Mulk Raj Anand is a live author he was born in Peshawar on December 12, 1905. His father was Lal Chand who joined the British Indian Army. His mother Ishwar Kaur came from Central India. Anand had inherited certain traits from his parents which contributed a lot in making his novels. From mother, he inherited his common sense, and sympathetic understanding of the lower strata of society. He observed from his childhood the pitiable condition of poor people, the out-castes and the coolies. He felt the pulse of these wretched people and know the longings in the hearts of lower classes. In his boyhood three events were to have lasting influences on him. The first was the sudden demise of his beautiful cousin. Kaushalya, aged nine, when he was hardly eleven. He couldn't reconcile the death of an innocent girl in the name of an omnipotent and benevolent god. This was the first defining episode which created a void in his life. As he says, "I could see the contrast of life and death."

"My first real essay was letter to god Almighty, asking Him why He has caused the death of my little cousin Kaushalya, at the age of nine, by inflicting on her the dread disease of lungs, when she had not done anything bad. I put the letter in the hands of the priests of the temple: But God did not answer my protest. So I have
tended to Regard Him, since them; as the enemy of Mankind." 1

This shock was doubled with the ostracization of his aunt Devaki, for fraternizing with a muslim woman, which eventually led to her suicide.

Although borne in one of higher classes, his father Lal Chand Anand, served in the Indian Army rising to be a Subedar, and Mulk Raj as a child had mixed freely with the children of the sweepers attached to his father regiment and such associations cutting across caste divisions had continued during his boyhood and youth. These early playmates and friends became, with the necessary imaginative idealization and transformation, the heroes of his first novel. As Anand himself acknowledges in the preface referred to already:

"All these heroes as the other men and women who had emerged in my novels and short stories, were dear to me, because they were the reflections of the real people I had known during my childhood and youth. And I was only repaying the debt of gratitude I owed them for much of the inspiration they had given me to mature into manhood, when I

began to interpret their lives in my writing. They were not mere phantoms – they were flesh of my blood, and obsessed me in the way in which certain human beings obsess an artist soul. And I was doing no more than what a writer does when he seeks to interpret the truth from the realities of life.²

Anand also noticed himself how the villagers in India lay groaning under gruelling poverty. On his impressionable mind was also indelibly imprinted how the very life-blood of the poor simple illiterate farmers was being sucked by parasites like the landlord, the money lender and the religious priest. Anand had gained the first hand experience of all these categories of people and this experience stood him in good stead, when he decided to write about them.

The life and the humiliating conditions under which lay crushed these low down-trodden victims of the inexorable social, economic and political order the existed in Indian villages, was the subject, Mulk Raj chose for himself. He felt that it was his duty and the mission of his life to focus the attention of his readers, on the innumerable wrongs, injustice and the injuries that were being

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continuously perpetrated on these young unfortunate underdogs of Indian Society.

Mulk Raj Anand laid the scene of action of his novels, by and large, in the village and cities of the Punjab with which he was well familiar. He could easily delineate with realistic details, the topography, the style and the language of their talk, the customs, superstitions, religious practices and their disabilities - social, economic and political from which the people of his novels suffered. Therefore he confined himself largely to depicting the life and conditions of the Punjab, the area of his own experience because here he was treading on surer ground.

Thus, when Anand started writing Fiction, he decided he would prefer the familiar to the Fancied, that he would avoid the highways of romance and sophistication but explore the bylanes of the outcarts the sepoys and the peasants the working people. It was, however, no laborious exercise of self-conscious proletarianism. To Anand, it was merely the easier and more natural way; he was himself of the proletariat, he wrote in a brisk unselfconscious way about what he had seen at first hand in the years of his childhood, boyhood and youth. It is the atmosphere of the late twenties and the early thirties, the air was filled with the dust of politics and infected with the fumes of man's in humanity to man, but it was not altogether unrelieved by hope.
For Anand novel begins with character, but character should draw from the real men and women whom he happens to know in actual life. Some people in his life haunt and compel him to write about them. They seem to be rare human beings to him, and he knows them fully well, for a pretty long period. Thus real people are the gems of the novel. Speaking of his beginning as a novelist, Anand states that he felt interested in some people and they forced to put them down in novels.

Here was caste-ridden society and class-consciousness; which preached piety while practising tyranny and survived on its pretence to holiness. Anand started questioning the meaning of life and suffering the third even was his arrest and canning by the police for breaking the curfew during the Jallianwala Bagh Massacre. His mind was ghastly influenced by the British oppression in Jalianwalla Bagh. He caricatured Englishmen in his novels later on. These three incidents had a spectacular effect on the young Anand. During his college career, he met Iqbal the poet-philosopher who influenced him much.

Anand is a man of paradoxes and includes many personalities in his dominant total personality. He is a man of multifarious interests and achievements and his life itself is like an exciting romantic tale filed with struggle, quest and achievement. Anand studied many
philosopher but he was chiefly influenced by Darwin 'The Origin of Species'. He also read Freud and Jung. He also studied Indian Philosophy in England. In 1926 Anand witnessed the general strike in Britain. International Socialism seemed to him, as it did to every progressive writer of for the time the only remedy to world's problems. The West, for all its modernity and wealth and its benignity to democracy, was not essentially free. We had set our hearts' he writes, 'on our liberation and those of other oppressed people, whoever they were, wherever they were and of whatever shape, size and colour.' Anand took up this flight for liberation in his novels in the early thirties and the same trend is continuing to this day also.

Soon after the strike, Anand bought a copy of the communist manifesto and began attending a study circle in Marxist thought at the home of Allen Hall - a popular trade unionist and pamphletter. But the full impact of Marx was not felt until 1932, when he accidentally felt upon Marx's 'Letters on India' in the New York Herald Tribune of 1853. In these, Anand writers, - a whole new world was open to me. All the threads of my past reading, which had not tied up in knots, seemed suddenly to straighten out, and I began to see not only the history of India but the whole history of human society in some sort of inter-connection. The fact that

Marxian dialectic had naturally developed out of Hegal, whom I had read, added to the rest of my preoccupation with it. And, of course, the happiest thing was that Marxism was no dogma of a church militant in spite of the calumniators who declared it to be only another religion with Marx as its prophet - but a scientific and rational method for the study of society, a hypothesis which was leading to new discoveries.\(^4\)

This is what the blatant praise of Marxism to come out of Anand. Later on, when he returned to India, he was to deny the Marxian influence on his writings, chiefly because some critics began dismissing him as a 'native Marxist', a 'fellow traveller', and a propagandist. The fact remains that Anand's thinking is to an extent conditions by Marxian dialects, though in his best novels, he avoids many of the pitfalls of the wholly committed writer.

There was a marked amorous affairs in Wales that led to the awakening of the novelist in him, as he himself says:

"Long afterwards I was to discover that one writes perhaps because one loves, and wants to make contacts with other human beings. I suppose one needs a kind of solidarity with other people. May be one seeks confirmation of the fact that other people feel like oneself."\(^5\)

While climbing Mount Snowdan, he met Irene - the most enticing daughter of a scientific philosopher and fell in love with her. He wrote what became the source book of his fictions - a 2000 page 'Confessions', model on Rousseau's confession. Love, not the expediency, motivated the writing. Irene would marry his if he got it published. But this did not happen and Anand used the material successfully in his novel after novels. Anand writes himself about his artist girl-friend, Irene, who suggested him that he should write short novels about some of the characters, who had figured in the confessional, and then he turned to Bakha, the Untouchable:

"I turned to Bakha, the untouchable, and, in one long weekend of "breatheless" writing, day and night, I finished the book in my long hand scrawl."^6

He returned to India in 1932 and stayed some time in Sabarmati Ashram with Gandhiji:

"One day, I read an article in Young India, by Gandhiji, describing how he met Uka, a sweeper boy, and, finding him with torn clothes and hungry, took him into his ashram. This narrative was simple, austere and seemed to me more truthful than my artificially concocted novel Untouchable. I

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^6. Ibid, p. 16.
decided to go and see the old man."  

The year 1933 saw the publication of two books of manifold importance in India. The first was 'The Hindu View of Art', written at the suggestion of Dr. Radhakrishnan, which received a qualified approval from critics; the second was 'The Golden Breath' Studies in Five Poets of New India. Though Anand had already published five books, his literary career began really with 'Untouchable' in 1935. However, there is an interesting but most pathetic story behind the publication of this first novel 'Untouchable'. Written over a long week-end in 1930, the novel was revised several times in the next four years. Banamy Dobree, Naomi Mitchsom, Maurice Brown and Edward Thompson did their mite to help Anand in finding a publisher, but to their utter dismay, with no fruit. By September 1934, the book had been rejected by as many as nineteen publishers and the author contemplated suicide:

"I brought the novel back to London, glowing with pride about the austerities I had practiced. My novel was turned down by nineteen publishers. I had despaired and contemplated suicide."  

Thus, untouchable was publish on 1st May, 1935. Richard Maine in one of the broad-casts on the B.B.C.

7. Ibid, p. 17
praised it as a "classic" and of all Anand's major works, it still receives the greatest critical acclaim. This novel is Mulk Raj Anand's first powerful novel and it is centered upon a sweeper boy, Bakha, Whom he adored as a hero from his childhood "because he was physically like a god, played all the games superbly and could recite whole cantos from the epic poem Heer Ranjha of Waris Shah ..."¹⁰ He was obsessed with his tragedy which lay in the fact this extraordinarily talented boy was always insulted by most of the people because of his low caste, and could never get a chance to go to school. This novel highlights the social wrongs to which we have subjected a large number of our brethren whom we have declared as untouchables. The scene of this novel is laid in a remote village named Bulashah, some where in the interior of the Punjab. This is a small village and, in it is separately marked out the out-caste's colony this colony consisted of:

"A group of mud walled houses, that clustered together in two rows under the shadow both of the town and the cantonment, but outside their boundaries and separate from them. Their lived the washer men, the barbers, the water-carriers, the grass cutters and other out-castes from Hindu society."¹⁰

⁹ "The Story of My Experience with a White Lie", P. 5.
Though the life painted in this novel pertains to a Punjabi village, it is in a way quite universal, so far as India and Indian are concerned. The scene is laid in an interior village of the Punjab, yet the happenings that take place in this novel are quite pan-Indian in character.

The third phase of Anand's life began in 1945 when he returned to India for good. After one year of stay in Lahore, he came to Bombay and started the art magazine MARG at the advice of a smart and gifted woman called Anil de Silva. Anand's love for Anil grew rapidly and soon he was infatuated by her. It in turn eclipsed his love for Kathleen and in 1948 he went to London and secured a divorce from her with the purpose of marrying Anil. However, the divorce instead of setting his problems increased his mental agony and he suffered nervous breakdown as Anil breaking her promise to Anand, married a Frenchman. To save himself from the mental illness, Melpo, a Greek dancer who nursed him in Bombay suggested to him to write it out. The result was the famous novel 'Private life of an Indian Prince' published in 1953.

The hero of Anand's 'Private life of an Indian Prince', the Maharaja of Shampur is an individual as well as type. He is a type in the sense that he embodies all the weakness of his Maharaja class, namely pride, vanity,
arrogance, political intrigue, flirtation and intemperance. He is also true to his type as he spends his days like most of the Indian princes by taking part in polo games, hunting, orgies of drink and debasschery and by enjoying the company of his mistresses and English guests. At the same time he is an individual too, as his mind is obsessed with a unique problem which he can unravel only to his most intimate friends and which continually gnaws at his private life and untimely drags him to Madness:

Commenting on this novel, Mulk Raj Anand says:

"Actually my knowledge of Indian life at various levels had always convinced me that I should try to do a 'comédie humaine'. In this the poor the lowly and the untouchables. Unfortunately, there has not been time to show the poor-rich of our country, who deserve pity more than contempt. As usual, all the characters are taken from real life and transformed creatively from within in an almost Dostoevskian mood of pity, for those who love absolutely in this case the prince. I thought 2 or 3 princes as a tutor in the early 20s, so I know the background. Malroux's novel "Man's fate' was very much in mind for ten years before I wrote Private Life." 11

Anand's narrator in this novel in Dr. Hari Shankar, a Post Graduate in medicine, who has studied in London just like the author. In one of his letters to Saros Cowasjee, Anand says:

"I had a breakdown. And the natural narrator Dr. Shankar was invented to become Shiva's third eye and to burn out the dross, confusion, and the chaos emotions in order to achieve a certain balance."

In the same time Anand has to say in the "Author's Note" to the novel:

"The neutral 'I' of the first person singular has tented, in this book, to become a character in his own right ... the 'I' in this novel is not to be mistaken for the author."

If the strength of Anand is visible in the magnanimous doctor he created, one cannot ignore the weakness and agony of Anand equally visible through the prince As Saros Cowasjee in his book', So Many Freedom',

"There is as much of Anand in his prince as in his narrator, and this partly accounts for the

penetrating analysing of the rational side of the author analysing the irrational side as seen in the prince. 14

In writing this novel Dr. Anand party sought a ventilation of his own pent-up feeling and consequently a psychological relief from his own neurotic conditions, which the private affairs of Anand's own life had engendered in him. Thus through a fusion of the private and the public, of the personal and the social, the novel emphasizes the tragedy of Victor as well as the down of a new life. The story of Victor is narrated as a profoundly evocative expression of intense personal grief. The novel was written at a critical moment in Anand's personal life. The intensity of Anand's personal anguish expresses itself through Victor. This personal grief seems to get precedence over everything else in the narrative. Alastair Niven rightly observes that Anand's despair, "runs through the novel, shaping it darkening it, giving to Victor a strange loneliness and innocence. 14 And this makes him lovable even as the system he champions remains corrupt and detestable.

Anand appears in his another novel in seven volumes, under the title "Seven Ages of Man" he appears in these novels under the name Krishan Chander. He took inspiration

for 'Seven Ages Of Man' from Shakespear's' As you like it".

(II:vii) where man's life is analysed into seven ages:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exists and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages."\(^{15}\)

Anand has completed only 4 volumes of Seven ages of Man'. The first volume titled "Seven Summers" was completed as early as in the 1951. It covers the first seven years of the hero-narration's life. It is Krishna's recapitulation of his own childhood, set in the Punjab of the opening decade of present century; and Krishan Chander - partly "an incarnation of Krishan of the Yadus"\(^{16}\) and partly a Punjabi lad - with this loveliness and love of life wins heart at once. There is something of Krishna and some thing also of the imp or the spark in all little boys, and in this sense Krishan's story is prototypical of the life of the children of India who are now in their late fifties or early sixties. Krishan writes that:

"There was a kind of secret understanding between my mother and myself, for she could enter his

\(^{15}\) Shakespeare, William : As You Like It : (vii) : 139-143.
fairy world of my imaginings with the native faith of the peasant woman".\(^{17}\)

She tells him the epic stories of gods, demons, and others' – especially the story of Krishna and Kamsa and:

inspired by my mother's stories of gods and goddesses, I was more keen than most boys on that strange specticle called the Ras ..."\(^{18}\)

Krishna happily alternates between bouts of illness and seasons of calf love for this or that girl or woman, and in the meantime strays from 'innocence' to the periphery of 'experience'. The novel ends with the breaking out of the war in 1914, his mother's comment beings,

"The end of the Kali-Yug has come"!\(^{19}\)

The second volume 'Morning Face' (1968) is a pendant to 'Seven Summers'. This novel reflects quite prominently the general political unrest that swept the Punjab in the wake of the imposing of Rowlatt Act. The hero Krishan Chander who is a replica of M.R. Anand himself in 'Morning Face', also receives seven strips on his naked back on a charge of violating the curfew, which was clamped down on

\(^{17}\) M.R. Anand, Morning Face, Bombay: Kutub, 1969, p.23  
\(^{18}\) Ibid, p. 25.  
\(^{19}\) Ibid, p. 27.
the city of Amritsar in the wake of the Jallianwallah Bagh Masacres. The Jallianwallah Bagh atrocity affects Krishan almost directly, for the women wail in the lanes for the men dead or not returned, and

"my eyes were blood-shot. My soul was on fire. The wound hurt as though, instead of healing, it opened up and became raw again." 20

Much of communal life described here differs little from the life of the people in other parts of India, even in the extreme south, for the words, exclamations, idioms, gesture are the same everywhere. On the surface, political and economic rivalry tends to create sharp divisions; but social life is the invisible under-ground river. That it should be possible to identify Krishan with Indian boyhood and the life around Krishan with Indian humanity at large is not the least of the merits of this immense autobiographical novel. Here as elsewhere in his work, Anand's sheer exuberance and zest for life score over his limitations as a modern practitioner of the art of the novel. The novel is a great artistic achievement and in the year of 1972 it won the Central Sahitya Academy Award.

The third volume 'Confessions of a Lover' was published in 1976. It deals with Krishan Chander's Life at

20. Ibid, p. 35.
Khalsa College from 1921 to 1924. The book focuses on Anand's Multifarious loves; his love of political and social freedoms, his love of Mahatma, his love of verse, and above all his love for Yasmin and its consequences. After completing his school, Anand joined the Khalsa College at Amritsar and he was there from 1921 to 1924. The most terrible thing that happened to him at Khalsa was his abortive amorous affair with a Muslim married woman named Yasmin. Just before the first examination, unable to forget Yasmin, he made up his mind to elope with her to Kashmir getting the assistance of his friend, Noor. Knowing Yasmin's plans, her husband killed her on the day she was to Flee. It became a big social issue. Her death led Anand to despair. Of these, the author's presentation of Krishan's love for Yasmin and the objective analysis of his psyche and motives is a remarkable accomplishment. The novel can be compared to D.H. Lawrence's 'Sons and Lovers'. Krishan's mental suffering borne out of sexual awakening as presented in 'Confession of Lover' is similar to Paul Morel's agonizing sexual experience in 'Sons and Lovers'.

Throughout his literary career, And wrote about real people like Bakha, Munoo, Ganju, Lal Singh, Birpal Singh, Gauri and other's whom he knew quite closely in his early life. He reincarnates them repeatedly in his writings, not photographically but artistically and imaginatively. Of his
fictional characters modeled after the people with whom he chanced to live at one or the other stage of his life.

However, since art is not the literature transcript of life, these characters, taken directly from life, are considerably transformed by the author's creative imagination, and thus become strikingly original and unique. Anand confesses that the characters

"are taken from my intimated experience, but are transformed creatively from within - often a lamb becomes a lion and a dove becomes a jackal. I rely on my subconscious life a good deal in my creative work and allow my fantasy to play havoc with Facts."\(^{21}\)

Indeed, Anand puts a lot of his dream elements into his characters, thus making them strange creatures. The more and more he thinks and writers about them, the more and more complicated and rare human beings they grow. Apropos of his creation of Bakha, he writes:

"... I kept on dreaming about several strains in the central character of Bakha, almost as though. I was moulding his personality and transmuting it

\(^{21}\) Quoted by Saros Cowasjee, Introduction to 'Private Life of an Indian Prince' (Delhi: Hind Pocket Books, 1972), pp. 14-5.
from actually into the hero of nightmare."\(^2\)

Anand's central preoccupation in his writings is with humanism. He regards art and literature "as the instruments of humanism."\(^3\) The creative artist should have ardent love for human beings, especially the downtrodden, and should offer them his own exuberant passion by sharing with them 'the burning and melting' which is an intrinsic aspect of life at its interest. This enables the writer, as well as the reader, to maintain the equilibrium in his life, and live cheerfully even in the face of the tragic events of the world. This humanism was, in Anand's case, the compulsion to write books. He come to grasp it under the influence of Marx, Guru Nanak, Gandhi and others, and it was the outcome of the synthesis of the best in Asia and Europe. In 'Apology For Heroism', he states his position as a humanist:

"I believe, first and foremost, in human beings, in Man, in the whole man...

The humanism which I prefer does not rest on a Divine Sanction ... but puts its faith in the

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creative imagination of man, in his capacity to transform himself, in the tireless mental and physical energy with which he can, often in the face of great odds, raise himself to tremendous heights of dignity and redeem the world from its misery and pain..."24

No doubt, the author is subjective to a great extent, but he, according to Anand, should try his best to keep himself aloof from his work, he seems to believe that the writer should be present in his book like God in His created world, invisible yet omnipresent. In a letter written to Saros Cowasjee on Nov. 22, 1967, he writes:

"The novelist should try to become the great god, Brahma, who creates mankind, but is not responsible for it, that is to say, does not determine their destiny. Distance is very important in art, because art, though like life, and reflecting it, is not life. Literature and life are parallel developments."25

Again, Anand observes:

"As the painter corrects his perspective by moving away from the canvas and looking at his picture from a certain distance, so the novelist tends to create a structure, a unit out of the contrary, and discordant elements, by adopting the attitude of 'God Almighty' both creating the world and looking at his creating from afar." 26

The writer writes from the compulsion of one kind or the other, deeply related to himself. As a matter of fact, it is some sort of his 'body-soul search', which is behind his creative activities. Anand illustrates it by giving the instance of his becoming a writer. He tells us that he "wrote from the compulsion of a morbid obsession with my self and the people who possessed me, deep in my conscience." 27 This compulsion is sometimes in the form of other kinds of wild and inchoate urges. In Anand's own case, the other urges driving him to write were: the desire to get recognition; the search for philosophical insights founded on the lives of real people; and the urge to reveal the ugliness of death in life by portraying dramatically the universal non-human realities of life. But above all, the

writer writes because he gets "a discreet pleasure from creating something."\textsuperscript{28} Also, he wishes to get confirmation of fact that other people feel and think like him. That is to say, he wishes to hear the reader say that he has felt or though just like his such and such character.\textsuperscript{29} This compulsion of the writer, whatever its form may be, becomes his original inspiration to write.

Anand avers that in the creative process both the body and soul are involved. As a matter of fact, the distinction between body and soul disappears, and the creative artist sees, "the the body is soul and the soul body."\textsuperscript{30} The creative activity does not mean simply the physical absorption of the author; it needs his complete involvement—the involvement of his conscious self as well as his unconscious. He feels 'the magic of the quick; which brings things out of the illuminations, working like some sort of secret electric button which switches on "a dim light, fed by some power-house of the unconscious."\textsuperscript{31} Thereafter the creative activity passes through the process of the distillation of emotions carried out and controlled by the brain, thus bringing about some kind of co-ordination of the

\textsuperscript{28} "Why I Write?", p. 10.
\textsuperscript{29} Ibid, p. 11.
\textsuperscript{30} "The Story of My Experiment with a White Lie", p.7.
\textsuperscript{31} Ibid.
amorphous urges. It is only after this that the creative artist gets a kind of tranquility "as though one had one's best for the time being and thrown off the weight of centuries, hidden feelings of oppression, disgust and horror against insults, off one's chest." 32

Anand feels that the writer should have an inner desire to depict the beauty, tenderness, terror, etc., in the lives of his characters of his novels. In addition, he should become one with his people in order to make them living and interesting. Describing his own process of creating characters, Anand says:

"I had to go through their sufferings and little joys as my own. I had to become weak, with their weakness. I had to become strong with the strength of their resilience. I had to build up parallel worlds, to reflect, in my somewhat crooked mirror, since imitation of nature is not possible..." 33

Also, Anand thinks that the novelist should depict man in his essential nature - his primeval innocence and his desire to attain a higher consciousness. He himself has always striven to achieve this ideal of character-creation in his fiction.

33. "Why I Write", p. 16
Characters in fiction are taken from life and in life people are of a miscellaneous character who express themselves in different ways. Naturally, the novelists characters will speak in their own manner. Anand thus justifies his frequent use of the Punjabi vernacular in his fiction. He asserts that his use of Indian phraseology needs no defence because it is natural. In fact, the novelist's style should be in complete harmony with his characters. It should express adequately the feelings and thoughts of a character in a particular situation.

Thus, his novels are deeply rooted in his real-life, observations which, in turn, make his novels autobiographical in essence. Moreover, his novels express, in a committed manner, his philosophy of life, which is one of naturalism and humanism. They seem to convey the message that the poor lot of the bottomdogs is a matter of economic determinism, but it can be reformed by humanism, love, compassion, sympathy and a human consideration of man as man. The sufferers are not the victims of fate or God but of society, which is man-made. Social forces play the role of villain. After reading the novels of Anand one cries with Wordsworth: 'What man has made of man'.

Anand's inherent sense of justice roused in him, even when was child, a protest against God who for no reason singled out his lovely innocent cousin Kaushalya to die.
Later, the young novelist could not compromise with "his Father's subservience to the British and his mother's "Faith in ritualistic observance, superstitions and gullibility." It was again this sense of justice that compelled him to raise his angry voice against the suppression of freedom of though and expression, religious hypocrisy and social repression. A committed humanist, he heralds a revolt, a creative struggle to bring about a new society. He does not indulge in diatribe but makes a constructive protest. With a sense of satisfaction he recalls:

I certainly felt, in the midst of my own poetry and exile, the compulsion that it is better not to win applause by conforming to my establishment, but to face the privileged order, and to claim the right to notice the existence of men like Bakha. And I was determined to take off the punishment of all confrontation ... I wanted to renounce those who have for centuries included in the prison of the fourfold order the men whom they also continually destroyed as their enemies by duty. I wanted to reveal how much men had changed from what they originally were the contrast being available in the "noble savage" who accepts slavery because acceptance is the lesser way out, a living crucifixion, or prolonged suicide. I
wanted to show the vast death of my country before the limping life promised by one-legged politics. I wished to abnegate the death, by slow degrees, as in a vast concentration camp, the death through alienation, caused by the need of everyone to earn a pittance from the flunkeys of the few white sahibs, the death whose bleached bones were scattered across the landscape in various attitudes of prostration before the tin gods and the clay gods and the brass golds. I wanted to bring to fight the ghosts of the "dead souls" murdered without a rite by the Dharma bugs. I wanted to beckon all the phantoms, so that they should haunt the dreams of the half-dead, and awaken them, may be, to the lingering sporks of life ... I wanted to burn and shine: "Tiger, tiger, burning bright..." 34

Anand candidly wrote about the poor with whom he was most familiar. True, he immersed himself "in the sub-world of the poor, the insulted and the injured, through continuous pilgrimages to the villages the small town and big town bastis of our country." 35 He abhorred all sort of

distinction of caste, creed, class, status, the outworn and outdated traditions and conventions. Realising the importance of his role and responsibility at a turning point of India's history, he was determined to become "the fiery voice of the people, who, through his own torments, urges and exaltations, by realizing the pains, frustrations and aspirations of others, and by cultivating his incipient powers of expression, transmutes in art all feelings, all thoughts, all experience ..." 36 Unlike his great predecessors like Tagore, Sarat Chandra and Munshi Prem Chand, the champions of the humble and peasantry, Anand, with his characteristic doggedness delved deep into the depth of human consciousness of the lovely, the savior and ugliness of human life, against a background of taboos-ridden society and its callous laws. Significantly enough, Anand, more than any other Indian writer had felt on his pulses the fate of the underdog and the underprivileged, who, before him, remained mostly unnoticed in Indian literature. Anand was much pained to see the "like quick" in man, being crushed under the heavy weight of man-made laws, the scheme of cruelty and exploitation, the decadent and perverted orthodoxy, that held Indian in its devilish grip. But it would not be wise to put lables on Anand's writings,

as he genuinely humane. Incidentally, the proletariat in him had all the courage to protest against the odds of the prevailing social order of his times. He very well knew that "This struggle requires the courage to say the unmention things, the unconventional truths, the recognition of our civilization."\textsuperscript{37}

A queer mixture of reality and dream is what we find his novels which manifests his experience and imagination. Anand's fiction, Anand, the man, dominates Anand, the novelist.