The greater the progress of a country's civilization, the greater the depths of human life as envisaged in its conflicts, complications and commitments; agonies, alliances and alignments; involvements, promises and deeds. The fulness of life would necessarily require that all interests of the individual should be properly guarded in his relation to other individuals in the family, society and country and this is why politics has to play a very vital role because it controls the government of a nation. The political situation is of focal importance in the case of a country struggling to be free from the rule of a foreign power.

The Indo-Anglian novelist could express his views very frankly about the political situation of India after the departure of the British from India. In pre-Independence times it was not easy to antagonise the alien rule and its administrators. If a novelist with nationalistic outlook then wished to deal with the political theme of the atrocities of the foreign rule, he had to do so in a very subdued, suggestive, symbolic manner in order to avert the government charge of subversiveness and thereby also persecution, prosecution and penalty. Of course, there were a few bold exceptions such as K. S. Venkata-ramani, Raja Rao and Mulk Raj Anand. Anand's fury, however, was more directed towards social tyranny than
political slavery. After Independence, the novelist could survey the pre-Independence scene in all its true reality, because the foreign power could not penalise him with retrospective effect. This perhaps emboldened even an 'uncommitted', dispassionate and quiet writer like R. K. Narayan to employ the political situation of the 'forties (till the assassination of the Mahatma) as the back-cloth for a love story with a difference. The Indo-Anglian novel faithfully deals with the Indian political situation in pre-Independence as well as post-Independence times.

Indo-Anglian novelists express the sentiments of patriotism and nationalism as felt by Indians including even foreign-returned people, generally supposed to be pro-British and pro-American. The narrator, in Nayantara Sahgal's *A Time to be Happy*, is happy to see Sahdev compose patriotic lyrics about idyllic life in India. Sahdev has come to know the secret of Bharat Mata, her inexplicable, miraculous magic. It is an everlasting bondage. He would later criticise much in her but he would never deny her. The narrator remarks: "Bharat Mata would be both inspiration and torment to him, responsible ultimately for the person he became, the precious essence he alone would embody, distinct from all other human beings." This ode to the motherland is a post-Gandhian gift. There were many patriots before
Gandhiji also, but particularly in the three decades preceding Independence, patriotism became the supreme religion in India.

S. P. Dhanda expresses the poetic fervour displayed by Indians at the time of the Pakistani aggression. In Surgeon Goes to War, Raghubir Singh, a dying soldier, while sending the gift of the enemy's pistol to his son, desires that his son, whether he may become a farmer or a fighter, should be a patriot and his country should come first, his work second and his life last. With such self-sacrificing, patriotic sons, India should never feel humiliated. Such patriotism as this is a guarantee of perpetual liberty. Nalini, in B. Rajan's Too Long in the West, voices this patriotic sentiment before Ernest. She admits that her native place is 'queer, crummy and maddening'; however, when she had been in the U.S.A. — and she liked her stay there — she missed her native place. This is a healthy sign of the renaissance India, because one must love one's country as a 'must' — not for its beauty and benefit only but even despite its defects and deficiencies. Though Nalini loves America, she loves India more. Kamala Markandaya brings out dramatically the conflict between the forces of love and of nationalism. Since the 1942 movement entered its most active phase, Mira's soul had been caught in a whirl as she visualised the gulf separating her from her Richard. This feeling treading on the heels of their complete merger of love was ironic. She had a premonition that
their ways of life were about to bifurcate. They were not only lovers but also the ruler and the ruled. The love of country, her people, was greater than their love. "For us there was no other way, the forces that pulled us apart were strong." This underlines the impact of politics on love. It is truly tragic, because the conflict is Hegelian - between two goods. Mascarenhas presents the lone voice of Goan nationalism through Tab in Sorrowing Lies My Land. The pre-Independence Goan sky was darkened with ignorance, cowardice, fanaticism and servility. Portugal was the sole world of Goans and their children were made to believe that Portuguese was their mother tongue. Tab tells his children how Indians are far more civilised than the Portuguese and asks them not to be traitors to their country in any circumstances. Tab represents the very few Goan-nationalists aware of their past rich Indian culture. Nayantara Sahgal brings out how politics means courage and sacrifice in pre-Independence times. Rashmi, in This Time of Morning, once asks Rakesh whether he wants to enter politics. The novelist then remarks that politics was not Parliament or a party system because India was not free then. "It was the tidal wave of patriotism. It was wanting your country to be free. If you lived and breathed you took part in politics." Rakesh has no option but he does not like Kailas's way. He wants something quicker. Rashmi observes that freedom, like trees, cannot grow all too soon. In Surgeon Goes
to war, S. P. Dhanda stresses the secularity and patriotism of India. Kustanis i.e. Pakistanis bomb Tashmir i.e. Kashmir and many innocent, defenceless Tashmiris become their victims. One orphaned child is a problem. Abbas Khan offers to bring up the boy. Col. Diwan, while parting, says that the child is a Muslim. Abbas Khan largeheartedly remarks that his faith would be Islam but his true love would be India. Kamala Markandaya illustrates the tidal wave of patriotic nationalism - at once self-ennobling and self-sacrificing. While revealing the fundamental traits of the characters of Kit, Premala and Govind - the joy of life, the goodness of life and the fiery nationalism respectively. "...and if you said to Govind - "I am of my country - it is my father and mother," - thenceforth he was your bond slave;...." Thus, the key that unlocked the immortal hearts of the Bhagat Singhs and the Azads was extreme, unflinching love for the country - even fanatical and terrorist.

Gandhiji was not only the most potent political leader of the three decades before Independence but also the most peculiar one. Ever since his return from South Africa he had become the be-all and end-all of the national movement for freedom. His weapons were most unusual: truth and nonviolence. He raised spinning and weaving Khaddar to the level of religion. He set the vogue of jail-going as an off shoot of his policy of Civil Disobedience and Non-Cooperation. In short, the entire nation
was impelled into action by his novel, constructive and
dynamic socio-political approach. Indo-Anglian novelists
deal with these aspects of the Gandhian philosophy and
practice.

R. K. Narayan brings out the Gandhian way of life
significantly through Sriram's reaction to it in Waiting
for the Mahatma. Until now Sriram had known how people
were eager for luxurious living which also gave them
status, but in the queer Gandhian camp the values were
topsy-turvy. Here, not enjoyment but suffering was the
measure of prestige. Narayan expresses it axiomatically:
"Here the currency was suffering and self-mortification."9

The sphere of politics is one where opportunism and cunning
should count, but in Gandhiana self-denial and ungrudging
service were the guiding principles. Bhattacharya, in
Shadow from Ladakh, explains the social and economic
significance of the spinning wheel as an instrument of
Gandhian politics. Satyajit plies it loyally, treating
it as a Gandhian legacy and instrument of popular philo-
sophy. "That wheel was the common man's answer to power-
fed machines. It was an emblem of unity between all
classes of the people."10 The English had dreaded it
and to Satyajit it was still a means of communion with
Gandhiji's spirit. In Nayantara Sahgal's A Time to be
Happy, Sohanbhai defines the influence of the Charkha:
"The Charkha is medicine both for the body and the mind,"
he said. "It keeps idle hands busy and calms the mind."11
The Charkha is practically a forgotten ideal now, but once it had a supremely important place among the political paraphernalia of Congressmen. Nayantara Sahgal also shows the paramountcy of things Indian - Swadeshi - in the Gandhian era. Sanad, in A Time to be Happy, is bent upon learning how to spin. He tells Ronu how, in ten or twenty years, to be in dhoti would be accepted as respectable in India. It would be much cooler than a suit, he adds, and after all, they are Indians. Nagarajan shows the popularity of Khaddar during the Gandhian age. Hemadri, in Chronicles of Kedaram, says that the candidates for Municipal election must promise to wear Khaddar which is symbolical of national struggle. Meghnath, whether or not elected, promises to wear Khaddar at all times. Hemadri also has to agree to wear Khaddar when he goes about on Municipal business. This clearly throws him out of gear. Khaddar becomes indispensible for the love and respect of the people. Zohra, in Zeenuth Futehally's Zohra, tells Safia that they should buy Khaddar saris. Safia does not like it, but Zohra expresses her keennes - "They look so pure. I feel as if... as if they have a soul." Khaddar was an eco-political weapon against the alien government as it was also a symbol of 'a newly aroused nationalism'. This was so because of Gandhiji's appeal to use handspun cloth. K. A. Abbas shows how jail-going becomes the rage of the nationalists led by Gandhiji to such an extent that it sheds the stigma
Usually attached to it. In *Inquilab*, Anwar comes to realise how, in the new political climate of the country, to be a political prisoner is a great honour. Many patriots break unjust laws and prefer to bear the hardships of prison and the newspapers do not have enough space to print all these names. In the new saga of political sociology in the Gandhian era, this revolution of courting imprisonment is a significant change.

Indian novelists writing in English have given pride of place to Gandhiji and his political philosophy and its practice. Of all its aspects, the aspect of non-violence seems to have attracted them the most. They define, discuss and illustrate it at length and comment on the conflict between the forces of violence and those of non-violence. Non-violence links up Gandhiji to Mahavir and the Buddha from the religious, moral and spiritual point of view but Gandhiji's faith in and use of non-violence as a political weapon - a weapon of the weaponless - distinguishes him as a miraculous idealist in the sphere of politics. These novelists bring out how the power of the human will and spirit worked behind this novel campaign of non-violence and crowned Gandhiji's efforts with unprecedented success.

R. K. Narayan describes the principle of non-violence in *Waiting for the Mahatma*. Mahatma Gandhi himself explains to his followers that just as drill and discipline
are important for an army, for his own non-violent army also there is a regular system. "But we have a system of our own to follow: that's Ram dhun; spinning on the Charkha and the practice of absolute Truth and Non-violence."\textsuperscript{16} Narayan also explains that love is the basis of true non-violence. Gandhiji enjoins his followers to purge their minds of any dross of bitterness of past history and then ask the British to quit India and tell him to visit Indian any time he likes as India's friend and guest, but their hearts must be full of love and not bitterness.\textsuperscript{17} K. A. Abbas epitomizes the Gandhian philosophy in its two principal tenets: Civil disobedience and non-violence. Gandhiji's magic was just spreading in India after his return from South Africa and young patriotic nationalists came under his spell easily. Anwar, in Inquilab, cannot understand the implications of 'Satyagraha' but he can grasp that Gandhiji does not pocket injustice and also resents killing even the cruel imperialists. Gandhiji's simple and humanitarian political idealism appeals to him: ".....not to obey the unjust laws of the government, and not to kill, anyone."\textsuperscript{18} Mascarenhas, in Sorrowing Lies My Land, shows how non-violence blesses both: the practitioner and the opponent. It awakens faith in the spiritual invincibility of the oppressed. The Indian struggle is magnificent. Its passive resistance is a new challenge—that of the lamp to the whirlwind. Tab says that this is the test of man's spirit. He hopes that there would be no losers in this historic battle and that Britain would realize that by adopting violent ways man's spirit...
cannot be kept in chains for ever. Non-violence means emancipation from suffering through suffering.

In Zeenuth Futehally's Zohra, Hamid emphatically enumerates the benefits of non-violence in reply to Bashir's strictures against it. Hamid concedes that though the movement had once failed the foundations of Imperialism were definitely shaken. And it is not easy to uproot the deep-set Imperialism at a stroke. Hamid says: "Non-violence is not only best suited to our conditions, but it is also the most civilized way. It certainly is the highest form of courage to suffer and not to hit back." The novelist shows the value of non-violence as a permanent philosophy, especially in the context of a war-torn world. Hamid informs Zohra that on the continent the people like Indians and ancient Indian philosophy and culture and respect Gandhiji and are eager to know about him and his non-violent movement - particularly in the light of the destruction of war. Zohra gives one more indication of the magnetic influence of Gandhiji's personality and philosophy of non-violence. Hamid, in reply to Zohra's question whether Gandhiji is an avatar, replies that whether an avatar of the Buddha or not, he is a saint. His non-violence has gripped the imagination of the people and they worship him because there is something in him which commands such respect. Futehally shows the peculiar benefits of the non-violent method which generates love and destroys hate. Hamid points out to Zohra how
Gandhiji's non-violent fight for the country's freedom has not adversely affected Indo-Anglian personal friendships and cites the instance of Sarojini Naidu's friendship with the Taskers who love poetry, Hyderabad and the Hyderabadis. Hamid says: "Gandhiji's Ahimsa is wonderful. There is no room in it for petty rancour and bitterness; for he has taught us to look upon the British Government as a thing apart from the British people." 

Nayantara Sahgal asserts the supremacy of non-violence as a moral and cultured means to achieve justice. After blandly laying bare the brutalities of partition massacres, Jit, in Storm in Chandigarh, finds that Saroj cannot partake of that conversation. He remarks that nuclear disarmament would be a monstrous gamble if both sides do not carry it out. Some one, however, has to take it and has to be ready to be destroyed. He then lauds the national gamble of non-violence as a novel weapon for freedom. The weapon is the absence of any weapon. The risk is great and, therefore, the success too is equally great. R. K. Narayan describes, in Waiting for the Mahatma, how Gandhiji's principle of non-violence is placed on the anvil of practice. Gandhiji sticks to his ideals even in the post-Independence period. The Partition riots in East Bengal leave his mind in utter anguish and this queer saint walks through burning villages, with his indomitable will, spreading the message of brotherly good will and humanitarian tolerance.
Aamir Ali, in Conflict, describes the principle and practice of non-violence. Rashid exhorts Ramchandani to play Casablanca and not to budge even under the shower of the lathi charge. "The point of non-violent resistance is that you must be able to suffer without hitting back." Non-violence is not a negative principle but it is based on active involvement and sacrifice.

R. K. Narayan illustrates, in Waiting for the Mahatma, the power of Gandhian magic through Ghorpad's conversion from terrorism to non-violence. He still regrets it sometimes but he is unable to disregard Gandhiji's wish. He tells Sriram that like his brother, who has become a terrorist and shot many Englishmen, he would also have joined him and shot many more Englishmen, but he ruefully says that Gandhiji would not let him be violent even in thought. Gandhiji was not only a philosophic politician, but a tiger-tamer, a wizard who accomplished miraculous and impossible things. Kailas, in Sahgal's This Time of Morning, has no faith in non-violence, yet he believes that it is the best policy for winning freedom but after freedom maintaining armed forces for defence would be a must. Non-violence affords the only way to fight without resentment and wounds and is suited to the genius of the Indian and the British.

"For India it was a rescue from the spirit's stagnation, from the crippling malady of resignation, because non-
cooperation was a courageous and determined resistance to evil." Moreover, Kailas has faith in the British who 'were not bred in tyranny' to recognize the truth and to heed the cry for freedom. Non-violence was successful, because it was practised by Indians and against the English. Kalyan thinks that suffering of any type is evil. He does not uphold the paralytic living which non-violence inflicts on people. Sahgal shows that love of peace and non-violence bespeaks a high degree of cultural development. Rashmi, in This Time of Morning, remarks that the Partition has disproved that Indians are more peace-loving than others. Berensen agrees that there is nothing inherently peace-loving about men. He sort of defines it: "It's a stage of evolution, like the democratic form of government or anything else." In fact, there is something basically cruel in our subconscious and, as such, we have to nurture the love of peace and non-violence with special effort and will. Attia Hosain indicates how the creed of non-violence is jeered at by some and distrusted by many. In Sunlight on a Broken Column, Zainab's brother tells Laila that Asad has been talking of driving away the English by non-violence. His comments deserve notice: "His idealism is really ignorance; he has not studied history. Has it ever happened that anyone has given up power easily? Not even one's parents......" This really proves how unprecedented the creed has been and therein lies its peculiarity as well as glory.
The relative benefits and merits of employing violent and non-violent methods for the country's freedom are discussed and assessed and the non-violent policy is opted for. It is also clearly stated that the path of non-violence is more difficult than that of violence. Kamala Markandaya offers a sort of comparison between violent and non-violent campaigns against the foreign rule. In *Some Inner Fury*, these two trends are clearly seen. Roshan, a Gandhian soldier, tells Govind, a die-hard terrorist, that they all are interested in freedom but their ways are different. Govind is not interested in mere dialectical discussions. Roshan says she is against destruction because - "There is no power in violence.....only destruction", Govind's comments reflect the desperation of the violent sect. "The one follows the other," he says. "First things first." National Freedom, like God, was uniformly worshipped; only the ways were different. There was unanimity about the end, but sometimes none about the means. Malgonkar discusses the views on the use of non-violence and violence for the country's freedom. Gian, in *A Bend in the Ganges*, maintains that the Gandhian non-violent movement is the only hope for achieving freedom. Singh brusquely asks him to quote if any country has ever shaken off the foreign yoke without resorting to violence. Gian has no answer. Singh dictatorially remarks: "Non-violence is the philosophy of sheep, a creed for cowards. It is the greatest danger to this country." The followers
of both these definite ideologies, whatever the number, were staunch, brave and loyal. Malgonkar depicts the conflict in the minds of nationalists between adopting non-violent or violent methods for liberating the land. In *A Bend in the Ganges*, Basu explains to Debi Dayal how no Hindu trusts a Muslim any more and vice-versa. Basu says that no one would remain non-violent if his near relations are manhandled. Hindus would be slaves, if their answer to Muslim fury is non-violence, which can be effective against only decent people like the British. Basu criticises Gandhiji and the Congress for not admitting the failure of their non-violent policy. It has emasculated the people of India. Many more Hindus would die than necessary. He sees no future for a non-violent people in a world full of only violence. He poses a very significant question - "Can a non-violent nation have a violent army?" B. Rajan shows how it is more difficult to be non-violent than violent. Krishnan, in *The Dark Dancer*, who could not stay non-violent in the face of the meaningless violence of the police, bravely retaliated and got severely beaten. Later, he tells Kamala that he doubts whether non-violence could succeed. Kamala says firmly that it should and if it does not, nothing can. Non-violence is like water for ever falling and 'wearing away the very stones of conscience'. Anand Lall in *The House at Adampur*, throws light on the situation prevailing at the time of Bhagat Singh's arrest; people were not
quite convinced about the policy of non-violence. Jay refers to these two trends - non-violent and violent ways of fight. He admits that there is no universal conviction about non-violence and the leaders are baffled. "The best they can do is reaffirm their belief in non-violence and not attempt to tell the people what to do about Bhagat Singh. Even the best rule cannot be forced on people, and certainly not the rule of non-violence."  

The Indo-Anglian novel shows how picketing became one of the main programmes of India's campaign for freedom. Anand Lall describes how political volunteers used to picket shops dealing in foreign goods. He further points out how the British were baffled at the systematic and smooth progress of the Freedom Movement and wished to break it. The volunteers felt that if Gandhiji was arrested, the country would be in the self-destroying grip of violence and the foreign authorities would find a pretext for relentless oppression to deal the smashing blow to the Movement. This reflects the preparedness of the British to employ all tactics to crush the freedom-aspiring people of India who forestalled the scheming of the British. In A Bend in the Ganges, Malgonkar faithfully records the resentment of the Indians against the British repression in 1944. The people are being provoked by mass arrests and callous sentences pronounced on the leaders. The British are trying to convert the non-violence of the
Congress into the violence of the terrorists - this is to discredit the Movement in the eyes of the world and to justify their cruel measures. The young people like Debi Dayal welcome this hardening of the national movement into a revolutionary movement. It is difficult to be tied down for long to the vegetarian logic of the Indian National Congress.

One finds the criticism of the British political tactics in dividing Indians among themselves, of their repressive measures to curb the Freedom Movement and of their rank injustice to Indians even in such non-political fields as education and government service. Some Indo-Anglian novelists have pointed out how the superior British diplomatic tactics can pitch Indians against Indians and spread the reign of tyranny and terror among Indians themselves. Krishnan, in B. Rajan's *The Dark Dancer*, is shocked to see the Indians - the police - beating and killing the Indians - the Satyagrahis. "They're your own people, they're only doing what is right. Can't you see they're your countrymen even if you are police?" Anwar, in K.A. Abbas's *Inquilab*, recalls how his father Akbar Ali, a staunch nationalist, is arrested by a police officer - another Indian - and exclaims: "Such Indians are worse than foreigners!" Meera, in Nayantara Sahgal's *This Time of Morning*, is agonised to see her father Kailas being arrested by an Indian who has a misguided sense of duty. What a sad commentary on Indian morality that the British could crush, at least for a time, the flower
of Indian patriotism under the steam-roller of Indian selfishness!

Malgonkar explains how the British had been, through better diplomacy, successful in separating the Hindus and Muslims, who, for a long time, had been fighting, hand in hand, against the British. Once the distrust between the two communities was born, the Partition, dyed in blood, became a must as the price for the freedom. Hafiz, in *A Bend in the Ganges*, says that the Muslims along must continue their fight against the British and they must use the same methods against the Hindus. Shafi argues that the Hindus too would use the terrorist methods and there would be a sort of civil war. The Seth, in Bhattacharya's *A Goddess Named Gold*, tells the poor fool of a village constable how the English had ruled over India by their policy of 'Divide and Rule'.

Mulk Raj Anand brings to light a very serious malpractice perpetrated by the British in the field of education. Dev Dutt tells Krishnan, in *Morning Face* that Dev Dutt was made to fail at his M.A. (Maths) because he is an Arya Samajist and the Arya Samaj is opposed to the British rule in India. In the same novel, it is revealed how Dr. Chuni Lall has to lose his Government service, because of his patriotism. Babu Ram Chand, who cares only for his job, tells Chuni Lall - 'Politics is a dirty game' - in an apologetic but worldly-wise manner. The Doctor retorts that life is not merely Government service.
Patriotism once used to be a dangerous virtue and, even so, many practised it in those glorious days of the Struggle.

The Indian novel in English paints a nostalgic picture of the 1942 movement. Bhattacharya shows, in So Many Hungers, that, during 1942, the enigma was how to hate the British rule without hating the British people, whether to cooperate with the British in war or not - was the conflict in the Indian mind? The national movement pledged all cooperation in the war-effort but wished to get the Britisher to recognize the Indian people's right to freedom. The ruler committed the blunder of arresting a great leader who protested against any cooperation in the war. R. K. Narayan's Waiting for the Mahatma, has as its backdrop the 1942 Quit India Movement. Bharati asks Sriram to spread Gandhiji's message - asking the British to clear out. The two words - 'Quit India' became a mantra or a magic formula. The phrase was seen everywhere. Not a wall was without it. D. C. Home shows, in Hungry Hearts, that the heroic Quit India struggle was iron-willed and equally ruthless was its repraisal from the British ruler. Khetwadi in Bombay also became a battle scene and the police opened fire indiscriminately. Violence gave rise to non-violence. Despite military orders to the contrary, people bravely succoured their dead and dying heroes. Death was no stranger. Life exuded nobility before the final extinction. The rain of ruthless bullets
could not overwhelm the fury of self-immolation. In the words of Homen: ".....it was Satyagraha at the gate of Hādes." In So Many Hungers, Bhattacharya illustrates how Indian villages also were agog with the message of freedom in 1942. Even lambs became lions and braved the fire of bullets. The Indian banner filled their hearts with supreme courage: When the people of Baruni saw their Devata in danger, they were enraged, "In a split instant they, weak as lamb, became as lions. They dared the fire. It was 'Do or Die'! Rahoul, in the same novel, too has come out of the protective shell of his laboratory because he cannot remain impervious to a Bengal in the throes of unrelieved starvation. He has been ventilating his rage in his speeches, besides his relief centre work. He speaks of the English, with cold fury: "You have done us some good along with much evil. For the good you've done you have been paid in full. The accounts have been settled. Now for God's sake quit." The spirit of the people in 1942 and the police tyranny were such as would make frigidity flare up into fury. Self-sacrifice was a rule and cowardly evasion an exception. It was an age which elicited even that best from the weakest. It was a glory to exist in that age and to have fought for the country was to be God's darling. Terrorists, their mode of baptism, their methods and their activities, their passion for freedom and sacrifices are briefly but sharply touched on in the Indo-Anglian novel.
Khushwant Singh presents the grimness of the terrorist blood-dyed baptism. Sher Singh, in *I shall not hear the nightingale*, is asked by his young fellow-terrorists to shoot the cranes. Sher's indecision is noticed and Madan taunts him to shed his softness which has been India's undoing. This underlines the psycho-political shortcoming of Indians who are reputedly kind and often deceived by treacherous, ungrateful aliens. The Prithviraj and Shahabuddin story may be quoted as an instance in point. Malgonkar throws light on the attitude of terrorists towards Gandhiji, Congress and non-violence. Singh and his terrorist friends, in *A Bend in the Ganges*, scoff at Gian's Congress-affiliations and Gandhi-worship. Singh even says that Gandhiji is the enemy of India's national aspirations. He also gravely says that the sun of India had set a hundred and fifty years ago when the British took over the country. They are all breathlessly eager for the sunrise of freedom. The novelist has drawn well the flamboyant and hotheaded terrorist impulsiveness founded on virulent patriotism. K. A. Abbas shows how, for terrorists, the party discipline is the first thing and that the individual does not matter in revolutionary work. Ratan, in *Inquilab*, does not tell even his trusted friend Anwar whether it is Bhagat Singh who has shot Saunders. He says: "He was killed by the collective wrath of a whole nation seeking revenge for the fatal blow he had dealt against the Late Lala Lajpat Rai." The terrorism was a direct reaction to the Imperialist
oppression. D. C. Home appreciates the sacrifices made by terrorists at the altar of the nation's freedom. Rouen, in *Floods along the Ganges*, does not agree that Charu Sanyal and his party i.e. the Congress has fought against foreign domination and made sacrifices. They simply do not count before the greater record of sacrifice of the terrorists such as Khudiram, Ashfaqullah, Kanaiyalal, Satyen Bose, Bhagat Singh and others. "I hope you don't pretend that you do not know of the martyrdom of Indian youth in the Andamans, the massacre of the flower of Bengal's youth at Pijli, the heroic Chittagong Rebellion, the Mopla Uprising, the Chauri Chaura mass action, the ennobling patriotism of R.I.N. Mutineers." Attia Hosain offers sympathy for the unnecessary and almost unavailing suffering of terrorists. Nita, in *Sunlight on a Broken Column*, does not believe in courting arrest sentimentally. She does not approve of the momentary flash of terrorists who shoot at some Britisher and get hanged. "Children in politics, that is what terrorists are, heroic but misguided. To fight British imperialism we have to be organised and disciplined and use the kind of weapons that will not misfire." 

Indo-Anglian novelists show how communalism was rampant in pre-Partition times and yet some people were devoted to promoting secular outlook and communal harmony. In D.C. Home's *Floods along the Ganges*, Ataulla Moulvi fires the hearts of the Muslims against the Hindus. Anant, with his secular outlook, invites the Barripara Muslims
and the Pikepara Hindus to a feast. They are attacked by the communalist Muslims who have to run away when Ansar kills their leader. In the job of rehabilitation the Muslim women also help. At Anand's house Aruna is in peril of being raped by the Muslim invaders. To save her from the ignominy of pollution, Anant himself hacks her with his axe. Bechur Ma's stupefied words reveal the helplessness of the victims of communalism: "Ah God! They say the Muslims also have suffered in a similar way at the hands of Hindus! But why?" Padmini Sengupta shows how the birth of Pakistan was countered by a demand of the orthodox Hindus for Ramrajya — only a Hindu State. Kusum, in Red Hibiscus, writes to Sita about Calcutta's uncertain quiet after the riots and the Hindu fanaticism as a reaction to the Muslim fanaticism. If there is to be a Pakistan, let there be one, hurting though it is but India should continue to be secular, free and democratic. Her words speak of her deep faith: "Mahatma Gandhi's creed of love and tolerance must, and will, save us." Poison may kill poison, but that is not a desirable method. Hate has to be overcome with love.

Indo-Anglian novelists have faithfully reported the communal fury and riots at the time of the Partition which dealt a fatal blow to the expectation that Hindus and Muslims could ever again live in harmony. The Partition raised between the two communities a strong and thick wall of mutual distrust, malice and acrimony. It was an all-
consuming volcano - all human values were instantaneously demolished in the communal bonfires of hate and vengeance. B. Rajan subtly indicates how even during seventy two days before the Indian freedom, the atmosphere was charged with suspicion, distrust and malice. Pratap Singh, in The Dark Dancer, taunts Imtiaz that he would perhaps be regarding the tragedy of Partition as the finest hour. Imtiaz retorts that his family does not have to learn to be Indian from bearded fools - they too have worked for freedom and gone to jail. Kamala asks them to be tolerant and says that it was not enough that the Muslims should be loyal, the Hindus and others should trust them. Pratap remarks that the Muslims must earn India's confidence. The author also points out the terrible British legacy of communalism and the ghastly dance of communal fury and ferocity at the time of partition. Cynthia, in The Dark Dancer, voices her feeling of terrific shock at the wholesale destruction after Independence. Krishnan, enraged, retorts that it has been the British legacy. They had tried to separate the Hindus and the Muslims in electorates, representation in civil service and even cricket matches. His indictment is incendiary: "For a whole generation you British have stirred up the trouble. It's you who made the religious divisions take priority over common political interests." Khushwant Singh presents the bestiality of the
Hukum Chand and the sub-inspector of police, both Hindus, are discussing the ravages of riots. Hukum Chand says that there was a massacre of the Hindus and the Sikhs over there on the Pakistani side and the Sikhs had retaliated by slaughtering an entire trainload of the Muslims going to Pakistan. The sub-inspector comments that the effective creed is – 'Man for man, woman for woman, child for child'. The R.S.S. boys, he said, were teaching a good lesson to the Muslims, but the Sikhs have not done their job. He relates how the Sikhs at Mano Majra regard the Muslims there as their brothers. The novelist brings out the fact that it was not possible for any village to be totally unaffected by the communal rioting. Even at the relatively placid Mano Majra, the Muslims are apprehensive of the Sikhs and vice versa. To the Muslims, each Sikh is a stranger now and Pakistan, 'a haven of refuge, where there were no Sikhs'. The Sikhs also reiterate – 'Never trust a Mussulman'. They remember how the Muslims have executed their Gurus, and molested women and recently massacred Sikhs. Yes, they have every reason to be angry with the Muslims. The novelist indicates how communal fury spreads like wild fire and consumes everything – all values of culture and humanity. A city-dwelling Sikh reminds them how a Muslim had stabbed their Guru and asked them to show even one trustworthy Muslim. '...a Muslim
In *Distant Drum*, Malgonkar draws a gruesome picture of partition riots. Kiran recalls how for two full weeks barbarous instincts had ruled supreme. Man was in frenzy. Misery was common. Death was cheap. Mad people heaped one black vice on another on the dunghill called life. The riots had affected almost the whole upper part of the country. Delhi, Lahore, Ludhiana, Rawalpindi, Patiala and other cities were burning in communal hate. There was a partition of army officers also. Muslim officers were leaving for Pakistan and were unfortunately destined to fight not with but against each other from now on. The novelist expresses the climate of suspicion and shock:

"Both Hindus and Muslims spent themselves in ghoulish enormities unknown to primitive man, allegedly in retaliation to each other's doings all in the name of religion, even in the name of God!" Padmini Sengupta, in *Red Hibiscus*, refers to the communal fury. The Muslims at Surnagar, annoyed at the Indians playing their religious music in the temple beside the mosque, catch hold of the priest and rush to the college to kill Hindu youths. Prof. Santosh braves their fury and would have been stabbed but for the interception of Sita who is mortally wounded. The attackers, dazed at this end terror-stricken by the Hindu fury, take to heels. Through Harpal Singh's eyes Nayantara Sahgal shows, in *Storm in Chandigarh*, the
partition savagery in retrospect. Even after two decades
his anguish was still unassuaged. He did not think of it
as a communal riot. It had nothing to do with religion
which was not a part of the mutual dealings between Hindus
and Muslims. It was a reversion to primitive senseless
ferocity. Power had been the root-cause and religion came
handy as the excuse for revenge. "In retrospect the day
had begun to seem unreal as all great evil seems impossible
and strangely puzzling afterwards. Could it actually have
happened?" 66

Malgonkar describes how the jubilation of the sunrise
of freedom was eclipsed by the fact that the Muslims and
the Hindus were both refugees on the two sides of the
border. Debi, in *A Bend in the Ganges*, asks himself if
terrorism could have won freedom at a cheaper price and
kept the two principal communities together. It might
have been possible or not, it would have been an honest
and, manly sacrifice and 'not something that had sneaked
up on them in the garb of non-violence'. 67 This is the
thinking of an extremist, perhaps, but it has resulted
from the unnatural holocaust of communal vandalism.
Jhabwala briefly describes the condition of Punjabi
refugees after the Parritition of India in *To Whom She
Will*. She analyses how and why they heroically put
up with their losses and admires the way they prospered
again. Hari and his family had to leave Lahore for Delhi.
Though it was absolute ruin, it was not unbearable, because it happened to many Punjabis, being practical and bold, came out of the crisis valiantly. 68

Attia Hosain explains how fissiparous tendencies were at work in India after Independence. The House of Hamid, in Sunlight on a Broken Column, is a house divided against itself, awaying under the impact of political cyclone India had been passing through. Saleem argues that the Congress has a strong anti-Muslim element. He says that the Hindus cannot still forget that the Muslims had once been their rulers and would take their revenge democratically; it is impossible for the ruled not to hate the ruler. Hamid thinks that the two communities can work together on a political level and remain friends. 69

Khushwant Singh arranges, in Train to Pakistan a symposium, as it were, on the meaning of freedom. Iqbal is sorry that the villagers do not understand the meaning of freedom and believes that the political freedom is a prologue to the economic freedom. He asks them whether they want to be slaves. The lornardar says that only educated people like him would be benefited and would get the jobs previously held by the English. The analysis of the Muslim is stunning: "We were slaves of the English, now we will be slaves of educated Indians or the Pakistanis. 70 Unless freedom, in its best and truest spirit, is taken to every hutment, as was the concept of Gandhiji's Ramrajya, the poor peasant and the labourer
would not appreciate freedom only as an abstract ideal. For them freedom has to have tangible fruits.

Indo-Anglian novelists contrast the modes of Indian life in pre-Independence and post-Independence times. They seem to suggest that the previous generation had the definite goal of achieving independence and this transformed the Indian masses into one compact unit of self-abnegating idealists. The present generation stands divided against itself owing to the working of separatist forces and multiplicity of petty and personal goals of self-aggrandisement. Jhabwala diagnoses the shortcomings of the modern Indian generation as contrasted with the preceding one. Sudhir, in A Backward Place, feels that the post-Independence generation is torn with indecision and uncertainty about where to start from in respect of many and conflicting problems. Jaykar's pre-Independence Gandhian generation had only one goal before them - to oust the British; they could concentrate and succeed. The present generation is not properly led, guided and directed. There are many starting points and a great deal of confusion. Frustration is great and the campaigning, more or less, individualistic or sectarian but not national. Nagarajan makes one important observation in respect of pre-Independence national solidarity and post-Independence disruption. Koni, in Chronicles of Kedaram, ponders over how formerly there were no linguistic differences ignited by parochial regionalism. Beside the
supreme goal of independence everything paled into insig-
ificance. Tamil and Telugu fought the battle of inde-
pendence as one united force but after the goal had been
achieved their ambitions leapt up and Tamiland and Andhra
bifurcated.72 This is a sad commentary on India's much
boasted cultural trait - 'Unity in diversity'. Nayantara
Sahgal reveals, in A Time to be Happy, a subtle distinc-
tion in the attitude of Indians before and after Indepen-
dence. People, who had nothing in common and whose ideals
also were different, could meet as friends before Indepen-
dence. But now even the people sharing the same ideals
also do not live amicably even though in the past they
had cheerfully borne their burdens together. Now everyone
wants to be the president of the committee he is a member
of. The novelist aptly sums up the change. "We who were
at one time willing followers must all needs be leaders
or wither away with frustration."73 Bhattacharya touches
on the difference between the pre-Independence campaign
against the foreign rule and the new battle against igno-
rance, backwardness, and selfishness in the post-Indepen-
dence era. Sohanlal, in A Goddess Named Gold, warns
Meera's grandmother how free India would die many deaths
and they should beware that one such death does not
occur at the polling booth of Sonamitti. He thinks of
the lack of self-denying patriotism in the post-Indepen-
dence era. ".....freedom's new battle would be more
difficult in a way than the battle that had been won."
For the great tide of feeling that had carried the people onward had receded. The drama had ended. One can well appreciate Bhattacharya's prophetic sagacity in the light of post-Independence drama of selfish grabbing of power and money at any cost.

The Indo-Anglian novel analyses the post-Independence situation in the political and social fields. It brings out the sense of failure and frustration experienced by former idealistic freedom fighters as also by other people. It shows that not only there is no sense of dedication in the people but also exposes their shameless opportunism - as particularly in the case of Congress upstarts. The socio-political lacuna after Gandhiji's assassination is hinted at, as also the change in the mental make-up of such determined and disciplined men as military officers. Anita Desai brings out, in a subtle manner, the post-Independence frustration through Gautam's father in Cry, the Peacock. All the rosy dreams of the welfare state have gone to ashes. His mind is in anguish to see the new epoch with its irritations and failures, its red tape and corruption, its small pale hopes and frustration. However, he cannot also help thinking about its great glory. Freedom with all its failures and frustration is freedom - it may be a dust-covered diamond, but it is a diamond nevertheless. In To Whom She Will, Jhabvala also expresses the sense of frustration thickening in the post-Independence India. This is naturally very
acute in the case of old-timers who had sacrificed generously for the country's freedom and the ideal of 'Ramrajya'. They are shocked into ugly realities after independence. Krishna Sengupta's parents are disillusioned and dejected and consequently have withdrawn into the shell of quiet, and resignation. They feel that Congress is no longer the Congress which had been themselves and those like them. Jhabvala also depicts the post-Independence ironical situation of freedom-fighters being divided into two groups of those who could come into power and those who could not or did not. Ram Nath, in Esmond in India, is a self-sacrificing idealist and so was his sister Uma's husband, who had died on the eve of Independence. Uma is proud of them, but Ram Nath's wife Lakshmi, is full of regrets and grudges. She dwells at length on the sacrifice made by Ram Nath, but also regrets that, like Haridayal, he could not make capital out of it.77

Nayantara Sahgal shows how the virtue of dedication is rarely encountered in the post-Independence era. In Strom in Chandigarh, the Union Home Minister wants to send to Haryana, a top-grade officer who should be truly patriotic. He comments to himself wryly that the spirit has ebbed out after Independence. When he was young dedication, sacrifice and austerity had been quite common, but now these words sound hollow and he sparingly uses them like old coins saved against emergency. He is glad
they still have worth. Bhattacharya reveals how the ugly dance of rank opportunism has mutilated the idol of freedom. Meera, in A Goddess Named Gold, replies to Sohanlal that her grandfather, being a minstrel, would not stay for the battle of election against the Seth. The minstrel used to say that freedom was the beginning of the road where there was no road but it was fraught with robbers. Sohanlal enumerates these robbers - the money Seth, the Seth of politics, the official Seth, the Seth of religion, the Gandhi-capped Seth etc. Bhattacharya has, with the slightest touch, described the marked faces of selfishness in the post-Independence era, in a highly sarcastic tone. Malgonkar presents a picture of the Congress upstarts trying to assert themselves with a vengeance in post-Independence times. Col. Kiran, Co, in Distant Drum, flatly tells the Chairman of the District Congress Committee that he cannot just oblige him by sparing a shamiana on the occasion of a minister's unofficial visit. The Chairman, in his characteristic style, fumes at him in the lala-brand English and threatens the CO with dire consequences. This shows how some petty-minded politicians do not allow the government machinery to function smoothly and how some officers are bold and upright in meeting their threats.

Bhattacharya indicates the lacuna in the political and spiritual sphere in India after Gandhiji's departure. In Shadow from Ladakh, Satyajit's peace mission to China
and later, his fast cause a respectful stir. After Gandhiji, Satyajit is the nearest answer to the void in the realm of the spirit. He boldly puts into the practice the Gandhian principle of truth and non-violence. Krishna-murti reminds them of Romain Rolland's glorious tribute to India's non-violence: "If the India of non-violence were to go down in the battle, it is Christ himself who will be pierced by it, with a supreme lance thrust, on the Cross. And this time there would be no resurrection."81

Through the ruminations of Harpal Singh, in Strom in Chandigarth, Nayantara Sahgal voices her sentiments against linguistic divisionism. Harpal is pained to recall how people have mangled the body of the Punjab again and, that too, in the interests of the Punjabi language, which would have flourished even without the partition. There is something sinister about the partition mentality which falsifies mankind's journey towards integration. He wonders at the appalling frenzy of men possessed. "What possessed men to stamp their name, their brand, their ego on every bit of God-given soil that came their way?"82 Sahgal brings out a very subtle point of our post-Independence political life. Catholicity of vision hankering after the country's larger interests is thrown out of gear. Fanatical Regionalism is a key to easy leadership. She has rightly forestalled the fissiparous tendencies of regional parochialism. Harpal broods on how Gain has been marching ahead blindfold -
guided by and guiding the fanatical provincialism. The Punjab has claimed Chandigarh and Bhakra Dam and has started religious instruction in the schools. Harpal wonders where this bid for cheap popularity would cry halt. "What would the next step be, an army and a flag for the Punjab? The spectre of states stuffed with power rose before his eyes." Nergis Dalal offers her views on the relative importance of English and the mother tongue. Fredie, in Minari, remarks that French, instead of English, should have been their native language. Col. Rajendra Singh icily points out that English is not Fredie's language and that as an Indian he should be ashamed to so admit. "English may be the language for politics, commerce and administration. But at home, every Indian should make it a point to speak his mother tongue. It is rather easy to be fanatical linguistically - for or against - and in the context of recent Indian frenzy for linguistic vivisection, the Colonel's words assume a new significance.

Kamala Markandaya shows the British attitude - sympathetic as well as harsh - to India after Independence. Mackendrick, in The Coffer Dams, can understand Krishnan's concern for the prestige of the Indian Government. India is poor, underdeveloped and backward and so very eager to feel and transmit pride." ...the pride of an ancient civilization limping behind in modern era, called backward everywhere except to its face and under-
developed in diplomatic confrontation. The novelist also indirectly suggests the change India has brought about in Indian thinking. Rawlings recalls his libidinous and sadistic adventures with ebony women who were also serfs. But freedom has made a radical change, he feels, and things now can never be the same as before. This he traces to freedom which, in his opinion, India has acquired cheaply and, therefore, has made Indians uppity.86

S. P. Dhanda, in Surgeon Goes to War, shows the secular-mindedness of the Indian soldiers who love and understand their nation and her policies. Col. Arora, Col. Diwan, Ahmed and Desmond are discussing the Indian Foreign policy. Diwan and Arora criticise the American policy of giving aid of arms to Kustan i.e. Pakistan. Diwan defends the Indian policy of non-alignment. As opposed to this, Pakistan is tied to Gento and Seato and the Chinese because of her policy of alignment and has ceased to be a nation and has become half a Western Satellite and half a Chinese stooge.87 Mrs. Jhabvala makes an oblique reference to India's foreign policy. In To Whom She Will, Amrita does not like Krishnan's intervention when she and her mother are having an argument. Krishnan tries to establish his bonafides by saying that he is only a peacemaker. "I am the neutral power", Krishna said. "I am India the peacemaker."88
The mildly ironical tone regarding India's role as a peacemaker cannot be missed.

Nayantara Sahgal criticises the dependence of India on other nations for the supply of foodgrains through Kalyan's thunder, in *This Time of Morning*, against Indians in the presence of foreign diplomats at the Foreign Affairs Club: "As long as we eat other people's wheat, we are not fit to call ourselves free." Nothing could be so forthright as this. B. Rajan, in *Too Long in the West*, puts into Raman's mouth highly patriotic sentiments of self-dependence as opposed to foreign aid. Raman admits that though Indians are poor, they have become independent without any outsider's substantial help. He declares: "We can build our future without other people's charity." Of course, this is a noble sentiment, but Rajan's words cannot be taken at their face-value, his artistic intention being mock-heroic treatment, parodying.

Nayantara Sehgal assesses the democratic values in India, crippled by centuries-long darkness. Dubey, in *Storm in Chandigarh*, is annoyed at the glacial architecture of Chandigarh where dust abounds and glass would cruelly exhibit every particle of dust. Like this architecture, which does not grow here, democracy, too, is imported and borrowed from the West and not conceived here. Democracy, 'superimposed on illiterate masses', is based on election which, in its turn, is based on the political
awareness of the electorate. How can this succeed, all so suddenly, in a large country like India cramped with ignorance, selfishness and even disloyalty? Mulk Raj Anand brings out the value of economic freedom in *Morning Face*. Harihar, influenced by the Russian way of thinking, says that after the Russian Revolution the idea of servility to rulers is gone—there might be gratitude but the concept of money must be changed. Freedom is not the final goal. There must be a Revolution establishing the equality of all men. There were Revolutions in France and Russia and there must be one in India also. The utterances assert the importance of economic and democratic freedom also. Mere political freedom is just a first step in the right direction, but it would be fatal to stop there.

Bhattacharya shows that if political freedom is important, so is social freedom and progress. Jayadeva, in *Music for Mohini*, wishes to make Behula a model village and seeks Mohini’s active help in it. Behula should lead the whole Bengal then. He says, “Our political freedom is worth little without social uplift.” A country in prolonged enslavement has to look to many aspects of progress after achieving independence. Jayadeva liberates himself from the age-old shackles of superstition. One has to get accustomed to freedom after prolonged slavery. The first short span after freedom would be fraught with bewilderment. “India free to build up her destiny, was
not yet fully free. She was like a prisoner held too long in a dark cell. Unchained and released suddenly, she was bewildered by the light. But the stupor would pass. India would renew, herself. Bhattacharya has beautifully conjured up the picture of the aspirations of the late forties in India.

The Indo-Anglian novel reflects different aspects of communism: its basis of economic democracy, its role in 1942, its so-called internationalism, its discipline. Gyan, in *Hungry Hearts* by D.C. Home, asks Ranjit whether parliamentary democracy can be regarded as the fruit of revolution, because Britain, in spite of its democratic set-up, is the biggest imperialist power. Ranjit objects that the system cannot be blamed for the failings of the persons - Communism cannot be denounced for the failings of the C.P.I. Gyan retorts that parliamentary democracy and Communism are two different things altogether. Ranjit indicates that political democracy i.e. Parliamentary democracy exists in capitalist countries, whereas there is no parliamentary democracy in economic democracy i.e. Communist countries. This is stating the obvious, but coming as it does from a Communist's mouth, it has a confessional ring. In the face of this avowal, how shall we feel about the Russian and the Chinese "democracies"? Anita Desai suggests that frustration is the mother of Communism. Jit, in *Voices in the City*, stamps Nirode as
a Communist to the chagrin of all friends. One of them points out that the Russian Communism and the Chinese Communism are different and that they have to deal with the latter brand. Another says that Russia, since 1953, has been trying to imitate the American way of life. The Congress also is no good, because as compared with Italy, France and England, India has remained very poor. Despite their differences they generally feel that it is better to go Red than anything else. Gita, in D.C. Home's So Many So Gallant is keen on plunging into the labour movement and the programme of strike. Comrade 'B' explains to her that the movement would uproot her from her rich family. She should stick to her work with faith, understanding and realism without being carried away by the desire to do something out of the ordinary. He rounds up his argument thus: "Marxism is not romanticism; it is dialectical realism...." One may agree or disagree with Communists about their ideology and methods of work, one cannot but be impressed by their singleminded, disciplined adoration of the party.

D. C. Home, through Ranjit in Hungry Hearts, tries to trace the unbalanced internationalism of the C.P.I. to the preponderance of the wealthy and upper class figures in the party leadership, which, Ranjit feels, is responsible for 'breeding arrogance, intolerance, bigotry'. At least certain Communist leaders have
been charged with being the mercenaries of Communist countries and their consequent lavish living and lip-sympathy for the social underdogs. In Hungry Hearts, Dizzy, a Hindu, writes an article advocating the establishment of Pakistan and Jinnah makes no mistake in exploiting the same. Some Hindus, especially Communists, posed as men of advanced views by advocating the partition of India. This, on one hand, may indicate the advanced secularism of Hindus and, on the other, the much-talked of internationalism - or anti-nationalism? - of Communists. Panikkar, in Hungry Hearts, is a militant nationalist, impatient of the Congress sluggishness and inaction as also of the Communist treachery in betraying the nationalists to the British Police. He clearly warns Ranjit - whom Pani considers a 'fellow-traveller' - that he should not tell his Communist friends anything about Pani's circle and activities, because the Communists are mean spies of the British police. This refers to how the Communists are alleged to have sided with the British in the crisis of 1942.

Bhattacharya, in Shadow from Ladakh, throws light on the Sino-Indian Border delimitation. The Chinese had launched their aggression with a pretext to right-fully gain what the British Imperialism had taken away from them. New Delhi had refuted this Peking move. The Chinese alleged that the border dispute was a legacy from the past, but there was never any dispute regarding
the border in the past. In fact, the legacy was the 
unbroken friendship between the two countries. The 
Chinese had merely dished out a sort of pretext. 
Satyajit recapitulates all this, but he does not approve 
of New Delhi's legalistic attitude. "Friendship of the 
Chinese people was worth more than a bleak wasteland and 
between snow-clad cliffs." Wasteland or otherwise, 
no country should be allowed to temper with our fixed 
frontiers. Internationalism is not always a virtue. 
Bhattacharya suggests how India tried to please China 
even by sacrificing Tibet. They believed that China 
could never attack India and even when she did so, they 
pREFERRED to think it was the fault of the Chinese rulers 
but not of the people. Satyajit believes that a new 
leadership might come up in China and then the spirit of 
co-existence would prevail. He recalls Gandhiji's views 
on non-violence. Not to believe in peace is not to 
believe in the divineness of human nature. Gandhiji had 
said: "If even one nation were unconditionally to 
perform the supreme act of renunciation many of us would 
see in our life-time visible peace established on earth." Gandhiism was built on such a lofty self-sacrificing 
idealism that it now seems to be out of context in today's 
life in India. Bhattacharya faithfully records the moral 
shock that was caused by the Chinese to the Indians. It 
was worse than the military reverses. In Shadow from 
Ladakh, the Minister without Portfolio tells Satyajit how
India had not even resisted the Chinese occupation of Tibet. Chou-En-Lai had promised that the Tibetan culture would be respected. It was a sad compromise. Satyajit comments that it was not the path of truth. The Minister also points out that China wanted to establish its supremacy of leadership in Asia and Africa. China did not believe in non-alignment and so engineered that India would have no option but to join the Western Bloc. The story of the Chinese aggression is a new version of the shameless treachery of a brother against another - a rude blow to India's love and trust.

Nayantara Sahgal suggests, in *Storm in Chandigarh*, that politics has encroached upon all spheres of human activity including even education. Mara regrets that she would be compelled to close the school because of strike. She is exasperated at politics interfering with everything. Inder gloomily comments that it is not possible to get away from politics in India. It is a sad thing that even in a democratic country politics, like a monster, is bent on devouring all values of life - old and new alike. Nayantara Sahgal emphatically maintains that politics and morality are not necessarily divorced. Kailas, in *This Time of Morning*, has his own faith and ideals. He refuses to believe that politics has to be a dirty game. The cryptic remarks of the author are revealing: "Any game was a dirty game when dirty people played it." There were also dishonourable politicians. But he
had known honourable ones too. If to be dirty was a must, how could Lincoln and Gandhi have flourished into a sizeable tribe?

Indo-Anglian novelists, thus, have surveyed the political scene in India before and after Independence from the viewpoint of different parties and interests. The period of nearly three decades preceding Independence in India is marked by the acceleration of the freedom campaign on account of Gandhiji's firm hold on the Indian political situation and his unquestioned, supreme leadership and the consequent awakening of a very high spirit of self-abnegating nationalism. Later on, there were other criss-cross forces like Communism, terrorism, communalism etc. to make the struggle complicated and complex. This is faithfully brought out in the Indian novel in English. The Gandhian principles of truth, non-violence, spinning, use of Swadeshi goods and khaddar, courting imprisonment, picketing at shops selling foreign goods - all these are dwelt on with a true understanding and insight. It also touches on the national movement e.g. the 1942 Quit India Campaign - and dispassionately describes the pre-partition flare up of communal riots and the plight of refugees. It also reflects the post-Independence scene punctuated by frustration, selfishness, parochialism, regionalism and linguistic divisionism. The Sino-Indian war and its repercussions are also commented.
upon as also the Indian foreign policy and American aid to India. Many novels have the political situation of India before or after Independence as their backdrop and in quite a few of these novels, the political theme seems to have been accorded centrality.

"Politics in a work of literature" wrote Stendhal, "is like a pistol-shot in the middle of a concert, something loud and vulgar, and yet a thing to which it is not possible to refuse one's attention." A political novel is not only disturbing but also fascinating. It must, however, illuminate a particular area of human life and envisage a high degree of moral vision. The political novelist must be cautious, lest the load of his political opinions should strangle the voice of truth. Any good writer worth the name has to admit and illustrate that a moral order is beyond mere political commitment or ideology. How a political colouring deeper than desirable can tilt the artistic rhythm of a novel can be seen in D. C. Home's *Floods along the Ganges*. Home writes more in the vein of a journalist with leftist leanings than as a novelist committed to art alone. The novel has a topical value - in spite of its 'progressive' slant, it adequately conjures up a picture of the volcanic 1942, though this is more artistically done in Markandaya's *Some Inner Fury* and Khushwant Singh's *I shall not hear the nightingale*. Gandhian politics mainly aims at
establishing a moral order also in the sphere of politics
and, therefore, the novelists illustrating Gandhian
political ideology - viz., R. K. Narayan, Bhattacharya,
Nagarajan in post-Independence times and Venkataramani
and Raja Rao in pre-Independence times - are fortunately
free from the hazards of sheer "commitment". Zeenuth
Futehally and Attia Hosain show how communal and Gandhian
forces reacted to each other and they illustrate the
healthy and charitable outlook of the Nationalist Muslim
on Indian politics before Independence. Khushwant Singh,
Malgonkar and Rajan do not seem to be obsessed by any
political ideology - they are fairly objective in their
treatment of the problem of communalism at the time of
Partition - and lay bare the brutalities of wholesale
massacres of men by men, destined to live as neighbours,
loving or warring. Khushwant Singh's economy of expression
is adorned by deftness and detachment. Malgonkar's novel,
A Bend in the Ganges, does not make a powerful impact
owing to its problem of focus. Rajan gets lost in the
subtle layers of his sophisticated sensibility and expres-
sion. Mulk Raj Anand comments on the post-Independence
political situation in a casual and disillusioned vein
and criticises Government policy in small matters - thereby
exposing his political "commitment". Anand Lall, ironi-
cally enough, does not seem to have any commitment,
political or otherwise, and fails to impart a veneer of
political respectability to his novel, The House at Adampur,
by merely describing some political events and activities to disguise his real aim in writing that novel.

Very few novels, with politics in the focus, came to be written before Independence. Politics then meant winning the country's freedom. It was, however, not possible to challenge the alien government openly, because it would amount to subversion. Therefore, the Indo-Anglian novelist showed politics incarnated in non-political behaviour, the struggle of the classes. Raja Rao and Anand brought in Englishmen, anglicised Indians or capitalists to represent the forces of tyranny and thus symbolize the struggle for Indian freedom against the alien rule. Venkataramani, in Kandan, the Patriot did it more boldly in the spirit of a sworn Gandhian. These repressed artistic urges demanded that they be given priority in the post-Independence era, when the novelist concerns himself with such pre-Independence political scenes and situations as pre-partition riots and carnage and the struggle for freedom. It is a refreshing experience to find that Nayantara Sahgal's This Time of Morning and Storm in Chandigarh depict contemporary political situations viz., the ambassadorial milieu and linguistic divisionism and its awful impact on national integration. Markandaya, Anita Desai, Dilip Hiro and a few others seem to stress the love-hate relationship between India and England by posing the problem of Indian expatriates.
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