsidise) the least well-off, or those who are the most backward within Europe, be it industry, region or income group.

True, the Europeans are striving to reverse these trends; but alienation from the leadership, or the EC's bureaucracy is also rife. And as long as that remains so, resistance—bred of mistrust—will always serve to put a brake on progress. These are the real issues, untainted by the passe theoretical constructs of the past; they are what should be on top of any new agenda for research on Europe or the EC.

*Sowmya Kanti Mitra works for the Economic Times, New Delhi.*



## Tale of a British Moghul

Suhash Chakravarty

LORD CURZON: THE LAST MOGHUL

By Nayana Goradia

Oxford University Press, New Delhi, 1993, pp. xii plus 309, Rs. 350.00

This elegant volume on the life and career of George Nathaniel Curzon would be warmly welcomed by laymen and specialists alike. Nayana Goradia writes with wit and verve. She has a lucid style and her stately prose is punctuated by frequent turns of delicate phrases and insightful comments. Her canvas is vast and she paints with vivid colours. As a result, one finds in this intensely researched and highly readable book a fine example of a historian's craftsmanship. The grandeur of the period, the intricacies of the sequence of events and the nuances of the mind of this complex personality have been etched with delightful dexterity. Sumptuous production adds much to the glamour of the volume.

This is a biography with a difference. Goradia has attempted a psychological

treatment of her subject. Curzon was a nineteenth century British aristocrat projected on to the twentieth. Conscientious, industrious, meticulous and encyclopaedic, this conservative statesman, by virtue of his birth and upbringing, was equipped with overwhelming qualifications to lead men and fashion events in that flamboyant age of imperialism. Nevertheless, throughout his life Curzon found himself in a singularly unenviable position of missing or marring his opportunities. Despite inheritance, contacts and intellectual attainments, Curzon, more often than not, was sidelined or outwitted by a number of infinitely lesser beings. Goradia seeks to unveil this striking phenomenon and by so doing she delves fairly deep into the subconscious of this imperial proconsul. And she achieves

Nevertheless, throughout his life Curzon found himself in a singularly unenviable position of missing or marring his opportunities. Despite inheritance, contacts and intellectual attainments, Curzon, more often than not, was sidelined or outwitted by a number of infinitely lesser beings. Goradia seeks to unveil this striking phenomenon and by so doing she delves fairly deep into the subconscious of this imperial proconsul. And she achieves significant success in her endeavour.

significant success in her endeavour.

Curzon's succession to the estate of Kedleston was the outcome of a series of accidents. The estate had been heavily mortgaged when his father inherited it. Curzon could sustain his monumental life-style simply because of the efficient supervision of his vicar father who enabled the family to live comfortably dining off silver plates. A legend on the kitchen wall of Kedleston, however, continued to proclaim the dialectics of the frugal vicar: *Waste Not, Want Not*. An admiring father, an adoring mother, a set of affectionate teachers with homosexual tendencies and an applauding crowd of schoolmates, overawed by Curzon's sheer brilliance, feted and spoiled him all through his formative years. Curzon, in consequence, was turned into an incorrigible victim of his own propaganda and he convinced himself that he was the Superior Person. His vanity needed to be fed constantly and in course of time he became a narcissist with a touch of masochism thrown in. Goradia insists that Curzon derived a vicarious pleasure in his own humiliation and willy nilly he worked and laboured for it. Lewis D. Wurgaft (*The Imperial Imagination*, Connecticut, 1982) finds in his study of the magic and myths in Kipling's India comparable psychological impulses.

Eton and Oxford added a sense of smug satisfaction to Curzon's personality. Imperial arrogance was superimposed on his natural contempt for the populace and the general electorate. The life of a British aristocrat, Curzon was convinced, had been placed by Providence on a higher level of existence than any other mortal being. Greece, he declared, was unfit for democracy; Egypt, he pontificated, "refuses to be civilised" and would "always remain uncivilised"; India, that brightest jewel, etc. etc. needed, the Lord ranted, a special treatment under the stern care of an Imperial Apollo, Curzon himself. His conceit, arrogance and self-love together with an overpowering passion to inflict pain on himself, Goradia conceptualises, precipitated all his personal crises. Curzon's charge in India, for example, was marred by his inability to appreciate the resurgence of Asia and the awakening of Bengal and, probably, by his overconfident indulgence to the impetuous indiscretion of his two American sisters-in-law, dazzled by the royal magnificence of Calcutta's viceregal ambience. Curzon stirred the sleeping giant of nationalism

and pushed the sensitive Anglophile community of Bengali *bhadralog* against himself despite his unbounded love for India and Bengal. With Kitchener, the gifted writer suggests, it was an affair of conflicting egos of two masterful personalities. Old friends back home in Britain, always jealous of Curzon's talents, turned hostile at the sight of the Indian Viceroy's meteoric rise in life. They dropped him, adopted Kitchener instead and intrigued with this administrator cum general of proven abilities having a somewhat dubious genealogy. Curzon returned home terribly disappointed as his mission in India remained unfinished. One wonders if there was a deep-seated psychological satisfaction at his own fall in Curzon's mysterious subconscious in those very days of his morbid personal humiliation. Probably.

There are also some interesting historical deductions. Women found Curzon irresistible. Curzon could never overcome the social assumption of his class that the art of ruling was the prerogative of those who were born to do so. Many empire-builders married late and some died bachelor, while, for many of them lust for women was transformed into a lust for conquest. Empire-building could thus be explained away in terms of sublimation of libido. Imperialism, it is implied, was essentially a masculine enterprise of a segregated community which put frilled knickers on piano legs and separated books written by men and women on their shelves. Imperial heroes confronted danger and death in unknown and savage lands with grit and courage, but they returned home covered with glory as well as self-pity with profusion of tears in the bargain. Indeed, there is a remarkable similarity of perception between Sarah Duncan and Nayana Goradia.

However fascinating the book might be in probing into the psychological depths of Curzon's life, it is inadequate in assessing the primary impulse of the career of this mighty Imperial Goliath. This dominant historical image of Curzon, I am afraid, cannot be wished away by some intriguing psychological mumbo-jumbo. It must be noted that the central piece of the British empire was the Raj and its influence in imperial strategy was enormous. Economic power, military authority and diplomatic ascendancy of the empire was sustained by its centrality in British psychology. In fact, the Indian empire deposited in British national con-

sciousness layers of imperial silt. Curzon, more than anyone else, synthesised the related ideas of 'white man's burden' into an ideology with an organic unity. Imperialism had its swashbuckling Don Quixote in George Taylor Denison, its wandering Evangelist in George Robert Parkin, its poet-laureate in Rudyard Kipling and its empyrean citadels in Pretoria and New Delhi. But in the half-crazy flamboyance of Lord Curzon of Kedleston an average Englishman, with modest intelligence and moderate income, found the justification of an age characterised by a drive to occupy, fortify, grab and brag. At an early age of 28, young Curzon knew more than anyone else in Britain about the imperial questions and the British interests in the Far East, Central Asia, Persia and India. This extrovert primate of British empire held that despite human failings the British empire in India epitomised a happy combination of moral virtues, a spirit of humanity and a puritanical fervour. In 1905 he saw the need for inflicting a severe blow to Indian nationalism and curbing the political importance of its advanced outpost, Bengal. The departure of Bengal subsequently did not restore to Bengal the prominence that it had lost in 1905. Curzon's imperial dreams to transform the Persian Gulf into Curzon's Lake and develop an imperial polo-ground in the table-land of Tibet to checkmate the Russians in the Central Asian chess-board continue to haunt imperial dreams even today. As an ideologue of an enduring empire, Curzon devoted himself to concretise the hopes and aspirations of imperial Britain and he consciously developed the *lingua franca* of imperialism. History, however, did not oblige Curzon. It simply moved ahead of him. Stanley Baldwin, "a man of utmost insignificance", eclipsed Curzon in political manipulation. But it was feasible largely because Baldwin's succession to Bonar Law vindicated a democratic principle. Although both the Liberal and the Labour Parties assimilated the essence of imperial sensibilities, it was not Churchill, the successor of Curzon in ideological terms, but Attlee who presided over the liquidation of the Raj, albeit reluctantly. As for Kitchener, despite repeated demi-official assurances, he could never sit on the viceregal throne in India. British imperialism in India was an efficient and a flexible system which one cannot grasp simply with the assistance of a Humpty-Dumpty theory of history.

The book must be read in order to assess the tragedy of an intelligent giant who was hopelessly inept to comprehend the fast changing panorama of history around him. It was more than a personal tragedy of an enigmatic individual. It is the triumph of historical forces.

Dr. Suhash Chakravarty is a Jawaharlal Nehru Fellow. He is working on V.K. Krishna Menon and the India League 1929-1947.

## Mapping India

Vinay Lal

CARTOGRAPHY IN THE TRADITIONAL ISLAMIC AND SOUTH ASIAN SOCIETIES VOL. 2, BOOK 1 OF THE HISTORY OF CARTOGRAPHY

Edited by J.B. Harley and David Woodward

The University of Chicago Press, Chicago and London, 1992, pp. xxiv+579,

illustrated and clothbound \$ 125.00

It is only in the last few years that South Asian cartography, thanks largely to the invaluable work of Susan Gole, has received any scholarly attention. Despite Gole's commanding work, the results of which can be seen in five volumes published by her between 1976 and 1989, the most recent being a volume which traced Indian maps "From Earliest Times to the Advent of European Surveys", South Asian cartography for the most part remains, as it always has been, a neglected field of study. That is all the more reason why the publication of *Cartography in the Traditional Islamic and South Asian Societies*, a portion of a massive undertaking by geographers at the University of Wisconsin entitled *The History of Cartography*, a project conceived as a 6-volume work, must be a matter of some rejoicing. The first half of this volume is devoted to Islamic cartography, a considerably well-developed field; the second half, on South Asian cartography, is entirely the work of Joseph E. Schwartzberg, who is familiar to scholars at least as the author of *A Historical Atlas of South Asia*, and it is primarily this portion which will interest South Asianists and to which I shall devote this review.

Leo Bagrow was no doubt voicing the prevailing consensus when, in his authoritative *History of Cartography* (1964), he wrote that "India had no cartography to speak of", and that "no one in India seems to have been interested in cartog-

*Schwartzberg agrees that India's cartographic accomplishments have been slender, and even that "the premodern cartographic achievements of South Asia pale by comparison with those of the neighboring regions of the Islamic world and East Asia", not to mention the Mediterranean world and Western Europe.*



raphy" (pp. 296, 504). Having inferred that Indians were quite unaware of cartography, and similarly uninterested in rectifying that supposed deficiency, Bagrow devoted only half a page to Indian cartography in his history, and indeed most histories of cartography have been similarly predisposed. Schwartzberg agrees that India's cartographic accomplishments have been slender, and even that "the premodern cartographic achievements of South Asia pale by comparison with those of the neighboring regions of the Islamic world and East Asia", not to mention the Mediterranean world and Western Europe. This is, as Schwartzberg recognizes, "a matter for wonder, given India's major contributions to astronomy, geometry, and other branches of mathematics and the remarkably creative exuberance of its culture" (p. 295). However, he then proceeds to take issue with the conventional view, as expressed by Bagrow and by Indian social scientists themselves, that "there exists no evidence of an indigenous tradition of map making", and does so in a manner which deserves some scrutiny (p. 299).

The paucity of maps from ancient and medieval India, maintains Schwartzberg, can be accounted for as a consequence of the conjunction of certain peculiar circumstances. In India's hot and humid climate, maps easily perished. We know that this must have been the fate of other kinds of manuscripts as well; however, as many manuscripts did survive, the earliest of these going back to the thirteenth century, we must ask why maps were so singularly susceptible to such an unkind fate. "Intentional destruction of maps", it is argued, contributed to their scarcity. Schwartzberg points a finger, howsoever tentatively, at the early Muslim conquerors, who had little use for Hindu idolatry, and also directed their destructive zeal at "innumerable temples, monasteries, and libraries", which were repositories of learning, or were otherwise lavishly painted (pp. 327-331). Whatever destruction of indigenous maps may have taken place at the hands of these conquerors, and Schwartzberg does not marshal any really tenable evidence in support of this view, the intervention of India's colonizers was to have a far more decisive impact. The British were inclined to see Indian maps as trite and fanciful products that in no way mapped 'reality'. Macaulay was of course voicing more than his own opinion when, in his notorious "Minute on Education" (1835), he ridiculed the history of the Hindus as "abounding with kings thirty feet high and reigns thirty thousand years long, and geography, made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter." In their neglect and wanton destruction of indigenous maps, the British were however doing more than emulating the iconoclasm of the early Muslim conquerors, for the epistemological imperatives of the colonial state would entail, in cartography as in other areas of

knowledge, the elimination of pluralistic and multiple conceptions of knowledge in favour of an allegedly scientific, rational, and objective discourse that purported to represent reality.

If such 'external' or historical reasons might not be sufficiently compelling as an explanation for the paucity of Indian maps and the meagre accomplishments of Indian cartography, Schwartzberg also furnishes what we might call 'internal' reasons, or a picture of the Hindu worldview as one that is at loggerheads with the contours, demands, and modes of expression of the material and mundane world. The Indian geographer, D.C. Sircar, noted that "there is no special word in Sanskrit for 'a map'". He was to argue that this "raises the question whether map drawing was at all known to the Indians of old." Schwartzberg's particular inflection of this 'fact' leads him to the suggestion that the logic of Hindu culture was not conducive to cartography, at least as understood in the West, for in a predominantly religious country the map-maker was asked to draw "road maps for the soul", not representations of the "finite terrestrial earth" or some segment of it (p. 329). The journey that the soul, housed in a human body, takes on its passage through the world seemed infinitely more interesting to the Hindu than those pedestrian and terrestrial trips which maps are meant to facilitate. One would expect that maps of pilgrimage sites and routes at least would have been important to Hindus, as they have been to Jains, but apparently such maps are of relatively recent vintage (p. 330). Schwartzberg summons the 'Brahminical conspiracy theory' to explain this gap; as he argues, it was "obviously in the economic interest of the *panditas* to have no guide to the *tirthas* [pilgrimage sites] other than themselves and the *mahatmyas*", the latter being Sanskrit texts which extolled the virtue of undertaking *yatras* to particular *tirthas*. As the business of learning was solely in the hands of the Brahmins, their authority was to remain uncontested. In Schwartzberg's words, "hence, if a map prepared by a Brahman official or savant did not square well with reality, it is questionable that others, however well informed they may have been, would have had the temerity to advance a contrary view" (p. 329). If maps were scarcely used by Hindus even when they were embarked on pilgrimages, is it at all likely that a cosmically attuned people given to ponderous thoughts and metaphysical probings, and wedded to a belief in karma, would have had any use for something as pedestrian as maps?

To scholars of South Asia, and particularly of Hindu India, religion has long been the key that unfailingly opens all doors, and Schwartzberg's recourse to this discourse is hasty and even, one might say, unfortunate. Where would Indological discourse have been without the cunning and pedantic Brahmin, the bewil-

dering pantheon of colourful and bizarre gods and goddesses, and the effete Hindu given to superstition and barbaric practices? The attraction of religion as an organizing principle for the study of South Asian cartography is scarcely lost upon Schwartzberg; as he notes, "because culture in South Asia is to such a large extent religiously defined, it is hardly surprising that much of the cartography of the region is religiously inspired" (p. 506). This religious inspiration which guides the Hindu in the conduct of his daily life appears in many forms, among which we might number astrology, of which Schwartzberg says that its "hold... on the people of India and on many lands influenced by Indian culture remains exceedingly strong"... Although Schwartzberg spares us a "detailed consideration of this genre of writing and illustration" (p. 316), it is meaningful that he should have drawn our attention to the purportedly mesmerizing effects of astrology upon Hindus. It is similarly significant that he merely comments on what he takes to be the lack of exchange between Hindu and Muslim cartographers, and the "seeming immunity of Hindu mapmakers, such as they were, to Islamic influences" (p. 507); in so doing, he leaves behind the two-fold impression that Hindu and Islamic cartography could only exist as separate and autonomous spheres, and that Hindus remained impervious to, and unaffected by, the superior accomplishments of Islamic cartography. When the Hindu-Muslim encounter could be quite fruitful otherwise, as we know from the history of architecture, music, and literature, it is not clear why Hindus should have remained so unyielding in the arena of cartography, unless we resurrect, once again, the idea of a bloated, sufficient, and vain Hinduism that had no use for the 'real' world.

Although Schwartzberg allows his understanding of cartography in South Asia to be guided by the Indological framework, in many other respects his work succeeds admirably in placing the study of South Asian cartography on a sounder footing, and nowhere more so than in contesting effectively the western definition of a 'map' (p. 504). As Schwartzberg makes amply clear, there is no compelling reason why we should be bound to accept a representation as a map only if it meets certain allegedly 'scientific' standards. Not all works of visual imagination will be mistaken for maps, but neither need maps be confined to such representations as have scales, geographic grids, and so on (p. 448). If traditional South Asian maps lacked even "political boundaries" (p. 508), that suggests that the South Asian world was rather more fluid than the West, and certainly cartography would be one way to attain a comparative understanding of the political and social history of India. Schwartzberg records the interesting fact that "a substantial portion of the surviv-

ing corpus of Indian maps is of Mahāshāstrīan provenance and that many of those maps were drawn for military purposes" (p. 324), but he does not pursue this observation. What is the relationship of militarism to cartography? Can one argue that cartography is more likely to flourish in states which are given to conquest and militant adventurism? To adopt a different line of inquiry, is it not the case that countries have lain claim to territory by means of cartographic representations? Argentina waged such a cartographic war, as even a cursory look at Argentinean postage stamps will reveal, over the Malvinas (or Falkland) Islands long before the outbreak of war with England, and likewise India and China conducted, throughout the 1950s, a relentless cartographic war over disputed border territory. Schwartzberg's volume does not take us into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, but perhaps these questions will be addressed in the later volumes of the series.

The more expansive notion of a 'map' with which Schwartzberg works allows him to consider, in considerable detail and with the aid of figures, illustrations, and beautiful colour plates, cosmographic maps (Hindu, Buddhist, and Jain), celestial mapping, and maps of forts, pilgrimages, and sacred places. Schwartzberg pays close attention to late premodern maps from Kashmir, Rajasthan, Gujarat, Braj, Central India, Mahāshāstra, North East India, and Sri Lanka, for the obvious reason that maps from these areas predominate. It is perhaps no accident that maps should have been derived largely from coastal areas, where Arab traders and European merchants would have left the marks of their influence, the traces of their modes of apprehension, or from areas constituting the borders of South Asia, where the 'anxiety of influence' may have led to rather more sharply defined cartographic demarcations of boundaries. The maps from Central India date to the Mughal period; although the pre-colonial state may not have made any provisions for cadastral mapping, the forging of empire no doubt necessitated some form of terrestrial mapping. These and numerous other questions, pertaining to Indian notions of 'place' and 'space', and to the relationship between such constructions and cartography, are now open to further inquiry, and Schwartzberg's volume will have served its purpose admirably if it becomes the point of departure for more analytical reflections and interventions from the point of view of cultural studies. Whatever the future of cartography in South Asia, this volume leaves us with a richer understanding of the accomplishments, as much as the failings, of South Asian cartography.

Vinay Lal is William R. Kenan Fellow, Society of Fellows in the Humanities, and Lecturer in History, Columbia University, U.S.A.

# Translation/Imitation/ Plagiarism

Girish Karnad

In the few weeks since A.K. Ramanujan died, so much has appeared about him in the Indian press that it is already a cliché to describe him as one of the great translators—even probably the greatest translator—this country has produced. As a poet, he was responsible—along with Nissim Ezekiel and Dom Moraes—for breathing life (there's no other phrase) into what used to be described as Indo-Anglian poetry. These three, to the immense relief of their contemporaries, finally brought to an end the age of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Sarojini Naidu or the English Tagore and prepared the scene for the arrival of Vikram Seth and Keki Daruwala. As a translator, however, Ramanujan was alone. Single-handed, he 'discovered' the unknown literatures of Tamil and Kannada for the world outside. I once heard him being compared to Ezra Pound, a poet headmired and whose translations he had studied deeply in his youth. I see no exaggeration in the comparison.

'Anyone translating a poem into a foreign language is at the same time trying to translate the foreign reader into a native one,' he wrote in his introduction to his first book of Tamil translations from the Tamil Sangam Poetry, *The Interior Landscapes*. It was also for him a method of entering into the poem and responding to its 'inner force' as one would not by merely reading it.

What drove one to translate a poem was the need to 'repossess' it, make it one's own. ('Almost sounds like jealousy,' I once said and he agreed.) One translates because one admires. And therefore a translation had to be close. It demanded humility.

Being a poet in English was an enormous advantage. But being the kind of poet he was—precise, suspicious of adjectives and easy grandness, ironic—his first response was always to the structure of the poem, its architecture. He was also a linguist and that made him conscious of how differently different languages performed and therefore of how 'tricky' it was to 're-construct' with fidelity a work of art in a language alien to it.

It was important to him that he lived in

the age of the printed word and he tried to solve many of the problems he faced as a translator with the help of typography. By breaking up lines, arranging them in little blocks, and paragraphs or arranging them step-wise, he attempted to suggest the 'spacing of distance or closeness of elements in the original syntax'. The visual shape he arrived at was a method of indicating the design of the original.

He worked on some translations for years. He showed his drafts—which often ran into forty or fifty—to anyone who was willing to listen or read them. Every reader was a 'filter' through which the translation passed. 'A translation is never completed,' his student and colleague, Manu Shetty, recalls him saying, 'it is only abandoned!'

The terms, 'inner form', 'fidelity', 'structure' might suggest that Ramanujan's aim was to arrive at a product in which the translator would almost be invisible, where the translation stood out as an objectively verifiable 'correct' rendering. But this was not so. All these choices led one deeper into one's own personality. 'A translation has to be true to the translator no less than the original. He cannot jump off his shadow. Translation is a choice, interpretation, an assertion of taste, a betrayal of what answers one's needs...'

Indeed, critic D.R. Nagaraj has argued that Ramanujan's book of Kannada *Vacanas*, *Speaking of Siva*, despite its excellence, does not give a correct 'feel' of the original body of work, because Ramanujan chose only what fitted in with his own secular, sophisticated sensibility. The dark, stormy, mystical *vacanas* of a poet like Allama Prabhu, says Nagaraj, he did not touch. Ramanujan would have agreed.

Another criticism Nagaraj has levelled in fact helps to illuminate Ramanujan's method of work.

As is well known, all Bhakti poets use a signature line which normally identifies their work. This signature line has no parallels within the poem but [is] repeated as refrain—across poems'. The signature line of Basavanna, the leading Virasaiva poet, is *Kudala Sangamadeva*. Nagaraj and other scholars have argued that the name

is untranslatable and should be left untranslated. I know Ramanujan wrestled with the problem for several years. The word combines a Kannada word (*kudalu* 'meeting rivers') with a Sanskrit word (*sangama*, synonymous with *kudalu*). Such 'quickenings of etymologies in poetry' could not be missed and ultimately Ramanujan translated the phrase as 'The Lord of the Meeting Rivers'. Indian literature has a tradition of translating the Lord's names—as when 'Krishna' is translated as 'Shyam'—and no native Kannada speaker could fail to respond to the 'quickenings of etymologies'. Besides this translation tied in with the water imagery prevalent in Basavanna and his theme of merging of classes in society. Quite apart from anything else, I suspect Ramanujan felt that the name, left untranslated, would introduce into the translation an 'inert' element not there in the original.

The debate still continues as such debates will. Ramanujan himself believed that with each new translator his poetic sensibility, the current poetic idioms, as well as the prevailing ethical-political notions must all come into play.

Support for Ramanujan's translations came from an unexpected quarter and certainly in a most extraordinary fashion. Ten years after his *Speaking of Siva* was brought out by Penguin Books, the Dutch scholar Kamil V. Zvelebil published his own book of translations of the Kannada

*vacanas*. The book is titled: *The Lord of the Meeting Rivers!*

All Zvelebil has to say about Ramanujan's book is that it 'was a source of constant joy and inspiration to me. Without this book my own translation of Basava's *vacanas* would not even have been conceived.'

It is apparent then that Zvelebil saw the phrase 'the Lord of the Meeting Rivers' as his 'own' translation of *kudala sangamadeva* and, if Ramanujan had already arrived at it, that was because it was in some sense a 'natural' translations of the phrase, almost a 'dictionary' translation, automatic in its phrasing, beyond debate.

Zvelebil's casual acceptance of this inevitability of Ramanujan's formulations does not stop with the title. With the same nonchalance he lifts entire verses from Ramanujan and passes them off as his own, with the punctuations altered here and there, a few lines paraphrased, an occasional word added. It is almost as though Zvelebil read the original Kannada text (we must grant at least that much to a scholar of his international reputation), put it away and then started tinkering with Ramanujan's translation to produce his 'own' versions.

Let me give a few examples: On the left, below are Ramanujan's translations from *Speaking of Siva* and on the right, Zvelebil's from *The Lord of the Meeting Rivers*. I cite a few examples but there are very many more.

(AKR)

The rich  
will make temples for Siva.  
What shall I,  
a poor man,  
do?

My legs are pillars,  
the body the shrine,  
the head a cupola  
of gold.

Listen, O lord of the meeting rivers,  
things standing shall fall,  
but the moving ever shall stay.

Don't you take on  
this thing called bhakti:

like a saw  
it cuts when it goes

and it cuts again  
when it comes.

If you risk your hand  
with a cobra in a pitcher  
will it let you  
pass?

(KZ)

The rich  
will make temples for Siva.  
What shall I, O Lord,  
a poor man, do?

My legs are pillars,  
the body the shrine,  
the head the cupola of gold.

O Lord of the Meeting Rivers,  
listen, O Lord:  
Standing things shall fall,  
that which moves shall stay.

You can't just do  
this thing called bhakti.

Like a saw it cuts when it goes,  
it cuts when it comes.  
Place your hand in a pitcher  
with a hooded snake:  
won't it bite,  
O Lord of the Meeting Rivers?

Don't make me hear all day  
'Whose man, whose man, whose man  
is this?'

Let me hear, 'This man is mine, mine,  
this man is mine.'

O lord of the meeting rivers,  
make me feel I'm a son  
of the house.

The pot is a god. The winnowing  
fan is a god. The stone in the  
street is a god. The comb is a  
god. The bowstring is also a  
god. The bushel is a god and the  
spouted cup is a god.

Gods, gods, there are so many  
there's no place left  
for a foot.

There is only  
one god. He is our Lord  
of the Meeting Rivers.

See-saw watermills bow their heads.  
So what?  
Do they get to be devotees  
to the Master?

The tongs join hands.  
So what?  
Can they be humble in service  
to the Lord?

Parrots recite.  
So what?  
Can they read the Lord?

How can the slaves of the Bodiless God,  
Desire,  
know the way  
our Lord's Men move  
or the stance of their standing?

A snake-charmer and his noseless wife,  
snake in hand, walk carefully  
trying to read omens  
for a son's wedding,

but they meet head-on  
a noseless woman  
and her snake-charming husband,  
and cry 'The omens are bad!'

His own wife has no nose;  
there's a snake in his hand.  
What shall I call such fools  
who do not know themselves

and see only the others,  
O lord  
of the meeting  
rivers!

Let them not say, O Lord,  
'Whose man, whose man, whose man  
is this?'

Let them say, 'This man is mine, this man  
is mine,  
this man is mine!'

O Lord of the Meeting Rivers,  
make me feel I'm a son  
of your house,  
O Lord!

The pot is a god. The winnowing fan is a  
god.

The stone in the street is a god.  
The comb is a god. The bowstring is a  
god, see!

The jar is a god. The water-vessel is a god,  
see!

Gods, gods, there are so many  
there's no place left  
to put a foot.

There's only one god.  
The Lord of the Meeting Rivers.

See-saw watermills bend their heads.  
So what?  
Do they become devotees of the  
Master?

The pincers fold their hands.  
So what?  
Do they become servants of the Lord?

Parrots recite.  
So what?  
Do they become theologians?

How can the votaries of the Bodiless  
God  
know the ways of our Lord's Men,  
how can they know the worth  
of the Men of our Lord of the Meeting  
Rivers?

A snake-charmer with his noseless wife,  
a snake in his hand,  
walks trying trying to read omens  
for their son's wedding.

They meet another snake-charmer  
and his noseless wife  
and shout: 'The omens are bad!'

Now what a clever chap!  
His own wife has no nose,  
in his own hand a snake.

What shall I call such fools  
who do not see themselves  
and point to others faults

O Lord of the Meeting Rivers!

I went to fornicate,  
but all I got was counterfeit.

I went behind a ruined wall,  
but scorpions stung me.

The watchman who heard my screams  
just peeled off my clothes.

I went home in shame,  
my husband raised weals on my back.

All the rest, O lord of the meeting rivers,  
the king took for his fines.

I went to fornicate—  
and almost choked with cough.

I went behind a ruined wall;  
a scorpion stung me there.

The watchman who heard me scream  
robbed me of my clothes.

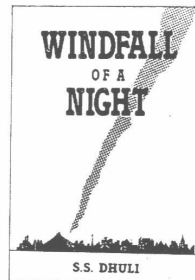
I went home in shame,  
my husband raised weals on my back.

The king, Lord of the Meeting Rivers,  
collected his fine!

*The Lord of Meeting Rivers* is published by a pair of prestigious publishers: Motilal  
Banarsidass, New Delhi and UNESCO, Paris!

I have not seen any comment from the academic community on this episode.  
If imitation is flattery, what is plagiarism?

*Girish Karnad is a playwright and filmmaker.*



**W**INDFALL OF A NIGHT is a gripping  
story of fraud and trickery in the  
corridors of power, taking place on  
the imaginary island of Isla Bueno,  
off mainland India.

Life on this island is one exciting  
medley, with Chakravarti, the hero  
of the book, who works in the  
island's health department as PA to  
the Secretary, avidly learning the

ropes of the corrupt system that  
employs him, apart from endlessly  
searching for a suitable girl.

Chakravarti helps his politician and  
bureaucrat bosses, who rule the  
roost, making deals and raking in  
money, and Chakravarti too is  
immensely benefited by them.

But, trouble brews when a medical  
company called Hoeks moves into  
Isla Bueno, with an untested  
contraceptive developed by one  
Dr. Hitchcock. Hoeks makes a  
corrupt deal with the government  
and offers hefty kickbacks to the  
politicians and bureaucrats, but  
soon the deal gets exposed. Chakravarti is falsely accused of  
betrayal and is caught in the web  
of political vindictiveness.

But he cleverly wiggles his way out,  
outwitting everyone, and finally  
shoots into the limelight, even as  
the government gets toppled.

DELIGHTFUL READING  
A COMPULSIVE BOOK

(Autographed books can be had from the author by sending a cheque/draft  
for Rs.65/- to S.S. Dhuli, 19, First Street, Anjagam Nagar, Madras-600 095.)

**WINDFALL**  
OF A  
**NIGHT**  
BY S.S. DHULI



## Oriental Eden: Marketing Our Classical Past

Aditya Behl

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF INDIA: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF HINDUISM

By J.M. Macfie

Rupa & Co., Delhi, 1993, pp. 325, Rs. 100.00

INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS

Retold by J.E.B. Gray

Oxford University Press, Delhi, 1992 (1961), pp. 230, Rs. 130.00

In the last decade, reprinting Orientalist 'classics' has become a noticeable trend among Indian publishers. These two anthologies of Indian myths and legends, newly reissued from old plates, are part of this trend. They also fit squarely within a scholarly tradition of constructing a largely Hindu classical past, idealized and golden, and popularizing selected tales from this Oriental Eden. Reissuing them unrevised raises the linked questions of their connections with Orientalist scholarship, their religious assumptions, and their value today.

J.M. Macfie's *Myths and Legends of India*, first published around the turn of the century, has been reprinted by Rupa & Co. without benefit of copyright or acknowledgement to the original publisher. The book is a moral primer on Hinduism as well as a collection of tales. In his introduction, the author attempts to deal with the vexed question of Hindu polytheism and the notions of transmigration and caste. Citing the Orientalist scholar Hopkins, Macfie explains polytheism as the expression of a defective pantheism:

Whatever the wise man thought... he taught his intellectual inferiors a scarcely modified form of the creed of their fathers... The elasticity of his philosophy admitted the whole world of gods, as a temporary reality, into his pantheistic scheme... It is true that he believed in their eventual doom, but so far as man was concerned, they were practically real... Hindu pantheism includes polytheism with its attendant patrolatry, demonology, and consequent ritualism.

The unexpressed standard of judgement here is Christian monotheism, against which the Hindu belief in embodied, concrete, transcendent Gods is found wanting. Hindu image-worship may be patrolatry, demonology, or ritualism, but clearly it is not an admissible form of religious sacrament. Polytheism presents a problem in understanding for Macfie. He cannot describe it as anything else than the 'temporary', debased form of a vague pantheistic philosophy, presumably dreamed up by the Vedic *rishis*. The problem is exacerbated by the fact that he

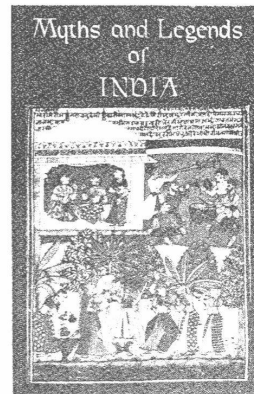
has to introduce a collection of stories about the very figures he has dismissed as 'practically real' for the 'intellectually inferior'.

Faced with this awkward predicament, Macfie attempts to recuperate Hindu religion by mining the Indian classics for moral and spiritual wisdom palatable to Christian readers. The stories are chosen mostly from the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, as well as the *Puranas*, and include the descent of Ganga from heaven, the romance of Nala and Damayanti, the incarnations of Vishnu, the deeds of Krishna, the churning of the cosmic ocean, the stories of Savitri and Yama, Shakuntala, and a host of others. The translations are clear and readable, though somewhat dated. Interestingly, Macfie often presents two or more versions of the same myth drawn from different sources, enabling the reader to see how different textual constraints shape the narratives. The cause of moral uplift, however, entails some strange dislocations. Yudhishtira and Draupadi become 'the Indian Job and his wife,' and we learn that the *Niti-Shlokas* are moral aphorisms which lead Hindus to a 'double life' because the Gods in their temples never follow moral laws!

J.E.B. Gray's *Indian Tales and Legends* also draws heavily on the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, but adds to these about thirty short tales translated from the *Jatakas*, the *Hitopadesha*, and the *Kathasaritsagara*. Although Gray's collection of stories was first published in 1961, several decades later than Macfie's moral classics, the two coincide in more than their selection of tales. Both authors present caste and the transmigration of souls as the intellectual framework for understanding Hindu society. As Gray points out in his preface to the stories,

Fundamental in nearly all are the concepts of transmigration (rebirth on earth according to one's deeds in a former existence) and of caste (the rigid barriers relating to marriage and social intercourse set up within Hindu society).

This reviewer would beg to differ. Notions of Hindu cyclical time and of caste as an 'Iron Cage' encasing Hindu society



The recent spate of reprints of Orientalist 'classics' by Indian publishers, without any revisions, indicates the poverty of contemporary work on Indian culture, as well as a poverty of vision, an inability to think beyond the intellectual categories bequeathed to us by our colonial lords and masters. That these intellectual poverties are as dangerous and debilitating as poverty of the material kind is clear from the way that simple-minded stereotypes about religious identity claim thousands of lives around us, and alienate millions of people from one another due to a limited historical vision.

are stereotypes for understanding India which urgently need re-examination. I do not think, for instance, that any interpreter can seriously claim that the *Ramayana* is 'about' caste, or that cyclical time greatly affects our understanding of the *Hitopadesha* or the *Panchatantra*. Employing them as glosses on these texts misses the mark.

Current scholarship suggests that caste and class mobility are much more important factors in understanding historical processes in Indian society than Gray and Macfie allow. The allied notion of Hinduism thinking only in 'cyclical time' and being stuck there in a sort of ahistorical limbo is a sad colonial misjudgement. Macfie, in his introduction, wonders why 'the development of Indian thought should have been so fatally arrested.' May one propose that Indian forms of discourse do not privilege historical linearity in the same way as Western historians, but are not 'fatally arrested' and are susceptible to historical analysis?

I raise these contentious issues here only as a way of indicating that they are mostly brushed under the carpet before presenting such collections of myths and legends. Gray, Macfie, and other anthologists can translate edifying and entertaining stories from India's Edenic past without considering questions like the following: Are there no Indian languages other than Sanskrit which possess 'classic' tales? Why are there never any tales taken from Islamic sources in books entitled *Indian Tales and Legends*, or *Myths and Legends of India*? Are Yusuf and Zulaikha, or Ratansen and Padmavati, or Farhad and Shirin, foreign stories? Why are there no folk stories, so often subversive of Sanskrit ideals? Or Sufi parables, wonderfully deconstructive of God and man? One could go on, but the point is clear. India has an *embarras de richesses* in

the field of narrative and story, and selecting stories presents us with an opportunity not to be neglected.

A century ago, Christian missionaries and Orientalists were at the cutting edge of research into Indian religion, history and culture. Today they are not. Instead of perpetuating Orientalist stereotypes about Indian history and culture, therefore, we need to rethink the historical vision and assumptions that underlie these two collections of tales. If we succeed in broadening our idea of culture through a more judicious selection of materials from the past, we could teach the rest of the world a thing or two about narrative. If we do not, we will not only be throwing away a priceless past heritage, but also our right to determine the shape of our culture.

The recent spate of reprints of Orientalist 'classics' by Indian publishers, without any revisions, indicates the poverty of contemporary work on Indian culture, as well as a poverty of vision, an inability to think beyond the intellectual categories bequeathed to us by our colonial lords and masters. That these intellectual poverties are as dangerous and debilitating as poverty of the material kind is clear from the way that simple-minded stereotypes about religious identity claim thousands of lives around us, and alienate millions of people from one another due to a limited historical vision. The task before us is to broaden that vision, to change the way we conceive our classical past and market it, to make a difference in the way we make history today.

Aditya Behl is the editor of *The Penguin New Writing In India* (forthcoming from Viking-Penguin). He is completing a Ph.D. dissertation on Hindi Sufi poetry in the Institute for the Advanced Study of Religion at the University of Chicago.

# A Complex Colonial Encounter

Alok Rai

ALIEN HOMAGE: EDWARD THOMPSON AND RABINDRA NATH TAGORE

By E.P. Thompson

Oxford University Press, 1993, pp. 175, Rs. 200.00

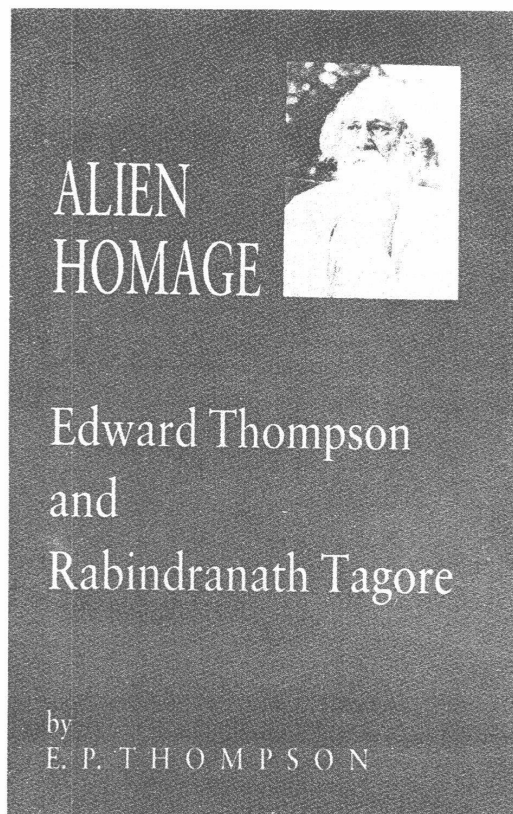
This is a strange sort of book. E.P. Thompson's father, Edward Thompson was a Methodist missionary in Bengal in the first decades of this century. He came to know Tagore, and wrote a book (or two) about him, apart from doing many translations. This is E.P. Thompson's book about the matter of those books. The books or at least one of them achieved a certain notoriety. Thompson's good, if somewhat patronizing, intentions, in realized form, provoked intense resentment in the Poet, who was visibly transmuting into a Sage. The scandal provoked by the books, and its effect on Thompson's many Bengali friendships is, for E.P. Thompson, only an instance of the ironies and ambiguities, the inescapable difficulty of the colonial (and now post-colonial) encounter. That is a lot of freight for one small book—a mere 107 pages, minus appendices—to carry. E.P. Thompson is himself, it should quickly be made clear, perfectly aware of the curious nature of the task that he has undertaken. The first sentence of the Preface reads: "This is a book which happened unbidden and unplanned." On p. 90, after referring to Tagore's "exceedingly hostile response" to his father's book, E.P. Thompson ventures the opinion that "in a sense, much of this essay has been a commentary and a defence" of his father. In his 'Conclusion' E.P. Thompson quotes a letter of his father's, to William Rothenstein, in which he wrote, in 1938: "I think whatever I have in me to do will from now on be done in personal contacts with Indians, with whom I seem to have more and closer friendships than with my own people." E.P. Thompson's comment on this is disarmingly modest: "I suppose that this may be what this essay has been about. I am aware that I have thrown no light on Tagore's poetry and little on his philosophy. This essay has been scandalously innocent of any serious structural analysis of ideological or political themes. My understanding of the historical context is vestigial. I have been carried along on the tide of my sources..."

It would be a pity, however, if this modesty, or the actual shortcomings of

this particular book, whose motivation is academic and filial in about equal measure, were to prevent readers from getting to the many delights that await them between its covers. The faintly sexual metaphor that haunts that last sentence is particularly inappropriate considering that one of those "delights" is the son's rendition of the missionary background which provided the context for his father's experience of India. There is a memorable account of Bankura College, and of Thompson Senior's "simmer of delight" at finding himself in this landscape of absurdity, in which the dimly comprehended and endlessly slippery English language was only a symptom and an index of the hapless condition in which teachers and taught were both trapped. Soon enough, however, the realization, familiar to many of us, dawned on Thompson Senior also that "the whole business [was] tragic than comic."

Restless in Bankura, Thompson Senior was on his first visit to the Gurudev at Santiniketan on the day that news of the Nobel prize arrived in Bolpur. His memoir of that "night of madness" is understandably, charged with feeling—for this was the 'fate-starred' beginning of a long and difficult relationship. Readers who are interested in the details of this particular relationship, its ups and downs (and ins and outs), would of course be well-advised to make a bee-line for this present work. However, those aren't the only people for whom this book contains valuable material.

Thus, the making of the Gurudev—the (voluntary) imprisonment of a remarkably creative individual in the prison of his own reputation: this must be a difficult subject to tackle even in contemporary Bengal. It is not the ostensible subject either of Thompson Senior's book on Tagore, or of the present one—but the phenomenon is identified and that, then and perhaps now, was *audhatya* enough. Thompson Senior invents a number of playful words based upon the root "Rabi" as in Rabindranath: rabine, rabist, rabacious. It is surprising that he missed "Rabid".



*E.P. Thompson is surely right to insist—if not quite, here, to demonstrate that the mysteries of the colonial encounter, and its ironies—redoubled, doubled-up, doubling back—escape the simple formulations of cultural imperialism.*

E.P. Thompson's major subject, barely signalled in this work, is of course the complexity of the cultural interface that is implicit in any prolonged colonial encounter like the British Raj. He is "irritated at the abbreviated categories which too often close enquiry before it has commenced." "Some in the West today" he writes, "are prisoners of vast undiscriminating categories—the Third World, blacks and whites, racism, unsubtle definitions of imperialism—and bring these ready-made slide-rules to measure, and often to obliterate, the complexities of the past." He is unhappy with "the approved views which predominate in the historical memory today: the nostalgias for the British Raj; the sometimes simplified nationalist historiography which can see nothing but the strategy and tactics of the independence struggle; the easy *ex post facto* 'radicalism' of Western guilt which assumes that, by definition, every cultural exchange must be read only in terms

of colonial exploitation."

E.P. Thompson is surely right to insist—if not quite, here, to demonstrate that the mysteries of the colonial encounter, and its ironies—redoubled, doubled-up, doubling back—escape the simple formulations of cultural imperialism. But he is also too good a historian not to know that there is no easy escape from the pain and perversion, the torque of history, for its hapless inheritors—irrespective of whether they are victims or victors; or even Methodist missionaries wrongly assumed to be sahibs in rural Bengal; or 'natives' in the metropolis, then and now, desperately donning white masks and then black ones, flaunting bizarre theoretical caps and fantastical rhetorical disguises. And cultural communication, after the fall, must inevitably be fraught. Alas.

*Alok Rai is a Professor in the Humanities Department of the Indian Institute of Technology, New Delhi.*

## The Security Syndrome in Modern Hindi Story

By Mridula Garg

The driving force behind creativity is a desire to indict the dominant contemporary culture and recast values propagated by it. When this makes the writer experiment with the content, form and language in his work, we can say that the story in question has displayed a new sensibility. Its essential characteristic is nonconformity. We must remember that conformity is seldom imposed by state decree. In most cases, people conform to whatever is culturally dominant. In a wider sense, deconstruction means rebelling against cultural reign of time. Freed from the semantics, deconstruction ceases to be a passing fad of literary criticism and becomes the core of all literary insight and passion. It is an endeavour to break away from the confining walls of words, by assigning new meanings to them, and by making the hitherto silent voices speak them. In India the best example of deconstruction is dalit writing in Marathi. To quote Namdeo Dhasal, "The fundamental impulse of the poetry I write is explosive anger. Anger has no grammar. Just as the *landau* is not bound by rules of beat, rhythm and gesture so also revolutionary dalit poetry refused to be handcuffed by established poetic forms, metres, *rasas* and ornaments, which adorned literary poetry. The lava gushing from the fires of suffering and anger could not be tamed by rules. . . . This is equally true of dalit prose and of all writing, which can boast of a new sensibility.

Let us see how far this is applicable to the modern Hindi short story. There is no dearth of anger there but it is not of the kind that makes the writer refuse to be cowed down by icons, old or new. It is also not tempered with individual vision and courage of conviction. Hence it does not arm him to grapple with the complex and fragmented reality of his time. In fact, the greatest bane of the Hindi writer is his constant need of icons. No sooner does an old icon topple than a new one is erected in its place. Take the establishment of Premchand as an icon. Premchand himself had been an iconoclast in his time. He had experimented with language, given new meanings to the words used by the silent and the Other. He portrayed a reality that no one wanted to be reminded of. He revolted against a tradition that required that the protagonists be of heroic dimensions. He made the ordinary, the unknown, and the weak, his protagonists. He gave them a language, which completely deconstructed the old idiom. Like Charles Dickens, Victor Hugo and Maxim Gorky, he

did this without recourse to abstraction; keeping himself within a well-defined and identifiable time, space and story line. He laid the foundation of the new genre of realistic writing in Hindi.

Unfortunately, instead of building upon it, our critics and writers soon made Premchand into an icon. Blind icon worship robbed the later 'realistic' writers of creativity and innovation. Realism has got such a stranglehold on Hindi literary criticism that most abstract and analytical works are immediately condemned as decadent, westernised or devoid of commitment. Commitment to what? A watered-down version of Marxism, which reduces it to tearful sympathy or hatred for stereotypes. No attempt is made to understand the complex social and economic interaction between different classes, or the psyche of the people belonging to them. If a writer tries to understand, if he admits his bewilderment, in the face of conflicting pictures of the human nature and social tradition, he is sure to be condemned as an individualistic and uncommitted upstart with no guru. And whoever heard of anyone becoming anything in India, without a guru? Or should I say, godfather?

The manner in which the Hindi writers and critics talk of rural and urban stories as mutually exclusive, is really hard to stomach. The rural-urban divide has come a long way since the time of Premchand and Phanishwar Nath Renu. Today, there is a close nexus between the rural and the urban empowered. Political policy sees to it that all economic activity is geared to supplying the demands of the elite, in both the city and the village. The cottage industry of the past has been reduced to a hotch potch of put-out workshops in the villages. The artisan is only a piece-rate worker. There is as much rootlessness and loss of identity in the village today as there is in the city. Only a few Hindi writers have grasped this. None better than Jagdamba Prasad Dixit in his long story, *Itivrata*. He realises that the very survival of the village is in question as a result of the Nehruvian dream. Most other writers continue to believe that by writing about the village per se, one can prove one's rootedness and become the spokesman of the real India.

Other stories which steer clear of the artificial demarcation of the village and city and bring to the fore the crisis of identity in the village are Mrinal Pande's "Hirda Mayo ka Manjhla", Prabhat Tripathi's "Mahavidyalaya" Pramod Bhargava's "Lautthe Hue", Shrawan Kumar's "Khandhar", Arun Prakash's

"Bhaiya Express", etc.. Vidyasagar Nautiyal's "Fat Ja Panchdhar" destroys the nostalgia surrounding the village, by demonstrating that the exploitation of the deprived castes, including their women was built in our traditional system of village governance. So scathing is its theme and denouement that it does not need the use of the local dialect or its fierce abuses and curses, to establish its credentials of anger. The self-proclaimed sympathisers of dalits favour excessive use of abusive and abrasive language on the plea that it is necessary to establish their empathy with the downtrodden. They forget that when words are divorced from their historicity and heritage, their use can convey the superficial meaning of their everyday usage only. The writer thus ends up defeating his avowed aim. What he wants to convey is the suffering and neglect of the discarded of society, which leads to their dehumanisation, expressed in the language. What he actually ends up highlighting is their dissolution and degeneration.

A writer can draw his readers within the charmed circle of the lives of his protagonists, as participants, only if he can make their crude and abrasive language sound commonplace—as commonplace as the refined language used elsewhere by others. In most Hindi stories, however, the uncouth expressions stand out like sore thumbs. They titillate and shock the reader instead of making him identify with the protagonists. The dalit writers, on the other hand, invoke anger and disgust and a feeling of guilt. It happens as a matter of course, because the language flows from the content and is merely the vehicle for the expression of the suffering and the revolt. In the sympathisers, it is the language which dominates. The content is only the medium for investigating the lives of the "Other". "Fat Ja Panchdhar" does not try to shock, so it does not need any of the theatrical props, used by Shivmurti's stories like "Tirya Charitar" and "Akaldand". Some non-dalit writers do manage to use the language of the Other in a way that it sounds commonplace. Laltu does it with elan in his stories "Haar" and "Bewakoof".

Most Hindi critics tend to slur over any depiction of the rootlessness of the village and take refuge in commending the flogged-to-death recital of political corruption. The much discussed "Comrade Ka Coat" by Srinjay aptly demonstrates this. The story sets out to depict how the village is constantly pushed to the periphery and used as a pawn in the game of politics, played in the metropolis. But this is just touched upon and left to fend for itself, while the story proceeds to expose the avarice and the self-indulgence of the Communist Party leaders. The critics gleefully seize upon this as "an act of courage", as if it was not something known to a child of six, all over the world! It is not as if the new generation of writers is devoid of rebelliousness or of a desire to develop its own form, language or

world view. But it lacks the creative urgency, which makes the writer challenge those in the saddle and opt for non-conformity, even at the risk of earning ridicule and derision. They are passing through a phase, where they cannot decide whether they should hit a new trail or keep close to the main road to please the gurus. The *guru-shishya parampara* might have something to do with it. Or perhaps the root cause lies in the security syndrome that prevails in our society, because of the general political and economic insecurity. Play safe seems to be the guiding principle for both the writer and the critic. That is what makes the critics stop short at Nirmal Verma when they talk of new sensibility and at Krishna Sobti, when they talk of the rebel woman!

One touchstone of a new sensibility in a story is the degree to which it recreates the mechanisation and dehumanisation of human relationships, following the commodification and mechanisation of work and life in our times. In the West, the loss of identity and the devaluation of human beings is due to excessive consumerism, which places "things" above "human beings". In India, it is the exact opposite which is true. It is the lack of goods necessary for basic survival which places an undue value on things, as opposed to human lives or needs. The loss of the human touch is common to both. But the reasons are entirely different. Yet it remains the most pervasive and corroding feature of modern life in both the affluent and the deprived societies. This is what I have tried to explore in my recent story "Chhat Par Dastak". Two writers who deal with this peculiarly Indian phenomenon of the loss of human identity arising out of deprivation with admirable success are Yogesh Gupta and Brajeshwar Madaan.

The loss of the human touch is bitingly portrayed in Madaan's story "Haath". After the death of his electrician father, the son inherits his job, along with his rubber gloves. The father had died of electrocution, despite the gloves. The gloves soon take over his identity. They are not only his means of livelihood but also the force, which reduces him into an object, operating amidst other objects. He ends up feeling that the whole town is devoid of the human touch and has hands made of rubber. In "Mausam", his protagonist turns into a radio. He feels that it must be because of the bad weather that he cannot know what he is saying. "You cannot hear the radio properly when the weather is bad". But the horrifying thing is that he cannot even feel the changes in the weather. "I have been waiting for years for a man who will mention the weather (change in) to me and I will know, maybe, the weather of this town has not changed for years."

The ennu of penury is the theme of Hari Bhatnagar's "Sevdi Rotian Aur Jale Aloo". The mechanised appeasement of hunger by a man, fatigued to utter listlessness by repetitive work is drawn with

a restraint that leaves the reader gasping. The protagonist eats the delicacies, left over from the feast of a rich man, without realising that he is eating anything other than his usual, tasteless meal of bread and half-burnt potatoes. Such is the soul destroying nature and quantum of the work that he has returned home from.

Where Madaan uses silence, Yogesh Gupta uses images, as seen in broken mirrors, to portray a world, which is disjointed and dehumanised. The knowledge that cause and effect are divorced from each other, that merit and effort have no connection with reward, places the protagonist in a state of total inaction and indecisiveness. The inaction is not born out of ennui, as is normal in western fiction, but out of having no voice in decision making, that determines his fate. Every moment of his life is regulated by the "Machine", which is drawn as symbol of the System. He gets no respite or leisure to practice anything he values. At the same time he is kept in such penury that he has no option but to seek, compete for and gratefully accept, whatever dehumanising work he is offered. It is a state of complete choicelessness and hence of total inaction. In his stories like "Enclosure", "Meelon Lamba Safar Aur Ek Aawaz", "Doosra Aadmi", and others, he demonstrates how men can be made to behave like machines, not only at work, but in their personal relationships, too. The most disturbing and aesthetically satisfying of his stories is "Ek Ooncha Makaan". His protagonist sits inside a skyscraper, revelling in his enjoyment of pure science, indifferent to the devastation outside, only to be liquefied in the holocaust.

Long before magical reality became the rallying cry of Latin America and got imported back to us via North America, it had been used with aplomb in our folktales and epics. It is as indigenous to us as *ayurveda*. Navin Sagar uses magical reality in his story "Mor" to weave a tale about a village rebel, part hero, part buffoon. He persists in his fight against injustice in a most pigheaded manner, failing, rebounding, failing again, yet succeeding, because success is always a windfall. All one can do is persist. This is a lesson worth learning, for all those afraid to surrender to new sensibilities.

Nowhere have Hindi critics failed the new writers more than in their attitude to the upsurge of feminism. The way they dump all writings by women in one heap is ample proof of this. We cannot deal with feminism or the new sensibility it vouchsafes without taking its political ramifications into account. Political consciousness is an integral part of the modern Indian psyche, perhaps, because we have too much of government sponsored empowerment and too little of self government. The general economic insecurity arising out of political corruption, mismanagement and incompetence has affected family life and interpersonal relationships, whether between generations or sexes. It is interesting that in the

Hindi short story, the mechanisation of relationships is treated, solely, from the point of view of men. Even Yogesh Gupta's women are either faceless encumbrances or idealised figments of the male protagonist's imagination. They seldom face dilemmas and the mechanisation of their emotions is taken as something given. Hardly any writers deal with the phenomenon of marriage being regarded as a business or profession, by the middle class women, despite its being a special feature of the Indian society, today. The gut question, a writer has to ask about middle class woman in India is, what is it that keeps her from breaking a marriage, a lusty pragmatism or lack of courage? For, he should know as well as she, that opting out of the marriage entails losing a secure means of livelihood. Instead, he is bogged down in the superficialities of how understanding or exploitative the husband is; how moral it is to leave the husband and children and how urgent are the sexual needs of a woman in comparison to her maternal or familial ties. When I tackled the gut question in my stories like "Tuk", "Barf Bani Baarish" and "Resham", I was immediately labelled "intellectual". And that is the worst name men can call a woman in India.

The human race has always asked itself certain questions. Who am I? What have I been? What should I aspire to be? Where lies my salvation, achievement or peace of mind? So far human race had been represented by male voice. Now, the female voice, the time honoured "other", is also raised in inquiry. The trouble is, in most of our fiction, woman stumbles against man, sooner than later, and from then on, she stops asking, who am I and begins to ask, what can I be to this man? The result is a plethora of stories about suffocation of women in marriage. The simplification of a woman's conflict as that between career and child or between job and home is absurd. If working outside the home has failed to provide answers to men, over centuries, how can it possibly do so for women?

Nothing has harmed the vibrancy and honesty of Hindi literature more than the forcing of mystiques on its women and no one has had as many mystiques forced on them as the women of Hindi literature. The hopeful portent is that the process of de-mystification has now begun. In stories like "Doot" by Manjul Bhagat, "Uski Hansi" by Pratima Verma, "Umeshji" by Mrinal Pande, "Mercy Killing" by Kamal Kumar, "Bhagwanti Kahan Jaogi" by Jaya Rawat, "Pretyoni" by Chitra Mudgal, "Doosra Deshkal Mein" by Rajee Seth, "Sangsar" by Nasira Sharma, we have women who have thrown away the masks of irrationality, intuitiveness, compassion, jealousy, etc that they had been forced to wear in fiction. They emerge as thinking and feeling individuals, who fight, compete, love, hate, dream, question. De-mystification is the key to the development of a new sensibility. There has to be a demystification of everything that has

been put on a pedestal, that has been accepted without question, that has just been around for long. Women, the historical process, religious beliefs, heroes and heroines of the Independence movement and the epic—all of them have to be treated with irreverence to get at the writer's own truth.

In modern Hindi story, very little retelling of the epics has been done. Where it has been attempted, as in Narendra Kohli's series of episodic novels, based on the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, it has limited itself to building upon the details of the text. It has not attempted any irreverent questioning of the heroes. If anything there has been an attempt to offer explanations for the ambiguities. This is all the more surprising when we remember that these epics have no black and white characters like the Greek tragedies and leave loose ends to facilitate personal interpretations. Indeed, compared to the modern stories, the earlier generations, before the British Raj and its superficial rationality, there had flourished many more contradictory interpretations. Maybe the ambiguity of the text which was, in a manner of speaking, continually retelling itself, put a damper on further doubts. But the same shying away from demystification can also be seen in the treatment of the historical process. While there are number of stories which deal with political and bureaucratic corruption and victimisation of the

poor in the post- and pre-Independence period, there are only a few stories, novels and plays that question the whole rationale of the Gandhian non-violence and the Nehruvian planning. Works like *Itirata* and *Anitya* (novels), *Yamgatha* and *Nathuwati Anathuwat* (plays), *Yeh Wo Manzil To Nahin* (film), "Mai Ka Shokgeet" (Story) which demystify the heroes of the Independence movement and the epics are few and far between. Their depiction as human beings, full of temptations, failures, broken promises, compromises, yet a tenacity of purpose and an obstinate pursuit of what they believed to be right, makes them, not only more real, but more praiseworthy. That means they had to struggle against the odds in their own character and not only the external impediments. That is the essence of our multi-linear and multi-dimensional epics. So, after all is said and done, we are back to where it all started. Who can be rid of one's collective memory? As long as it is collective and not conveniently selective, it can be creative.

Creativity or rewriting requires a great deal of irreverence. Call it by any fancy name you like, but basically, all that a writer does is rewrite things that have been written many times before. If he cannot bring himself to show irreverence, he may as well give up the business of writing.

Mridula Garg is a reputed writer in Hindi.

“SAVE PAPER  
SAVE TREES”



THE HINDUSTAN TIMES GROUP

THE HINDUSTAN TIMES,  
HINDUSTAN,  
EVENING NEWS,  
KADAMBINI, NANDAN,  
EYEWITNESS

# After I am No More

By Krishna Baldev Vaid

He is still here even though he has been promising for years he'll go any day now. Before he does that, he says, he wants to be sure I'll mourn his death properly. He smiles as he says this, as if he were threatening to remain alive forever. I can't stand him any more. I tell him okay don't go if you want to but let me at least for I can't stand it any more. He answers no you can't die before I do because you've to mourn my death, remember? He smiles as he says this. I can't stand his smiles. I tell him I'll kill myself one of these evenings. He doesn't react. I scream if I kill myself who'll mourn your death properly. He raises his hands to the dark sky and says He will. I burst into a laugh. Laughter dislocates a few of my bones and wakes up dormant aches and pains. I've been advised not to laugh because after every fit of laughter I've to groan a lot for a long time. He says in a taunting tone look at me, I don't groan even though my aches and pains are severer than yours. He smiles as he says this. I can't stand his smiles. I tell him you'll never smile if you realize how ugly you become when you do. He suddenly pretends to be a saint in trance. I yell at him but he remains unmoved. I turn away in anger and he starts prancing around

me. I burst into a laugh, he into a smile. His smile is not a real smile, my laughter is not a real laughter. After every smile his mouth looks like a hole in a death mask; after every laughter my body becomes a beehive of aches and pains. We've been together, inseparably it seems, ever since the advent of my self-awareness, which doesn't mean that we weren't together before that. I wish I could say my self-awareness began with me. I wish I could say he'd bear me out if he could be coerced into expressing an opinion on my assertion. I can't speak for him. I can't say anything about him with conviction, which doesn't mean I can about myself. To speak with conviction about anyone is idiotic if not impossible. In fact, I can't say anything with conviction. Sometimes I regard it as a deplorable flaw, sometimes as a remarkable feat. He also claims he can't say anything with conviction but I don't believe him. Normally, however, he doesn't say much about anything, with or without conviction. He smiles more than he speaks. Sometimes his smiles suggest he would be right if he ever deigned to say anything about me, with or without conviction. His smiles also suggest he'll never say anything about me, with or without conviction. I mean

*I want him to die before I do because I want to see how I'll manage when he is no more. He knows this. I wish there was something he didn't know. He says I won't be able to manage after he's no more. He says I can kill him but he won't die until he's convinced etc. I can't kill him. There was a time when we used to dream of dying together in each other's arms, like lucky old couples immortalized in small town anecdotes. Even then he used to talk of proper mournings but only in jest. He claims even now he does so only in jest. When I ask him so you don't really want a proper mourning, he says, of course I do. I ask him where is the jest then. He says you are an idiot. I burst into tears. He refuses to comfort me.*

anything of significance, to him or to me or to both of us or to the world at large. Which shouldn't be taken to mean I'm dying to hear him say something of significance about me. I don't care for significance. He does. Which explains his commitment to silence, and his refusal to die until he's convinced I'll mourn his death properly.

I seldom ask him to tell me anything of significance. I'm afraid he'll tell me. I'm also afraid he won't be able to. I'm afraid if he does I'll be silenced forever. I'm also afraid if he's not able to, I shall become his equal. I don't want to become his equal.

I don't talk of him to others. I do but it amounts to nothing. I'm afraid whatever I say about him to others is either superficial or false. He knows this. He knows everything. He knows all my fears. Which shouldn't be taken to mean if he hadn't known all my fears, I'd have been able to say anything profound and true about him to anyone. I've never been close enough to anyone to want to say anything profound and true about him. He often taunts me you don't have anyone except me. I'm not sure I have him but I

agree I don't have anyone else either. I agree I've never wanted to have anyone else ever since the advent of my self-awareness.

I never question him about the meaning of any mystery. I'm afraid he'll tell me. I'm also afraid he won't be able to. Perhaps he keeps waiting for me to question him. He says he only keeps waiting for me to convince him I'll mourn his death properly. He smiles like a wilted flower trying to bloom as he says this. It alarms me. I don't want him to bloom. I want him to die so that I can too. I know I won't do away with myself as long as he's alive. He also knows this, which is why he's in no hurry to go.

Ever since I started wishing for his end in serious eagerness I've been trying to assure him I'll mourn his death properly. He asks me to explain what I mean by a proper mourning. I can't come up with an answer that will satisfy him. I ask him to explain what means by a proper mourning. He says it is for me to find out. I ask what it will take to convince him I'll mourn his death properly. He says he doesn't know. I ask who does. He raises his hands





to the dark sky. I don't laugh at this, he doesn't smile. For a while his hands remain raised, tremulously, to the dark sky. I feel like wrenching them off his wrists. He says, with an omniscient smile, he knows what I feel like doing. I step forward, seize his hands, like someone clutching his master's feet. We've had this argument many times. He's always had the upper hand. I've often begged him not to embroil me in argument. I've pleaded with him to tell me plainly what his wish is and I'll obey him. He says he has no wish, he wants me to convince him I'll mourn his death properly.

I am confused. I can see the subtle distinction he implies between wish and desire but I can't divine what he has in his mind about his proper mourning. I am old. So is he. To a casual observer we'd look equally depleted. To a keen observer, he'd look a little less so. His insistence on a proper mourning seems perverse to me but quite in character. He should know, however, that I'm too naive to know what he means by proper mourning unless he spells it out. I can't understand his threat not to die until he's convinced etc. Just as I'm mulling this over he starts ranting: This is the basic difference between you and me; you give up after a point while I persist till the end; you hide behind your laughter, I reveal myself in my smiles; which doesn't mean I've never been daunted by my limitations or I don't find myself and my failures laughable; it only means I'm more stubborn, more foolhardy, less prudent, more . . .

Actually he doesn't say all this in so many words but I can read his silences and his smiles. I can't stand his curling lips. I get up and clamp my hand on his mouth. Under my sweaty palm his lips continue to curl. An observer would imagine we are in the middle of a mime or a mortal combat.

I want him to die before I do because I want to see how I'll manage when he is no more. He knows this. I wish there was something he didn't know. He says I won't be able to manage after he's no more. He says I can kill him but he won't die until he's convinced etc. I can't kill him. There was a time when we used to dream of dying together in each other's arms, like lucky old couples immortalized in small town anecdotes. Even then he used to talk of proper mournings but only in jest. He claims even now he does so only in jest. When I ask him so you don't really want a proper mourning, he says, of course I do. I ask him where is the jest then. He says you are an idiot. I burst into tears. He refuses to comfort me.

Jest or not, his insistence on proper mourning has turned into an obsession. He maintains I keep projecting my own obsessions on him. I remind him of the words he used to utter before he got hung up on proper mourning. He often said: What do I care whether after my death my body is devoured by donkeys or dogs or vultures, whether my memory is desecrated by crocodile tears or real ones,

whether my work is vilified or simply ignored? He says he remembers those words and claims he still utters them but I don't hear him. When I remind him of his fixation about proper mourning, he smiles and says that is only to test you. I shout what do you mean by that? The scar of his smile disfigures his face and I've to look away. Then his voice pierces me as he says I want to see how self-sacrificing you are. I realize he has soared out of my reach. For distracting myself I recall that I used to have this desire to watch my own funeral. I know this is possible only in fables and nightmares. I used to keep this absurd desire hidden from him even though I knew no absurd desire of mine remained hidden from him. He can always see through me. He often says mock-seriously that he is my Maker. He knows I often think he really is. That's another reason why I want him to die before I do. I want to see how I manage after the death of my Maker.

Ever since our entry into this last phase, I too have stopped being afraid of silence and death. He is unimpressed. He says in their last phase all creatures shed their fears. I know I am still not really free from fears. All I can truthfully claim is that the fear of death doesn't paralyze me as much as it used to. I don't dread my end as I used to. If he continues to smile and insist on proper mourning, I may stop dreading his end too. I've gotten sick of dreading now this, now that. I want to be free. Actually I've gotten sick of my desire to be free now from this bondage, now from that. I don't know what I want. I want nothing. He is not very different from me now even though he wouldn't accept this. I tell him the difference between him and me now is little more than between a grain of barley and a grain of rye. He doesn't agree. He says I've always considered him taller, tougher, freer than I am, and now in this last phase I dare to become his equal. I tell him I'm not claiming to be his equal, I'm only saying that after years of coexistence, if not cohabitation, in most essential matters the difference between him and me is analogous to that between a grain of barley and a grain of rye. He cries out so you consider that difference insignificant? I can't match him in hairsplitting. I offer to withdraw my analogy. He breaks into a smug smile even as he says no grain of barley can smile like any grain of rye.

In his youth he used to say I smile so that I can suffer secretly. Even then his smile resembled a scar. When he entered old age he started saying I don't smile, I only suck my gums because they demand to be sucked, only idiots like you think I smile. Now his jaws sag like his breasts and his smile has become a permanent scar. Now he often seems to be saying: How does it matter whether I smile or suck my gums? When his silence sends such signals to me I sink into myself. Then I forget that he is fading fast, that I am too, that he will not fade out until I convince him etc.

By proper mourning he means more than the mere disposal of his dead body. He couldn't care less about that. Besides, it would be rather easy to do that. Or so I imagine. I think I'll just drag his body to some place and have it cremated. I don't think I'll ask for or need any help. Neither of us has any acquaintances or friends or relatives. I mean we don't know whether we have any left. This will sound incredible. It does to me, which doesn't mean it is untrue, nor does it mean it is not. Ever since our entry into this last phase we've stopped seeing things as absolutely true or absolutely false. As a matter of fact, we do still have a few acquaintances but hardly any that I can approach and say look won't you help me cremate my friend's dead body. Even if I'm able to do so, I doubt that anybody will quietly agree to help me. I'm afraid he'll shower me with questions: When did he die? How? What were his last words? I've always marvelled at people's curiosity about the deceased's last words. I don't know what his last words, if any, will be. I know his last words, if any, will not go beyond me, never. I can't afford to offend my hypothetical helper by telling him that the deceased's last words were meant only for my ears. No I won't seek help. I am not a stickler for self-reliance and stuff but I wouldn't like to collect a crowd of curious acquaintances around his dead body. So I'll just wrap his body with a sheet or shroud and sit down for a few long and relaxed breaths. Then I'll call a taxi. I'll ask the taxi driver to help me with his wrapped body. He'll think I'm taking my sick brother or father to a hospital. As soon as we are in the taxi I'll say let's go. He'll ask in a cross voice where. I'll answer in an unruffled voice where they cremate the destitute and the friendless. He'll ask is he dead then? I'll answer can't you tell? He may ask then are you his dear one? I'll ask do I look like one? I've seen that if you keep retorting to a person's questions with rhetorical questions he is eventually silenced, unless he happens to be obdurate. So the success of my plans will depend upon my choice of the right taxi driver. The driver will have to be well-informed but not inordinately inquisitive. This means I may have to choose the driver long before he is needed. After discreet inquiries into his character. In fact I'll have to choose and engage more than one driver. At least two. So that if one is ill or unavailable I can call the other. What if both of them are ill or unavailable. I can't take care of all contingencies. But if I make a mistake in my inquiries I may turn the whole matter into a mess. I may even be taken for an insane would-be assassin bent upon getting himself arrested for an uncommitted murder. No I won't make any inquiries into my driver's character, nor will I hire him in advance. I'll take a chance with the first one I get. If he turns out to be uncooperative or critical I'll invoke my age and appeal to his humanity. If he doesn't relent I'll start crying. If he is unmoved,

I'll get off his taxi with my dead load.

In short, getting rid of his body will not be difficult. If I can't cremate him I'll throw him into a ditch. I'll drag him by his head or heels. If that doesn't work out, I'll think of something else. I can always think of something else at a pinch. Or I'll just abandon him and seek another abode. But I don't think things will come to such a pass. His dead body will be disposed of somehow or other, by me or someone else. I've seen that people who won't even spit at you while you are alive will do anything for you once you are dead.

The real problem is not the disposal of his body but what he keeps calling a proper mourning. Maybe it's just one of his jokes that has fattened into an obsession, not his but mine. I sometimes forget his penchant for enigmatic practical jokes. He has often detached himself like a god once he has embroiled me in lust or anger or desire. If I complain he says you are addicted to complaining. If I ask him whether I should stop worrying about his proper mourning he answers no but you should worry about other things too. I rejoin who says I don't worry about other things. He retorts then what are you complaining about?

I think I should stop worrying about his death and proper mourning. Everybody dies on the day they're destined to. Everything gets done somehow. Now I'm thinking like a blooming saint. I am no saint. I can never stop worrying and complaining. And he knows this. And he keeps putting me to test after test. He says he does this in order to make me as non-attached as he is. I'm not quite convinced of the purity of his own non-attachment. And I doubt if I can become non-attached now when I am in the last phase of my last phase. I've tried and failed—again and again. I won't try any more. I'm incapable of becoming non-attached because I'm incapable of becoming egoless. Now I'm thinking like an ordinary person, which is what I am. He seems quite egoless just now. I should feel happy that at least one of us is capable of seeming to be egoless but I do not. I'm burning with envy.

Perhaps this obsession with proper mourning would've left me if another obsession had seized me. In this last phase, obsessions are as scarce as some other things. Had I spent my life in pursuit of an ideal or even an ambition, I wouldn't have been in this limbo now. I'm not speaking for him. He says he loves this limbo. He says he has no regrets, no cravings, no aspirations. I too have tried to love this limbo. I too have claimed, without conviction, that I have no regrets, no cravings, no aspirations. At this instant, however, I want to forget him and howl: I wish I had lived my life differently; I wish I'd pursued an ideal; I wish I had ambition; I wish I'd not wasted my life in understanding and emulating him; I wish . . . Of course I won't howl. I'm too refined for that. This desire too will subside like all my other desires. It has already. It will rise again. Till then I'm safely sober. I

catch him staring at me. I don't see any compassionate moisture in his eyes.

If this were a normal narrative, many important, and some unimportant, details would've been mentioned by now: his age, my age, his appearance, my appearance, his virtues, my vices, his habits, my additions, his deeds, my follies, and so on. I don't know why I struck this chord. Perhaps I should strike it out. I won't. I needed some rest and I got it. I am in the last phase of my last phase, tied to another idiot. I feel like crying. I am crying, believe it or not.

Crying has cleansed my eyes. I wish it had cleansed my mind too. I'll turn once again to the question of his proper mourning. I can't leave anything alone. Well my guess is that by proper mourning he means this: The praise that his virtues and work have not received so far should be lavished on him after his death and I should start the whole process, I who have never started a process. If this guess is not altogether wrong, his proper mourning is impossible. I think I should confront him with his outrageous inconsistency. He has been dinning into my ears, ever since he came into my life, that the outcome of all desire is dust and now he himself wants to roll in that dust. I should tell him: Who do you want to impress by your posthumous praise? Who do you want to hurt? Haven't you always put me down for wanting this or that? Haven't you always exhorted me to rise above the dust of desire? And now you want to roll in posthumous dust? Proper mourning! My foot!

Most probably my guess is wrong. Even if it is right, he won't let me win. He'll outwit me. He is slippery, like a snake. Perhaps I should just drive the idea of his death out of my mind and amuse myself with memories for a while. I recall the time when he and I went insane and became idealistic. Those were the days! We survived on dusty air. And on rotten bananas. And on stale rice. And on our own lifeblood so to speak. And on dreams of red dawns and gardens of earthly delights. My head often vibrated with pain like a struck drum. I often battered it with my fists to stop the pain, while he stood beside me and smiled. My eyes those days were deserts of deprivation. His smiles even then looked like scars. His mouth was often a rumpled rag, his chin a rotten plum, his cheeks dirty footpads, his neck like an old rooster's, his shoulders like a diseased coolie's. His stomach was always upset, his bladder about to burst. And his blood was white. After every sexual bout, he felt nauseated; after every fit of nausea he started yearning for the next sexual bout. His knees used to knock, his legs were often full of water. Needless to say I was even worse off. But we were young then. He would've endured even if he were not, I couldn't have. The past is a deceitful beast. It mocks one's present sometimes by seeming to be more dreadful than it was, sometimes by pretending to be more

blissful. My experience tells me some creatures live on to ripe rotten old age. I'm afraid I'm one of those. I can't speak for him.

I realize I've left out several other features of our physical self—the hair on our heads, which were even then wiry like those of a stallion's tail; or the hair on our skin, which even then were like tender thorns, or our hidden hair, which even then reminded us of a Karakuli cap; or our teeth which even then were more for show than for a good bite.

I must say our youth would look no different from our old age in all essential matters to an unobservant eye. My experience tells me that an observant eye seems no better than an unobservant one when it comes to essential matters. In some respects, of course, our old age is far less painful than our youth was, incredible as it may seem to the skeptical. Most of the maladies of our youth have withered away—toothache, gumache, kidney problems, hernias, eye problems, all kinds of itches, nausea, boils, blisters, augues, most masculine afflictions, some feminine problems too such as the monthly bleeding, which of course was due in our case to hemorrhoids but lasted exactly for five days and demanded the same care that women have to give to their periods. The maladies we still have are not real; they are more like unreal afflictions. I can cite some examples of those but I won't. Sometimes they also behave like the senile sisters of those other, the real ones. That is why I sometimes wish they too had withered away. But if they had, where would I be, how would I endure this phase. My experience tells me that unreal maladies are no less helpful than real ones. Both are aids to endurance, not factually but metaphorically.

Well I was recalling the phase when we went insane and became idealistic. He maintains he didn't lose his hold on reality even then, that he only acted as if he had, that he did so only to keep me company and drag me out of my bogs. He says I always misunderstood him, or understood him only when it was too late, or didn't understand him at all. I smile when he says this. But perhaps before going on about that phase I should refer to the one before it, the one in which we wallowed in worldly muddles. Even then we were young more or less. It seems we were young as soon as we were born and became old as soon as we were young. I know it sounds implausible but there it is. I should never have mentioned our youth and rotten bananas and dusty air and dreams of red dawns. All that rubbish. The only relevant detail is that our immersion in idealistic dreams had been preceded by our immersion in real mud or muck or whatever you wish to call it. Our chief obsession then was wealth and the pleasures wealth can buy. We lived in a room not much bigger than the one we live in now. Others lived in other rooms. I won't let them barge in here. We spent all our time and energy in trying to fill

that room with expensive trash. Often we got up in the middle of the night to feast our eyes on our possessions. Our hearts jumped with joy even as we did. Our heads often bumped against the ceiling. We still have bumps on our heads from those days. And then came that night when we saw, to our delight, that our room was full, so full that we couldn't even breathe properly. That night marked the beginning of our next phase, the one I want to talk about. But first I want to see where he is right now. For that I'll have to turn around as I don't see him sitting or standing in front of me. But do I have to see where he is right now? I don't have to. So I won't. As I was saying, that night marked the end of that phase. We were perched on the trash that littered our beds, wondering where we'd put the trash we'd acquire during the next day. Suddenly I noticed his face was fading. I was scared. It seemed he was about to abandon me. Even as I stared at him in confusion and panic, he picked up the pile of lists we'd made of our precious possessions and started crumpling them. He looked like a giant strangling infants. I too snatched a few lists from him and started crumpling them. The lists in his hands became two paper balls in no time; the ones in my hands were loose paper balls because I hadn't squeezed them with full force and conviction. I was trying to catch his eye. A smile appeared on his face. It reminded me of a beautiful fresh wound. Perched on the heap of that trash, he looked like a hunchbacked Midas contemplating the renunciation of all his wealth. Perched on the same heap next to him I'd have looked like his slave had our faces not been absolutely alike and our bodies equally bare. At night we always took our clothes off because our windowless room was unbearably stuffy. And then there was all that trash. He didn't have to have any reason for taking his clothes off. He used to say, even as he does now, clothes are for cowards. And I used to ape him in everything. I still do. He was the master of my will, the initiator of all my errors. Of course, I often went through the motions of defying him every now and then. In any case, we used to enjoy sitting naked on top of our hard-earned trash; we even danced sometimes, before the room became too crowded for anything but the barest movements. I think all those who have possessions are fond of undressing themselves and dancing in front of them.

So there I was staring at him, my mouth and eyes wide open, when he cast a quick glance at me—by then the beautiful wound of his smile was in full bloom—and threw his paper balls at me. I threw mine at him reflexively. His aim was perfect, mine quite off the mark. His paper balls were tight, mine loose. His face was all smiles, mine all bewilderment. He picked up my paper balls and squeezed them tight before throwing them back at me. This time his throw was less forceful. He looked bored and contemplative. I

could see he was about to initiate a new move. Those four paper balls looked like four fat pearls. We two looked like twin monkeys, looking at each other in open ambivalence.

After some time he burst into a howl. I'd never heard a howl of that intensity and meaninglessness before, nor have I since. It seemed to be made of all noises, of all words, of all languages. For a few miserable moments, I sat petrified; then I also started howling like him, more or less. I don't remember how long that fit lasted. I don't remember what else we did during that fit. He remembers everything but will not tell me. All I do remember is that when we recovered we weren't in that room, that trash had disappeared, we'd grown old.

Now if this narrative was really free of all conventional fetters, it would end right here but it won't.

It should be obvious I'm sick of all this tedium.

So why don't I snap this thread with a few final words and be done with it. When we are really satiated with something, say *shish kababs*, we throw the leftovers away, give them to the cat or dog or some hungry soul. I am satiated with this story. I feel I should burn the rest of it or bestow it on some mynah, parrot or save it for another occasion, dump it on some other storyteller and throw myself into some bottomless pit. But there is a difference between stories and *shish kababs*.

So what should I do? What do I want to? I wish I knew.

This story started with the problem of his proper mourning. It strayed a little as it went on and on but it must end with the problem it started with. There is no literary law that says that. But I've noticed that toward its end an average story, like an average person, turns back to its beginning. I want to admit I haven't done anything right so far in telling this story, which makes it all the more imperative that my last move should be right more or less. I also want to admit that my boredom with its tedium is temporary; if I overcome it somehow, I'll start inching forward again like a lost old woman or a crippled argument. I also want to admit that this boredom too has come to me from him, as he stands before me now, full of nausea.

I'm tempted to end it all with these words: He is not standing before me, full of nausea; he's dying, and I've to come up with a proper mourning; so I'm ending this story right here.

I've crushed this temptation—I, who've never succeeded in crushing any temptation.

What should I do now?

I can't do anything now. I can't say anything. So there!

*Translated from Hindi by the Author\**

Krishna Baldeo Vaid is a reputed Hindi writer. His latest work is *Leela: A Collection of Short Stories* (Raj Pal Sons, 1993).

## On A Note of Dissatisfaction

Laila Tyabji

MULLIGATAWNY SOUP

By Manorama Mathai

Penguin Books, India, 1993, pp. 150, Rs. 85.00

THE PERMANENCE OF GRIEF

By Nisha Da Cunha

Penguin Books, India, 1993, pp. 158, Rs. 85.00

Penguin India paperbacks this year all seem surprisingly slim: an ecological apology perhaps for the forests chopped down to provide paper for Vikram Seth's voluminous *A Suitable Boy*.

The Duchess of Windsor, otherwise more memorable for her deeds than her words (she was the one who transformed a King of England into a landless expat Duke) once said, "You can never be too rich or too thin." In literature however, less is not necessarily always more. For me Manorama Mathai's *Mulligatawny Soup* is this year's most disappointing book—thin in a metaphorical as well as a literal sense.

It was not that one had been expecting the definitive Indo-Anglian novel or even (like one non-literary friend caught unaware in the Jorbagh Bookshop) the definitive Anglo-Indian cook book! It was expectations of the author and the subject that led one to look for a warmth, wit, characterization, story, and a sense of place that I, at least, found sadly missing.

What went wrong? Like its heroine, *Mulligatawny Soup* seems to have had an identity crisis. Did Manorama Mathai set out to write a short story that then got accidentally stretched in the wash, or did she intend a sociological think piece on Anglo-Indian identity and alienation? Perhaps the latter, with the rather wooden characters as the bar charts and graphics that lend credibility to company reports; the stick puppet NGOs use to initiate villagers into the mysteries of nutrition and family planning.

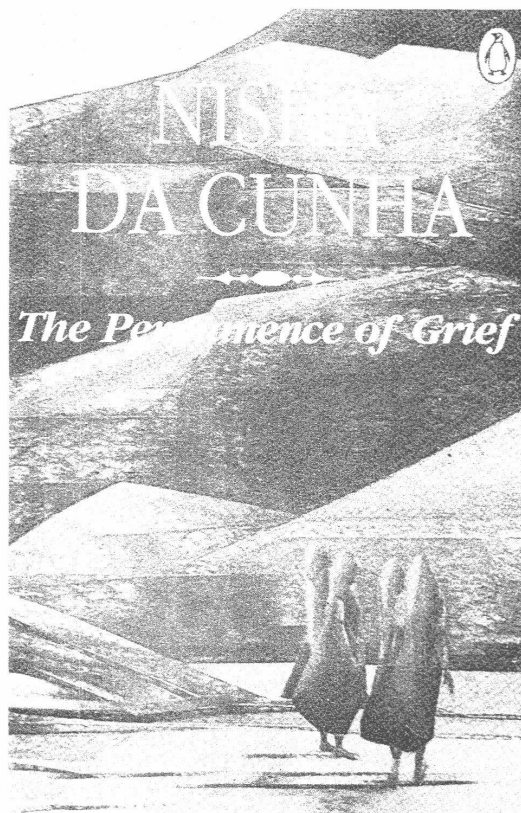
Ms Mathai had a wonderful story to tell. The Anglo-Indian community in India before Independence—juxtaposed in limbo between two very different cultures, rejecting one and being rejected by the other—and their crisis of identity once the British finally left is a subject that combines comedy and tragedy and is both a mirror to the frailties and follies of the human spirit and a microcosm of the pettiness, pride, prejudice, and paranoia that attacks societies when they are engaged in a catalytic search for national

identity. A subject all too apposite today when so many nations and races are similarly and self destructively engaged. Still painfully apposite too in our own Indian context, where only a few nights ago in a Delhi drawing room one heard a voice saying, "let's face it, in order to be a real Indian one has to be Hindu".

How maddening then, that the story of Elsie-Nora Ronby, through whose search for love and her own true place Manorama Mathai illustrates the paradox of being Anglo-Indian, is told to us third hand, long distance!

The narrator, in search of her own half Indian roots, meets Elsie-Nora in London some forty years on; Elsie-Nora relates her story to her, and the narrator duly relays it to us. This cumbersome and unnecessary literary device adds nothing to the narrative, except irritation. Elsie-Nora's life does not visibly influence the narrator's; (she is nameless, like Daphne du Maurier's heroine in *Rebecca*, but neither so engaging nor so engaged in the plot) except in the narrowly academic sense of giving her a subject for her creative writing course at the Camden Polytechnic! Nor does contemporary London give any particular point or poignancy to India in the past. All it achieves is tiring and untidily engineered breaks between past and present; Elsie-Nora in the first person, second person, and third person; reported and direct speech; Elsie-Nora's comments on her past and the narrator's own sub-commentary. It is like viewing a play from the wrong end of a telescope rather shakily held in someone else's hands!

It also means that Elsie-Nora, self-admittedly "easygoing, non-intellectual and not at all interested in politics," is forced, quite out of character, to give the narrator (and us) long, erudite, elucidatory diatribes on the politics, socio-economics and history of the Indian sub-continent. Elsie-Nora as a naive young featherhead, and Elsie-Nora in middle-age, philosophising in surprisingly articulate standard English on her youth ("How simple and uncomplicated",



thought Elsie-Nora, "how marvellous to have such a clear uncluttered road to travel, to know where one is going and with whom.") on the same page is just about acceptable, but Elsie-Nora, whose first sentence is, "Are you'all from Indija?" as astute political commentator, is really over the top:

"... The English were, after all the master race, while the Indian was of no account", says Elsie-Nora, "The villains in the literature of British India were usually darkies, while the explanation for European wickedness was the presence, unknown till the denouement, of Indian blood coursing through the villain's veins. No wonder we tried so hard to suppress our Indian side. We were brought up to believe it was shameful, better to deny it and ally oneself with the better part, brave, victorious, heroic. The Indian side was sinister, cowardly, dishonest, unreliable."

No one talks like this, least of all Elsie-Nora, whose sentences are otherwise sprinkled (when the author remembers) with "Weall", "you all", "posh", "I mean

to say", "Lordy Moses", "Man", "I tell you", "an all". . . . As she says herself somewhere, "You'll are too clever for me, my girl; I haven't the faintest what y'all mean."

Inevitably Elsie-Nora Ronby brings back memories of another Anglo-Indian heroine: John Masters' Victoria Jones in *Bhowani Junction*. Like Victoria she too has a vulgar mother, a family she has outgrown and a "Pater" in the Railways who thinks his daughter is de-classing herself when she wears a sari, gloomily predicts the country will go to the dogs without the British, and warns her of the dirty ways of natives who both eat and wipe their arses with their bare hands. Like Victoria, Elsie gets involved with an Anglo-Indian, an Indian, and an Englishman; each relationship an attempt to find not just love but her own true identity, before she finally leaves India for England. In London in middle-age, she finally accepts that that too is not really "Home" and that "wherever she went she would be taken as a local, but would always be the foreigner". Accepting this, she then finds happiness (though not perhaps fulfillment) with another expatriate Anglo-Indian.

I last read *Bhowani Junction* some fifteen years ago but Victoria Jones lingers in my mind as a more rounded, vividly characterised figure than Elsie-Nora; just as Ian Jack's *Sunday Times* pen portraits in the late '70s of aging Anglo-Indians in MacLuskieganj conveyed the bitter-sweet nostalgia and roast mutton-artificial flowers-Home Sweet Home tragi-comedy of Anglo-Indian society more evocatively and accurately for me than *Mulligatawny Soup* and the Ronbys. I still feel though, there is another novel to be written about the Anglo-Indian experience. And I still feel Manorama Mathai could write it!

If the characters in *Mulligatawny Soup* are paler than their circumstances and setting, in Nisha da Cunha's *A Permanence of Grief* it is emotions rather than characters, country or story line that one remembers. Grief, loneliness, hopeless love, alienation, the anger and frustration of old age, swirl around in pale grey

anonymous landscapes and are cumulatively more memorable, intensely characterised and vivid than the shadowy figures that experience them—a mood evocatively captured in the Jehangir Sabavala painting used for the haunting and brilliantly appropriate cover design.

Though characters called Anwar or Aditya, Mirai or Lusito; references to Delphi, Lisbon, Khandala or King's College chapel; occasional mention of a darzi or sari, drinking ouzo, eating potato vada or Fischer Diskau singing at the Edinburgh Festival; give one a clue of time, place, and person, they are not really relevant or important. The melancholic Safia rehearses Chekov in a Bombay suburb; in *A Nest of Old Feathers* the dying old man, like a wonderful fierce, moulting eagle, quotes Montaigne and sips Cherry Heering in a room smelling of old age, dust, and Pantene hair lotion. Only the acacia tree and Miss Bilimoria read-

ing the *Times of India* tell us this is India. In the very moving *Autumn on A Summers Day* Mukta and Ashok drink champagne at their daughter's wedding, eat mushrooms and toasted cheese for supper, and read *Tarka the Otter* to their son while stoically and gracefully awaiting Mukta's death from cancer. We only guess it is an Indian hill station—the setting is immaterial.

Occasionally however, the cerebral, international, Westernized upper-class ambience in which most of these stories are set does them a disservice. It robs them of their immediacy and relevance to the general Indian reader and tempts him into dismissive growls of "watered down Anita Brookner" and "pseudo-intellectual". The absence of the heat, dust, and poverty of India; the lack of social comment and the exclusive use of Western literary and cultural terms of reference, jar and detract from the stories' emo-

tional impact; particularly when read as a continuous whole. It is almost (though I am sure this was not Nisha da Cunha's intention) as if pain can only be felt on Paros, true "love across a crowded room" experienced only to the notes of Scarlatti and St John's Passion; emotion encapsulated only by quoting Waller or a 2nd century Latin epitaph—as if emotion itself is an exclusively anglicized, intellectual experience.

So, ultimately, both these books leave one feeling somewhat unsatisfied. Not in the gourmet sense of "that was terrific, may I have a second helping", but more like eating Indian chocolate—satiated but with a sense of something missing. . . .

*Laila Tyabji is a free-lance designer and Chairperson, DASTKAR, a society for Crafts and Craftspeople. She works with textiles and handicrafts, travels extensively, and reads, cooks, and embroiders in the intervals.*

## A Book of the Hour

Samuel Mathai

THE JAM FRUIT TREE

By Carl Muller

Penguin Books India, New Delhi, 1993, pp. 210, Rs. 85.00

"All books are divisible into two classes," said Ruskin: "the books of the hour, and the books of all time." In recent years a great many "books of the hour" have been published by many publishers all over the world. *The Jam Fruit Tree* is one such book of the hour. It is intended to be a portrayal of the Burgher community of Ceylon in the 1930's and later. But Carl Muller who is himself a Burgher has chosen to deal mainly with the life and manners of the lower class of Burghers who are presented as a rambunctious, perpetually copulating, crowd. In the author's own words, "all in all a robust, brawny, bawdy family, praising the Lord, church-going, singing their Aves with the same gusto as they would eat, drink and fornicate."

As the author tells us, "Ceylon—the island known today as Sri Lanka—was first invaded by the Portuguese in 1505. After 150 years of Portuguese domination the Dutch moved in for another 150-year spell, after which the British took over around 1815."

"The native Sinhalese were a pretty insular lot. Pretty haughty, stuck in their ways and while putting up with all these

foreign comings and goings, stubbornly clung to their way of life and scorned all else. The Portuguese and Dutch took little notice. All they wished was to bleed the island of all it had: spices, salt, elephants and ivory, sandalwood, gems, bamboo and arecanuts. The Portuguese did much the same but in addition, baptised here, there, everywhere." Then came the settlers, a mixed lot of people and "a goodly range of hybrids". These "found Sinhalese and Tamil girls to their liking and the British, who ramrodded the plantations went in among the natives too. The result was a hotch-potch that was, for convenience, classified as Burgher (from the Dutch 'burgher' or townsman)."

"The Burghers found immense favour with the British because their mother-tongue was English, although they spoke English which did nothing to phraseology or syntax." "So it was that while the true people of Ceylon, the Sinhalese, were the subject race, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the vast contingent of Burghers, all nondescript, no-roots, fair-skinned hybrids, became the white-collar workers, the police inspectors, the fire chiefs, foremen, storekeepers, man-

"All books are divisible into two classes," said Ruskin: "the books of the hour, and the books of all time." In recent years a great many "books of the hour" have been published by many publishers all over the world. *The Jam Fruit Tree* is one such book of the hour. It is intended to be a portrayal of the Burgher community of Ceylon in the 1930's and later. But Carl Muller who is himself a Burgher has chosen to deal mainly with the life and manners of the lower class of Burghers who are presented as a rambunctious, perpetually copulating, crowd. In the author's own words, "all in all a robust, brawny, bawdy family, praising the Lord, church-going, singing their Aves with the same gusto as they would eat, drink and fornicate."

agers, executives, assistant superintendents on estates, administrators, and formed an upper stratum in the social hierarchy."

This sociological description of the Burghers is simply put into the "story" of the "robust, brawny, bawdy" von Bloss family and a few other families with whom the von Blosses are connected. Cecilprins Hans von Bloss and his wife Maudiegirl Esther Kimball produced a family of thirteen children, three of whom died and one disappeared. The story in the book is what these sons and daughters of the von Bloss family do, mating, eloping, fighting. The social history of the Burgher community is not worked into the story. The author frequently intrudes into the story to explain or comment upon some incident or situation.

The title of the book, *The Jam Fruit Tree* is intended to be symbolic of the beginning and growth of the Burgher tribe. In Cecilprins's words: "When we came here, birds must have dropped seeds from the wall. When it started growing owner said cut it. Said the roots will go under the house and break the floor. Told the bugger to clear off. . . . When the children start

coming it is so high and see today the size. Now forty years. Whole garden is shading now. Always I telling that tree like this family. Always flowers, always cherries." In the author's words: ". . . in truth, the jam fruit tree was so symbolic. The ever-bearing tree. And never-dying, too. Like the stout Burgher women of the age: fruitful, tough, always in bloom, earthy. Like the men too. Hard-working, hard-drinking, as lusty as life itself. Such a tree: always sprouting, reaching out, spreading over the leaf-strewn earth with its umbrella branches."

The comedy and pathos of the Eurasian Burgher community could have been worked into a great sociological novel. But Carl Muller has chosen to dwell on the seamy and lusty side, making *The Jam Fruit Tree* a ribald book.

*Samuel Mathai, former Secretary, University Grants Commission and Vice Chancellor, University of Karnataka is a well known critic and writer with two publications to his credit Torch Bearers of Indian Freedom and Faith and Morals in the Space Age.*

# Imparting A Sense of Values

Vijaya Sridharan

EDUCATION IN VALUES: A SOURCE BOOK

Edited by C. Seshadri, M.A. Khader, G.L. Adhya

National Council of Educational Research and Training (N.C.E.R.T.), New Delhi,  
1992, pp. 212, Rs. 54.00

It may appear strange that education, which is to equip human beings for the most important duties in life, receives the least attention. While lessons in Mathematics, Science, History and Geography are recited daily, pupils are taught how to develop and use their physical power, every effort is made to instruct them to count the interest rates in their bank accounts or teach them the short route to Greenland or Australia, nothing in the way of formal training is imparted in that aspect which is so essential and basic to all others i.e. Value Education.

With the lowering of ethical standards, the common man is watching helplessly the total degradation of values around him. In a country like India where the concept of nationality is of recent origin and yet to find its proper roots, it is imperative that such values are properly ingrained to preserve the country's unity and prosperity well before any prejudices and fissiparous tendencies cloud the nationalistic spirit.

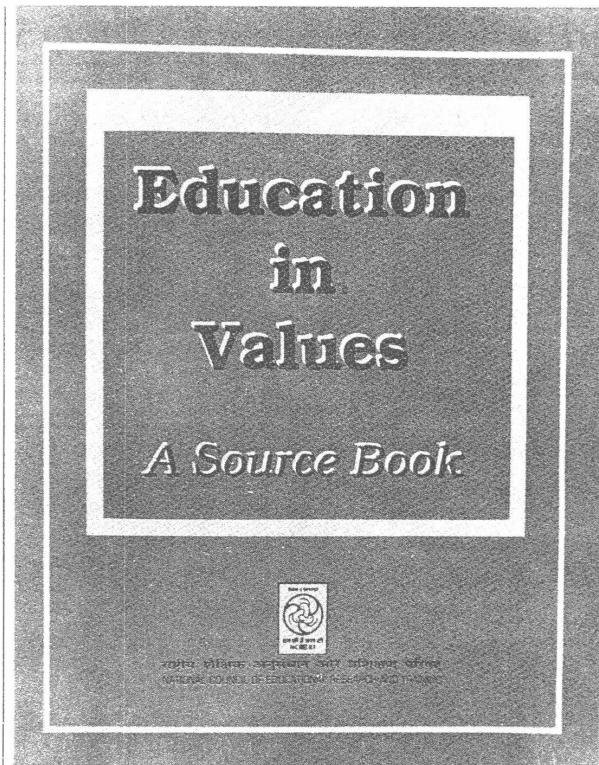
One important question arises as to when this education in values should begin. Little attention is paid to it during the student years. Nothing has been and could be more fatal than this. There is no more important period than the school years of a child. The whole life of the child at this stage is one of impression as the Kothari Commission report has extensively dealt with it. This leads us to the next question. Do values remain the same for all time? Are they subjective or objective? In the first chapter Mr. Seshadri, dealing with the philosophical aspect of value, emphasises the need for reorienting it to be seen in proper light in the modern context of the emergence of a global perspective and issues affecting the entire mankind like peace, social justice, environment, etc. What this book *Education in Values—A Source Book* wants to convey through contributions by eminent people like G.L. Adhya, C. Seshadri, K.L. Sharma, Prof. A.N. Pandeya, Ms. A. Chari, Ms. Sudha V. Rao and others has been clearly essayed by the editors in the introductory pages. That it is an instructional resource support material for would be and working teachers with a wealth of ideas and detailed scholarly explorations by experts

on major value themes is beyond doubt. Besides, this book addressing itself to teachers, also aims at an interdisciplinary understanding of the various aspects of value education.

Many of the ills of our society are due to the simple fact that we sometimes fail to place proper models before children. The importance of example before precept, which will inspire the students to do right things, is emphasized by Seshadri and Khader. As Seshadri points out, many feel that value education is something 'extra' or an 'additional burden'. On the other hand, it should be an integral part of the school curriculum and teaching any subject is a process of inducting in the learner values, qualities of the head and the heart etc. It is the teachers who should make the children imbibe such values that act as an unseen hand, which moulds the affairs of the entire universe.

Thoughtfully organised into three sections, this Source Book not only aims to provide a base for 'what' and 'why' of value education but also offers the teachers practical examples and strategies for its effective implementation. What, then, is value education? Have values remained static over the years? Haven't some of them become obsolete with changes in political, social, cultural and other spheres? This and many questions are dealt with in Section I.

What emerges clearly is that education in values is to instil in the young minds 'the value of value' as Swami Chinmayananda calls it, while values perse keep changing with times. Since value is that which has worth in itself without reference to any end, C. Seshadri traces the concept and changes in the theories of value. Drawing extensively from the classical Indian schools of Philosophy like the *Purushartha* (What men live for?) and *Panchakosha* (Value hierarchy with metaphysical basis) the *Upanishads*, and the reverence for Life from the *Vedas* and drawing parallels from the Four Noble Truths of Buddhism and of course the *Bhagavad Gita*, one could find many resemblances to the lectures of Swami Chinmayananda on Swadharm (doing one's duty) which is far superior to Swarthartha (selfish desire prompted



*The school is a very important area of socialization. The school can either reinforce the traditional gender inequality or it can be an important promoter of gender equality.*

From *Education In Values*

*Social cohesion and national unity are not only interdependent phenomena but owing to their immense penetration into each other they seem to be reducible and hence inseparable in real life situations. Thus social cohesion and national unity could be assumed as values in themselves.*

From *Education In Values*

activities); not leaving out the *Sruti-Smriti-Puranas*. Applied to the modern day Indian context, the values are best expressed in the Preamble to the Constitution of India like Justice, Liberty, Equality etc. R. Indra briefly explains the role of the family, neighbourhood and more particularly the crucial role played by the school and the teachers as an important source of value cultivation.

The second section which constitutes 60 per cent of the book is devoted to the content aspects of the value education.

In the present world man is found wanting in a definite ideal for channelis-

ing his activities which should transcend selfishness and narrow parochialism, let alone physical barriers. G.L. Adhya's article on secularism and the present Indian set up traces the shift in the values from ancient times as per the *Dharmasastras* and *Arthasastras*, different schools of Philosophy like the Sankhya, etc. to the present day ideals of democracy, social justice, scientific temper etc. as natural corollaries to the effects of global changes. Tracing the course of Indian and World history, Adhya's lengthy exposition is sure to delight students and lovers of history. A little brevity, perhaps, would

have sustained the interest of others as well. That secular values constitute the real foundation of India's unity needs no further elaboration, viewed in the context of communalism, violence and moral sickness enveloping the nation. The short crisp piece of Ms A. Chari on our environment referring to *Isopanishad* and Kalidas sharply reminds us of the deepening crisis in the relationship between man and earth—the endangered species and the need to make students aware of the principle underlying all ecological life.

The concept of gender equality well supported by statistical data and thought-provoking activities for teachers by Varma and Correa reminds us of the importance of an egalitarian society, particularly in India, where social justice is yet to reach the women.

Papers on national integration by K.L. Sharma and population problem by Sudha V. Rao are a timely reminder of an individual's obligation in caring for the needs and respect the rights of existing children. The value of work, as A.N. Pandey puts it, is not judged by its quantum but, by the quality and texture thereof. Sudha V. Rao, dealing with population, reminds the teachers about the importance of teaching pupils to adopt a new set of values of living in harmony with the environment by bringing about desirable changes in them.

The last section offers the teachers and teacher-educators very practical ideas on how to go about their jobs. Touching upon all aspects of pedagogy—curricular and co-curricular with profuse illustrations and examples to incorporate the values with the subjects, this section is a veritable treasure house for all teachers and teacher educators. Seshadri and Khader have drawn their illustrative activities from a wide spectrum beginning with the Constitution of India, the Will and Testament of Pt. Nehru, an instance from Gandhi's life, a small news item from a newspaper etc. only to prove that lessons in values can be identified even in seemingly innocuous instances and episodes. Rather than providing a complete ready-to-draw from compendium, this Source Book aims at enhancing the creativity of the user in designing one's own teaching-learning activities. This however, is only a base to take off from and the rest is left to the ingenuity of the individual teachers.

Refreshingly free from printing mistakes—a credit to the painstaking proof reading and published by the N.C.E.R.T. and reasonably priced this Source Book is, without doubt, a valuable asset to every practising teacher, teacher-educator and school libraries as well, not merely as a numerical addition but to be used again and again.

*Vijaya Sridharan, a triple post-graduate—M.A. in English, M.A. in History and an M.Ed with an M.Phil in education has over 16 years of experience in the field of teaching and administration.*

## A Package for Good Living

Aruna Srinivasan

NOAI THEERKUM YOGASANAMUM AARGYAM THARUM UDAR PAYIRCHIYUM pp. 112, Rs. 16.00

SURYA SAKTHIYAI SIRAPPAGA PAYAN PADUTHIKOLVADHU YEPPADI? Pp.96, Rs. 13.00

VADIYAR SONNA ARIVURAI KATHAIGAL pp. 112, Rs. 16.00

23 NATKALIL HINDI, AANGILAM, TELUGU, KANNADAM PESA KATRUKOLLUNGAL: A HANDBOOK pp. 64, Rs. 10.00

By A.K. Seshayya  
All four titles by Mano Publishers, Madras, 1992

In bringing out this series the author obviously is aiming at educating the uninitiated into the world of science and good living. While the first two books advocate the virtues of Yoga and solar power, the third tells young readers a set of tales based on moral codes and the fourth gives you a rapid training in four languages, the focus being on the everyday usage of the language.

In the book discussing the virtues of Yoga, the author emphasises that Yoga is not merely an exercise but it is a complete cure for many ailments. To illustrate, he lists certain diseases and gives the respective remedial "Asanas". Asthma, diabetes, hypertension, eye diseases, digestive problems and nervous weakness are some of the illnesses discussed therein.

Methods, duration and the ideal time for each Asana are explained in detail. Added also are some common exercises.

With necessary illustrations and descriptions the book is bound to be a beginner's guide.

The book on solar energy is one of the rare kinds in the sense it talks to you of a science theme in a lucid way easily perceivable by any lay person. The chapter on the universe, could have been a little more brief so that the canvas to discuss the basic theme would have had wider scope. Nonetheless it is bound to be enlightening to any student of science.

*Vadiyar Sonna Arivurai Kathaigal* is highly moralistic in tone but definitely not dull or monotonous. A teacher takes his students for a picnic and the bus breaks down while returning. The teacher begins to tell stories to the children in an effort to while away the time till the driver puts back things in order.

While the first story is about Faith in Providence, the second one is about a

man who loves to wallow in vain pride. The other virtues glorified are, honesty, simplicity, and so on. Particularly interesting is the story about acquiring wealth as per one's needs. Sivalingam is a poor but conscientious person. He is badly in need of a huge amount to liquidate his debts but even when he stumbles on big money several times he doesn't feel tempted to claim anything for his own, because the money didn't belong to him. Finally he finds a stack of currency notes once again, this time the exact figure he needs to pay off his debts. It is actually the loot left behind by some thieves who for some strange reason have died. Yet Sivalingam waits at the place where he found the bundle hoping that the owner would return and he could hand over the sum as honestly as he has always done. But a good friend of his who meets him there advises that the money is in fact a god-send; the very fact that the amount is just the same figure which he really needs for his debts, proves this.

Sivalingam is perplexed but gets convinced nonetheless in the end. A highly illogical story with several twists. But the way the moral is conveyed is revolutionary. Accepting it per se of course is left to the readers.

The book on learning four languages would be particularly handy for those who visit these regions for a short period. Teaching rudimentaries like talking to new acquaintances or buying groceries in the market. The book has words and sentences serialized in five columns, one for each language so that the learner understands the equivalent usages in all the five languages.

Aruna Srinivasan

## T. Ananta Chari

LEAVES FROM A POLICEMAN'S DIARY

By John Lobo

Allied Publishers, New Delhi, 1992, pp. 189, Rs. 175.00

*Leaves from a Policeman's Diary* is primarily a recapitulation of the crimes investigated by the author besides a brief peep into the living and working condition of the days gone by.

The author joined the Indian Police Service (I.P.S.) when it was constituted in its present form soon after the dawn of Independence and rose by the dint of his own merit to the top position in the Police, holding sensitive, important and glamorous jobs on the way. There is a message in this to the present day aspirants in the service, which should not be lost sight of viz, "Do Your Duty To The Best Of Your Ability And Accept The

Career As it Develops".

The book has in the main two distinct parts—the first one comprising the first nine chapters dealing with some of the more interesting crimes investigated by the author; the second one, the reflections of the author on larger issues like the role of the Police, emerging forms of crime (white collar, drug etc.) and the birth and growth of a variety of new Police organisations. These two major portions are interspersed with two chapters on the author's close association with two of India's Prime Ministers—Morarji Desai and Indira Gandhi.

The essays on crime, brief though they are, make interesting reading, especially to the general public. A more detailed treatment of the intricacies of investigation would have been thrilling, particularly to non-Police readers. The author has been quite discriminating and sensitive in the choice of the cases to provide variety and sustain the interest of the readers.

The author's consummate and many sided personality is evidenced in the second set of essays when he looks at the

various facets of the Police and the way the role of the Police has changed. His accounts of the CBI, white collar crimes are more authentic than the chapters on the numerous armed Police organisations like ITBP, CRPF, BSF etc.

The book as a whole is highly readable and the treatment of subjects the author has chosen has been done in appropriate style of narration. The book, as one reads along, raises a few questions in one's mind. Why is it that one does not come across or hear about many "LOBO-likes" in the Police—a good hearted, god-fearing Police professional who does not brag about his association with top ranking politicians; a typical I.P.S. Officer who accepted the career as it developed—whether in his own state or while on deputation to the Government of India? But the most obvious thought that passes through one's mind is what has come of the CBI of Lobo's days?

*T. Ananta Chari, a retired I.P.S. officer, is a former Director General, Border Security Force.*

## The Product Is You

Clifford Sahyarha

### YOU ARE WHAT YOU WEAR

By William Thourlby  
Lancer Paperbacks, 1992, pp. 194, Rs.  
85.00

### PASSPORT TO POWER: THE SCIENTIFIC GUIDE TO PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL SUCCESS

By William Thourlby  
Lancer Paperbacks, 1992, pp. 287,  
Rs. 110.00

**Y**ou are what you wear is a book on product management. The only issue is that the product is you. It is all about packaging yourself, so that you appeal to the customer—who incidentally is all the world around you.

Going through the book equates you to a product. The importance of packaging—of projecting yourself is brought out very clearly, with guidelines on how to package yourself successfully. Essentially a guide on creating an impression by your appearance alone, this book is captivating and presents a practical working philosophy which can change your professional career and even your personal life.

Throughout the book, the one thing that strikes you is the author's understanding of the concept. This is a hard-core book on how to sell a concept—you!

The book deals with style—the one thing that never goes out of fashion. It tells you how to project that aura of confidence, trustworthiness, power, authority, control, conservativeness and daredevilry that you need in today's corporate world.

Though tuned more to the western culture, and slightly out of touch with the fashion of the day, the book tells you how to dress successfully and how your clothes make more of an impact than you—at least initially.

India, as a country, is increasingly becoming "global". Today we have leading multinational organizations, represented in India, either through joint ventures, subsidiary operations or technology tie-ups. The management track in these global firms now goes all the way to the top. Those who get there are the internationalists, executives who are comfortable in different cultural settings. Is it tough to get to the top of a global firm? "You bet"! say leading, successful, executives/managers. To get there, one needs to plan

one's career from day one. And that is where William Thourlby and *Passport to Power* come in. Because as Thourlby himself says "people, like diamonds, have a basic market value, but its only after they have been polished that the world will pay their value."

*Passport to Power* is a unique work, which introduces one to oneself and the world. The reader, who successfully follows the guidelines laid down in the book believes "success is a habit". It can be cultivated and honed to perfection. As Thourlby himself says "In this world there are two kinds of class—first class and No class. You must develop the first, or live with the second."

Essentially, *Passport to Power* is all about the fine art of networking. It is an executive's guide to a variety of things—from etiquette to champagne glasses, from where to seat guests at a table to an impressive wardrobe, from communication to self actualizations, from life's goals to secretaries, including a chapter on "What life is all about". The book makes interesting reading and pays the greatest attention to the minutest of details. It is a kind of ready reckoner for that upwardly mobile executive, whose success depends more on how he creates and manages an impression than what he does. This book tells an executive what he/she should be out of the office, and how this decides where and when he/she is and can be, within the office.

Thourlby has devoted considerable time and effort in detailing things which one hardly notices if done OK but which leave a bad taste in the mouth if not done well. In his 280 odd pages, Thourlby discusses those things which are so important, that one fails to realise their significance—and then frequently pay the price afterwards. He talks about small things like choosing the correct wardrobes, and matching crystal ware. Essentially what it all boils down to is that success in an executive's life depends on these "small" things to create an impression, and if these are done well, one literally has a passport to power.

Though some of the chapters may not seem very relevant in the Indian context, one cannot afford to ignore them, because the Indian context is slowly but surely changing and a global context is coming into being. What Thourlby does is put down a set of universally accepted and appreciated guidelines, designed to make one and others around him/her comfortable.

What, however makes this book worth its salt, so to speak is the simple and exhaustive treatment of the subject matter. The most minute details are taken care of, with numerous anecdotes and examples, that the reader is constantly kept in touch with reality. The book enthralls the reader and while keeping him/her completely absorbed, is full of real life value, cover to cover.

Clifford Sahyarha is a freelance writer.

## The Layman's Medical Page

**S**ome Common Ailments by Anil Aggrawal is part of the series on Popular Science published by National Book Trust. Written in simple, easy to read language this book explains and informs the lay reader about common ailments for which we do not consult doctors but generally medicate ourselves. All of us have suffered from ailments like backaches, common colds, diarrhoea, conjunctivitis, headaches, sinus at one time or another and yet we are ill informed about the causes of these as well as their prevention. This informative and interesting book has been written by a medical doctor and is a 'must-keep' for every home. Each chapter begins with a cartoon illustration and the book is written in an informal, conversational and amusing style. It gives a lot of information about these common ailments which one is unaware of and which makes one better able to understand the ailment and better equipped to handle it—some simple homespun and yet effective remedies are also suggested by the author. Causes no strain on the reader—easy to read and comprehend and easy on the pocket as well.

National Book Trust, 1993, pp 98,  
Rs. 25.00

### *Mental Disorders: Your Beliefs Right or Wrong?*

Dr. C.R. Chandrashekar's little book on mental disorders deals with beliefs and reactions of a majority of people when confronted by a mentally ill person. He explores your beliefs about causes of mental illness, about mental retardation and epilepsy, about mentally ill patients and their behaviour and about their treatment at hospitals. A whole chapter deals with types of mental illness and another with how one can improve mental health. At the end of the book he lists the mental hospitals and psychiatric departments in India, state by state.

Mental illness is certainly not a new phenomenon but until recently the causes of these remained an enigma. In fact even now there exist so many misconceptions and superstitions regarding this—maybe this book will help dispel the mixed reactions, fear, and curiosity and aversion with which the 'normal' man eyes the mentally ill.

Nava Karnataka Publication, 1991,  
pp 101, Rs 15.00

### *Arthritis: Causes, Prevention and Treatment*

This is not an encyclopedia about arthritis but it will serve as an introductory

handbook on the basics of the disease says the author Ada P. Kahn in her introduction. The main theme that runs through the book is that there are innumerable ways in which you can help yourself to better health while you undergo your physician's treatment.

Arthritis means inflammation of the joints and can take many forms but the type that affects most widely is osteoarthritis and this is the primary focus of this handbook. Rheumatoid arthritis which affects large numbers of people is also dealt with in detail. After discussing and detailing the disease the author goes on to show how a regular exercise and rest schedule can help in treatment. Various exercises are described for general limbering-up as well as moving the affected joints—the illustrations would prove especially helpful. In another chapter she writes about the benefits of a proper balanced diet and weight control.

The book provides up-to-date facts, medically accurate information, practical tips and guidelines to cope with this disease in daily life. There is a list of hospitals and societies that help and provide treatment for the arthritis patient as well as a fairly comprehensive list of periodicals and books on the subject.

Orient Paperbacks, 1992, pp 175,  
Rs 35.00

### *The Barbara Kraus 30-Day Cholesterol Program*

Just what is cholesterol and why is it so important? It is an essential constituent of animal cells, without it the cells of all animals, including humans, will not function properly and the organism will die. This fatty substance is a life giving, life sustaining force. However it is equally threatening to life when out of balance. *Too much cholesterol can be lethal.* It is responsible for more deaths per year than all forms of cancer combined.

The author introduces lay readers to the dangers of increased cholesterol and the need to cut down on inordinately high levels of cholesterol. She gives a basic Doctory Plan dealing with red meat, processed meat, eggs, dairy products, chocolates, alcohol, etc. It also details a comprehensive diet programme for different age groups with a 30-day meal plan as well. She stresses the importance of exercise and a healthy regimen in daily living especially aerobic exercises. The plan is easy to comprehend and use and benefit from.

Orient Paperbacks, 1992, pp 126,  
Rs 55.00

*Untold Stories of Doctors and Patients*

Edited by M.V. Kamath and Dr. Rekha Karmarkar

In this book some of the well known doctors of the country get on the dock to give us true stories. They give a ringside view as it were of the parade of patients in their professional lives. The doctors and surgeons who have contributed these stories describe here some moving and inspiring examples of patients' suffering from serious illnesses but who have shown remarkable fortitude and determination and achieved extraordinary cures as a result. There are stories that bring out the Indian patients' naivete and simplicity leading to many a comical situation. There are stories of courage and of shortcoming that highlight man's strength of spirit as well as his frailty.

Dr V.S. Digaonkar relates stories of patients suffering from fatal terminal diseases and how they overcame their own fear and tried to help others in the same position. These are the heroes of medical history—who not only bear their cross with a smile but help others to do so too. The chapter 'To Err is Human' by Dr G.S. Ambardekar stresses that a doctor can never be too careful. He too is human and liable to make mistakes and how costly such mistakes can be in terms of human life. But it is an honest look at the medical profession.

These are just two of the many stories that the book contains—each of which presents a new and distinct view point. It makes for interesting reading and many lessons can be learned here—disease and death give a new and more forceful meaning to life and living and this book proves this point.

UBS Publishers and Distributors, 1993, pp 262, Rs 125.00

*The Be-Happy Attitudes*

By Robert H. Schuller

'How is it that there are people who, as soon as they open their eyes, see something wrong—and others discover spontaneous joy in little things? If you have ever wondered about how some people are happy and contented while others are constantly disgruntled and dissatisfied—then here is the book for you. The author Robert H. Schuller outlines 'the eight fold

path' to changing your attitudes towards life—to discover the Be Happy Attitudes which will transform your life. Obviously material wealth and prosperity has little to do with happiness and the very Christian view contained only in this book serves to underline this point. The famous Sermon on the Mount preached by Jesus from the basis of the eight positive attitudes that could change your life.

1. Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
2. Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted.
3. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.
4. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness for they shall be satisfied.
5. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.
6. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.
7. Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the Children of God, and finally;
8. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness, sake for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"'Blessed' literally means happy" writes the author "so whether you are winning or losing succeeding or failing, enthusiastic or depressed, happy or suffering you can be happy if you discover these eight positive attitudes." And so here it is the chance of a lifetime—to correct your attitudes and learn to be happy!

Orient Paperbacks, 1992, pp. 221, Rs 35.00

*Living, Dying* begins with a quote by Marie Curie that effectively sums up what the book is about 'Nothing in life is to be feared. Its only to be understood'. The authors of this book Dr Manu Kothari and Dr Lopa Mehta present a new perspective on the phenomena of disease and dying. The intention is clear—it is to teach the reader how to cope with disease and death—to accept death as a final culmination of life.

Mankind has feared disease and death—this attitude has been fostered and promoted by medical practitioners through the ages but now here the two authors provide a fresh insight into what

is essentially a natural phenomenon. Death belongs to life as birth does says Tagore.

Disease and death are impartial, democratic and in our scriptures too death has been revered as the great impartial ruler in whose reign all are treated alike. This book by delving into the biological and medical data on death robs it of its dreadful mystery. The diseases it deals with like stroke, diabetes and cancer are 'intrinsic diseases' which anyone can contract through no fault of his. It can help the reader to deal with the trauma of sudden death or prolonged illness and help to come to terms with both. To acknowledge death and disease as a part of life and to live a full satisfying life despite the knowledge that these can strike at any time.

Like most seminal books, this one asks questions of Western medical science that are disturbing and even radical but more important it will teach many to live life and meet death with 'abundant cheer'.

The Other India Press, Goa, 1992, pp 128, Rs 60.00

*Kabala, Ancient Secrets of Numerology*

By Sepharel

The Kabala is an ancient work of Jewish mysticism and its importance lies in the fact that it is the oldest systems of mystical thought on the world. It was regarded for centuries as the key to all the mysteries of the universe.

Mysticism is primarily an attempt of the soul to seek union with God and the Kabala asserts that this cannot be achieved in one single leap but the soul has to make its way through nine spheres of existence. It is a complex system of philosophy which once understood can reveal the truth behind the entire evolutionary system. So according to Kabala the study of numbers has its principles, its alphabets, its language, terminology and significance. To understand the power of numbers is the first key to the knowledge of Kabala and unlike other ancient systems of numerology which limit their study to numbers 0 to 9, the Hebrew Kabala extends its numbers to 22 linking these with the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet.

Sepharel the author of this book was born in England in 1864 and studied the

ancient Hindu system of astrology and of numbers. He joined the Theosophical Society of Madame Blavatsky and showed his skill in numerology on several occasions. Here in his best known work, he explains the mystery of Kabala as simply as possible and shows how a knowledge of numbers, their sympathies and harmonies can be applied in our daily lives with profitable results.

Orient Paperbacks, 1992, pp 160, Rs 30.00

Two informative little books brought out by the Asthma Self-Care Foundation, New Delhi are *Asthma Attack: It Can be Prevented* and *Managing Asthma: Information You Always Wanted to Know*. Both are by Professor O.P. Jaggi who is doing research, teaching and patient-care on asthma and other chest diseases at the Patel Chest Institute since 1956. He has written and spoken extensively on this subject and these two books will help those with asthma to understand the nature of their disease and how best to cope with it. It gives a series of self-help measures, simple things that one can do at home to keep the asthmatic in better physical health. It explains the danger signals to be recognised before the onset of an attack and the kinds of medication to use for children and for adults. There are a few easy to follow rules and regulations as to hygiene in the house and a balanced diet and what things to be wary of and if these are kept in mind the asthmatic person may be able to prevent an attack from occurring.

The latest researches in this field have revealed that asthma trigger factors like pollens, moulds and dusts lead to inflammation in the lining of the bronchi and this causes narrowing of the airway and difficulty in breathing. This narrowing can be detected early by using the PEF monitor (Peak Expiratory Flow).

By using such useful bits of information contained in these two books the patient can minimise the inconvenience caused by the disease.

Asthma Self Care Foundation, New Delhi, 1992 and 1993, pp 32 and 34, Rs. 10.00 and Rs. 20.00

Compiled by Preeti Gill

read  
Mainstream

*Mainstream agency sale is handed entirely by*

CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY

E4/4 Jhandewalan Extension, New Delhi 110 055  
Telephone 529385/770536 Telegram AKBARGHAR

*Anybody wanting to take an agency for Mainstream kindly contact Central News Agency*



## Communication

I was most pleasantly surprised to see a review of my book *A Grammar of Public Enterprises in The Book Review*, Vol. XVII, No. 6. It is good to know that a book which seemed to me to have sunk into oblivion is still being taken note of, and it is gratifying that the review is by an old friend. My purpose in writing this note is not to join issue with any of the reviewer's observations, but merely to offer a couple of explanations.

The first is that the book was written in 1989/90 and came out early in 1991, well before the upheaval in economic policies which began in July 1991. If one were to write a book on public enterprises now, it would in many ways be a different kind of book; it would have to deal with the New Economic Policy and its implications for public enterprises, and inquire whether there is a place at all for public enterprises under the new dispensation (regardless of whatever the Industrial Policy Statement of July 1991 had to say on the subject). However, for the time being large numbers of public enterprises continue to exist, and it seems likely that they will remain in existence during the next few years at any rate. Under those circumstances, perhaps the discussion of certain issues in my three-year-old book will be of continuing relevance for some time.

The second explanation relates to the word 'grammar' in the title of the book. What I set out to do was not to write a book of rules (as grammar books are generally understood to be) but to undertake a logical analysis of a number of themes relating to public enterprises which had been the subject of much debate for decades, and to remove persistent confusions, errors and fallacies. This is indicated in the sub-title of the book and explained in the preface. (I was using the word 'grammar' in a Wittgensteinian sense). However, the logical analysis does of course lead to conclusions, and though the book does not seek to lay down 'rules', it does indeed make recommendations for change. I recognize that those changes may not come about. Certainly, the issues are 'beyond grammar' in the sense that the logical analysis offered may not influence the behaviour of bureaucrats, ministers or parliamentarians; but those patterns of behaviour are not exempt from grammar in the sense that their logical consequences can be evaded. Without the kind of changes recommended in the book the performance of public enterprises cannot be significantly improved. If it is naive to expect reasoned argument to lead to change, and if realism consists in the acceptance of the existing dysfunctional relationship between the government and public enterprises, then I despair for public enterprises. Perhaps privatisation is the only way out, not because public enterprises cannot perform well, but because they will not be allowed to do so.

Ramaswamy R. Iyer

A collection for those children who look forward to a space odyssey.

—Dataquest

Meant for children, it would however, do every adult good to read the book.

—Statesman

मुलासाठी सेव्या विज्ञानकथा लिडिण्याची ही कल्पना स्तुत्य आहे. पुस्तकाची भाषा सुटसुटीत आहे.

—Maharashtra Times

This delightful little book for children tells 12 stories of robots.

—The Hindu

श्री दिलीप एम साल्वी ने, कुछ अन्य कथाओं में, भविष्य के उन रोबोटों की ओर इशारा किया है, जिनका पृथ्वी पर साम्राज्य होगा।

—नई दुनिया

In some stories in the book the human characters are made to reform for the better by the robots.

—Hindustan Times

The stories revolve around robots renowned for their obedience, hardwork and programmed to respond to honest statements and not to lies.

—Computers Today

"The Robots are Coming" enthralled me and I recommend it to all of you.

—Times of India

Ratna Sagar, the publication, takes a keen interest in children's literature. Some of the stories are so well written that they sound almost authentic.

—National Herald

Such interesting stories would surely help children know how robots would enter their lives and the ways to tackle them.

—Science Express

Target, NBT Newsletter, Invention Intelligence and twenty more reviews

Ask for *The Robots are Coming*. Available at your nearest bookshop. Price: Rs 18.90  
Booksellers inquiries welcome. Write to us for a free catalogue.

NCERT award for the BEST CHILDREN'S BOOK IN ENGLISH—1992, 93



**Ratna Sagar P. Ltd.**

VIRAT BHAVAN, MUKHERJEE NAGAR, COMMERCIAL COMPLEX  
DELHI 110009 • PHONES: 712-2505, 721-6094

BRANCH: NO. 24, RAMANATHAN STREET, T'NAGAR, MADRAS 600017

**T  
H  
E  
R  
O  
B  
O  
T  
S  
A  
R  
E  
C  
O  
M  
I  
N  
G**

by  
**Dilip M.  
Salvi**

■ ANTHROPOLOGY

*Why Humans Have Cultures: Explaining Anthropology and Social Diversity*  
Michael Carrithers  
How and why do humans create so many different forms of life? This book presents an original and powerful answer to this central problem of anthropology.  
Oxford University Press, 1992, pp 217, Rs 285.00

*Social Anthropology and the Lonely Crowd: A Comparative Approach to the Problems of Modern Society*  
Jan Brogger  
This collection of essays explores the crisis of modern Western society—alienation, breakdown of the stable monogamous family, post modern confusion of values and beliefs, etc.  
Reliance Publishing House, 1993, pp 114, Rs 130.00

■ DEVELOPMENT STUDIES

*Sociology of Development and Change*  
Edited by Chandrashekar Bhat, Laxmi Narayan Kadekar and K. Ranga Rao  
This collection of essays, dedicated to the memory of Professor M.S.A. Rao, analyses the issue of development and change in relation to various aspects of Indian society. The essays span four broad areas—rural and urban development, migration, food & nutrition, and education.  
Orient Longman, 1993, pp 393, Rs 160.00

*Health Studies of the Underprivileged*  
R.K. Wishwakarma  
This volume is divided into two parts. Part I deals with the health status of the poorer sections and Part II contains an annotated bibliography.  
Reliance Publishing House and the Indian Institute of Public Administration, New Delhi, 1993, pp 283, Rs 425.85

■ ECONOMY

*Principles and Practices of Value Added Tax: Lessons for Developing Countries*  
Mahesh C. Purohit  
VAT has emerged as one of the most important fiscal innovation of the century. This book presents evaluation of VAT, analyses its rationale and brings out the reasons for its popularity as a fiscal measure.  
Gayatri Publications, 1993, pp 236, Rs 250.00

■ GENERAL

*When Bombay Burned*  
Edited by Dileep Padgaonkar  
Contains reports and comments on the recent riots and blasts in Bombay, culled from the *Times of India*. It includes human interest stories and features backed by R.K. Laxman's cartoons and newspaper photographs.  
U.B.S. Publishers and Distributors, 1993, pp 304, Rs 95.00

■ HISTORY

*Nepal Under the Ranas*  
Adrian Sever  
This story of Nepal under the rule of the Rana family is chronological in structure with a series of studies of economic, political, social and cultural issues all woven into the text. It also contains photographs from the collection of Jharendra Shumsher Jang Bahadur Rana most of which are being published for the first time.  
Oxford and IBH Publishing Co., 1993, pp 506, Rs 950.00

*Caste, Religion and Country: A View of Ancient and Medieval India*  
S.V. Desika Char  
This book presents an overview of the prime historical foundations of caste, religion and country, tracing them to ancient and medieval Indian history—a neglected period so far.  
Orient Longman, 1993, pp 258, Rs 125.00

*The Political Structure of Early Medieval South India*  
Kesavan Veluthat  
This work attempts to analyse the power structure in the four early medieval kingdoms of South India, the Pallava, Pandya, Cera and Chola.  
Orient Longman, 1993, pp 294, Rs 110.00

*Gandhi: Against the Tide*  
Antony Copley  
This book assesses Gandhi's life and career right upto the struggle for independence. The author examines the intellectual and cultural values and the events which shaped his distinctive political, economic and social ideals, especially his philosophy of nonviolence.  
Oxford University Press, 1993, pp 118, Rs 75.00

*Polity and Economy of the Punjab During the Late Eighteenth Century*  
Veena Sachdeva  
This book takes into account the non-Sikh as well as the Sikh rulers and deals with administrative organisation, agrarian production, urban economy, jagirdari and state patronage as well as polity.  
Manohar Publishers and Distributors, 1993, pp 229, Rs 200.00

■ INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

*Gorbachev's Reforms and International Change*  
Edited by Sushil Kumar  
This is a collection of papers presented at a seminar organised by the School of International Studies, J.N.U. The attempt is to analyse the impact of the reforms on East-West relations, Europe, South Asia, especially India.  
Lancer Books, and School of International Studies, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, 1993, pp 420, Rs 400.00

*Nuclear Non-Proliferation Diplomacy: Nu-*

*clear Power Programmes in the Third World*  
K.D. Kapur  
The book analyses recent trends in the nuclear non-proliferation diplomacy after the gulf crisis, with a focus on efforts to strengthen the nuclear export control regime, IAEA 'Special Inspections' based on satellite intelligence, and US policy of establishing regional nuclear non-proliferation regimes.  
Lancer Books, 1993, pp 394, Rs 380.00

*India and Japan: Dimensions of their Relations—Economic and Cultural*  
P.A. Narasimha Murthy  
This comprehensive volume is the first of its kind to provide a complete picture of Indo-Japanese economic relations as well as the cultural dimension of the bilateral relationship.  
Lancer Books, 1993, pp 512, Rs 480.00

■ LITERATURE

*Homeless in my Land*  
Edited by Arjun Dangle  
This is a volume of translations from modern Marathi Dalit Short Stories and effectively conveys the 'differentness' of Dalit Literature. The protagonists are shown struggling for survival at different levels.  
Disha Books, Orient Longman, 1993, pp 76, Rs 35.00

*A Corpse in the Well*  
Edited by Arjun Dangle  
These translations from modern Marathi Dalit autobiographies depict various facets of Dalit life. One is moved by the quality of writing by a group denied access for long ages to any literary tradition.  
Disha Books, Orient Longman, 1993, pp 74, Rs 35.00

*No Entry for the New Sun*  
Edited by Arjun Dangle  
These are translations from modern Marathi Dalit Poetry. The poets cry against subjugation, humiliation and atrocities.  
Disha Books, Orient Longman, 1993, pp 71, Rs 35.00

*Breakthrough: Modern Hindi and Urdu Short Stories*  
Selected and edited by Sukrita Paul Kumar  
This volume of short stories has been designed to present the modern short story in Hindi and Urdu to the reader in English translations.  
Indian Institute of Advanced Study, Shimla, 1993, pp 335, Rs 300.00

■ LAW

*Governor's Role in Indian Constitution*  
Anirban Kashyap  
The institution of Governor is a subject of perennial interest in the Indian Constitutional system and its working. Problems of far-reaching import have cropped up from time to time and this volume studies the role of the Governor

towards the Union and the State of which he is the constitutional head.  
Lancers Books, 1993, pp 756, Rs 650.00

*Offences Under Economic Laws*  
T.S. Balaraman and T.C.A. Ramanujam  
This is an exhaustive commentary on various offences under economic laws like the Income Tax Act, Central Excises and Salt Act, Customs Act and Foreign Exchange Regulation Act.  
Taxmann Allied Services, 1993, pp 556, Rs 250.00

*Outlines of Muhammadan Law (4th Edition)*  
Asaf A.A. Fyzee  
This is the fourth edition of the classic text book of Muslim law which Joseph Schacht described as 'the most scholarly of these handbooks'.  
Oxford University Press, 1993, pp 520, Rs 265.00

■ SOCIOLOGY

*The Christians of Kerala, History, Belief and Ritual Among the Yakoba*  
Susan Visvanathan  
This book is an attempt to understand the practice of Christianity in a small neighbourhood in Kerala. The author explores the relationship between Christianity and Hinduism by using different categories.  
Oxford University Press, 1993, pp 279, Rs 350.00

*Family, Kinship and Marriage in India*  
Edited by Patricia Uberoi  
This book attempts to capture the great variety of family types and kinship practices that are found in the South Asia region, and the several theoretical formulations which posit an underlying unity in this variety.  
Oxford University Press, 1993, pp 502, Rs 500.00

■ WOMEN'S STUDIES

*Culture, The Status of Women and Demographic Behaviour: Illustrated with the Case of India*  
Alaka M. Basu  
This book illustrates the hypothesis that standard socio-economic variables can help us understand only a part of demographic behaviour as defined by fertility, child mortality and gender differences in physical well-being.  
Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1992, pp 265, Rs 300

*Politics, Women and Well Being: How Kerala Became 'A Model'*  
Robin Jeffrey  
The so-called 'Kerala model' has teased scholars and policy makers since the 70s and this book argues that the disintegration of the matrilineal social structure as well as rigid caste system has led to widespread politicisation.  
Oxford University Press, 1993, pp 285, Rs 325.00

## NEW FROM OXFORD

### World Development Report 1993

#### Investing in Health

*World Development Report 1993*—the sixteenth in the series—focuses exclusively on health care issues and ways in which to provide better health care with limited funds. Drawing on the latest World Bank research, the *Report* describes measures governments can take to improve the health of the poor.

The 1993 *Report* highlights:

\* *More efficient and equitable health care*: Because governments control the ways in which health systems work, the *Report* surveys three areas where government involvement should increase: providing public health information, supplying basic services to the poor, and regulating private health insurance.

\* *A global health care agenda for the 1990s*: The *Report* presents an agenda for action to help countries make long-term improvements in health care. The agenda outlines the specific needs of countries with low and middle incomes and of socialist countries making the transition to market economies.

\* *World Development Indicators—the primary source for data*: These statistical tables contain the most comprehensive and up-to-date data on health and economic development in more than 185 economies. Because they are arranged by topic, users have instant access to the specific information they want. Topics range from mortality rates, health services and health finances to major diseases, nutritional conditions, and lifestyle habits worldwide. For the first time the World Development Indicators include available data for selected countries of the former Soviet Union and the Eastern and Central European economies.

292 pages

Rs 165

### Spiritual Authority and Temporal Power in the Indian Theory of Government

EDITED BY KESHAVRAM N. IENGAR AND RAMA P. COOMARASWAMY

A literary work built up with parallel citations is apt to grow in the compass of the author himself, from his encyclopaedic scholarship. This revised edition of one of Coomaraswamy's most significant writings is now being issued by incorporating his own additions to the printed first edition of 1942.

The Indian theory of government is expounded on the basis of the textual sources, mainly of the Brahmins and the Rgveda. The *mantra* in the Aitareya Brahmana-viii, 27 by which the Priest addresses the King, spells out the relation between the spiritual and the temporal power. This 'marriage formula' has its analogous applications in the cosmic, political, family and individual spheres of operation, in each by the conjunction of complementary agencies.

SHRI KESHAVRAM N. IENGAR was Professor of Architecture at B.M.S. College, Bangalore.

DR RAMA P. COOMARASWAMY is the only surviving son of Dr Anand K. Coomaraswamy. He is Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the St. Thomas Aquinas Seminary in Connecticut.

140 pages

Rs 200

### Delhi Through the Ages

EDITED BY R.E. FRYKENBERG

Delhi is one of the legendary capital cities of the world: its historical importance as the seat of empires, its magnificent monuments, and the rich and diverse cultures that have arisen here, form the themes of this volume which covers varying aspects of Delhi over the last 100 years.

The essays discuss the strategic importance of the site, its architecture and art, the schools of philosophy that flourished here, the growth of educational institutions, the impact of religious movements, urban growth and development; together they provide a fuller view of the ancient city than has yet been available. The concluding essay by Percival Spear is a classic piece of impressionistic writing by a master historian, in whose honour the volume was first published.

R.E. FRYKENBERG is Professor of History and South Asian Studies at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He is the author of *Land Control and Social Structure (1969)* and *Land Tenure and Peasants in South Asia (1977)*.

Rs 145

### Artisans and Industrialization

TIRTHANKAR ROY

It is well known that after the mid-nineteenth century, trade between Europe and Asia caused a 'deindustrialization' in the latter. This book argues, more specifically, that the effects of English goods on Indian industry were more complex than just loss of employment.

Centrally, this volume attempts two tasks: first, it ties together various kinds of changes that craftsmen experienced, the significance of which would otherwise escape notice. Second, it draws the past closer to the present. Sections of handloom weaving in the late-twentieth century have been competitive and responsive to the market. Weaving has also been a source of capital and enterprise in many of India's textile towns.

TIRTHANKAR ROY did his Ph.D. from the Centre for Development Studies, Trivandrum. Currently, he is Assistant Professor at the Indira Gandhi Institute of Development Research, Bombay.

Rs 290

### Selected Works of Govind Ballabh Pant

EDITED BY B.R. NANDA

Govind Ballabh Pant was in the front rank of Indian nationalist leaders who played a key role first in India's struggle for freedom and subsequently in the politics and administration of Independent India. His services to his home state, Uttar Pradesh, spanned nearly half a century, including stints as Chief Minister both before and after Independence; and beyond its confines lie his contributions to the Indian parliamentary system, his role as a trusted colleague and confidant of Jawaharlal Nehru, as a member for several years of the highest policy-making echelons of the Indian National Congress, as Deputy Leader of the Central Legislative Assembly, and Home Minister in the Union Cabinet headed by Nehru.

*Selected Works of Govind Ballabh Pant* will not only document and illuminate the career and personality of an eminent and charismatic Indian political figure but provide valuable insights into Indian politics both before and after 1947.

MR B. R. NANDA, Chief Editor of the series, formerly Founder-Director of the Nehru Memorial Museum and Library, is a leading historian of modern India and has distinguished himself as the definitive biographer of Gandhi, the Nehrus, and other nationalist leaders.

Rs 350

### Nature Man and the Indian Economy

EDITED BY TAPAS MAJUMDAR

This book takes a new perspective on the Indian economy in that it focuses on the interrelationship between man and nature in the context of development. As well as looking at areas of conventional economic analysis such as industrial development, agriculture, public finance, monetary economics and international trade, this collection of essays also examines the crucial issues of managing the environmental, physical and human resources and the development of science and technology.

TAPAS MAJUMDAR is Professor at the Zakir Husain Centre for Educational Studies, School of Social Sciences, Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi.

Rs 450

### Vessels of Time

AKOS OSTER

This extended, penetrating, and elegantly structured and written essay is an exploration of time, conceptually, comparatively, and in different historical and social contexts.

It opens with an exploration of time in different societies. Most studies assume time to be axiomatically given, in terms of which other notions of time become different or non-existent, and are dissolved in other domains (social structure, economy, kinship, ritual).

Half the essay is thus concerned with questions of what is involved when we talk about time in different societies. The other half is thematically even broader with the addition of changes that have occurred over the past two centuries, leaving no society untouched.

AKOS OSTER is Professor of Anthropology and Film at the Wesleyan University, Middle-town, Connecticut. He has conducted research in India, Sudan, and Hungary, and taught at the University of Minnesota, Harvard University, the University of Khartoum, and Bowdoin College. He is the author of several notable books and has been associated with a number of distinguished anthropological films.

Rs 175

### Essays on Indian Philosophy

EDITED BY PURUSHOTTAMA BILIMORIA

This collection of essays by Professor J.N. Mohanty on Indian philosophy and related topics, brought together in a volume for the first time, provides us a vignette into his writings in this area over a forty year span. The collection ends with some ruminations on the future of Indian philosophy.

The volume is designed also to supplement Professor Mohanty's book-length works in the teaching of Indian and comparative philosophy.

PURUSHOTTAMA BILIMORIA PhD, was educated in New Zealand, Australia, India, and has held fellowships at Oxford, Stony Brook (SU-NY) and Harvard Universities. He presently teaches at Deakin University in Australia.



OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

2/11 Ansari Road, Daryaganj, New Delhi 110 002

Oxford House, Apollo Bunder, Bombay 400 039

5, Lala Lajpat Rai Sarani, Calcutta 700 020

Oxford House, Anna Salai, Madras 600 006

Subharam Complex, 144/1 M.G. Road, Bangalore 560 001

Gayatri Sadan, 2060 Sadashiv Peth, V.N. Colony, Pune 411 080

Bharati Bhavan, Rishi Bazar, Thakurbari Road, Patna 800 003

B 49, Mandir Marg, Mahanagar Extension, Lucknow 226006

3-5-1107 Narayana Guda, Hyderabad 500029

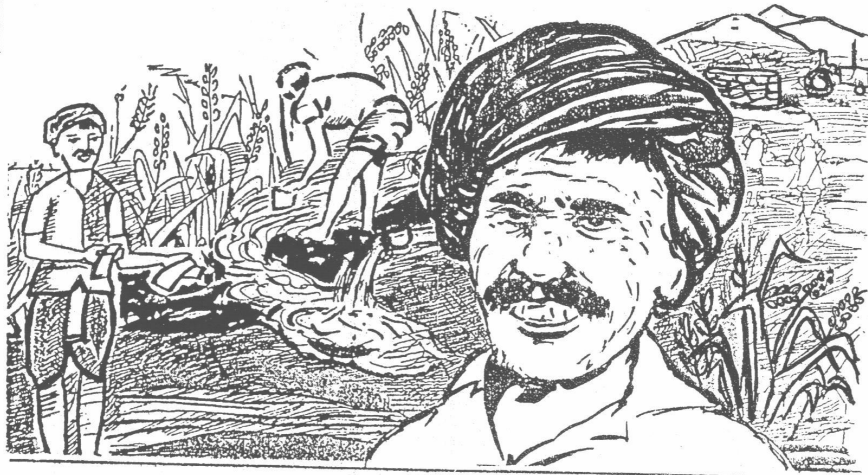
## WATER RATES REDUCED YET ANOTHER DECISION IN FAVOUR OF FARMERS

Water rates reduced. Rates prevalent in 1984 introduced.  
Recoveries made at enhanced rates either to be refunded or adjusted against dues.

### REDUCED WATER RATES

Name of Crop	Enhanced Rates 1992	Reduced Rates
Paddy	Rs. 80	Rs. 24.00
Far long term agreement		Rs. 22.00
Wheat (three waterings including pre-sowing)	Rs. 100	Rs. 24.00
Cotton (Common)	Rs. 70	Rs. 24.00
Cotton (hybrid)	Rs. 200	Rs. 37.50
Gram, Moong and other food crops	Rs. 100	Rs. 17.00

Substantial reduction made in water rates for several other crops.



REJOICING WITH THE FARMERS  
GOVERNMENT OF MADHYA PRADESH

M.P. Madhyam/93