ARTISTIC CONCEPT OF MOTHERLAND

Nehru's Prose Style

To examine and assess the rhythmic beauty of cadenced prose with which is intimately integrated the soul of the writer, Jawaharlal Nehru, one of the most important chapters is perhaps the one captioned 'Badenweiler : Susanne' (Chapter two) in 'The Discovery of India'. Emotional and undulating prose with élan or swing is a characteristic of Nehru's prose (style) in all the three major books Glimpses of World History, Autobiography and Discovery of India, whether in the mood of an emotional outburst at the sight of nature's beauty or of reverent awe and wonder for Napoleon's character, or of a deep sense of humanitarianism intensified by the crisis of life born of conflict, want and uncertainty. Nehru has written in such a prose which in English language is far away from the 'middle style' so commended by Johnson, for his language is found to be flowing and rhythmic, structurally delicate, basically sentimental and in sound-effect more vowel-prone and sonorous. The same features abound in all those pieces which are stirringly patriotic. Even where the matter or the theme is precise and concrete like education or rural economy or cottage industry, Nehru's language is never formal. Although Nehru does not seek ambitious ornaments yet his words and phrases, stresses and imagery infuse a rhythmically symphonic charm to the prose.

For examination in particular reference to the cadence in prose where the subject matter is grave and specific the extract contd...
reproduced below from 'Can Indians Get together?' (First published in New York Times, July 19, 1942, reprinted in "Nehru - the first sixty years" by Dorothy Newman) will serve as a good example:

"Can ... Indians Get together? I have no doubt that they can and they will. (10) Even today there is an amazing unity of outlook among them and whatever their internal differences might be they stand for independence. (22) The real obstacle in the way of real unity and progress is foreign domination. (14) From every point of view it has become an urgent and immediate necessity that Britain should relinquish her hold in India and recognize Indian independence. (25) There is no other way and it is certain, whether Britain likes it or not, that India must be given complete independence. (22)

The approach of war to India has made this an even more vital question. (14) Independent India would treat America and Britain as allies in a common enterprise to release her vast energy and resources against every aggressor who invaded her territory. (27) But Indians can no longer function as slaves and underlings in their own country or outside or tolerate being treated as chattels by dominant foreign authority. (26) Submission to this is for them the worst kind of spiritual degradation. (12).

The East will put up with it no longer, Asia will come back to her own through whatever travail and suffering fate may have in store for her. (28) China has access out her heart's

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blood in defense of her freedom. (12) India would do likewise if the opportunity came to her to fight for her freedom (15) She seeks no dominion over others, but she will put up with no dominion over herself. (16) Only independence will release her from long bondage and allow her to play her part fittingly in the terrible drama of the world to-day. (23)

The style here is unmistakably an instance of cadenced prose which apparently does not yield to any rhythmic metre but has a distinct movement or swing by virtue of juxtaposition of long and short sentences. The sentences are pointed and contain quite often glowing words. The piece in spite of being related to a definite and controversial issue is rich in rhetoric which again gives a tone to its prosody. The opening sentences may even be scanned thus:

Can Indians get together? I have no doubt that they can and they will. Even to-day there is an amazing unity of outlook among them and whatever their internal differences might be they stand for independence.

Then, for rhetoric, the last five sentences may be examined.

The East and Asia have been personified for representing the millions who suffer with the hope for a better future. China pours out her heart’s blood; here the metaphor is a complete success on account of the words used which drive the desired impression.
deep home in the readers' mind. Then comes the imagery of a 'terrible drama', and the author wishes India to play 'fittingly' her role as China had done so already.

Thus within the compass of a few sentences, numbering only fourteen, a vast panorama has been drawn up where suffering millions are struggling for freedom from foreign domination, somewhere a nation is pouring out heart's blood, somewhere else they are on the verge of resurgence and action, and upon the world-stage an epic drama is in progress.

In this way the piece is an example where the prose-style retains to a considerable extent the exact valuation of the words and syllables; and at the same time enriches itself by artistic expression of elegiac nature.

For achieving an excellence of prose writing the rhythmic style is his real forte. In undulating sound-effect a considerable portion of Nehru's writings can be compared to intimate stage oratory where the words build up an invisible bridge between the speaker and the listeners. In sound and pause, in roundness and pointedness of sentences, in colour and meaning of words and phrases an all-round synthesis has to be achieved for winning that intimate reaction of feelings in the readers' or listeners' mind. All the books of Nehru are rich in it, although it should also be admitted that, often drab and monotonous prose appear not far from very swift-flying, sweet and rhythmic prose. Such a defect is due sometimes to the burden of the subject-matter or the issue under discussion. An
An example of patently rhythmic prose may be cited from his Autobiography. (Independence and after, pages 202-4):

"It was the time of the great annual fair, the Megh Mela; probably it was the special Muhth year, and hundreds of thousands of men and women were continually streaming into Allahabad, or holy Prayag, as it was to the pilgrim. They were all kinds of people, chiefly peasants, also labourers, shopkeepers, artisans, merchants, businessmen, professional people - indeed, it was a cross-section of Hindu India. As I watched these great crowds and the unending streams of people going to and from the river, I wondered how they would react to the call for civil resistance and peaceful direct action. How many of them knew or cared for the Lahore decisions? How amazingly powerful was that faith which had for thousands of years brought them and their forbears from every corner of India to bathe in the holy Ganga? Could they not divert some of this tremendous energy to political and economic action to better their own lot? Or were their minds too full of the trappings and traditions of their religion to leave room for other thought? I knew, of course, that these other thoughts were already there, stirring the placid stillness of ages. It was the movement of these vague ideas and desires among the masses that had caused the upheavals of the past dozen years and had changed the face of India. There was no doubt about their existence and of the dynamic energy behind them. But still doubt came and questions arose to which there was no immediate answer. How far had these ideas spread? What strength lay behind them, what capacity for organised action,
The first part of the passage, up to the third sentence, can be distinguished from the rest for the picturesque canvas that they unfold before the readers' vision. Although descriptive, the words, phrases, and sentences have imparted a living mobility, gaiety, and movement—tends sought to be created by the sentences. The other great virtue is the fine embroidery by modernity upon the canvas of a traditional ritual. Here is the scene of great crowds going to and from the river, on the occasion of the Kumbh year, and the author is thrilled and surprised by the power of the people's faith which has continued to motivate them for thousands of years to attend the 'Kumbh' and 'bathe in the holy Ganga.' But in fact the main question preoccupying the author's mind is whether the crowd would join the political agitation launched for the country's liberation from foreign rule. - 'How many of them knew or cared for the Lahore decisions?' — that becomes the real issue. Full recognition to the perennially flowing ritual and culture and faith of the people or what may be called tradition, and at the same time the author's constant endeavour for restructuring the thought and idea into a modern content, such integration of ideas is a distinctive feature of Nehru's writing.

The second part of the passage, from the fourth sentence up to the end, enjoys a new style. Of these ten sentences, five end with the sign of interrogation and one ends with the sign of exclamation and the rest four end with a normal stop. Obviously, Nehru
Nehru writes in a contemplative mood. The questions and answers which come in quick succession reveal the depth and intensity of the author's inner-most feelings. His thoughts swing like a pendulum from confidence to despondency, and the reverse. The required effect on the readers' mind is produced by the essential assertion and force of the sentences. A verbal rhythm automatically enriches and enlivens the sentences. Following Prof. Victor M. Nag, the passage may be described as a good example of the symphonic mode of cadenced prose. Here the author has little scope to restrain himself within the bounds of a balanced style or 'middle style'. "Imaginative authors swing between euphoria and depression." This observation of a literary critic has been exemplified in the passage as quoted above, specially the latter portion. In his appreciation of Jawaharlal Nehru's writings, Shri Prabhakar Mochhwe has mentioned of "a river-like quality : eternally flowing, rippling, occasionally turbulent ........." The same quality is very much in evidence in the sentences under review.

Another piece of similar style (Autobiography, Chapter-Prison Humours, PP 362):

"Travel books were always welcome - records of old travellers, Huien Tsang, and Marco Polo, and Ibn Battuta and others, and moderns like Sven Hedin, with his journeys across the deserts of Central Asia, and Koerich, finding strange adventures in Tibet. Picture books also, especially mountains and glaciers and deserts, for in prison one hungers for wide spaces and seas and mountains.

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I had some beautiful picture books of Mont Blanc, the Alps, and the Himalayas, and I turned to them often and gazed at the glaciers when the temperature of my cell or barracks was 115°F. or even more. An atlas was an exciting affair. It brought all manner of past memories and dreams of places we had visited and places we had wanted to go to, and the longing to go again to those haunts of past days, and visit all the other inviting marks and spots that represented great cities, and cross the shaded regions that were mountains, and the blue patches that were seas, and to see the beauties of the world, and watch the struggles and conflicts of a changing humanity - the longing to do all these would seize us and clutch us by the throat, and we would hurriedly and sorrowfully put the atlas by, and return to well-known walls that surrounded us and the dull routine that was our daily lot."

Travel books, picture books and an atlas - the combined effect is highly impressive and even provocative. The words have their own magic and the readers are immediately drawn under the spell: "His journeys across the deserts of Central Asia, and Koerich, finding strange adventures in Tibet," and "Monte Blanc, the Alps, and the Himalayas." Words make excellent poetic sentences deeply surcharged with nostalgic sentiments: 'An atlas was an exciting affair. It brought all manner of past memories and dreams of places we had visited and places we had wanted to go to.' And then the last long sentence made up of one hundred words linked by seven commas and concluded by the stop, it is a cry of the soul, a great longing: A longing to march out to Contd...
to the wide world and then 'to see the beauties of the world, and watch the struggles and conflicts of a changing humanity'!

Such expressions are perhaps rare in any language for the inherent serene and pure poetry. The crowning glory of the passage is achieved in the tragic note inevitable in a hero in bondage. The pathos is heightened to a sublime plane although externally the words relate only to the helpless realities: "and we would hurriedly and sorrowfully put the atlas by, and return to well-known walls that surrounded us and the dull routine that was our daily lot."

Usually, while writing about India anthropomorphically Nehru uses ornamental prose. He does not use many new words but an exquisite lyrical charm pervades whole passages, and the charm is achieved through some subtle rhetoric and use of adorning phrases. India becomes भारत माता, Mother India, a beautiful lady, very old but ever youthful in appearance, sad-eyed and forlorn, cruelly treated by aliens and outsiders, and calling upon her children to protect her.' It continues, 'Some such picture rouses the emotions of hundreds of thousands and drives them to action and sacrifice. And yet India is in the main the peasant and the worker, not beautiful to look at, for poverty is not beautiful. Does the beautiful lady of our imagination represent the bare-bodied and bent workers in the fields and factories? Or the small group of those who have from the ages past crushed the masses and exploited them even untouchable? We seek to cover truth by the creatures of our imagination and endeavour to escape from reality to a world of dreams.'

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The style, as one reads the passage, is not classic. The prose is not purely objective and compact, and thus lacking in the inner virtue gained by reasoning, and the structural strength acquired by brick-upon-brick word combination. The passage is a perfect example of romantic prose deeply reflective, sensitive and lyrical. India, or Bharat Mata, his great motherland, is a beautiful lady - 'sad-eyed and forlorn'. The image is then transformed into a fountain-source of great motivating energy: 'some sad picture rouses the emotions of hundreds of thousands and drives them to action and sacrifice.' Then the image changes again and comes very close to the animated and down-to-earth Indian life: 'And yet India is in the main the peasant and the worker, not beautiful to look at, for poverty is not beautiful.' Both as a beautiful lady and as a mass of peasants and workers poverty-stricken and far from looking beautiful India, or Bharat Mata, is equally true and dear to the author. The mood is deeply emotional, and so also the prose style lyrical. Sri Prabhakar Meche's observation as quoted below on Nehru's literary style is applicable to this class of writing: "It carries scholarship in a light manner, it is full of humility which grows out of deep understanding, full of common sense and wisdom without an unnatural distance from the reader."

Such rhythmic style of contemplative literary writing is one of the main arms of English language. This has been used in particular for intensely emotional topics or themes. It has continued, may be with some superficial or formal variation, from the early nineteenth century through this century, and still goes...
The virtue of this style lies in its flexibility and accommodative ability in regard to syllables, words and phrases. The style has been analysed by Prof. Victor M. Hazz in details, for the present study, however, it will suffice to quote only two sentences:

"It obeys to the full that universal law of prose which dictates continuous and uninterrupted flow, not merely to the close of the sentence but (with a difference of course) to the close of the paragraph. Yet it retains, in a degree more perhaps than some at least of these hybrids the rhythmical valuation of every word and syllable; and by this retention, as well as by its intense variety of its rhythm, it is further distinguished from the lower kinds of prose proper."

Again, on the same subject, says Prof. W. J. Murphy in the chapter 'Style System' in his book 'Understanding Unseen:

"Some writers use deliberate rhythm so that their prose takes on a lyric quality. In many parts of Hardy's books, for instance, we find passages that are poetic in their lyricism and rhythm."

In the same connection he makes mention of Joseph Conrad and quotes from his 'The Rigger of the Narcissus' where Britain has been compared with a ship. The rhythm and lyricism of the lines are exquisitely appealing:

"A great Ship! for ages had the ocean battered in vain..."
her enduring sides; she was there when the world was
vaster and darker; when the sea was great and mysterious,
and ready to surrender the prize of fame to audacious
men. A ship mother of fleets and nations! The great
flagship of the race; stronger than storms! And anchored
in the open sea."

This perhaps is a fine example of rhythmic prose in modern
English literature. It is therefore verily cogent that a passage
from Nehru's writings, which comes nearest to the above piece both
in matter and form, may be examined for proper evaluation by com-
parison:

"And yet India with all her poverty and degradation had
enough of nobility and greatness about her, .... Behind and
within her battered body one could still glimpse a majesty
of soul. Through long ages she had travelled and gathered
such wisdom on the way, and trafficked with strangers and
added them to her own big family, and witnessed days of
glory and of decay, and suffered humiliation and terrible
sorrow, and seen many a strange sight; but throughout her
long journey she had clung to her immemorial culture,
drawn strength and vitality from it, and shared it with
other lands. Like a pendulum she had swung up and down;
she had ventured with the daring of her thought to reach
up to the heavens and unravel their mystery, and she had
also had bitter experience of the pit of hell."

There is a daring in the writing in both these passages,—

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the great majesty attributed to the motherland by both these authors is clothed in a fine flowing language and decorated with extraordinarily powerful imagery which immediately brings out the soul of the subject:

**Conrad**: The great flagship of the race; stronger than storms!

**Nehru**: Behind and within her battered body one could still glimpse a majesty of soul .......... she has ventured with the daring of her thought to reach up to the heavens and unravel their mystery, ......

This ease, effortlessness and lyrical grace of Nehru's contemplative prose can therefore be ranked highly comparable with the style of the front-ranking creative writers in English of this century. At the same time his penetrative eyes and listening ears for the beauty of words are always at work for the making of the sentences, measuring all the while 'the rhythmical valuation of every word and syllable'.

It is, therefore, necessary in this connection to examine Dr. Amalendu Bose's critical observation on this particular feature of Nehru's prose style. Dr. Bose has also selected the same 'India' passage from Nehru's autobiography and observes: 'Here Nehru muses rather than acts, and the reverie, the contemplative mood heightens his utterances to the rhythm of swinging cadence, balanced clauses linked up with a succession of the conjunction 'and'. Beyond doubt, [Peter's] word-magic in the celebrated paragraph on *Mona Lisa* in his essay on Leonardo da Vinci was ringing

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ringing in Nehru's memory while he wrote this paragraph." Here, the first half of Dr. Bose's observation is a valuable contribution towards a proper appreciation of Jawaharlal Nehru's prose style. But the second half may not appear fully convincing to discerning critics. Such prose style with cadence and rhythm arose in English literature early in the last century and has continued in the hands of creative litterateurs in that language, and in the process it has been chastened, beautified and developed to suit the changed mood of the time. The quotation from Joseph Conrad's writing has been in this chapter just to exemplify the point.

There is no doubt that Peter's wonderfully lyrical and rhythmic prose had cast great influence on the contemporary and subsequent English writers. Nehru, a voracious reader since his student days in England, must have been nurtured in the same tradition. But there was a difference. An estimate of Nehru as a creative writer can only be valid when he is viewed to be writing in the third decade having passed through a period of 'apprenticeship' during of the twentieth century after the entire twenties as a journalist, essay-writer, writing innumerable letters, drafting party resolutions, speeches or addresses etc., - and in the process always gaining in style and word-power. Being highly sensitive, romantic and poetic in nature he has been allured, as a rule, by the flowing and rhythmic style through which he could easily and effectively release his great burden of intense feelings on various issues relating to India on the world at large or his own internal conflicts, joys and sorrows.

It is noticable to all serious critics that Nehru

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Nehru attains a rare pitch of feelings and a deep sense of pathos when writing about India. In all his major books and in his important speeches and essays, Nehru has often been swept by intense feelings, and, by way of digression, left beautiful passages on India. The dominant style everywhere is rhythmic prose, it is cadenced, often lyrical in tone. The sound-pattern is symphonal. Compact with simile and metaphor, symbol and imagery, the passages display a complete mastery of word selection, a near perfection in a syntax system which helps in maintaining the swing and elan of language.

Instances are ample to quote from Nehru's books for establishing the above analysis. In the foregoing parts of this chapter some important passages have already been duly examined. Another excellent example is found in the chapter 'Epilogue' in the Discovery of India:

"India is a geographical and economic entity, a cultural unity amidst diversity, a bundle of contradictions held together by strong but invisible threads. Overwhelmed again and again, her spirit was never conquered, and today when she appears to be the play-thing of a proud conqueror, she remains unsubdued and unconquered. About her there is the elusive quality of a legend of long ago; some enchantment seems to have held her mind. She is a myth and an idea, a dream and a vision, and yet very real and present and pervasive. There are terrifying glimpses of dark corridors which seem to lead back to primeval night, but also there is the fullness and warmth of the day about her, shameful and recantant.

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repellent she is occasionally, perverse and obstinate, sometimes even a little hysterical, this lady with a past. But she is very lovable and none of her children can forget her wherever they go or whatever strange fate befalls them. For she is a part of them in her greatness as well as her failings, and they are mirrored in these deep eyes of hers that have seen so much of life's passion and joy and folly and looked down into wisdom's well."

Compared to his earlier writing, seven to ten years previous to the quoted excerpt, here the style is far more mature, follows the line of middle style, nonetheless retaining his characteristic mellowness and lyricism. Of the eight sentences only one, the last sentence, is comparatively long, composed of forty-three words: the rest are measured and uniform structurally; sweet, often alliterative verbally; symbolic and meaningful internally. The 'river-like flow' of style has now assumed the autumnal tranquility. The flow moves on with eddies and ripples, the run of speedy sentences is restrained and transformed into a deep, clean and confident flow. The sentences almost represent an exquisite design, and the words running one after another look like colourful parts of a design woven by the skilful strokes of a rare artist. Like a conscious, effortful and discerning artist the writer has selected his words for achieving the desired effect. 'Conquered', 'conqueror' and 'unconquered' in the second sentence; recurring 'I' in 'the elusive quality of a legend of long ago' in the third sentence; these are instances of ornamental use of
of words. Again, 'dark corridors leading back to primeval night' in the fourth sentence suggest the author's obsession with the horrors of this century resulting from the European corridor. "Fullness and warmth of the day" would remind one of the last scene in 'The Great Dictator'. And, the longer last sentence is an excellent example of rhythmic prose, retaining the full flavour of Nehru's earlier writing—the reverberations, the words, similes and metaphors, images and analogies—all are here in the sentence to make it 'wonderfully readable'.

In his glorification of motherland, the predominant note in Nehru's writing is that his inspiration is derived from romanticism. But, in the passage quoted above, Nehru is not merely glorifying his motherland. An image of the 'lady with her past' is painted as it were from an uncommon model, who is 'shameful and repellant' but also 'very lovable'. The artist then creates his subject, and what are the words for the making of the lady's image? "She is a myth and an idea, a dream and a vision, and yet very real and present and pervasive."

Nehru is an consummate artist in the selection and use of words to make his theme lively and enchanting. To him can be appropriately applied the assessment of Hardy's style made by an able critic Mr. J. Gathorne (London Magazine. Sept./Oct. 1973) "Certainly, words, the force and skill with which he uses English are one of the most exhilarating, memorable and important simple things about him."

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This traditional theme of the Motherland comes back again and again in his writings in varied images. Some of these symbolic treatments have been examined in this chapter. The theme assumes great importance even today with the writers and authors of classics in world literature. Dr. Jhivago of Boris Pasternak can be taken as an illustrative example to suit this discourse. In essence the novel reveals the extraordinary character of Dr. Jhivago in relation to the great Russian Revolution of this century, but, transparently enough, Russia— the great motherland of the author— is inalienably woven into the wonderful fabric that the artist has created. For a purposeful discussion, a reference may be made to section seven under chapter thirteen of the novel. The lines quoted below represent the self-musing of Dr. Jhivago in a mood of melancholy caused by the temporary separation from Lara:

"A spring evening .... the air is punctuated with scattered sounds. The voices of children playing in the streets come from varying distances as if to show that the whole expanse is alive. The expanse is Russia, his incomparable mother; famed far and wide, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, crazy, irresponsible, adored, Russia with her eternally splendid, disastrous and unpredictable gestures. Oh how sweet it was to be alive!"

The serious critic will at once notice the striking similarity of inner feelings as expressed in the quoted passage and the same in Nehru's writing under examination. But, in case of Nehru the prose style is distinctly poetic on account of the sweet-sounding words, symbolic phrases, while in the passage quoted from Pasternak (translation) the prose has retained its own identity.

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identity although it touches the border of poetry. The quoted piece is a fine example of symphonic mode of cadenced prose in which the prose writers in the nineteenth century like Quincey, Newman, Ruskin, Pater, and those in the twentieth century like Virginia Wolf, Sitwell, (even Conrad), Winston Churchill excelled. The literary ornamentation by the use of imagery is rich and varied. Here, the subject is India; the writer's contemplative feelings take shape in different metaphorical representations. At first, India is considered as a myth and an idea; the concept is immediately chastened to 'a dream and a vision'. Then, the imagery is brought closer to the conditions of real experience: 'dark corridors' of 'primeval night' and the fulness and warmth of the day. At the third stage India has been enlivened, 'this lady with a past' who at times, is 'shameful' and 'repellant' and 'perverse' and 'obstinate' and 'even hysterical'. But at the final stage she is the mother, 'very lovable' to her children.

Repetitiveness is a dominant feature in Nehru's writings. It is the result of effervescence of emotional feelings about India. A reference is invited to sub-chapter captioned - 'Religion, Philosophy and Science' under Chapter Ten - Ahmadnagar Fort Again. The last sentence of para two may be quoted: "Old as we are, with memories stretching back to the early dawns of human history and endeavour, we have to grow young again, in tune with our present time, with the irrepressible spirit of joy of youth in the present and its faith in the future." Although there is verbosity and

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and repetition in all the six sentences of this paragraph the
first paragraph has a unique beauty attained by words and phrases.
The first paragraph opens with three short sentences, compressed
statements, not very commendable artistically. Then comes the
long fourth sentence consisting of 125 words all in eulogy of
India and her past glory. It is worth quoting:

"We can never forget the ideals that have moved our race,
the dreams of the Indian people through the ages, the wisdom of
the ancients, the buoyant energy and love of life and nature of
our forefathers, their spirit of curiosity and mental adventure,
the daring of their thought, their splendid achievements in litera-
ture, art and culture, their love of truth and beauty and freedom,
the basic values that they set up, their understanding of
life's mysterious ways, their toleration of other views than
theirs, their capacity to absorb other peoples and their cultural
accomplishments, synthesize them and develop a varied and mixed
culture; nor can we forget the myriad experiences which have built
up our mixed race and lie embedded in our sub-conscious minds."

Rhythm, repetition and onomatopoeia jointly help in developing a
consummate sound-effect so completely in tune with the panoramic
vision of a complete life representing India of the distant past.
The distance of time must also have equally contributed to the
 ebullience. As regards vocabulary there are no strange words in
the sentence but great artistic value lies in the vowel-syllable
assisted by the consonants and word-lengths - 'the ideals that
have moved', 'wisdom of the ancients', 'love of life', 'synthesis-
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'spirit of curiosity', 'in literature, art and culture', 'cultural accomplishments', 'embedded in our sub-conscious mind'—carefully gleaned, grouped and constructed under the sentence, their contrast and symmetry of sound having been consciously measured.

'High seriousness', in Arnoldian sense, is sustained by 'grand style': thought, deep and wide, is matched with volubility; logical and syntactical, though tending to leave an impression of heaviness, largely issuing from a mystic vision.

In spite of the intrinsic literary quality of the writing as quoted above there is a moot point here deserving examination. Sentence architecture in English language is above all canons, the process having started in the eighteenth century. The long-running sentence as the one now under review cannot but transgress the norms of grammar and the tenets of syntax. The flaw can be detected in the sentence by fine reading two or three times. But English language has rather been enriched by such flaws which literature has continued to practise. As Prof. Saintsbury has said: "Strictly speaking English has reduced its grammar to the lowest terms, and its syntax is largely, if not wholly, 'according to the meaning'. It is a neglect of the higher taxes or arrangements of sentence and paragraph especially in the direction of the continuing sentences where they ought to leave off".

It is a traditional form in the literary style in all languages to glorify and eulogise the motherland and describe her physical features in glowing terms. Rhetorics used are also rich

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rich and varied: simile, metaphor, analogy, hyperbole and allegorical treatment. The traditional aspect of it is that the image of the mother is borrowed by poets and literatures to describe or depict the Motherland, especially so in India. 'Janani Jamabhumischa Swargadapi Gariasi'- Mother and Motherland are nobler than Heaven itself - say the Sanskrit Classics. 'Vande Mataram' and 'Sonar Bangla' are two significant examples. Even from the time of the dawn of Nationalism in our country patriotic writings are rich in eulogic tributes to Mother India, often a divine concept, sometimes of transcendental virtues and attributes. For example, Annie Besant, Gokhale, Tilak, Surendranath Banerjee, Sri Aurobinda, C.R. Das and many others wrote in such style to glorify India, their Motherland. Assessing correctly, all such writing, beyond any doubt, reflects the deepest patriotic feelings, romantic in essence, about the land of their birth.

A very distinctive feature from the literary point of view in Nehru's treatment of the theme of Motherland lies in the symbolic representation. Under the chapter captioned 'The Quest' in the Discovery of India there is an interesting account of the writer's dialogue with peasant audiences. It serves as a flashlight on Nehru's concept of India. While there is little to be considered as ornamental prose or rhetoric in the piece, an interplay of diverse moods and varied expressions can be traced in it which is valuable for assessing the literary quality of the writing. Thus, in "Bharat Mata", the last paragraph starts in a story-telling mood:

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"Sometimes as I reached a gathering: a great roar of welcome would greet me: *Bharat Mata Ki Jai - Victory to mother India*. I would ask them unexpectedly what they meant by that cry, who was this *Bharat Mata, Mother India*, whose victory they wanted? My question would amuse them and surprise them, and then, not knowing exactly what to answer, they would look at each other and at me. The even flowing sentences go on to make an interesting and curiosity-provoking anecdote in which there are two partners of the tale, as if in a dialogue. Then gradually the paragraph develops seriousness, and the last five sentences bring forth a surprising freshness of mood in the content as well as in its delivery just like the sudden gust of a mountain spring from the depth of the soil's heart:

"And so question and answer went on, till they would ask me impatiently to tell them all about it. I would endeavour to do so and explain that India was all this that they had thought, but it was much more. The mountains and rivers of India, and the forests and broad fields, which gave us food, were all dear to us, but what counted ultimately were the people of India, people like them and me, who were spread out all over this vast land. *Bharat Mata, Kother India*, was essentially these millions of people, and victory to her meant victory to these people. You are parts of this *Bharat Mata*, I told them, you are in a manner yourselves *Bharat Mata*, and as this idea slowly soaked into their brains, their eyes would light up as if they had made a great discovery".

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This represents a transformation of the mood of the writer from something like the telling of a tale to something like the evoking of a poetic vision. "The third and fourth sentences, here, are of unique beauty both for the lyrical mood and the rhythmic style as distinct from the remaining part of the passage where the style is conversational. Such quick change in content and manner is a significant feature in Nehru's writing. Often he starts with an analytical stance, but very soon the intensity of feelings, imagination and romanticism seizes him and as if under the spell of poetry's magic wand his pen runs on volubulously raising a ring of melodious euphony. This is a dominant trend in Nehru's prose style when he is writing about India, his motherland.

Traditional idolatry and verbosity and exaggeration often spoil the literary quality of original patriotic writings. Parochialism too is a bane that eats into the vitality of artistic style. Nehru, on the other hand, has been able to infuse a new vitality in his writing, by virtue of freshness of feelings and sincerity of purpose, freedom from petty considerations, even when the subject-matter is India itself. To illustrate the point a reference may be made to the sub-chapter 'India and Greece' in *The Discovery of India*. In paragraph No. 5 the author makes an objective analysis: 'India is far nearer in spirit and outlook to the old Greece than the nations of Europe today, although they call themselves children of the Hellenic spirit. We are apt to forget this because we have...
have inherited fixed concepts which prevent reasoned thought.' Thus he proceeds in a 'characteristic middle style', then suddenly in the mid-paragraph he makes a complete departure from objective analysis and takes to his more natural swinging symphonic prose: "Yes, India has been all this but also much more than this. She has known the innocence and insouciance of childhood, the passion and abandon of youth, and the ripe wisdom of maturity that comes from long experience of pain and pleasure: and over and over again she has renewed her childhood and youth and age. The tremendous inertia of age and size have weighed her down, degrading custom and evil practice have eaten into her, mayy a parasite has clung to her and sucked her blood, but behind all this lie the strength of ages and the sub-conscious wisdom of ancient race. For we are very old, and trackless centuries whisper in our ears; yet we have known how to regain our youth again and again, though memory and dreams of those past ages endure with us." Thus, even while he is writing seriously about India, his Motherland, Nehru has been able to transcend the limitations of tradition, both in style and thought. There is an astonishing power and subtility in the prose. In his choice and association of words------ simple yet deeply impressive ------, his use of sounds, his evocation of hope and joy as in the mellowed fragrance of the spring - in all these Nehru has gained the rare pride of a poet of genius.

All points considered, there should be no hesitation in admitting the artistic literary beauty of these passages.

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sentences devoted to the traditional topic of 'Motherland'.
The intensity of the author's feelings might have been deepened by the conditions of isolation of Jail-life where he was detained for his challenging fight for the emancipation of the very same 'lady with a past'.

The author's awe and wonder about India find wonderful expression in a short passage in Chapter Two of The Discovery of India. Here Nehru writes from deep feelings of personal tragedy, and as a result there is an element of primal freshness in the lines:

"My past life unrolled itself before me and there was always Kamala, standing by. She became a symbol of Indian women, or or woman herself. Sometimes she grew curiously mixed up with my ideas of India, that land of ours which was so dear to us, with all her faults and weaknesses, and so elusive and full of mystery. What was Kamala? Did I know her, understand her real self? Did she know or understand me?"

Do these sentences signify a transformation of Kamala into India and India into Kamala in the author's mind? Elsewhere, Nehru has proudly pronounced the link of an individual with the past of the country, he has also admitted in a note of despair his sense of loneliness born out of the lack of full understanding between himself and his motherland. The lines quoted above are echoing the same feelings. Such an identification of one's own motherland with one's own beloved wife, because of the commonness

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in both such characteristics as 'faults and weaknesses', elusiveness and mysteriousness, is uncommon in literature. A sense of despair and loneliness permeates the passage like a sweet perfume which only betokens of separation. A supreme pathos underlines the unanswered queries of the last three sentences.

In all his major writings Nehru made little mention of Kamala. This Chapter Two of *The Discovery of India* is entirely devoted to her. For the purpose of the present analysis the six short sentences quoted above will serve the purpose. Here is the eternal quest of an artist for the perfect vision of his art-object of love while it is always before him. The theme here is almost hellenistic in spirit. The essential sadness of the writer's nostalgic reminiscence has crystallized into an eternal poetic wonder; - 'What was Kamala?'

Close to the chapter on Kamala Nehru's death comes Chapter Three, "The Quest", and there is an echoing of the same questioning to his own self. Language, style, internal rhyme retain a surprising similarity, the author having shifted his subject-matter from his beloved wife to his beloved motherland. In both, a searching language predominates, in endless queries the author proceeds to strike at the root of the vast and mysterious solidity of silence which, both in his personal case as well as in the case of the nation as a whole, appears in the robe of history. His quest is keen and intense, but at the same time it is counterbalanced by hesitation. The passages quoted below from Chapter Three will amply prove the point:

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"What is this India, apart from her physical and geographical aspects? What did she represent in the past; what gave strength to her then? How did she lose that old strength? And has she lost it completely? Does she represent anything vital now, apart from being the home of a vast number of human beings? How does she fit into the modern World?"

I was eager and anxious to change her outlook and appearance and give her the garb of modernity. And yet doubt rose within me. Did I know India, I who presumed to scrap much of her past heritage?

A veil of mystery, a sense of distance, an urge to go deep into the being and trace the truth, all these and an undercurrent of hesitation can be read in these lines. Both here and in the earlier passages on Kamala Nehru the author uses almost the same language of confused surprise:

a) What was Kamala? Did I know her, understand her real self?

b) Did I know India, I who presumed to scrap much of her past heritage?

A part from the unique identity of the inner query in both, the most striking feature from the analytical point of view is the form and style of the prose. Words, composition, syntax, an 'inner rhyme,' all are common in both, although there is difference...
difference and time gap between the themes and the periods of writing. The common element appears to be the elusiveness and mysterious nature of the objects of treatment of which the author is equally sick and enamoured. In an attempt at critical analysis, a pertinent observation would be that the author suffers from a kind of idiosyncrasy which affects his mood and attitude, and the same strain of idiosyncrasy creeps into his selection of words and formation of sentences and passages. The author's prose is impulsive and restless, running and flowing, and bubbling in endless askance - why or how, when or where, who or what? Conclusively it can be said that, Nehru has evolved a poetic register all his own.