CHAPTER - 4

Sociological changes in political context

I

While coming to analyse how far the political context has received a coverage in terms of sociological changes as evident in Narayan's fictional works, one probably may not overlook what makes the author first of all write in a foreign language and not in Tamil, his mother-tongue. Narayan, like his other counterparts in Indo-English literature, such as, Mulk Raj Anand and Raja Rao, chooses to write in English and such a choice he and others have infact inherited as a legacy left over to them by Gandhi, Tagore, Toru Dutt, Nehru and a good many illustrious models. Centuries of British rule in the sub-continent had infact imposed on the Indian people an indiscriminate acceptance of English language as part of their medium of education, maintenance of official records, exchange of cultural ideas or political propaganda. Eventually it was found to be the easiest mode of communication or understanding between leaders and the people, social reformers and the conservative elite or journalists and the readers.
On the other hand a strong nationalist movement launched to drive out the British rule from the sub-continent lasting for a period of more than three decades under the leadership of Gandhi and others had nowhere shown any concern for an eradication of English language from India, rather in a genuinely paradoxical sense the leaders made use of it to oust the English or British rulers for the sake of achieving only a constitutional Independence of their own, that was the sole aim of the Indian freedom movement. Such an uncommon trait displayed successively by sensitive generations in India from a socio—historical point of view is meaningful, for as Gandhi had concluded fighting out the English as India's political enemies did not mean fighting out the language they had in fact endowed with their Indian subjects. To a great extent he was justified in his remark that English was a window to the world.

The view of Gandhi and others to retain English as part of India's culture and education is probably a prelude to the growth of Indo-anglian literature. Tagore's translation of *Gitanjali* (1912) that won him the Nobel prize, Gandhi's *The Story of my experiments with Truth* (1927), Nehru's *The Discovery of India* (1946) or Radhakrishnan's *Recovery of Faith* (1968) were in fact a few pioneers in the attempts or experiments made in Indo-anglian literature. Hence both from a political as well as cultural angle English as a medium of instruction or communication has been most strategically retained by the Indian
statesmen, leaders, journalists, orators, authors and poets for whom the language is probably the only channel that has time and again expressed the highest aspirations of the Indian people towards a reconstruction or rejuvenation of the dreams of their motherland preceding or following Independence. Hence the term 'Indo-Anglian' coined by Prof. V.K. Gokak attempts to retain English among the Indian people in finding out a new image for themselves, which probably would not have secured ample coverage in a regional language like Tamil, Bengali, Marathi or others. Unlike the term 'Anglo-Indian' literature referring to the works of Kipling or parts of E.M. Forster's fiction, which might be said to have been an offshoot of English colonialism or imperialism in India, the term 'Indo-Anglian' possesses a more articulate diagnosis of what was in fact found to have been socio-culturally or politically the most viable in an alien language that came to be sustained or preserved by generations of Indians for good. Thus Narayan, Anand, Rao or even the relatively younger generations of authors like Khuswant Singh, Nissim Ezekiel, Kamala Markandaya, Arun Joshi or Vikram Seth have chosen to write in English or made themselves a part of Indo-anglian or Indo-English literature.

It appears the term Indo-anglian seems to have assumed a more political dimension than merely a cultural one. Tagore, a personal friend of W.B. Yeats had translated his Gitanjali from Bengali to English which definitely paved the way for giving it
a universal applause or recognition. The architect of Bengali poetry or fiction himself he also wrote a few novels in English like *The Wreck* (1919) and *Gora* (1923) like his predecessor Bankim Chandra Chatterji. On the contrary authors like Krishna Kripalani took attempts in translating the first modern Indian novel written by Tagore in Bengali entitled *Chokerbali* (1902) into English which she entitled as *Binodini* (1959). This certainly implies that in a vast country like India both before and after Independence people of a peripheral area could not understand the language of people of another area, and as such a Bengali novel like *Chokerbali* needed to be translated into English or its Bengali title needed to be changed into an acceptable proper noun which at least a sizable population would understand in contemporary topographical cultural context. Of course that does not suggest or give adequate evidence that people in India were literate or knew English to a large extent anytime in Indian history, but at least a translator found herself or himself at an advantage like most of her counterparts engaged in writing original English fiction. However, they both came to agree on one point, that is, the unusually vast federal structure of undivided or divided India with sporadic interplay of parochialism, regionalism, communalism or cessationalism might not enable them to have a reading public or a response from nooks and corners of the country where the ideal of one nation-hood had always been a dream and not a reality.
A glimpse of such vast federal structure even today also
does not show any significant change in the attitude of either
the creative English writers and the translators or their
reading public. Ironically enough the response is rather larger
than the same that operates between the various regional writers
and their reading public in large part of the country. The
strategy offered by both the groups is, however, more political
than cultural or socio-historical. Even Hindi, spoken by most
of the northerners, is far off from being in vogue among
majority of the southerners. Thus both the creative writers in
English as well as the translators take it more convenient to
use the language as a tool for self-expression or quest for
identity than a mother-tongue both at the national and
international levels. As a matter of fact English which came to
be used as a medium for expressing the patriotic aspiration of
the Indian subjects, also finds its root uniformly spread out in
almost all parts of the country today following Independence.
This may be an aftermath of a sensible political strategy
initiated by the country's pioneer political giants. Dr.
Iyengar affirms,

‘Although it is the first or spoken
language of only the Anglo-Indians and other
microscopic minorities the people who know-
and can read and speak English as a second
language form really the 'dominant minority'
in India and may number 50 millions or more.
 Thus the books in English published in India

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account for about 50 per cent of the total for all languages and the English newspapers and magazines cumulatively command a more impressive and influential circulation than those in any other language.  

The genesis or growth of Indian literature in English may be to some extent termed as an accident or an abrupt connotation connected with English colonialism in India, but probably it would be more correct to view it as a political or cultural coincidence that the leaders of Freedom movement skillfully devised for their successors. They probably came to realise that it was necessary to mount an offensive against the alien bureaucracy and in English was found one of the ready tools for the offensive.  

The growth of Indo-anglian literature therefore might be approximated with sociological changes in its immediate political context without which, probably it could not have projected itself, in the words of Krishna Kripalani as a naturalised medium of learning and culture.  

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Coming back to the trinity in Indo-anglian fiction, one might find how Anand, Rao and Narayan treat a political subject in their respective directions. While Anand tries to chalk out a semi-Marxist version of his attitude to the common man in *Coolie* or *Untouchable* he suggests how the only viable antidote for eradicating either a defective caste-system or a gulf between the rich and the poor is a pro-communist approach. The action depicted in his novels stretches from Daulatpur of Punjab to the out-skirts of Bombay, from Simla to the far-eastern tea gardens of Assam or to Flanders across the black waters, each place being connected with a typical metropolitan background where the common man falls a victim to varied atrocities committed by the mill-owners or employers. Hence an affiliation with Marxism in the major works of the author that establish him as politically the most committed among the authors of his times.

On the contrary there is Rao’s *Kanthapura* (1938), a grand-mother’s mytho-poetic narration of the Gandhian legend of Freedom struggle. The protagonist Moorthy and his followers are the prototypes of Gandhi and his followers depicted in a typically allegorical manner by the author, who unlike Anand, attempts to provide the readers with some details of national movement in British India in the garb of an absorbing narrative. References to Gandhi’s launching of the famous Dandi March as part of the Civil Disobedience Movement, or his resolve to carry
on a fast against violence at Chauri chaura in 1933, find similar echoes in Moorthy’s ways of conduct as a patriot. He is in fact the true disciple of Gandhi, the secularist-humanist who has been ideationally compared with the Hindu Gods like Rama or Krishna and supposed to kill the British enemy or Ravana, and bring Independence of motherland or Sita back home. G.P. Sarma concludes that the villagers of Kanthapura represent such

'a race of people who see their religious tradition everywhere is entangled in the political movement of the country for freedom, and they fight the battle men and women alike with all innocence and sincerity, daring baton-charge, bayonet-charge and gun-fire, courting arrest and suffering imprisonment under the spell of those cries with magic effect as Mahatma Gandhi Ki—Jai and Vande Mataram. 5

Rao’s novel represents a shift from Anand’s which may be defined as a shift from a Marxist-realistic approach. Thus the novels of both Anand and Rao written prior to the commencement of the Second World War and Quit India Movement, may be taken as two different faces of the same coin. Anand’s Coolie or Untouchable tends to establish a positive step to confront what exactly appears to be real in a world of empirical values and Rao’s Kanthapura is an artistic departure from the exposition of crude realities to the ideational or allegorical level of
absolute values. The goal in both is the emancipation of the common humanity or mother land, but the means employed are different which more or less intensify the political interest of the authors in strikingly individual perspectives. As H.M. Williams points out both of them have been

highly conscious of the role of the writer in the political struggles of the Indian people. 6

While one brings into limelight a choice of communism, not so much in form, but in spirit, the other projects a preference for the Indian National Congress. On the contrary R.K.Narayan appears as the most non-committed or non-partisan analyst of a socio-political situation. His early novels, again to quote Williams

are mainly non-partisan. 7

II

The English Teacher (1945) is perhaps the author’s first novel where the impact of a Gandhian way of life is felt when one comes to analyse experiences of Krishnan, the English teacher himself. Though published eight years after The
Bachelor of Arts, The English Teacher appears to be a thematic off-shoot of the former. Krishnan, more or less, is a graphic extension of Chandran himself whom many critics consider as a grown-up substitute for Swaminathan. R.S. Singh observes,

If Swami and Friends presents the school days of Swaminathan, The Bachelor of Arts tries to capture the feelings of Chandran, a young man of twenty one, and The English Teacher portrays the life and elaborates the propensities of a teacher of thirty years. If the names of the heroes were not different one would very easily take it that the trilogy was autobiographical.......

All three of them at a glance might suggest a steady rise of an individual from the mis-adventures of childhood to a turmoil of youthful platonic love, subsequently followed by a mood of utter resilience and self-knowledge. In fact they suggest the various reactions of a middle-class Indian whose upbringing had been contemplated under the spell of foreign rule-versus-nationalist movement. Its climatic height probably reached in the decade stretching from 1935 to 1945, historically speaking the period of composition of these three novels. The puzzled Swaminathan trying his utmost to keep up a friendship with the Police Superintendent’s dashing son at the cost of losing paternal sympathy or the favour of a headmaster, is in political context a way to disclose the contemporary timid
attitude of morally impoverished Indian subjects who preferred to flatter or imitate the ways or mannerisms of their British masters. In fact Swami is a mock-heroic projection of the most ineffective middleclass citizenry who under the impact of British authoritarianism only came to lose their identity.

In The Bachelor of Arts however, Chandran the undergraduate youngster, evolves a capacity for self-assertion but that again fizzles out when he tries to win a point of self-protection or self-interest. Though he discloses a strong nationalist zeal by way of meticulously attacking British authoritarianism in India in a paper written or read out before the British Principal, or members of the College Historical Association, this may be treated as a complete eye-wash for his comrades and others. Most cleverly he comes out with a ready-made snobbery before the British Principal to secure a desirable percentage of marks or some favour for himself, that sociologically highlights the back-door methods that might have been adopted by shrewd official subordinates of the time to win a favour from their alien masters. Hence the critical-cum-sycophant attitude of the undergraduate only discloses a psychological realism that seems to have directly emerged out of an immediate political context. H.M. Williams puts it relevantly,

Even the nationalist struggle plays only a minor role and enters rather cynically into the understandable manoeuvres of
Looking at Krishnan one finds how the seeds of Civil Disobedience Movement launched by the father of the nation, display a meaningful fruitions. Like Moorthy in Kanthapura, Krishnan assumes a bold or positive approach to an environment that under an alien rule keeps on engendering the cultural morons in India. As an English teacher at Albert Mission College he feels most unhappy looking at an inert imitation of a western method of education imposed not merely by Britishers in India but also blindly carried on by a timid community of teachers who only keep on producing a set of crammers in colleges or schools that ultimately come to prove themselves unfit for any kind of job or occupation in life. The educational system is such that it does not make the youngsters understand or feel their own culture or shape their future properly. To add to it, the hypocrisy of a few colleagues like Gajapathy, who unreasonably admire the English culture to win some favour from the high-browed English Principal, pave the way for making the moral deterioration of students still worse. The personal experience of Krishnan, a Lecturer in English in the same college where he himself was studying earlier, is something that equally dissipates from bad to worse. The thirty-year-old sensitive protagonist does not find even the slightest change in the attitude of the flat opportunist
sycophants who once upon a time used to teach him and have at present become his colleagues. Without finding any scope for either ameliorating his own creative talent, or that of his growing young students, he only submits himself, though temporarily, to the situation. While most mechanically teaching them repeating the same old notes prepared by him years ago or talking to them incessantly without least bothering to know whether they actually grasp it or not, Krishnan infact, in a sub-conscious way, starts developing a kind of apathy for a shallow or theoretical educational system that Britishers had rather inflicted upon the Indians for years together.

If the spirit of English or Western system of education in India, as Gandhi observes, leads to a kind of moral slavery converting the students or the future citizens to sycophants of their British masters,¹⁰ the only viable alternative to release their minds from such bondage has been to initiate a kind of education that might make them aware of their own cultural heritage. The latter type is called by Gandhi `the basic education', that includes building up of one's character, an independent pursuit of learning and finally a vocational approach which might enable the pupils to become self-dependent on all occasions of life.

Krishnan, the English teacher, presents himself as a victim of a self-rebellion, that emanates from a culturally or
academically defunct environment, which again is part and parcel of a faulty political set up. At the outset he appears to be an established college teacher already married and father of a daughter. Yet the contrast between the life at home and the life at the place of work is interesting. The moments of contended conjugal life shared by both Krishnan and Sushila contrast with the lurking unhappiness in the former’s mind while attending to his profession in the college. His strong dislike for teaching History of English Literature or authors like Beaumont and Fletcher, only makes the mood of self-rebellion more obvious, indicative of the difference between the ruler and the ruled in contemporary British India. Yet a blissful married life to a large extent serves to overcome the disillusionment of the English teacher, a moral loss is overcome by a moral gain, that follows for quite sometime before he enters into the highest crisis in his life — a sort of crisis in which his old self is being substituted by a new one thus ending the turmoil of a self-rebellion, like a transition from a level of moral slavery to a level of spiritual emancipation during the pre-Independence era.

The young English teacher continues to love his wife Sushila. As he observes she is virtue and beauty par excellence infused into one, an incarnation of devoted Indian womanhood, or ideal fulfilment in love. Notwithstanding a hundred and one placid tug of wars that normally pass between a husband and
wife, they never part with each other. Unlike Chandran who mistakes platonic love for marriage, Krishnan comes to realise or experience how marriage has, in the true sense of the term, turned into love in case of himself and Sushila. The narrator-hero observes,

Her eyes always laughed—there was a perpetual smile in her eyes. 'The soul laughs through the eyes, it is the body which laughs with lips...........'. I remarked. 'What are you saying', she asked. 'Nothing' I replied.'  

The time of utmost joy comes to an abrupt end when Sushila dies in the middle of the narrative following a fatal typhoid she inherits during her visit to a building with Krishnan that they both had wished to purchase. The untimely catastrophe is unbearable on the part of the sensitive young man. He loses all interest in life being forever parted with his dearest wife. As Narayan records in My Days:

'The 'English Teacher' of the novel Krishnan is a fictional character in the fictional city of Malgudi; but he goes through the same experience I had gone through.............'

The author however acknowledges to have identified himself with Krishnan, the central character of the novel who suffers a
terrible melancholic experience following Sushila’s death, the fictional counterpart dying of typhoid like the lady in reality. Yet the English teacher’s absolute fidelity in marital love, following a period of baffled reticence, enables him to have a psychic spiritual communion with Sushila that ultimately solves the crisis of a physical separation. Sociologically speaking the acceptance of Sushila’s death is probably the initiative for a kind of assured self-experiment that the protagonist takes up as part of the milieu, the death itself spells out an oriental recognition of reality or a kind of ‘Soul force’ in quest of which Mahatma Gandhi in fact had initiated the Civil Disobedience Movement. C. Rajagopalachari observes:

The moral energy, Soul-force as Gandhiji loved to call it, comes from faith and true religious devotion.... The Gita tell us (xviii, 61) that the Lord dwells in the heart of every being ....... presence of God in the hearts of all beings is the secret of Satyagraha. 13

The death takes him from the limits of disillusionment that he is accustomed to face in a shallow professional career as an English teacher, to the abode of full emancipation of a spiritual life. In an orthodox Hindu set up near and dears of a widower usually compel him to have a re-marriage, particularly if the latter has a kid to look after. The uncommunicative Krishnan does not reciprocate to such promptings at home. A
graceful and decisive withdrawal from such a pressure makes him a change-ready dynamic celibate or one who presents himself consistently in a giving end in the events to follow. The non-violent struggle for Independence under Gandhi's leadership may be related to Krishnan's quest for solving a personal crisis of isolation. H.M. Williams remarks in this context how

the more moral, energetic and positive nature of the book may possibly reflect the influence of Mahatma Gandhi. 14

Besides, a continuous reticence of the English teacher following Sushila's death turns reality into a myth, the genesis of what one may discover in Gandhi's practice of 'Mauna Brata', a self-imposed silence or a practice of self-obliteration as significant as a fasting taken by any one which may keep one's senses under control for a subsequent higher spiritual exercise.

The second self-experiment takes place when incidentally Krishnan moves to the old farmer's quiet locality on being summoned by him. The farmer not merely recalls how he used to sit down with the pad and pencil at the temple of Vak Matha nearby, but gives a sensational account of how the pencil moved spontaneously being a medium that was exclusively used by a band of invisible beings or spirits. It was a medium of communication for those spirits, and the farmer recalls how he went on writing incessantly as per the supernatural dictation,
and at one point the spirit of Sushila gave a message for her loving husband along with the latter’s address which in fact enabled him to trace him out! A series of such sittings thus ensue wherein Krishnan himself becomes a medium through whom Sushila conveys her feelings of good-will or true love:

Between thought and fulfilment there is no interval. Thought is fulfilment, motion and everything.......... when I think of you or you of me I am at your side. 15

By way of visiting the retreat every week the English teacher becomes a medium by himself, medium of Sushila’s affectionate promptings that he has so keenly longed for. Thus a celibacy followed by a supernatural communion between the Jack and the Jeal, forms the true end of one’s life of conjugal or domestic harmony. His communion with Sushila, as R.S. Singh observes is symbolic Indian womanhood, sober, devoted and lovable, is suggestive of his having observed Indianness, the prodigal son returning home. 16

Sociologically speaking the psychic communion between both of them continuing for a long time is a prelude to keep the widower’s mind free of any mortal apprehension or to make it fit subsequently for taking up any mission in life. His contact with Sushila by way of supernatural means provides him with a
kind of self-knowledge to ascertain his surroundings better. The series of psychic communions that come to materialise through telepathic experiences - Krishnan sitting at home at a fixed hour and mentally linking himself up with the farmer who has been virtually away from him at the moment on personal work - is a typical self-experiment that follows the renewal of Sushila's supernatural dictations. He submits himself totally to the mysterious-venue of the gardener-farmer or the temple of 'the Vak Matha'. One may identify such a change-over of Krishnan as part of religious determinism that one may study in political context of sociological changes as implied in The English Teacher. Such an experience of concentration of mind may be equated with the Soul-force Gandhi was speaking of, as part of his Satyagraha, Mounabrata or other austerities the Mahatma was practising during the Freedom struggle, itself an experiment on religious determinism.

Gandhi, almost serves as an archetypal source of inspiration to the contemplative English teacher who ultimately decides to give up the profession of teaching for good. Such a decision however is taken by him for two reasons. Firstly, he is fed up with an artificial or monotonous way of occupying a chair or imparting education without knowing how effective it might be, and secondly because of the 'return to Nature' technique adopted by the eccentric-primary school teacher who grants absolute freedom to the little ones, including his
daughter, for taking up any creative work at school, in addition to writing poetry. The subsequent contacts that Krishnan comes to have with the crazy teacher, who has initiated a Vedic or Gandhian style of educating the kids are of paramount importance because these shift his mind from the abstract world of occultism to a more concrete world of practical wisdom. The school teacher thus provides a meaningful flashback to Krishnan, of the circumstances that initially prompted him to comprehend the merit of such system of training:

The memory of my own young days..... there was a natural state of joy over nothing in particular. And then our own schooling which put blinkers onto us: which persistently ruined this vision of things and made us into adults. I have always felt that for the future of mankind we should retain the original vision, and I'm trying a system of children's education. Just leave them alone and they will be all right. The Leave Alone System....... will make them wholesome human beings...........

Such an observation might be equated with that of Gandhi who was influenced by the ideas of Thoreau himself preferring to live a life of utmost simplicity in Nature.

Krishnan's resolution to give up his job at the Albert Mission College or assist the school teacher in maintaining his
school under the tree, is perhaps the latest self-experiment made by him. To a great extent it is reminiscent of the fusion of the Gandhian and Tagorean approaches to ameliorate the system of education in India. The vision of a new mankind inherited from Gandhi’s criteria of equality, infused into the revival of Tagore’s ‘Gurukulashrama’ style of educating the youngsters at Shantiniketan perhaps builds up the crux of such an experiment. Hence Krishnan’s option for a primary school teachership, an option that enables him to combine Gandhi’s ideas with Tagore’s application. Sociologically speaking the quest and achievement of freedom that Krishnan experiences may be taken to have been more deep-rooted than the freedom anticipated or obtained by Indian nationalists in the years preceding Independence. While the latter is primarily a political or constitutional phenomenon, confined to pen and paper, the former has additional dimensions that link it with mind and spirit as well as with a wholesome vision of life, which is a definite influence of Gandhi.

Thirdly, as Krishnan feels, the decision to become a primary school teacher is a transition from the selfish motivation of practising a fraud for a consideration of a hundred rupees a month\(^18\) to an honest, impersonal level of rendering some kind of social service with an absolute spirit of dedication, by dint of which an average Indian like him could display at least some act of conscience that the nationalist
leaders like Gandhi have been virtually demanding of any citizen of India. He resigns from his post and justifies his voluntary retirement as a part of his mission or quest for a higher identity in life as he makes a reply to the august intellectual audience that arranged his farewell meeting:

"I am seeking a great inner peace. I find I can't attain it unless I withdraw from the adult world and adult work into the world of children. And there, let me assure you, is a vast storehouse of peace and harmony."

Thus a decision to serve or teach the children is more than transformation of a 'change-resistant' college teacher to a 'change-ready' primary school teacher, or of an accepted 'bigotry' to a chastened 'secularism' that sums up a sociological change India has been partly going through.

The series of self-experiments infact are based on Narayan's personal experiences following his wife's demise at an early age. The author recollects how much he himself owes to Raghunath Rao who enabled him to have psychic contact with spirits by means of telepathic reading:

Following the directions given I practised psychic contacts regularly for some years almost every night. I found it
possible to abstract myself from my physical body. I began to feel satisfied that I had attained an understanding of life and death. Therefore I resumed my normal life and activities. 21

Narayan himself not only revives an automatic flow of writing which he had lost following his wife’s death, Krishnan, his fictitious counterpart, also realises that his own psychic meditative experiences keep him fit to inhabit the life of a social man—the type which the milieu demands of him.

The echoes of Gandhi’s ideas on non-violence one discovers in the succeeding chapters of the English Teacher’s experience in life. The novelist treats the mind of his hero, or his own subject matter, as a gate-way through which one may move from the highest kind of disorder to a level of order, a possibility that steadily follows a reality as part of the theory of Deterioration as discussed earlier in context of the sociological change. The English Teacher spells out a saga of sociological variation in its immediate Gandhian-Tagorean context which makes it a work of unique socio-psychic experiment— a prose-epic of self-experiment based on Gandhian-Tagorean dialectics that possibly adds a new connotation to the bulk of Indian sociology. The only novel that may be compared with The English Teacher is
Shadow From Ladakh (1967) of Bhabani Bhattacharyya that highlights the Chinese aggression in India in early sixties.

The mind and action of Satyajit, the Gandhite idealist-protagonist in Shadow From Ladakh, disclose before the readers a comprehensive chain of self-experiments that average people of India are not yet fully prepared to go through. He tries to build Gandhigram almost as a replica of Mahatma Gandhi’s version of Sevagram. He calculates that it would be entirely a utopia of rural reconstruction or ‘Swaraj’ and he plans to bring about a compromise between Gandhigram and Steel-town, the ultra modern industrial township that is growing up under the supervision of Bhaskar, the American returned Chief Engineer. Bhaskar appears to be portrayed after the ideals of Jawaharlal Nehru, himself a Cambridge graduate, and the Steel town appears to be a symbol of Nehru’s vision of an urbanised India. If Satyajit represents the culture of the past, Bhaskar stands for the values of future and in between them both emerges Sumita, Satyajit’s daughter who though brought up under the austere care of an introvert father, eventually falls in love with Bhaskar. She embodies the values India needs at the moment, the values of love with which she wants to bring about a reconciliation between Satyajit and Bhaskar. The novelist probably offers a conclusion that the viable response to any external threat made by the Chinese or anybody is undoubtedly a spirit of love or fellow feeling that not only Gandhigram and
Steel town should gradually display, but ultimately even India and China might display for one another.

In spite of sporadic misunderstandings that follow between Satyajit or Sumita when the latter’s close connections with Bhaskar are discovered by the aged Gandhite, Sumita is determined to carry on her mission, the root of which she discovers in Satyajit’s message of universal love or brotherhood. If the Government of India accepts his proposal that a peace mission be sent to Ladakh under his leadership, is it not then quite desirable to persuade or bring about a reconciliation between the Westernised-extrovert values present in the life of Steeltown population and the Indianised-introvert values present in the life of Gandhigram occupants or between machines and spinning wheels respectively? Probably when all these ideologies or experiments fail to bring about an order in society, only love can achieve it, not a selfish romantic love but a universal love for the whole humanity initiated by Bhattacharyya’s heroine, who stands for a ‘brave new world’. Sumita seems to have been the product of a Tagorean culture, one who has astutely evolved in herself the most rational method of admiring or influsing into herself the best of the values present in the Gandhian as well as the Nehruvian cultures. Iyengar observes how she is
moulded by her father's image and yet will marry Bhaskar. 22

Even Suruchi, the tolerant wife of Satyajit with her highest sense of adjustment and obedience to her husband serves as a prototype of Kasturba, who had suffered the similar ordeal. Sociologically speaking Shadow From Ladakh provides the readers the clues taken from the choicest ideals of topmost Indian political leaders with which they could fulfil the dream of a 'Swaraj', a level of order that may follow the present state of disorder as part of a Deterioration theory.

III

If Sushila brings about a transformation in Krishnan through her death, Sumita in Bhattacharyya's novel and Bharati in Narayan's next political novel Waiting For The Mahatma have been living embodiments of ideals by dint of whom Bhaskar, Satyajit or Sriram ultimately come to acquire a charisma for themselves. As Sri Aurobindo identifies India, his mother land with Durga, the Hindu Goddess of Supreme Power in his poetic invocations to Mother India, in the works of Narayan and Bhattacharyya one more or less comes across similar glimpses of a quest for identification. In Waiting For The Mahatma and
Shadow From Ladakh these authors probably try to highlight the inner strength of women, which they accept as more viable alternatives for accomplishing freedom for the country. They not only emerge as genuine sources of inspiration for their male counterparts, more or less they come to be identified with the milieu or Mother India Herself in the events to follow.

Sriram, an affluent yet irresponsible youngman incidentally comes in contact with Bharati, a strong-willed yet pretty follower of Mahatma Gandhi while collecting donations for the Harijan's fund herself. On receiving some donation she passes off like an apparition. The next occasion when they both meet she is dressed in a sari of Khaddar and standing beside Mahatmaji's microphone upon the dias while Mahatmaji in a usual way speaking to the people of Malgudi the need of universal love, to prefer love, truth and non-violence to any kind of bitterness which is perhaps the only way to make India free of the British rule. Sriram falls headlong in love with the good-looking confident by-stander. He unfolds a desire to talk to her when the meeting is repeated at the hut of an untouchable which the Mahatma has chosen to be his abode, but is not easily permitted to have any talk at the moment as the esteemed host is asleep. She however directs him to come and wait for her early next morning in front of the same hut when Bapuji is awake. She does not deprive him of coming to her once
again but she replies in a charismatic manner that any attempt to meet her ought to pass through the sanction of the Mahatma.

The meeting however takes place in the right place at the right time. When Sriram is introduced to Gadhiji he comes to learn that already adequate mention has been made of him by her. While speaking to him in utmost reverence expressing his desire to join the Mahatma’s fold without even properly trying to know what he himself means by that he is atleast coherent in one point in his reply:

"I like to be where Bharati is,"

the simplicity of which at once pleases Gandhiji. By trying his utmost to adjust in each uncomfortable circumstance and every difficult situation with which he was never conversant being an over-pampered grandson of a wealthy grandmother, he gradually comes to disclose a kind of transformation that is totally incredible. It is only for the sake of winning the heart of his sharp-tounged sweet-heart he starts sleeping on the floor, taking whatever food is prescribed for the member of ‘Sevak Sangh’, using a spinning wheel or leading a life of suffering and self-mortification as counselled by Gandhiji. The promises to carry on the duty of a freedom fighter radically convert him to a zealot worker. Within a span of few months he proves himself to be a master spinner and is able to make
clothes for himself. All these achievements may be taken as an aftermath of the strict vigilance approximated with the inspiration of Bharati, his hard task—mistress. The day he fully makes a pair of Khadi dress for himself, like all freedom fighters, he sets fire to all his old clothes spun by machinery and takes a vow never to use them again. This he also proudly informs the Mahatma in a letter to which Bapuji instantly reciprocates.

Soon Sriram is found to be busy in other inter-related activities. Carrying a can of paint and a brush he keeps on writing ‘Quit India’ on the outer wall of a village school and inevitably confronting an angry old teacher who takes the former’s conduct as entirely seditious, going as far as Mathieson Estates, a plantation site located four thousand feet above the sea level, or asking the English manager Mathieson to quit India to which he replies how by dint of his long association with India for more than thirty years he just can not think of parting with it. These are a few gestures of an abstract political visionary in Sriram, not that of a realist. Here one may witness how the ephemeral lover attempting to satisfy the rash mood of a beloved is preparing himself to take any risk or hold any confrontation at any situation in life. Surely from political context of sociological change found in India in the pre-Independence era the whereabouts of Sriram are to a large extent pertinent. A youngman in early twenties,
falling in love with a girl who herself happens to be a freedom fighter, or taking equal interest in the political upbringing of her friend, Sriram along with Bharati represent the dynamic younger generations of India that gradually came to train themselves in Gandhian method of total self-obliteration which perhaps the country needed at the moment.

The first two parts of the narrative disclose to the readers how Sriram makes himself a part of Mahatmaji's struggle for Independence in an absolutely non-violent manner which may be interpreted as parts of the theory of evolution in context of sociological change. When the whole world is fatigued with series of atomic experiments in warfare leading to untold material or moral damage to civilisations in modern times, the Mahatma makes his charismatic experiments to save the world from the brink of disaster. An apostle of peace, non-violence and love, he counsels each person to fight against injustice of any kind that is detrimental to the growth of civilisation. He speaks to the common men assembled in his meeting at Malgudi to eradicate bitterness of any form from themselves:

"I want you really to make sure of a change in your hearts before you think of asking the British to leave the shores of India...... be sure you have in your heart love and not bitterness."24
Gandhi's stress on the language of love itself highlights the need for a sociological change—a change that is based on love and not hatred or war which has a stage of perfection in fulfilling a few Gandhian ideals as prescribed by Bharati. One may take the first two parts as revelations of self-experiments conducted by the protagonist who, in order to pay the price of true love, eventually gets himself ready to relinquish all kinds of possessive instincts in himself. In spite of the indifference of the common people to the noble cause that Gandhi or he himself has taken up for the upliftment of the nation or country he keeps on accommodating himself with an archetypal culture probably in order to find out a perfection in himself. He discloses a series of follow-up actions that owe their origin to only Gandhian code of conduct that may be identified with the law of cosmic evolution to which Sriram willingly submits himself. Yet this kind of action continues only till Bharati takes decision to court arrest for herself and it is obvious that her subsequent imprisonment brings about a sweeping change in the mind and personality of the zealot Gandhite who alters his mode of action as freedom fighter.

In part three of the novel, like any other Malgudi narrative, there is an intrusion. Jagadish, a terrorist photographer drops in and takes the innocent Sriram by surprise. He instils in the latter's mind an idea of terrorist movement with which, as he says, more easily the British could
be wiped out from India. His plea for having an acquaintance with Bharati earlier, which instantly draws Sriram’s obsessed mind towards him or his plans and adventurous ways of quoting Subash Chandra Bose or Indian National Army with whose assistance India might win freedom earlier than what the Mahatma proposes to do quite unfix the protagonist’s line of thinking. Jagadish exploits the opportunity created by Bharati’s conspicuous absence following her imprisonment and totally transforms Sriram into a violent reactionary, ready to take up any sort of subversive action that he himself tactfully chalks out for him. The Gandhian mode of evolution that Sriram has been exhibiting in series of self-experiments undergoes a drastic change when he comes to follow a concentrated method of subversive pro-Hitlerian action. Just as the zealot is trying his utmost to ultimately win the heart of Bharati, in the same way he only desires to obtain freedom for India whatever might be the means or the cost of it. In the words of Jagadish:

"We are waging a war, remember, Mahatmaji in his own way and we in our own. All our aims are the same...... of course, this camouflaging is not violence. It does not hurt anybody. It’s done only that we may be left alone to work out our plans without interference."25

The shift from a state of non-violence to a mood of violence, on the plea of liberating one’s motherland is not
evolution, it is progress. The association with Jagadish brings about a steady disruption in Sriram's earlier self-experiments as parts of a spiritual evolution, who now discloses a total oblivion to self-knowledge by way of only capriciously or recklessly engaging himself in subversive activities of a committed saboteur under the pretext for progress. In political context of sociological change he combines in himself the two opposite perspectives of contemporary world order, one committed to non-violence and the other to violence, one trying to achieve a moral victory in the name of evolution, the other trying to have an exclusively material triumph on the excuse for progress. Sriram starts setting fire to the records in a few law courts, derailing the trains, paralysing normal work at schools, exploding bombs or damaging important buildings and strangely enough he proves himself a successful saboteur. Such chain of actions appear to be purely an antithesis of his earlier commitment to Satyagraha he has performed at a village grocery. H.M. Williams observes,

His heart is not in patient non-violence. He joins a photographer..... and takes part in train-wrecking and other violent acts in violation of Satyagraha. 26

Thus if he was not caught earlier as temperamentally he was afraid of courting an arrest, following a series of subversive activities he cannot escape an imprisonment. While coming to
see his ailing granny at home, he is caught and taken to jail which in fact puts a point of termination to all his violent activities that have been carried on under the spell of progress and in parts four and five of the fictional narrative he, as such, displays a circumstantial comeback to the spell of evolution once again. He spends a few years in the company of variety of criminals, tries his utmost to break stones in the quarry or undertake other kinds of labour, occasionally thinks of devising some means of escape yet again controls himself by at once imagining that the same plight might be more or less shared by Bharati elsewhere at the moment. However he is ultimately set free and comes to join Bharati in Delhi at a point of time when India has already become politically free of the British rule. Yet the most tragic part of Sriram’s discovery is that the entire subcontinent is instantly transformed into an inferno of communal violence. Mere political freedom that his country has achieved has in no way changed the face of her economy. Hardly one locates any change in the pattern of one’s day to day routine existence. The author narrates one such experience of Sriram while entering into a local restaurant:

"Give me something to eat. 'There is nothing very good now, Sir, what with the present difficulty of getting rice and any pure food. Our Government do
not do anything about it yet. Do you know how hard it is to get any frying oil? Most of it's adulterated stuff, I tell you."27

Yet the most harrowing experience of political freedom achieved by the Indians is the instant communal massacre that has totally ruined a vast sub-continent. The mission of the Mahatma ironically has not yet ended, either he moves to Noakhali or to Bihar to persuade the people to stop the communal riot or carnage. The social philosopher-author is probably flabbergasted when he discovers the Mahatma himself hardly finding out a possible solution to such senseless actions of humanity engaged in killing one another on the plea of a liberation movement: would alone a fast-unto-death suffice at the moment? When Sriram meets Bharati in Delhi she informs how even the Mahatma is worried about the suffering of women, the suffering that has of late been intensified following communal violence in the border areas and elsewhere. They both cannot make out how much of moral and material loss partition has brought in, partition that politically speaking alone the Mahatma had strongly opposed.

Bharati's narration of Bapuji's approach to the situation is perhaps more touching than what Sriram had earlier heard of. The perils that befall Gandhiji during his visit to communally-disturbed areas are probably the beginning of an end that is in the offing! The Quit India slogan given by Bapuji
asking the Britishers to quit and leave the Indian people either to the Mercy of God or anarchy, one observes, might have most ironically paved the way for a partition or a communal disorder, the worst form of anarchy itself as prophesized by Bapuji. Sriram’s journey from Malgudi to New Delhi for obtaining the Mahatma’s consent to marry Bharati is more of a political odyssey than anything personal. His discovery or awareness of the incidents like the Britishers ultimately quitting India in August, 1947, division of the sub-continent into India and Pakistan, widespread communal violence, the Mahatma’s fast- unto-death or threats to his life may be interpreted as parts of a higher order of evolution to which free India has finally come to infuse itself.

In a political context it implies that in a world of bitter realities, where values as such are found to be in a shambles, a continuous mission of passive Resistance as formulated by Gandhi in Hindu Dharma (1950) ultimately comes to prove itself futile or ineffective. In a vast country like India where people come forward to use the name of the Mahatma as a badge for promoting self-interest, how does one expect the mission of a great man to culminate in success? Yet evolution as such finally asserts itself: the nature of evolution, sociologically speaking, is such that it tends to find out whatever is considered to be the best or the wisest in the action or thought of a person when he seems to have become too idealistic for his
fellowmen or a society he lives in. An evolution alone could establish the inherent qualities or values present in man as a doctrine in itself, and not progress.

Mahatma Gandhi appears as a character in Narayan's novel for two times only, first at Malgudi when he directs Sriram to alter the pattern of his life as desired by Bharati (or Mother India herself) and next in Delhi when he imparts his blessed consent to them both for a marriage which they both have so assiduously waited for. The second and final appearance is in no way different from the first one. The most uninhibited and loving gesture of the Mahatma remains the same, both during his visit to Malgudi long five years back and at Birla Bhawan, New Delhi, preceding the fatal moment. On being requested by Sriram to give his approval for the former's marriage with Bharati, he even expresses his joyous willingness to act as priest if only destiny permits. Ironically enough the novel ends with the most moving description of the fatal moment, the assassination of Bapuji. The fusion of fiction and fact makes the concluding part of the novel an elaborate political tragedy of its kind. Narayan not only tries to make his novel political by referring to the most authentic version of Nationalist movement recorded in the political history of India, but to the most moving details of Gandhi's death, that give the novel a gravity of its own. H.M. Williams affirms,
the agonizing shock of the Mahatma’s death and the heroism of the freedom struggle stamp the novel with unusual solemnity. 29

Waiting For the Mahatma, as discussed earlier, reveals a kind of antithesis and balance between the concept of evolution and the concept of progress as parts of the theories of sociological change. Sriram’s approach to Gandhian idealism both at the inception or conclusion of the narrative may be taken as a reflex of the nature of evolution the Mahatma himself sums up, and his switching over to the fold of the terrorist photographer is only a deviation to the era of progress for the time being. His reunion with Bharati in the presence of the Mahatma is almost like a rediscovery of one’s self-knowledge which only an evolution could make him aware of and not any other direction of a sociological change. If the Mahatma is the archetypal force behind the concept of evolution, Sriram and Bharati appear only as prototypal off-shoots of the same force that virtually add to the major political experiments a spiritual glow or in other words a spiritual identity unknown to major areas of international politics.

Waiting For the Mahatma in this context may be claimed as the most unique political novel of the author. Unlike Mulk Raj Anand, a committed political author or Raja Rao, a mythical abstractionist in socio-political writings, Narayan emerges as a non-committed nationalist in Indo-anglian political fiction.
Instead of confining himself to the limits of a subject of mere political or constitutional Independence that India comes to obtain in August, 1947 he accepts Independence, in the words of H.M. Williams, mainly

as a liberating development, a development through which one might come to diagnose a spiritual remedy to any kind of crisis, material, moral, regional or national. Thus he could take the liberty of exploiting a point of view or a specific action of the Mahatma like Satyagraha or fast-unto-death to the extent of converting it to a myth. The conversion of a reality to myth is perhaps the speciality of Narayan, yet at the same time he could also provide a comic deviation to his narrative while depicting Sriram's mock-heroic monoactions of a Satyagraha at the village grocer's place, or his preposterous way of asking the English manager of the plantation site to quit India. Nevertheless the most significant aspect of Narayan's political context is that he only remains a non-partisan nationalist-analyst without disclosing option for any particular political concept like communism, socialism or even the ideals of Indian National Congress. As a matter of fact it makes the author retain his speciality as a political novelist. He appears to be, in literal sense of the term, a non-politically political analyst for whom
Gandhi, Sriram, Jagadish or any one is treated as entities of flesh and blood or that of more human aspect than being merely political.

Besides the author, like Anand, has tried his utmost to maintain a natural image of the Mahatma which gives the book evidently a solemnity of real life—a type of strength that usually comes out in a political novel. In the initial piece of conversation that passes between Gandhiji and Srinam the Mahatma presents a humanitarian approach of his own in treating the British:

"You must gradually forget the word 'Enemy'. You must think of him as a friend who must leave you. You must train yourself to become a hundred percent 'ahimsa' soldier."31

Sriram's gradual association with a simple, dedicated life of a freedom-fighter almost gives him an identity of his own—a identity, that the followers of Gandhiji had come to acquire for themselves as a whole:

There was a class of society where luxuries gave one a status and now here was the opposite. The more one asserted one cared for no luxury, the more one showed an inclination for hardship and discomfort, the
greater was one’s chance of being admitted into the fold.

The passages show the author’s interest in disclosing how Sriram, or any average Indian everyman who, despite being actually unable to make a correct assessment of a political situation, comes to accept the Gandhian way of life, being enamoured by his words of love, peace and non-violence. No doubt his love for a girl, who herself follows the ideals of Gandhiji, had its influence on him yet one cannot dissociate the influence of Gandhiji from a major part of Sriram’s experience as a volunteer worker in the freedom movement. The author, too, does not fail to project in a satirical vein the whereabouts of the Mahatma’s unworthy group of followers, one of whom, like Natesh, the Municipal chairman of Malgudi, has been enthusiastically waiting to receive Gandhiji in his most gorgeous mansion, with a view to clearing his way for the ensuing Municipal election. This convey the readers to what extent the sycophant-bureaucrats have degraded themselves on the plea of a pseudo-patriotism. The colony of the untouchables where the Mohatma would stay suddenly gets busy with activities that were utterly neglected by the Municipal authorities themselves before hand:

all that night Municipal and other employees kept on working, with the aid of the petrol lamps..... Gandhiji noticed all
the hectic activity, but out of a sense of charity refrained from commenting on it.

The exclusively two different approaches to the arrival of Gandhiji at Malgudi provide factual authenticity due to a political novel. The British Indian population divided into two parts, one voicing the innocent feelings of people like Sriram, and the other camouflaging as public servants for uplifting some selfish interest like Natesh, constitute two different approaches which the author has practically copied out from a socio-political scenario of mid-forties. Thus Narayan who artistically seems to be objective and detached in his treatment of men and situations, makes himself precise or even casual or informal in his treatment of a political theme, which one does not find out in either Mulk Raj Anand or Raja Rao. The Mahatma is introduced in the novel in a most casual way while addressing the people at Malgudi, while talking to Sriram and Bharati or even untouchables nearby, or while watching the Municipal authorities cleaning the garbage from the slum areas overnight. G.P. Sarma records in this context,

Gandhi in his private life was exactly what he has been shown here to be—loving and affectionate like a father to all who approached him, sharing their joys and sorrows and helping them in their time of need like a member of their own family.
The last part of the novel maintains exactly the same familiar or extremely informal disposition of Bapu, while showering his blessings on the would-be couple only a few minutes before his assassination. In almost all the situations analysed by Narayan in the novel, particularly such circumstances where the Mahatma himself is present, the author does not allow the political analyst to supersede the humanist, and may be for that his portrayal of Gandhi has exceeded the limits of art confirming Gandhi as part of a liberating force. H.M. Williams very aptly points out how

'his shadow lies large over the story and the characters.'

Hence, Sriram, except for a temporary deflection under the spell of terrorism, is bound to come back to Gandhi's fold once again. The humanistic treatment of the Mahatma exposing his genuine natural mood, helps the author make his narrative an analysis of the concept of evolution in the process of sociological changes as mentioned earlier. The persistent prevalence of the 'human' factor in treating any situation or character imposes an aura of possibility over the era of reality, it implies how the concept of evolution gradually comes to take over the concept of progress as part of the sociological changes depicted in the novel. Bharati and Sriram appear probably as two parallel forces ultimately joining each other on
the path of patience and hardship. Bharati, Gandhi's spiritual
daughter or a personified neo-womanhood of Independent India and
Sriram, a human embodiment of the Mahatma's moral experiment in
materialising a vision of Utopia or Rama Rajya help in bringing
about a meaningful completion of the process of evolution which
the Mahatma apparently represents at the background. Gandhi's
fatal 'end' might usher in a symbolic 'beginning' of the
universal realisation that the soul or soulforce ultimately
might come to triumph over the limits of self thus hinting at
the completion of such process. Gandhi's death like the
Crucifixion might revive a cosmic awareness of order, in which
not progress but only an evolution could retain itself for good.

The Gandhian-Tagorean approach to sociological changes
almost proportionately continues in The English Teacher. In
Waiting For The Mahatma however one finds the stress as such
made on the multiple aspects of a purely Gandhian approach, the
political context unlike being abstract or philosophical in the
former, appears to be more pragmatic in the latter. It is
undoubtedly the result of a sharp deterioration in the political
idealism. The concept of one absolute nationhood gets lost when
parochial, communal or ideological issues coincide with a
national struggle for Independence.

Keeping the socio-political turmoil of contemporary India
in view, one may conclude that Waiting For The Mahatma is an
attempt to disclose a parallel reaction to Gandhi's non-violent war of freedom. The sporadic references made to Subash Chandra Bose or I.N.A. by Jagadish, the terrorist-fighter, the stress given on a pro-Hitlerian method of overturning the trains as part of the Fascist-strategy of fighting, the preposterous manner in which almost everyone is wearing a Khaddar cap to please the Mahatma at a public meeting or the most laborious manner in which a duplicate role being played by Natesh the Municipal Chairman, are instances of reactions or subsequent parts of the political game only. These may be taken as strategic reactions of categories of people who have been allured by neo-Westernised ideas or concepts that, as such, intruded into different spheres of national life during the Second World War. Such responses of Indian population however establish one perspective before the readers. In spite of the Mahatma's stress on wearing home-spun cloths, burning of British clothes, economy, simplicity, vegetarianism, the western style of living kept on influencing a sizable part of the humanity and such ideals were openly imitated by a few affluent Indian youngsters who preferred to be educated abroad or even by a number of self-centered sycophants for whom Independence was a means for accomplishing a purely selfish end. If Waiting For The Mahatma records some of these reactionary tendencies of people tallying with the self-experiments made by the Statesman-Saint or his followers, one may evidently come to identify such tendencies as parts of a Nahruvian culture that different
sections of Indian citi::enry started experiencing in the midforties. Thematically speaking one comes to witness the inherent tug-of-war between the Gandhian and Nehruvian perspectives in a series of novels like Mr. Sampath, Waiting For The Mahatma, The Man-eater of Malgudi and finally The Vendor or Sweets, the publications of which more or less touch the period stretching from 1947 to 1964, the era of Jawaharlal Nehru’s Prime Ministership or in other words the period of industrial planning in India.

IV

In Mr. Sampath, Narayan’s first post-Independence novel, the contrast of personalities has been artistically touched with the Gandhian ideals in conflict with the new Nehruvian mode of administration or even the ways of living. Such ideals respectively one may find out in the characters of Srinivas, the editor of the ‘the Banner’ and Mr. Sampath, the dynamic printer of Malgudi. The gap between them almost keeps on widening till one comes to The Maneater of Malgudi, where apparently a carbon copy of the docile editor comes to replace him though with a different name, i.e. Nataraj, a printer by profession. But Vasu the self-styled taxidermist, a much more indefatigable counterpart of Sampath, makes contrast between the two ideals
more obvious. Unlike as in *Waiting For The Mahatma* where the non-committal political analyst perhaps would not artistically permit a parallel personality to grow or clash with the Apostle of love and non-violence, in *Mr. Sampath*, *The Man-eater of Malgudi* and *The Vendor of Sweets* there exist the prototypes of a changing sociological order who come forward to take charge of the situation.

In *The Vendor of Sweets* Jagan, the miserly Gandhian-celibate tactfully manages to insulate himself from an American-returned son. Yet he never fails to project the characteristic simplicity or self-dependent life of a freedom fighter which perhaps ultimately comes to put a restraint upon the liberty misused by Mali, himself a by-product of the intrusion of the Western culture. An over-pampered or spoiled son of a disciplinarian father, he practically has no choice left for mending himself thus representing the immature or confused people of a free country trying to get success without positive planning or effort of any kind, a gimmick practised by the half-educated dreamy people of the Nehru era.

*The Maneater of Malgudi* is probably a more authentic X'ray report of the later part of the Nehru era, an experiment of Narayan in trying to study how far diversities of contemporary socio-political interest in life come to affect the mode of human existence. The novel, narrated in first person by
Nataraj, the Malgudian printer, is a tale of utmost adventure, shock or surprise that the ever peace-loving protagonist undergoes one after the other. Himself being the product of a middle class household, he seems to have inherited his paternal house following typical formalities exchanged in connection with separation of ancestral properties. He not only runs his press, located adjacent to his house with practically one employee Sastri, a taciturn worker and Sanskrit scholar by himself, he simultaneously opts to keep his parlour open for novelty of local characters who are welcome to have any kind of discussion with him any time they like.

Unlike Srinivas, who comes to Malgudi in quest of a job or after facing a good deal of hardship in finding out a rented house or some settlement for himself becomes the editor of a reputed journal, Natraj appears to have been a more complacent onlooker of things or events around him. Most confidently he keeps on managing the press without ever trying to add to it more man-power or novel machinery which the owner of Star Press, his neighbour, already possesses. Being a happily settled house-holder, he has a dutiful wife to look after the affairs of household which he himself has never bothered about since his mother and grandaunt went to live with his brother in Madras. The usually flat, uneventful and semi-rural human outskirt of the Kabir street has as such never given him either a chance or a flair for becoming a little more dashing which represents the
stale socio-political scenario of post-Independence saga. The parlour of the press, where mainly one finds two regular visitors, symbolically brings to limelight how mostly the Indian mentality, or attitude to life has become casual or unreasonably critical in the years following Independence. One may discover such attitudes in the portrayal of the introvert school-teacher-poet who is all the time busy composing the life story of God Krishna and that of Sen, the over-vociferous journalist constantly passing remarks upon the short-comings of the Nehru Government while going through some newspaper or the other.

Infact there is not much of a difference between the host and the guests. Nataraj, the ever friendly, ever compromising, uncomplaining host-printer; the monosyllabic poet, with a whimsical determination to finish an epic; or Sen, the ever critical journalist stand for the contemporary socio-economic saga of total inaction, an inaction whose genesis could be traced in political or constitutional Independence that the country finally won after decades of turmoil. The political idealism which Gandhiji had counselled his fellowmen to take up as part of the nationalist movement, got itself muddled up during the last phase of the movement itself, when communalism or parochialism started dividing the people and the earlier idealism was lost in a maze of political chicanery and greed. This came to affect the people as a whole and thus persons like Nataraj, Sen or the poet come to be regarded as the replicas of
such population in early fifties. They more or less form a team of sophisticated idlers, not doing exactly anything creative or useful for themselves or for the nation, but confining themselves to a lot that they in fact never sincerely try to ameliorate.

Although Gandhi was assassinated, the custom-oriented middleclass Indians could never part with the charisma of non-violence or love they had shared with the Mahatma. On the contrary the doctrines of Western technology or economics that the new Prime Minister attempted to infuse into the successive Five-year plans as such did not effectively bring about a conviction in the minds of the average Indians. Thus vacillating between two ways of living, that is, the spiritual Gandhian ideals and the material Nehruvian concepts, a separate category of humanity seemed to have emerged who might be as such grouped into two different types: the Nataraj type, at least trying to maintain the Gandhian charisma in gestures, if not so much in action, and the Vasu type, a complete antithesis of the former in being portrayed as a bastard-byproduct of a misconstrued Nehruvian complex. The novel thus projects sociological changes in vivid political context only when these two prototypes are studied against the backdrop of an up-and-coming society.
Infact the unexpected arrival of Vasu, a hefty and aggressive intruder, on the plea of printing some visiting cards or claiming himself a taxidermist fully knocks down the mental or moral balance of Nataraj and others. The most awful narration of the six-footer of his experiences in the art of taxidermy with which he trained himself up at Junagarh, or gymnastics that he learnt subsequently from some one at Nagpur resulting in a tussle between the teacher and taught in which the stronger disciple absconded after badly hitting his master, brings out the violation of natural order in Malgudi. His references to the unusual food habits, or capacity to pulverize granite etc., transform the tranquil atmosphere of the parlour into one of excitement and violence. While introducing himself Vasu declares,

"After all, we are civilised human beings, educated and cultured, and it is up to us to prove our superiority to nature. Science conquers nature in a new way each day; why not in creation also? ...... I challenge any man to contradict me."

Such gestures of the bullying extrovert are amazingly tolerated by a group of introverts, who do not have the courage to show an action or reaction. The printer who recollects not to have confronted anyone even in the worst possible situation during his school going days, or not to have struck even a fly
or ant as counselled by his uncle in childhood, is however determined to follow up the principle of non-violence as advocated by Gandhi. But he basically lacks the courage which Gandhi had preferred to exhibit in moments of a crisis, or whenever there was a choice to be made between violence and cowardice. Thus he cannot deal with the bullying taxidermist properly or as expected by others. Likewise the poet— who is in a hurry to give a finishing touch to a line while composing the poem on the love theme of Krishna— timidly withdraws. Sen, who goes on arguing on the failures of the one-and-a-half-decade-old Nehru Government— an inborn critic without having any capacity to settle down in his own profession— of course reacts to the intruder's haughty approaches but that also proves futile. In reality, the high-sounding words of challenge do not have any effect upon the display of muscle-power. Ultimately the journalist recedes to the background in the presence of the taxidermist. Like Nataraja's his inner rage does not in any way succeed in creating even a ripple on the surface.

Vasu, the intruder is both a contrast to Nataraj, as well as a kind of anti-hero introduced in the narrative. He announces that he has come to Malgudi for officially starting his business as a taxidermist, for he considers the neighbourhood of Mempi Forest as the choicest area where one could operate the business of hunting or stuffing novelty of
animals in the most profitable manner. He occupies the attic located above Nataraj's press for the purpose of converting it to his habitat-cum-taxidermy-workshop without least caring for the owner's permission, or even bothering about paying rent to the owner, indicative of the characteristic gimmicks offered by the opportunist leaders of the time.

The spirit of aggression exhibited by Vasu in occupying the attic or defying one and all including his meek and mild host, may be linked up generally with the shrewd and calculating minds of clever and opportunist Indians, for whom, as discussed earlier political freedom was only an end in itself. The Nehruvian agenda for urbanising or industrialising the agrarian structure of society constituted only a negligible form in itself, because in spirit the political leaders, workers, bureaucrats, officers or the entire section of businessmen and industrialists had started a cut-throat competition among themselves in quest of material gain. Vasu appears as a human (or sub-human?) embodiment of such opportunist-competitive motivations.

One may not also fail to notice the negative aspects of a Westernised life manifested in the taxidermist's nature and behaviour. A self-styled professional by himself, he of course maintains a few of such negative aspects which he thinks are most needed to suit a business deal. A determination to grow
rich by way of devising methods of manipulation, and a readymade accessibility to womanisation or permissive sexual morals are the usual traits with which he settled down in Malgudi. The intrusion is perhaps complete with the highest misuse of individual liberty that he goes on performing on the excuse for starting a business of taxidermy. To secure a licence from the forest officer that enables him to carry out his most illegal manner of hunting in the dense Mempi forest, he almost flatters in a manner which only makes him a time-server of his kind:

"He is Mempi Forest. He is everything there. He knows and has numbered every beast and he has no fear. If he were a coward, he would never have joined this department."37

Or by way of explaining to Nataraj how marriage is a kind of sheer foolishness which sensible men ought to avoid- a topic he most casually takes up yet which discloses the true index of himself as a branded womaniser- he concludes,

"I really do not know why people marry at all. If you like a woman have her by all means. You don’t have to own a coffee-estate because you like to have a cup of coffee now and then."38

Not only he succeeds in obtaining a game licence by dint of which he could shoot kinds of animals in the forest or stuff
them, but also he manages to have a galaxy of women of low profile secretly coming to him by the back-door stair-case, that make him the most despicable yet an equally unyielding personality in the Kabir street. The characteristic sanctity of Malgudi, where the streets are named respectively after some great British administrator, like Sir Frederick Lawley or the great poet Kabir, is found to be in a shambles as Vasu starts doing kinds of unlawful activities. His most discourteous gestures in forcibly dragging an unprepared Nataraj away in his vehicle or leaving him in a peripheral way-side tea shop in a totally helpless state, his crude way of shooting a prowler which he is not legally authorised to do, his most cold and indifferent way of killing and stuffing the pet dog of a neighbour or not even sparing a cat that frequently gets into the press, are insignia of the most perverted kind of possessive instinct which do not make him appear either as product of a secular society or even that of a sacred society. He assumes the shape or spirit of a more powerful savage under the excuse for a few training or specialisations he has obtained that practically come to identify him as a ‘man-eater’, representing a totally new type of society that is out to over-power the other two societies, the secular or sacred. While the latter, in oriental sense of the term, is culturally more acceptable, the former is not. Yet the former is more or less thrust upon the Indian people in political context of sociological changes, through which the leaders or
pseudo-statesmen come to reap some benefit for themselves. Hence the indomitable gestures of the self-styled specialist. P.S. Sundaram observes, by way of comparing him with a demon, that

the modern Rakshasa does not have to be tenheaded and twenty armed. Science and technology make him more powerful than any Ravana or Mahishasura. He too like the old Rakshasa glories in his strength, recognises no one and nothing as superior to himself, is scornful of the weak and rides roughshod on them. He has no use for either God or man.

Vasu even starts suspecting a humble Nataraj when the latter casually enquires if he has found out some other better house for himself, and instantly manages to get a legal proceeding drawn against or issued to Nataraj. The content of the complaint filed against the landlord Nataraj is that the latter is involving the said tenant in great loss, damage and expense.

The poor printer being totally unable to tackle his immodest tenant only invites a great risk for himself in particular and for others in general. One could trace how both Nataraj and Vasu in their respective ways represent the final
phase of deterioration: both the Gandhian charisma and the Nehruvian formula of social reconstruction have almost reached parallel stages of extinction. Nataraj who appears as a vegetarian disciple of 'Ahimsa' proves himself to be fully inert like his counterparts for he does not have the guts to assert himself as a champion of Ahimsa or non-violence. In other words he is most unfit to utilise his individual freedom and invites all kinds of troubles for himself and others till he comes to be misunderstood or even despised by one and all, which probably in a way justifies how the Gandhian ideals of truth or non-violence without a scope for adequate self-assertion or implementation of the same are only futile propositions in a country where values are fast changing in current times. O.P. Bhatnagar affirms,

Gandhi was aware of the alienation of the violent man from the mainstream of society. Non-violence for him was a way of making a voluntary collective force. 42

The recognition of non-violence as a voluntary collective force needs courage or adequate self-assertion that Nataraj basically lacks. Thus he represents a positive stage of inaction in spite of a subtle or tactful way of dealing with his 'tenant' which indicates that the Gandhian charisma has almost reached the final stage of deterioration. In case of Vasu one may locate how the over-confident treatment of a situation helps
the violent men only to secure a temporary success in his professional or private life, but ultimately he is left with no alternative than putting a pre-mature end on himself. His speech and action against an undisturbed or complacent life around Malgudi become more and more unnatural, violent and pre-posterous. The utmost confident way of achieving success by unlawful means might be taken as a response to parallel motivations that the politicians, bureaucrats and self-seeking opportunists have been trying their best to materialise in the contemporary socio-political set up. H.M. Williams observes how

'In modern India free of foreign rule and obsessed by economic and social problems he finds no role except grotesquely as taxidermist and hunter..... he parodies the pragmatic and forward-looking politicians and the 'jet set' of modern Indian cities. 43

The instant reference in this context might be made to Vasu's determination to shoot the temple elephant at sight. Despite the cajolery or entreaties made by the host-printer and others to refrain from doing it, the taxidermist takes it as the greatest mission or challenge of his life. The moment he comes to know of the celebrations at the Krishna temple where the monosyllabic verse of the poet will be formally brought to limelight accompanied by a grand religious procession to be led by Kumar, the elephant, he infact comes to take such a crucial
decision. He keeps the window of the attic open and gets ready to shoot the animal while the procession passes around midnight. On being reported by Rangi, a temple dancer and a woman of low profile, that Kumar is the next target of Vasu, Nataraj tries his utmost to divert his mind from such an unnatural decision:

'I only asked, 'what has the poor elephant done to you?'

'Has it occurred to you how much more an elephant is worth dead? You don't have to feed it in the first place. I can make ten thousand out of the parts of this elephant—the tusks, if my calculation is right, must weigh forty pounds, that's eight hundred rupees......every bit of it is valuable. I have already several inquiries from France and Germany and from Hong Kong. What more can a man want? I could retire for a year on the proceeds of one elephant.'

The forward-looking or over-ambitious businessman argues that taxidermy alone could ensure the financial or economic stability of a free nation in the shape of killing or stuffing animals for the promotion of Indian export economy. Why should not one try to convert a country enriched with natural resources to a modern industrial exporting one, that might gradually enable itself to compete in the international market? Obviously a desire for making his country economically more self-dependent brings out the optimistic version of a confident industrialist,
but the means to undertake such an experiment is more or less set against the inherent cultural heritage of the nation. The Maneater of Malgudi is probably Narayan's first fictional work where the social philosopher-author presents his skill effectively by infusing a popular myth into depiction of a specific situation that goes against such a heritage. The popular oriental myth of Bhasmasura who foolishly followed the dictates of the beautiful Mohini and died a ludicrous death, or that of Gajendra, the legendary elephant who was saved only by way of helplessly calling on Lord Vishnu while being attacked by the crocodile in the lake appropriately fits into the situation where Nataraj, following a bitter psychological exhaustion bursts out most loudly before the temple deity praying Him to save Kumar or whoever joining the grand holy procession.

The infusion of such myths into the depiction of significant human situations to a great extent corresponds to the saga of socio-political experiments which self-seeking opportunists are carrying on under the plea of reconstructing a free country—experiments most of which, like Vasu's, only meet with an abortive end. The author, who firmly believes in maintaining the identity of spiritual values prevalent in his native culture, would not permit a self-styled misuse of liberty that he apprehends might ruin the entire environment, be it human or biological. The use of myth, therefore could be taken as a device through which the author manages to retain the
readers of a sheer necessity of restoring the lost disciplines or values of life.

Hence the process of Deterioration, as part of the theories of sociological change, appears to have been more vivid in political context while one makes an assessment of Vasu, rather than Nataraj. Vasu carries out the tendencies of such politicians and leaders who bring about deteriorations in all directions, moral or material, on the pretext for an experiment, thereby making the phases of deterioration more comprehensive. Perhaps in no other fictional work of Narayan, the saga of deterioration has been so assiduously depicted as in *The Maneater of Malgudi*. The aggressive or daring hunter appears to have dominated over all circumstances and situations till the end of the narrative, which only ironically ends with his tragi-comic end. M.K. Naik affirms that the author’s use of irony discloses itself at the height of its powers, probing vital areas of human behaviour and experience. Irony as a device has............. incontroversibly matured into irony as moral discovery. 45

To conclude, irony being used as genesis of moral discovery not merely helps in making the deterioration process complete, but also paves the way for restoration of order, which is supposed to follow deterioration as part of a sociological
change. Sastri's revelation of the real situation leading to the hunter's self-invited death, not-withstanding a suspicion that keeps growing in one's mind for another, establishes order in the midst of chaos, to which the self-effacing Nataraj almost unconditionally succumbs,

"Yes, Sastri, I am at your service,' I said. 46

The uses of archetypal myth discussed earlier, too perhaps help the novelist in infusing the sociological theory of deterioration into his work. Like the fiction of Raja Rao such uses play equally a vital role in highlighting possibility of a moral change as part of a social change. The author, while addressing an audience at Columbia University in 1972, says,

After writing a number of novels and short stories based on the society around me, some years ago I suddenly came across a theme which stuck me as an excellent piece of mythology in modern dress. It was published under the title, The Maneater of Malgudi... I based this story on a well-known mythological episode, the story of Mohini and Bhasmasura.' 47
V

In a few other short stories also one might find the awareness of the author, of similar sociological changes in political context. Of course compared with Mulk Raj Anand's *The Barber's Trade Union* (1944) or Bhabani Bhattacharyya's *The Steel Hawk* (1968) in which one witnesses a Marxist or proletarian treatment of the subject matter, in Narayan's it is the utmost casual treatment which draws the readers' attention. *Another Community* (1956) might be taken as a unique example of such carefree treatment, a story in which he takes a political theme in the most non-political context. Written within a decade following Independence it deals with an agenda of communal tension, a subject matter that is of utmost socio-ethical or socio-political importance in recent times. The author maintains an epistolery technique like that of his most favourite Talkative Man, and tries to present the most crucial theme in the simplest manner. He neither refers to any specific community or creed the protagonist belongs to, nor does he directly satirise or attack any social or political institution liable for encouraging a growing tension which his hero falls a victim to! He also does not identify his protagonist with a proper noun for that is probably not necessary on the part of an author taking up a theme of national importance. The most non-specific treatment of his insecure-yet-secure hero whose feelings of brotherhood fall flat
before an angry mob that puts a premature end on his life, provides the readers with a non-committal pity of the author for the doomed idealist which holds a good deal of sociological interest. To him a plot like communal tension or communal riot is only a desperate conclusion of a decadent socio-political set up that almost threatens the survival of men in current times.

The non-controversial middle-aged householder, father or Insurance employee lives a complacent life against a peaceful backdrop of an Indian town. Everything has passed off in his life as placidly or smoothly as his official seat that he all along has occupied with least intervention of any sort—yet the human drama of utmost calmness is most unexpectedly disrupted soon after October, 1947 following a sudden change in behaviour of his colleagues. They all, like savage reactionaries to some evil acts committed in some parts of the country, come forward to offer equal spirit of retaliation in their talks or acts. Not merely his colleagues, also the postman, his familiar shopkeeper or friend working in the bank come to look totally 'transformed.' They behave as if they now belong to some strange community of men ready to wreck their vengeance on whomever they find at their disposal! The social analyst observes how it is totally preposterous, in the true sense of the term, that

a good action in a far off place did not find a corresponding echo, but an evil one did possess that power. 48
Such brutal determination either makes them mercilessly beat his post-office friend or run after a little girl on her way to school with words of threat. It appears all straight-forwardness and agreeable relationship between one and the other have totally disappeared, the air is charged with whisper or suspicion, envy or fear, wicked purpose or ghastly rumour out of which probably there is no escape. The gruesome information in connection with stabbing of some cyclist or assault inflicted upon a woman only puts him in an incalculable level of horror and amazement and despite his attempts to assure his fellowmen that such things may not at all happen here, he cannot refrain them from collecting knives or sticks. He overhears the hooligans swearing at his 'uncle's' place to treat their enemies only with the language of revenge. Being awestruck he not merely starts pitying his wife and children or spends sleepless nights with untold apprehension expecting the breakout of a fire at a distance following the worst nightmare he ever had in life, but even thinks of keeping a wood-chopper near at hand in order to defend his home in the face of an instant danger.

As people keep on mentioning that on 29th of the ensuing month they might come to 'clean up' the town, he just cannot make out how they will initiate it. As the crucial date draws closer he even hears his uncle saying how the push-bottom arrangement is chalked out. If any trouble starts from the side
of people of the other community, who as such have been holding secret meetings almost every night, they will be finished off without a second thought. The entire process of arrangement gives an impression of lull before a storm. On 29th itself shops and schools are closed, normal social activities of people are almost suspended, at the office of the unknown protagonist most of his colleagues are absent, but the non-controversial non-committed paragon of sincerity as usual comes to his place of work. Despite his hatred for listening to the whispers of a few men around his table he just cannot dispel fear from his mind, though he at first takes such kind of fear as vague. Some genuine anxiety to reach home provides a strange shape to that nameless fear when he returns home in the evening. Instead of taking the usual route he hurries along a dark alley taking it as a safe and time-saving device to reach home.

Yet the choice of entering into the alley is a fatal one. Just after walking for a few yards he falls out with a cyclist who dashes against him. Just as each could not judge the movement of the other that results in an accident, in the same way each starts heaping abuses on the other and soon a crowd gathers only to protect the cyclist, an uncalled-for predicament which most likely the unknown central figure of the narrative was apprehending since the beginning! As all those who assemble keep on hacking him, he is heard telling them in syllables of a true secularist despite his feeble utterance:
"What is it all worth? There is no such thing as your community or mine. We are all of this country. I and my wife and children: You and your wife and children. Let us not cut each other's throat. It does not matter who cuts whose: it's all the same to me. But we must not, we must not. I'll tell my uncle that I fell down the office staircase and hurt myself. He'll never know. He must not press the button."\(^{49}\)

But he is hacked to death by some men of another community. The button is pushed perhaps exactly in time. He cannot save himself inspite of an utmost human approach— that sounds like the Mahatma's speech at Noakhali or elsewhere— and his dead body is identified only through a kerosene ration coupon found in his breast pocket next day.

In a developing country like India such an experience has almost acquired universal significance in view of acts of communal tension or terrorism increasing day by day. Particularly in the last two decades of the present century the various cessationist forces have been frantically attempting to create barriers not merely on the way of achieving national integration or communal harmony but they are out to disrupt the stability, peace and joy of day to day life of the commonman in many parts of the vast sub-continent. The moral or material help provided by alien organisations in this context may not be
ruled out and despite the attempts made by central or peripheral
governments to stop such dastardly activities like mass killing,
arson, robbery or kidnapping, no solution has yet been achieved.
It appears that the utmost difficulties with which Gandhi or
other pioneers of Freedom movement had in fact united the entire
population of India as one united nation have become a forgotten
entity of a legendary past and any attempt to revive the spirit
of one common or absolute national feeling is only fast
fizzling out. Another Community perhaps from the contemporary
socio-political context, is the most pertinent report of an
unknown citizen's most uncertain existence which tends to
establish in a macroscopic way, the destiny of a hopeless
future the author's free country is supposed to undergo!

Besides one comes across the miserable fate of a
middleclass employee whose psychic or ethical alertness leads to
his tragic end in a manner which is of least importance to the
committed cessationist or communal forces. Hence the question
arises whether Indian people have been really free or united
even after four and half decades of a constitutional or
political Independence wrested by them from the British?

Another Community significantly refers to the paradoxical
pattern of Indian life just before and after Independence - a
chastened life being strangely converted to a suspicious one
following widespread action of communal violence, which though
uncalled for, may be taken as part of a natural evolution. The plot has throughout maintained a historical purpose, as it refers to the acts of communal violence and disorder happening in India, around October-November, 1947, yet the narrative strategy maintained by the social philosopher-author and visionary makes it the replica of a timeless world-wide event. Communalism has not only been an accepted fact of history, more than that it belongs to the inherent nature of man who on the excuse for religion only attempts to establish or identify a possessive instinct of his sown. The lingering battles between the Muslims and the Christendom in eastern Europe and the tyrannical way the black teenagers of South Africa were recently compelled to show their unquestioned obedience to the white supremacy are glaring instances of how religion or religious supremacy has always been taken as a means to accomplish a foul end, that is one’s authority over the other. The threats to Hindu-Muslim unity, which shape the central theme of the story, only indicate how progress is as such associated with the concept of development rather than evolution. It shows how being synonymous with the law of creation it unfolds a kind of change which takes place only for the worse instead of the better in a country like India, where to exploit the ignorant population inhabiting either under the division of caste or that of particular religion, community or sect—has been the chief motive of the power-hungry politicians. When one community intends or attempts to over-power another, for the
sake of highlighting a mean political interest or propaganda, it can succeed on the concept of progress alone, and not evolution in the Indian context.

Thus Another Community could be taken as a unique revelation of such a sociological hypothesis of change, a revelation that only affirms how the natural instinct of people is being strategically exploited to add to one's opportunist motivation. Hence terrorist organisations or activities being gradually strengthened or spread out which is exclusively political. The narrative ends as a versatile caricature of Indian society as being secular, a point which explains only a direction and not the cause of social change. If by nature or temperament the Hindus and Muslims could not cope with each other or remained confined to their closed-door systems of culture for centuries together, the leaders and politicians take rather greater advantage in widening the fissure between them both for the sake of obtaining a material gain or political base for themselves, which also might be taken as an inseparable part of the law of progress as stated earlier. Nevertheless the detached social philosopher in Narayan towers above the limits of a mere political analyst which makes Another Community a great work of art. M.K. Naik concludes,
"Even when he deals directly with a communal riot in "Another Community" Narayan's tones remain so neutral that only the irony of the misunderstanding resulting in the death of the protagonist in a clash which soon develops a communal colouring is highlighted at the expense of the potential tragic effect."\textsuperscript{50}

\textit{Lawley Road} (1956) is another observation of a neopolitical consciousness the people of India reared in themselves at the wake of Independence. As narrated by the Talkative Man, the story begins with a note of sudden change in the mood of the Municipal authorities or people of Malgudi, strongly affected by the advent of freedom. In a grotesquely sentimental way the Municipal chairman and the members of the Municipal Council decide to nationalise the names of all streets and parks located at Malgudi, though in the pre-Independence era the Municipality in Malgudi itself was totally a non-existent phenomenon, a town that was full of dust, filth or diseases of all kinds since time immemorial. The sudden craze for transforming the age-old names and designations of different roads is not merely a response to parts of a jubilation being felt or experienced in all corners of India in August, 1947, but more than that it is a means for establishing the identity of power-mongering authorities of local bodies who endeavour their utmost to come to limelight on the pretext for revealing a
nationalistic zeal. Like his counterpart Natesh in Waiting for the Mahatma the Municipal Chairman of the present story was a man who had done well for himself as a supplier of blankets to the army during the war, later spending a great deal of his gains in securing the Chairmanship. 51

Paradoxically considering, a lot of money-grubbers and hoarders start behaving in utmost pretentiousness of being patriots, social reformers or humanists which give them some kind of support to fulfil a material end. This to a great extent keeps pace with how most of the political leaders during the course of Freedom movement look at political Independence obtained by India as an end in itself and not a means through which Mahatma Gandhi had dreamt of reconstructing the motherland.

The outset of the story protecting the contemporary relation between an affluent power-monger and a journalist is a meaningful exposure of an identity crisis that is fast spreading among the administrators, either local, regional or national. As discussed earlier in a vast country like India it has always been easy to adopt a double standard attitude by dint of which one could accomplish one’s self interest in the long run—an easy method of befooling the ignoramus or the illiterate. In this context Malgudi stands as a microcosm in itself where a few opportunists alone could flourish with some plea or the other.
As a result of the unanimous decision not merely the Coronation Park comes to be designated as Hamara Hindustan Park, most of the popular age-old names connected with different roads like Market road or Vinayak Mudali street have been substituted by the names of ministers, deputy ministers or members of Congress working committee. The result is obvious. People become helpless to say in which area they actually inhabit or regret inability to direct other people there! The inspired work of the pseudo-patriots only leads to an uncalled-for confusion or chaos in the accepted topography of Malgudi. Such rashness of pseudo-nationalism reaches a point of climax when the members of the Council unanimously decide to remove the statue of Sir Frederick Lawley, located in an area whose name has been recently changed from Lawley Extension to Gandhi Nagar. But they find it next to impossible— the weighty and tall statue that rises from a pedestal of molten lead stands immovable! Any way they all now swear even if it implies blasting up of part of the town for compelling the task of removal they would do it. At the same time they collect a lot of information about Sir Frederick Lawley which make them not merely develop a hatred for the British tyrant, but make them more firm and resolute to undertake the work. They come to know, from rather unreasonable sources or some incomplete data that

He was a combination of Attila, the Scourge of Europe, and Nadir Shah, with the Sword and razed to the ground the villages
from which he heard the slightest murmur of protest—they shuddered when they thought of the fate of their ancestors who had to bear the tyrannies of this man.52

No sooner the tenders are called for or prompt response is obtained from a number of contractors, than a fresh crisis arises—where would the statue be housed? The removal or transportation of it might not be as problematic as its subsequent accommodation which the municipal building as such can not provide. Hence a way is devised by the Chairman himself. He requests the narrator-journalist to make necessary arrangements for taking it himself entirely free of cost. Such a proposal is readily accepted by the latter who concludes it as a prelude to a pure investment on his part, if alone he could sell it as metal worth three tons, destiny might convert him to a prosperous man for good! The Chairman who just needs to get rid of the problem of housing such enormous object either could not calculate what is going to befall him and other members of Municipal council for taking such a decision, or the overcomplacent narrator who keeps on calculating an economically stable future for himself being unable to realise what socio—ehhical limits might be imposed upon one’s ambitious dreams— are entirely experiences drawn from the over—confident transactions made by smooth sailing contemporary politicians and the profiteering motive instilled in the minds of
middleclass intellectuals represented by the Chairman and the narrator respectively. As the narrator—talkative man calculates:

About three tons of metal might fetch anything. Or I could probably sell it to the British Museum or Westminster Abbey, I saw myself throwing up the upcountry paper job. 53

Thus the fortunate recipient borrows money from his father-in-law, engages a team of fifty labourers from Koppal to hack it, finally gets it removed by meticulously using sticks of dynamite, takes it home in a specially designed carriage drawn by bullocks preceded by much disorder in traffic and lodges it in his house in a preposterous manner. While the head and shoulders are laid in the front hall, the rest part is being stretched out into the road through the entrance. The Municipal authorities not merely pay him their heartiest thanks but a ten-inch episode referring to such adventure made by them secures a nation-wide coverage in the journal thus providing a kind of identity to both the benevolent authorities and the patriot-narrator.

Yet such coverage soon meets with a hostile response from almost every kind of historical society in India each of whom protesting against the removal of Sir Frederick Lawley's statue
as he comes to be identified with one military Governor of Warren Hastings' time contrary to the popular information or identification of being the cruellest British invader in India. They affirm how he was not merely an outstanding social reformer ever—engaged in improving the lot of his subjects but had most dramatically died while trying to save some villagers in the terrible floods of the Sarayu. The telegrams received from different historical societies or the subsequent order of the Government to reinstate the statue leave the chairman with no other option than asking the journalist to obey the order without a second thought. The public get equally agitated and demand an instant reinstalling of the statue which infact they themselves had abandoned under the spell of a popular misunderstanding that had made them despise the British Governor. Now the table has turned—the fresh inflow of data makes them more enthusiastic. On finding the narrator reluctant to part with his booty they make all kinds of demonstrations before his house, starting from protest parade to picketing by way of lying across his door in relays or shouting slogans, which they have perhaps cultivated in the later part of freedom struggle. The tussle between the courageous narrator and Municipal authorities continue for quite a long time and it appears as if such tug of war would never come to an end:

"The Municipality sent me a notice of persecution under the Ancient Monuments Act which I repudiated in suitable terms. We
were getting into bewildering legalities—a battle of wits between me and the municipal lawyer." 54

In this context one might come to observe how the narrator-protagonist intends to assert or justify his individual authority over the issue of possessing the statue as entirely his own trick, which he has inherited from power-loving politicians of the time. The author tries to juxtapose parallel portraits of the narrator-journalist and the Municipal chairman as media of how people are hankering after some kind of publicity for themselves which they take as means of progress, in other words they accept it as a source for establishing themselves against hard competitions of life. The narrator by way of breaking the ice appeals to the chairman to acquire his house as a National Trust wherein the statue may continue to be kept for good. He explains and suggests how without depending upon the Municipal funds the chairman himself ought to purchase his house at a reasonable price which won't be in any way difficult for him as he had a lot of income or profit while selling old blankets earlier and too it would become an extraordinary gesture, a quite patriotic achievement worth publishing in newspaper that might provide him with an identity he might not have dreamt of.

The chairman instantly agrees and the needful is done following another resolution of the Municipal council being
drafted to designate Kabir lane as Lawley Road. The narrative ends with not only the journalist's effort to solve the crisis of a 'national order', more than that it establishes a bond between the two. He gets back the amount that he had spent in removing or carting the statue and his counterpart becomes a renowned personality though he only adjusts a part of his profit as an ex-businessman. The compromise of this sort is chiefly political, one gets the money and another finds the coverage for a proper noun or self-recognition. Sir Frederick Lawley only remains an entity of second-hand importance in the game of give-and-take, or being reinstated as per the demand of the historians or the common men. It is in fact behind a pseudo-patriotism displayed by a Chairman or a newsreporter, the hypocrisy and bargaining motive of contemporary or present day politicians have been disclosed in an extremely casual manner typical of Narayan's work.

Hence Lawley Road is not merely a story in which as P.S.Sundaram observes Narayan

makes fun of the Municipality, rather in a more critical way he tries to expose the reality of human nature in the garb of a chairman or journalist who are almost out to impose checks and balances upon each other. The sociological processes of conflict, competition or cooperation,
culminating as interactions that take place between one person and another, have been precisely combined with the episode of the narrator-journalist's adjustment with the municipal chairman. It is obvious that without an interaction existing between two or more individuals social existence is practically impossible. Moreover where means-end calculations monopolised by self-centered politicians continue to exert an endless impact on the average humanity it is hard to isolate the one from the other. In an under-privileged socio-economic set up the advent of an awareness for political freedom makes them closely imitate their leaders, law-makers or bureaucrats and it is principally on such basis their various interactions are displayed. One may find how opportunist motivations as such being drawn from the nature of the contemporary politicians or bureaucrats, constitute the whereabouts of the journalist and the Chairman. It is mainly on such basis that the conflict, competition or even co-operation between both have been highlighted in Lawley Road.

Secondly the journalist and the chairman, as handled by Narayan, appear as rentiers who try their utmost to wield power for themselves. They practically live in a society where no speculators would ever emerge to oppose their modus operandi. In other words the politicians, statesmen and leaders of India have so trained themselves to fit into a system of opportunist motivations or actions before and after Independence that they
have formed a tradition of their own which a sensitive population or equally sensitive electorate cannot easily part with. As discussed in context of rentiers and speculators earlier, the rentiers convert their method of manipulation into a kind of tradition which would rather appear to be more acceptable to the mentality of Indian politicians and Indian people for whom freedom is exclusively an end in itself. Thus from the perspective of sociological change as formulated in Lawley Road, one may however come to identify the two main characters as rentiers who keep on strengthening their socio-economic and political status more and more without being least affected by reactions of any sort, made either by historical societies, or Government or the people. In a startling way the social analyst—author tries to depict how the innocent people of India do not have any access to the surreptitious agreement that passes between the rentiers, hence they cannot as such be compared with the speculators. As Narayan observes the people who blindly react to the drama of removal and reinstatement, have no inherent strength to prove themselves as speculators and a total lack of creative reaction in them precisely and indirectly help the journalist or the blanket-seller-cum-chairman to make his stand more strategic. Hence Lawley Road may be taken as a separate form of sociological narrative in which the author, more as a visionary than a satirist, makes an attempt to show how the advent of political freedom gives shape to a society of pseudo-patriots.
and money-grubbers in India who could mobilise or control the sentiment of common mass more easily than was expected earlier.

_Half a rupee worth_ (1956) is another example of Narayan where the author not merely becomes a moral analyst while describing the fatal end of an excessively avaricious person, but tries his best to say how the genesis or root of such a catastrophe is, as such, found out in a malafide political set up. The mode of narration is both casual and dramatic and hence entertaining but the cause of the protagonist's premature and violent end seems to acquire more interest in a sociological sense than the natural outcome of it which might make him an object of pity. Unlike _Lawley Road_ and _Engine Trouble_ (1947), here one might find how the protagonist becomes a rightful victim of a self-invited death that serves as a premonition to the present day minters of money in an impoverished country. Inspite of the moral values attached to it the story keeps pace with an impartial rendering of the hoarders and businessmen in recent times for whom economic security seems to have become a part and parcel of life, and the mode or method of obtaining economic security in the political context is what approximately defines their individuality.

Subbiah comes to establish himself as a reputed rice-merchant of Malgudi, being meticulously reared by his merchant father. He not only sells rice of all varieties—kept
in wicker baskets in a typically congested and dark shop near the market gate, he has apparently made himself a part of the business which he adores more than his life. The author observes,

He liked the smell of gunny sack, he liked the smell of rice and husk, and he loved the warm feel of rice in his basket when it arrived fresh from the mill. Through good times and bad times he flourished. There were days of drought when paddy did not come up and the rice mills were silenced.... If he did not find stuff for twenty baskets he scoured the countryside and filled at best two baskets and sold them....... Subbiah survived all the ups and downs in the harvest and trade. Rice was in his blood. 56

Since boyhood he was so trained by his father to get himself entangled or accustomed with the affairs of business that he was compelled to lose hold on all other interests in life. The adolescent longing for watching movies, tournaments or other activities of a colourful outward life was virtually denied to him since he was supposed to inherit the confined life of his businessman-father, one who very soon learnt to concentrate only on his business. Narayan writes,

the littleman had no eyes for anything in life except rice and no head for anything
except the price of grain, and he dreamt of rice and thought of rice and spoke of rice. 57

Hence people come to see no difference when his father passes away. He not merely keeps up the heritage of business intact but becomes a very prosperous householder, land-owner, money lender and above all the most astute hoarder, the all-time owner of a Fair Price Grain Depot, the title of which he obtains as a result of his understanding with the self-centered officials or leaders. The episode of Subbiah right from the harsh, mechanical tutoring imposed upon him by his father to the subsequent level of reaching an understanding with the officials of post-war period presents a saga of neo-socialistic values that were fast entering into the life of average humanity during those days. By way of gradually making himself a carbon copy of his introvert calm-going father he learns to prepare himself as a flat personality which is perhaps the need of the time. Like Sir Abalabandhu in Bhattacharyya's So Many Hungers or Hanuman, the rice-seller in Markandaya's Nectar in a Sieve (1954) he develops an identity of his own. In times of peace and plenty he keeps on shoving money into his iron safe and imagines how he has landed in a region that is beyond mutability of any kind and in times of war and scarcity he manipulates to obtain more profit for himself when the stock he possesses is worth its weight in gold. People throng round his shop round-the-clock and he has no respite from either measuring out rice or counting
the coins, which on the contrary convert a world of practical wisdom to one which seems to have been alluring and more fictitious— a world that paves the way for fulfilling his incalculable ambitions as a hoarder. He loads his wife and daughters with not merely heavy gold ornaments but enables himself to buy or construct number of houses. Such amazing capacity to transform his dream into a reality is perhaps the greatest boon that war provides to him with ushering in of neo-socialistic values. The author observes,

war seemed, on the whole, a very beneficial force till Food Control came in. 58

Though initially he is confused and a little frightened very soon he could get over the first shock and comes under a very strange and captivating experience. He discovers that only he needs a new camouflage to go under— he waits for officials, meets them often and fills up a few forms and subsequently gets approval to continue his business at the Fair Price Grain Depot. He first of all feels dissatisfied to see that Government is empowered to fix the price of his produce but soon adjusts himself to a new situation without making any protest. His cunning brain could as such outlive all kinds of restriction or restraint imposed theoretically by equally tactful bureaucrats. He comes to gather how by merely keeping in touch with everything, managing to get everything ready in nice shape on
paper or passing only a ten-rupee note to one who comes to examine his stock or account, he could precisely make himself the sole authority of prices. Not that he always keeps his shop open now-a-days. By delaying in opening it or soon closing it or re-opening it he very soon evolves an entirely different art of deception or manipulation which not only enables him to store immeasurable quantities of rice bags in one of his newly purchased houses he has recently converted to a godown, but compels his customers to come to his shop several times before they purchase some measure of rice. Such tricky methods of creating an illusion in the eyes of the public quite enable him to survive normal suspicions or apprehensions in them that ever he hoards more than desirable quantities of rice. His dramatic way of dealing with the customers or public makes him practically a master of their destiny, or in other words an 'architect of completely self-devised situations. The author concludes,

when they had money he had no stock, or
when he had rice they had no money. 59

To add to such techniques Subbiah could make himself equally cunning in joining debate or discussion made by his customers, friends or associates against the latest policies framed by the Government on Food Control or rice control. Most cleverly he attacks the authorities for having imposed
restriction on supply of rice that goes against the interest of the public or poorer sections of society and even asks enlightened listeners to spell out their grievances. The speciality of his art of hoarding is that he never sells his rice except in limited quantities on the pretext for taking their cash in advance and asking them to come later or even returning the cash with a humble note of regret.

The characteristic mode of the rice-seller in establishing himself as a stable businessman, the various gimmicks dexterously revealed by him, or the high seriousness and sincerity with which he highlights such gimmicks, are synonymous with the neosocialistic values or components of a new social order initiated by an entirely new generation of politicians in pre-Independence War-torn India. The horrors of the unprecedented famine in Bengal in 1943 accompanied by atrocities of the British police following the Quit India Movement of the early forties, probably had encouraged the half-educated middlemen to lend a strong moral support to their rulers at the cost of mercilessly exploiting the hungry and needy ones. The Indian society, by and large, had come to be dominated, in this context, by middlemen of different versions: brokers, hoarders, landlords or tyrants who in-fact appeared as parts of a vicious circle. The opportunities malevolently exploited by rice-sellers or hoarders were the direct outcome of how the
politicians, statesmen, leaders, officials or bureaucrats likewise behaved in their respective positions of power.

The cold-blooded rice-seller, like many of his counterparts, probably calculates that such tactics might continue uninterrupted till eternity—but here again the moral analyst—myth maker takes his chance. One evening while he starts out after closing his shop as usual, a stranger comes to him madly in search of some quantity of rice which he could not get any-where in the town though he carries with himself only a half-rupee coin. The needy and exhausted man holds him by the arms and virtually entreats him to give him at least a seer of rice, though in terms of the prevalent controlled price he is supposed to receive one and half seers with that amount. The crude and calculating Subbiah dismisses the accepted price and reluctantly agrees to give him only half a seer. The poor, helpless intruder accepts the suggestion without further argument for he is badly in need of at least some quantity with which he could feed a few mouths at home.

Yet the shrewd rice-seller would not open his shop again. By ordering his customer not to follow him, he takes the eight-anna coin, pretends that he is going to fetch the half seer from some one else as his own stock is fully exhausted and assures to come back soon. This is just a technique adopted by Subbiah, who makes the stranger wait, and disappears within
minutes. Despite a lapse of three hours when the former does not return, the poor fellow straight goes to Subbiah's house and learns that he has not even returned home. After prolonged hours of anxiety and search most unexpectedly they discover that Subbiah is lying dead inside one of those houses used for piling up rice bags. The author observes in detail:

Finally they had to break open the front ventilator, slip through it, and then have the main door opened. A faint morning light came in through the broken ventilator. In a corner they saw an electric torch lying on the floor and then a half-rupee coin and a little off a hand stuck out of a pile of fallen bags. At the inquest they said 'Death due to accidental toppling off of rice bags.'

Unlike Lawley Road where the shrewd Municipal chairman and the controversial journalist ultimately achieve dynamic recognition inspite of each other's understanding based on a sheer material level, in Half a rupee worth one cannot simply refrain from having a deep feeling for the rice seller’s death which inspite of its grotesqueness, is cathartic. The depiction of death seems to have been a melodramatic contrast to the dignity and precision that were the obvious components of the affluent rice-merchant. Such tragi-comic end of Subbiah might be taken as the monopoly of a dedicated story-teller or
myth-maker-author who as such gives a surprising yet suggestive finishing touch to all his narratives, a point where the moral analyst apparently comes to the rescue of the story teller. Yet more than that, one may locate how his pitiable death occurs as a kind of social tragedy. In an up and coming social order where a cut-throat competition between power-loving politicians or between profiteering businessmen is being radically encouraged by the authorities themselves, there is as such no option left for an average profiteer than trying to tap all sources for minting money, thus leading to the installation of an acquisitive society. Subbiah, probably a product of such a society meets a tragic end because he fails to make a proper estimate of his capacity to carry on his tactics. Thus by way of miscalculating his excessive self-confidence he dies an absurd death.

Subbiah is neither a full time rentier nor the stranger who is indirectly or precisely responsible for the former’s death is a speculator. The life and death of Subbiah from a strictly philosophical point of view may be taken as a typical projection of the Deterioration theory in context of sociological change. Looking at the curious teenager, who used to assist his father at the riceshop earlier, one may find how he wished to make himself a part of normal pleasures of outward life being untouched by the dry monotonous confinement of a rice-seller’s lot. Yet very soon there occurred a drastic change in him when
he was tutored by his authoritarian cynical father to fit himself in a world of weights and measures or profit and loss from which he had no chances of escape. The conversion of the extrovert teenager into an introvert or calculating shopkeeper is in fact the base of Subbiah's deterioration, in other words he stands for the universal trend of moral slavery for the sake of achieving material gain enunciated by a corrupt political infra-structure of the time.

Unlike Lawley Road, The Martyr's corner, (1956) and Another community, here the social or moral analyst converts himself to oriental visionary. He probably intends to give a warning to the opportunist, avaricious men highlighting before them how excess of possessive instinct only leads to one's own doom. In this context the different methods adopted by Subbiah to earn money or to hoard rice may be identified with different modes of deterioration that continue to be exclusively adopted by him in an endless manner till he meets with an un-called for death. The social-analyst author who himself might have been adequately fed up with the exploiting attitude of a few politician-businessmen, probably tries to remind his readers how the process of deterioration in contemporary sociological framework has already reached its point of completion and it is time enough to initiate one's introspection or self analysis, which alone may save a poor country like India from the brink of economic or moral disaster. Half a rupee worth substantiates
an episode of successive deterioration of values in a society which ironically needs a kind of shock-treatment and probably the death of Subbiah is the highest kind of shock-therapy that the money-grubbing leaders deserve in the context of the present crisis. Unlike the death of Pahom in Leo Tolstoy's *How much of land does a man need?*, (1866), where one can anticipate such a catastrophe a little earlier while Pahom is almost breathlessly trying to reach his destination before sunset, here the event of death—despite its cathartic quality or dramaticness—is the only viable solution prescribed by the author to a section of people madly running after money and power. Thus the end more than the beginning of the story, highlights a sociological change in reference to the theory of Deterioration which the social reformer-author intends to communicate to his readers.

Narayan observes in his collection of essays and travelogues entitled *Next Sunday* how as an Indian he ought to feel true to his soil:

> I am more Indian than you can ever be. You are probably fifty, sixty or seventy years of age, but I've actually been in this land for two hundred years. 61

Such explanation is more or less repeated not merely by Mathieson in *Waiting For the Mahatma* who considers his own stay
in India to be more relevant and justified than Sriram’s who asks him to quit India, but an explanation of this kind is repeated by Narayan, the visiting Professor, before an academic audience in the States. It affirms how the author wishes to look at the world as an extension of India as macrocosm, that could not be seen off as microcosm. As P.S. Sundaram observes Narayan

\[\text{'does not preach, is never sentimental;}
\text{he merely describes what he has seen,}
\text{actually or in his mind's eye.} 62\]

In this context one may conclude that the author not merely intends to project the image of India based on a system or chain of values which is typically Indian but simultaneously attempts to convey how any kind of ethical, economic or political change occurring in Indian society is apparently non-committal and shortlived.

India has been to Narayan—Like Raja Rao’s vision of India, despite a more intricate treatment— a place of metaphysics where the intrusion of any idea, experience or incident shall finally fizzle out against the set of values instilled in the minds of her people since time immemorial. Krishnan, the English teacher could transcend the limits of a worldly existence by means of Gandhian-Tagorean self-experiments, Sriram and Bharati might eventually come to locate how the destination of true love is
only built on the age-old spiritual foundation of Gandhian dialectics, and the bewildered Nataraj manages to restore a self-confidence following Shastri's stress upon the Bhasmasura myth approximated with the victory of Gandhian trend of non-violence over the Man-eater. These are probably a few basic components with which Narayan handles his political novels. Whether he infuses into them the theories of Deterioration, Religious determinism, Evolution versus Progress or others to highlight the varied directions of sociological changes occurring in India in the political context, the fundamental adherence to Gandhian way of life has been apparent almost in all his works, especially his novels. Though he is not a committed political analyst, he attempts to depict different characters, events or situations in a way which is inherently linked up with the Gandhian programme of life, for as such he finds no difference between a Gandhian agenda or the typically Indian way of life. Though the Mahatma mostly remains in the background except in Waiting For the Mahatma, he essentially influences the thought and action of his people carrying with himself the true spirit of India's hermitage culture or the forces of spiritual strength such as love, truth, non-violence or non-cooperation, which the tradition-bound sociologist probably intends to restore in post-Independence modern India.

Apart from the author keeping his mind totally free of obstinate questionings or complex metaphysical enquiries about
life and death in most of his novels and short stories discussed in this chapter he exhibits a deep faith in Gandhi which he basically maintains as background to all his narratives, the Tagorean or Nehruvian aspects being made an off-shoot of the Gandhian background. Unlike Raja Rao, who virtually imposes upon his readers an unquestioned acceptance of Gandhian metaphysics, Narayan simply discloses to what extent Gandhian principles, as parts of the age-old oriental culture, have influenced the Indian way of life, or leaves the readers to consider if such principles accepted by them might save India from a moral catastrophe or material slavery. Taking such perspective into consideration one may ascertain that the author is more of a visionary than a realist. By trying to rejuvenate a spiritual context by means of a refined Gandhian formula he attempts his utmost to explain the meaning and relevance of the theories of sociological change that appear to have been applied in his works.
NOTES


3. Ibid, p.4.


7. Ibid.


10. Young India (Madras, Ganeshan, 1922)p.77.


22. **Indian Writing in English** (New Delhi, Sterling Pub, 1983) p.422.


30. Ibid, p. 29.


33. Ibid, pp. 34-35.


37. Ibid, p. 34.

38. Ibid, p. 41.


41. Ibid, p.77.


49. Ibid, p.155.


53. Ibid, p. 102.

54. Ibid, p. 104.


57. Ibid, p. 44.

58. Ibid, p. 45.

59. Ibid, p. 46.

60. Ibid, p. 49.
