CHAPTER 6

The March of The Tricolour

It has been observed time and again that in the countries with a long history of invasion and foreign rule, writers inevitably turn to nationalism and generally act as teachers helping the nation to an awareness of itself. This is equally true of the Indian novelists of the nineteen thirties and the forties.

"Every great historical period is a period of transition... of destruction and rebirth, a new social order a new type of man always comes into being". This new Indian found voice in the literature of the age. With the rising crescendo of the political revolt in India the novelists writing in English were driven to an intense participation in the national events. Consequently, the politics of Independence played a prominent role in their novels. Such participation in turn has highlighted three prominent themes; firstly the struggle for Independence, secondly the collapse of princely states and lastly the dawn of Independence and partition of India. These have been discussed separately in three parts of this Chapter.

The Struggle for Independence

A complete picture of the nineteenth thirties is to be seen in K.A. Abbas' Inquilab where the entire fight for freedom is the plot, a kaleidoscopic panorama of fast-moving events, each episode is fully adjusted and composed in the general pattern of
the freedom movement. The novel covers a lengthy period from
the Rowlatt Act, the Jallianwala Bagh incident, No Tax Campaign
of Gujarat, the Dandi March upto the Civil-Disobedience movement
interposed with mammoth processions, innumerable lathi charges
and sacrifices of thousands of unknown people. Here the novelist
refuses to get involved because he intends to present the total
picture as impartially as possible. *Inquilab* is a story of a
great revolution that led to the achievement of independence in
India. Herein we come across Tilak, Mahatma Gandhi, Bhagat
Singh, Nehru father and son, Subhash Bose, Ali brothers, Patel
brothers and a few others who are still living. Each one of them
is presented in his own ideological setting which throws light at
the course the national movement took in those fateful years. It
breathes the spirit of the age when hundreds and thousands of
men, young and old alike jumped into the struggle without being
sure of the duration of the fight. They found their goal so near
and still so far. The story is well told although the author's
aim is to link up various memorable landmarks of the freedom
struggle round the imaginary character of Anwar, who is an
impressionable boy of eight when the novel opens, whose personal
life is moulded by this struggle. He is twenty-one when the
novel ends, his beloved Salmah deserts him because he refuses to
abandon his political convictions.

The novel stands out for its realistic description like the
Sikh Jamadar dying with his hands raised in a salute culminating
into a dramatic finale to the tragedy of Amritsar. Abbas
describes the Assembly scene with biting irony where Moti Lal
Nehru brilliantly spoke while a red-faced Englishman on the Treasury Benches was snoring, and another was solving crossword puzzle, and behind them sat the nominated members "Those obedient souls who on bill after bill voted for the Government with robot regularity... only thing that people in the opposition could do to check this fraud, this tyranny masquerading as democracy was to talk...talk...talk... while no one listened". The freedom struggle of the nineteen thirties is recreated in the novel by diligent and deft strokes of the novelist. He excels in presenting Zamindar's anger against the Mahatma, the forged unity of Khilafat movement, the subsequent riots and the Mahatma's herculean effort to save the situation, of Bhagat Singh and the Terrorist movement and finally the fateful 31 December 1929 when the Congress declared complete independence as its goal. The novel is a masterpiece of descriptive art justifying the words of Goncourt: "The actual novel is made of documents related from life or highlighted, just as history is made with written documents. The historians are the narrator of the past, the novelist of the present." M.K. Naik is fully justified in his criticism of the novel: "... the canvas is over crowded with too much of action and too many characters as a result the reader almost comes to feel that he is reading a newspaper file of back numbers rather than fiction." The following extract illustrates his objections:

In Bombay there had been yet another outbreak of communal rioting. In other towns wherever the Simon Commission had gone on its tour of enquiry it had been greeted with hartals... Mahatma Gandhi had started his movement for the boycott of foreign cloth... On the 4th March the Mahatma was arrested in Calcutta for setting fire to a pile of foreign cloth.
Here M.K. Naik finds a "clear case of political material not properly integrated with the fictional content of the work" and that "Inquilab finally falls between the two stools of dry reportage and conventional romance". Lukacs contends that "True great realism depicts man and society as complete entities instead of showing merely one or the other of their aspects." Since Abbas fails to depict the complete personality of any of his characters who people his novel, or the age in which they live, and projects them only for the purpose of depicting particular events, the novel falls short to reach the aesthetic heights of Balzac who also depicts men in political and social travails. Still, the novel is positively a brave attempt on the part of a sensitive writer to chronicle the freedom struggle in its most critical period, no mean task in itself. Abbas is successful with his simple and lucid style interspread with Urdu words which give local colour to the whole narrative. The novel has Gandhian simplicity of language.

This is not true of Raja Rao's Kanthapura one of the most successful novels of the age. It probes the depth to which the nationalistic uprising in the Gandhian age in 1930s penetrated the Indian mind and society. Mahatama Gandhi aroused patriotic feelings of his country men, taking great care that such feelings were imbued with the traditional religious faith of India; he thus helped to rediscover the soul of India. In the foreword of the novel Raja Rao himself admitted that the novel was inspired by Ignazio Silone's political novel Fontamara. But unlike Silone, Raja Rao does not expound any political ideology,
instead, he shows the cataclymic impact of the Gandhian non-cooperation movement on the rustic Indian mind. We may safely agree with M.K. Naik "Kanthapura is an account of the renaissance of Indian spiritual life under the impact of Independence movement. Its message is essentially spiritual and cultural." In Kanthapura Raja Rao does not offer any dream land vision of the freedom struggle or any runaway victory of the Gandhism. The initial reaction of the villagers to the Gandhism is bored apathy; for Gandhiji blended social and religious reforms with political revolution which revolted the orthodox rustic mind. As it is, the villagers are superstitious, they fear that mixing with the pariahs will bring curse on the whole community. Even for Moorthy the roof seems to shake when he enters a pariah's home. He holds his sacred thread and utters "Hari-Om Hari Om:" when he tastes milk there. Bhatta complains that their religion and culture are being polluted by the Gandhian followers like Ratna, the widow, who goes about the streets alone like a boy. Satamma has fears that the Gandhi business would create a confusion of castes and pollution of progeny. Initially the villagers are not convinced of the non-cooperation movement and call it 'Gandhian vagabondage' for them "It is nothing but wearing coarse handmade cloth not fit for a mop and bellowing out bhajan and mixing with pariahs." Waterfall Nankamma thought of welcoming Moorthy with "broom stick". Like Gandhi, Moorthy realises that religion is the master key to the Indian mind, so he puts the new Gandhian wine in the age old bottle of Harikatha. Once the villagers are
convinced that the Mahatma is a Hindu avtar of Lord Shiva, they are prepared to sacrifice anything to follow him. "Shiva is three eyed and swaraj too is three eyed, self purification, Hindu Muslim unity and Khaddar"\textsuperscript{11}. Now for them to participate in the Gandhian movement is to offer a religious service to God, they do not repent or retrace their steps; and no sacrifice is too big for them. The story deals with satyagraha, lathi charges, ruined homes and the heroic sacrifices of common man for the freedom of motherland. The political and social activities become grandly celebrated festivals in which the rural folk participate with equal enthusiasm even if the occasion happens to be different. They take a dip into the Himawati and cook p\textsuperscript{a}asm on the occasion of the Mahatma's manufacture of salt as though it were Gauri's festival. Thus Kanthapura is a story of the victory of the Gandhian ideology in the context of the Indian freedom struggle, where the author portrays a picture of this struggle which is not merely 'life like' but 'true to life'. In old Granny the narrator, the author has caught the very tone and rhythm of rural ways of speaking. Like Anand, Raja Rao also translates Kannada idioms and phrases into English to give authentic local colour to the rural ways of speaking where even houses are individualized like the people living in them 'The corner house Moorthy', 'Nose scratching Nanjamma', 'the coffee planter Ramayya', 'Husking Rangi', 'left handed Madanna', 'Gap\_toothed Siddiya', 'Front house Suryanarayan' and 'temple Rangappa'. This 'sleepy little agricultural village', as M.K. Naik terms it, is marked not by christian calender or mechanical time keeping devices but by change of season and festivals. Some critics believe that in
spite of the primitive simplicity of the rustic life and the scintillating sincerity of its narrator, the novel gives the impression of having been written in a frenzy of creation where all the material is stuffed without worrying, in the least, about the structural framework of the novel. The whole story is narrated in the garrulous style of folk epic. But critics like M.K. Naik and C.D. Narasimhaiah feel that Raj Rao has been a conscientious artist who,

carefully works out his plot, weaves his political social and philosophical views into them, chalks out his own strategy for a suitable narrative technique, whittles every sentence - nay every word till each one is fit in its respective slot.  

For Raja Rao the novel is a rich 'Sthal-Puran', a legendary history written in an oral tradition in prose that touches poetic heights. _Kantha pura_ does not have any historic or legendary personages (Gandhi being introduced only indirectly) like Arjun or Bhima to people the theme; instead the hero is humble Moorthy. Hence it is by the total effect rather than by the itemized inventory that _Kantha pura_ can be called an epic poem in prose. The novel has neither linear, open or episodic structure as it appears on surface, but circular or an enclosed one like a wheel; which may be called 'radial' with the action, meaning and significance radiating like rays from a common centre. In this wheel-like structure Moorthy forms the hub; here the spokes radiating from the hub are the Brahmin quarters, the pariah quarters, the potter's and the weaver's representing the four castes of traditional Indian society. In the novel we witness
the collective uprising of the whole village which, like the rest of rural India, is suppressed politically, economically, culturally by a regime that had spread tentacles over a vast land for generations together; this gives it's theme an epic dimension. Herein the author has been able to recreate the spirit of freedom struggle in its most crucial stages, while still preserving the integrity and fictional value of the work. Stendhal's comments; "Politics in a work of literature is like a pistol shot in the middle of a concert, something loud and vulgar, yet a thing it is not possible to refuse one's attention" is true for Kanthapura, where the pistol shot, the din of politics have been welded into a harmonious symphony. It is perhaps the finest evocation of the Gandhian age in the Indo-Anglian fictions. Herein political revolution is transcended and assimilated into racial heritage like myth and legend. K.R.S. Iyengar calls the novel "Gandhi Puran" What Lukacs says of the Russian novels appears true for Kanthapura too:

What matters therefore in the historical novel is not the retelling of great historical events but the poetic awakening of the people who figured in those events. What matters is that we should re-experience the social and human motives which led men to think feel and act just as they did in historic reality.

Like Scott and Tolstoy, Raja Rao created characters in whom personal, social and historical fates closely conjoin. Raja Rao's greatness lies in his ability to select and portray the episodes of Indian freedom struggle in such a way that the entire mood of the freedom struggle gets reflected.
Arthur (Anand) S. Lall's *House at Adampur: A story of Modern India* is notable for the author's sensitive and ironic picture of the effect of the Gandhian movements upon various strata of the upper middle class Hindus and Muslims in India in the two decades preceding Independence. "The unwilling but nonetheless effective involvement of the rich landlords and industrialists forced in part by the ardour of their children, is the core of the novel". Dewan Ram Nath, the central figure of the novel, is a rich landlord respected not only in his community but in society as well. In the first part of the novel he is a loyalist and believes in the good the English are doing in India. He meets Shanti Devi, Jai Singh, Leena, the Gandhians, who come with his niece Geeta to the naming ceremony of his grandson. Geeta argues, "How can you say that an Englishman who comes out here and lords it over our people earns an honest living". Dewan Ram Nath realizes that times are changing. In this novel the freedom struggle has been viewed from different angles- from moneyed loyalist angle of Ram Nath and Raja Muzzaffar Khan, from the Gandhian angle of Jai Singh, and from Shanti Devi's, Leena's and Geeta's angle; the last three treat the struggle as a substitute to parties to gain social importance and use this struggle to fill the emptiness of their lives. The younger generation of freedom fighters have been presented in ironic light too. Except Leena and Jai Singh none of them is committed, they are looking for fun and frolic. Leena and Jai Singh are the true Gandhians who persuade Munshiram not to help in a demonstration against Bhagat Singh's hanging by providing twenty

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buses to import gundas. Leena observes: "Such men will thoroughly disgrace the non-violent Gandhian movement". Thus indicating the infiltration of the terrorists in the ranks of non-violent freedom fighters in the nineteen thirties. The times are charged by the salt satyagraha when Pandit Brij Kishan, a leader from Lucknow speaks about Delhi leaders "These people have no spirit, no ideal only a great show of poise and proprietorship in the success of the national movement." He conveniently forgets that he himself regards the movement largely his show. He feels that the masses are there to lead their lives, spend their money and time as they are told by the top leaders. It throws a light on the Gandhian movement in which, even at its peak, the masses remained passive actors, waited for their leaders to decide what and how and when to act. The author gives picturesque description of the salt satyagraha when men, women and children stepped out in great exodus to the river and one of the Government official is made to admit. "It was indeed a brilliant stroke" and he attributed it to "the evil genius of Gandhi". The Government is quite confused and the harmless procession is attacked by the police. Most of the Congress leaders including Leena, Jai Singh and Shanti Devi are arrested, still Dewan Ram Nath feels that the Congress activities are subversive because they are breaking the salt law. He considers the Congress move very stupid but himself as one of the wise and far-sighted individuals whom the country needs at present. Lall's picture of the picketing at Mool Chand's at Kashmiri Gate reminds the reader of the heroic stand of the volunteers at Dharsana salt works. A mammoth demonstration is organized to
protest against the Mahatma's arrest which finds expression thus 
"... the whole city now became a moving stream. Through the 
streets every living thing moved in the direction of the park".\textsuperscript{21} 
The authorities were thrown completely off their guard. A senior 
British officer yells: "Why the hell was I not informed that 
there were so many people in Delhi".\textsuperscript{22} The author throws light 
at the little regard the English had for Rai Bah\d{a}durs and Rao 
Sahebs but still expected them to muster a counter demonstration 
for the English. Leena, like a true Gandhian, advises people "To 
give up all connections with the foreign rulers... not only 
without any violence but also without any bitterness."\textsuperscript{23} When 
Dewan Ram Nath sees the police brutalities, he is a changed 
person and becomes anti-British.

How they arrest Gandhi when he is doing nothing... Gandhi 
was only telling people to be non-violent and to cast out 
all hatred of the British... Gandhi did not invent the 
demand for freedom... could not the British see that Gandhi 
was their best friend... no they could not ... they have 
been stupid enough to arrest him... why should we keep 
them here? They had better go.\textsuperscript{24}

Geeta seconds his views when she observes, "The British are 
terrribly incompetent and we must take over before they mess 
things up further".\textsuperscript{25} The predicament of Raja Muzaffer Khan is 
what all loyalists faced in those crucial days when they had to 
keep both the sides in good humour for "One never knew which way 
future would go".\textsuperscript{26}

Basically the novel is a study of the transformation of 
Dewan Ram Nath from a loyalist to a nationalist. He sees the 
solid edifice of good order created by the British crumble
before the onslaught of the Gandhian movement. The British did not have enough soldiers to cope with the rising spirit of the masses. The Dewan observes "I admit they have disappointed me. Every day they make some silly mistake. It appears to me they are building up their own last road... and it is the road into the sea". He prepares for the dawn of Independence by purchasing urban property and by investing in factories. Despite lavish praises in the western press the novel lacks harmony. It has good theme, brilliant incidents, bright characters, even some realism but it looks disjointed. The novelist fails to create an artistic harmony where theme and characters intermingle not only to recreate a great historical event but to make "the readers re-experience the social and human motives which led men to think and feel and act just as they did in historic reality".

Like Inquilab the action of Venu Chitale's In Transit, spreads over the whole span of Gandhian revolution. If Abbas takes us to a family in Delhi caught in the whirlwind of the Gandhian revolution spreading up to Aligarh and Panjab, Chitale takes us to a Brahmin family in Maharashtra to show the extent of the Gandhian influence on various members of the family. It is the younger generation which comes under the impact of the new spirit. The Grand old Abba is more understanding than his younger brother Jagirdar who symbolizes the old world order. He is enamoured of Princes and Zamindars and is keen to marry Mohna to the prince of Kindaghat. He kills the priest who allows the untouchables in the Krishna temple. He remains loyal to the British till the end and tells "How dare that Bania (Gandhi) try
to teach us what faith is". and forbids Bhiaya to participate in the meeting organized to welcome Tilak. The Gandhian ideals percolate through the younger generation - Daji, Mohna, Bhaiya, Nalini etc. Dada symbolizes the middle-aged ones who were indecisive about the course of action they should take. Dada comments:

I know everybody must be hoping that I accept a job as Mr. Joshi suggested in a state somewhere so that I can be rich again or that I wear khaddar and walk behind that mad man who had already caused many a home to divide and split in opposite loyalties.

In Transit Chitale not only refers to the salt satyagraha, the two Round Table Conferences, the Gandhi-Irwin Pact, the historic fast of the Mahatma at Poona, but she recreates the charged atmosphere of those days in which a three year old child is making salt in his balcony under the sun from a bucket of soft water, and girls of fifteen or sixteen years participate in the satyagraha or even get imprisoned. The older people refuse to change and cling to the old order denouncing everything new for the fear of the unknown. The younger generation is too reckless to count the cost they pay for the struggle. Unfortunately Venu Chitale fails to integrate the action and story into an artistic whole.

Such romantic image of the freedom fighters was soon vitiated in the Indo-Anglian writings. Novelists like R.K. Narayan, Malgonkar, Khushwant Singh found them very ordinary and selfish people almost stupid or cunning hypocrites cheating others to hide their own deficiency. Nowhere do they appear
selfless martyrs dying for a cause, as they did in the novels discussed earlier. Majority of them confused the Gandhian ideology with the Terrorists and the Communist's ideology. In Waiting For the Mahatma R.K. Narayan shows the impact of the Gandhian ideology on Sriram, a youngman of limited understanding while in Kanthapura Raja Rao depicts the political, social, economic and religious rejuvenation of the whole village community of south India under the charismatic personality of the Mahatma. R.K. Narayan, the pure artist that he is, narrows his world to the four corners of Malgudi and to one individual character, Sriram. Unlike Rao, Narayan remains detached and uninvolved, though the subject treated in both the novels is almost identical. Both employ similar technique i.e. seeing a great movement through the eyes of an individual quite limited in perception. But whereas Waiting for The Mahatma is a novel about that limited individual's growth to maturity, Kanthapura is a history of revolution where the fate of the whole community is at stake.

Most of Narayan's critics find Waiting For The Mahatma a weak novel. His friend Metro, an American novelist himself, feels "The book is weak in motivation. We do not learn anything about Mahatma Gandhi and the narrative lacks punch." C.D. Narasimhaiah too finds that Narayan has made 'A muddle of Gandhian principles in this book.' Prof. Kaul agrees with Narasimhaiah's assessment when he observes "To the extent to which it is a political novel it has not enlarged our awareness of Gandhi or his era a bit." If we consider that any novel in
which Gandhi figures is essentially a political novel and any Indian dealing with Gandhi must project an image enlarging our awareness of Gandhi and his era, then R.K. Narayan has failed and *Waiting For The Mahatma* is a weak novel. On the other hand, critics like William Walsh consider *Waiting For The Mahatma* as one of the 'Triumphs' of Narayan, for he is not looking for things the author never professed to do. Narayan never intended to write on Gandhi, probably he never met Gandhi in his life and definitely he did not know him intimately. It is not a political novel like *Kanthapura* or *Inquilab*, therefore we cannot find fault with the author for not projecting the Gandhian image, what he is out to do is to tell the story of a very ordinary individual who happens to fall in love with a Gandhian follower and is thus sucked into the mainstream of Gandhian revolution. We should judge *Waiting For The Mahatma* from its writer's point of view, the impact of Gandhi on Sriram and the subtle ways in which Gandhi affected the ordinary men and women in Malgudi. Natesh, the Municipal Chairman tries to bask in the borrowed glory of the Mahatma as he gets the distinction of interpreting in Tamil what the Mahatma spoke in Hindi. For Sriram's grandmother, the Mahatma, is one who "preaches dangerously, and tries to bring untouchables into the temples and involves people in difficulties with police." She does not find anything great about his fasts as for last twenty years she never had a mouthful of food at night but nobody talks about her, but when the Mahatma fasts, the whole nation talks about it. A carter, who is disturbed by urchins during the Quit India agitation swears at them: "These
politicians Gandhi folk—they won't leave any one in peace". The business community is quick to see the wind of change and has started contributing towards Harijan fund with as much enthusiasm as it does towards war funds.

Narayan's attitude is one of detachment; he steers clear of all prejudices and isms and records his observations with an artist's objectivity. The personality of Gandhi looms large as a backdrop against which the love story of Sriram and Bharti unfolds. But seen through the eyes of Sriram even the most important things become secondary as Meenakshi Mukherjee observed:

Viewed through the consciousness of a rather limited person who cannot see beyond immediate present, and who can think not in terms of abstract ideals but only of concrete facts. The nationalist movement is seen entirely in terms of small events and particular situation.36

That's why the Mahatma's greatness is not realised and the Quit India movement has been depicted without any passion or pride. He does not seem interested to build the atmosphere of those charged times. The focus is mainly on the love pair. Had Bharti's love not pulled Sriram out of his semi-moron state he would have idled away his life. It was no nationalistic fervour which urges Sriram to follow Gandhi. He attends the Mahatma's lecture to meet Bharti again. Narayan's description of the Mahatma is true to life; though Sriram's is truer. He is presented as a weak, indecisive and unassertive person who is incapable of understanding the Mahatma's message and constantly needs somebody to guide him. Still something in him responds to
the Mahatma's grandeur but his confused fervour takes a ridiculous turn. He was given the job of painting Quit India slogan at various strategic places. The job puts his political convictions to test. A village teacher challenges him. "I am as much a patriot as you. But honestly do you think we are ready to rule ourselves." A timber contractor asserts that he is as much a nationalist as Sriram because he has Gandhi's portrait in his room, he has given five thousands to Harijan fund, and that he knows more of Gandhi because he has been attending all meetings of the Mahatma in Malgudi. His conviction in the Gandhian ideology is again tested when Mathieson, the coffee planter asks him "why they should leave India? and how they are expecting to get freedom?" Sriram repeats newspaper comments to argue his case "We shall spin the charkha, wear Khadi, live without luxury, and we shall have Indians ruled by Indians". This only indicates that he does not understand the Gandhian precepts and that he is only playing at revolution. His experience of picketing at the village wine shop exasperates him when the villagers, who had flocked round him out of curiosity turned away to a more interesting sight of a youngman hanging a lamp on a coconut tree. He sees the futility of his work and expresses his disillusionment to the Mahatma. When both Bharti and Gandhi are put behind the bars, the rudderless Sriram follows Jagdish, a photographer turned terrorist who calls himself a Gandhian follower. Under his tutelage Sriram over-turns trains, blows bridges and finally gets imprisoned. He is a typical specimen of "the average educated Indian and his response to Gandhi" Akin to a large number of youngmen of the day Sriram
joins the Gandhian movement without fully understanding it, and turns into a blind follower of Gandhi. This is forcefully albeit unconsciously reflected in Sriram's shortening of the tail of 'Q' in 'Quit India' slogan. He is more bothered to save the paint than in propagating his message fully.

Here R.K. Narayan's comic genius is comparable to great Russian writers - Chekhov and Gogol- in their objective and dispassionate observation and portrayal of life. There is an absence of moral anger or idealistic protest against errors, deviations and aberrations of human conduct which saves Narayan's art from the bitterness of a Swift or a Voltaire. Waiting For The Mahatma presents a curious blend of the epic grandeur of the Gandhi theme and the utter naivety of its unheroic hero. Most of the time humour in the novel springs from Sriram's over zealous attitude towards a movement which is beyond him to understand. Narayan is a perfect story teller who is true to the definition of story "... A story is a narrative of events the emphasis falling on causality". His only concern in constructing a plot is to tell a readable story. That is why Paul Vergese observes:

Narayan's is the most simple form of prose fiction, the story which records a succession of events. There is no hiatus between character and plot both are inseparably knit together. The qualities that the novelist attributes to these characters determine the action and the action in turn progressively changes the characters and thus the story is carried forward to the end. In other words as a good story teller Narayan sees to it that his story has a beginning a middle and an end.

What Graham Greene in the introduction to Bachelor of Art observed, "His characters must live or else the book has no claim
whatever on our interest",\textsuperscript{42} has been corroborated by Narayan himself when he admits that his focus is all on character and that if his (character's) personality comes alive the rest is easy for him. Haydon Moore William praises Narayan for his realistic presentation of characters and finds them superior to Raja Rao's and Anand's. He comments: "Narayan's characters are not lined up on opposing side of the field like football team, the peasants versus the landlords, workers versus capitalists, noble satyagrahi versus the red man as in Raja Rao and earlier still in Anand."\textsuperscript{43}

Jagan, the hero of\textit{The Sweet Vendor}, reminisces those Gandhian movement days when he had left college to participate in the Gandhian movement, had his skull broken by the police while he was removing the Union Jack from the collector's house. But Narayan's comic vision does not allow Jagan to be an idealist who left college to follow Gandhi as he informs that Jagan failed in B.A. several times. He follows the Gandhian precept of austerity in food and personal habits but accumulates black money with impunity. Though R.K. Narayan does not criticise freedom fighters as such, he presents them as weak human beings and not the romantic heroes who sacrifise everything at the altar of freedom.

Of all the Indo-Anglian novelists Malgonkar is perhaps nearest to Kipling, Maugham and Forster. Like them he strives desperately and hard to tell a story well. What is common between R.K. Narayan and Malgonkar is their genuine flair for
story telling. Of course, their background and values differ. While Narayan is democratic with deep compassion for common man Malgonkar is aristocratic and he is committed to the traditional and conservative values. Narayan's canvas zeroes to Malgudi while Malgonkar's extends all over the Indian subcontinent including Andamans and Burma. Like R.K. Narayan, Malgonkar also believes that in order to be authentic he has to write within Indian ethos and milieu. "I keep writing of India... because I feel no one should write outside his own living circumstances. If he does he is phoney." Thus confirming G.S. Amur's observation "No other Indian writers in English... have known their Indian scenes so well and have such a rich and varied experience as Malgonkar."

_A Bend in the Ganges_ like _Inquilab_ of K.A. Abbas, is a political novel panoramic in scope and epic in aspirations. It recalls the days of the Civil-Disobedience in the early thirties, boycott of foreign goods, secret activities of the terrorists, outbreak of the Second World War, the Japanese occupation of the Andamans, the British retreat from Rangoon, the long march of evacuees from Burma and the partition of India. While in the former the political events are important for their impact on the individuals, in the latter the incidents are presented for sensation and news value. Meenakshi Mukherjee feels that, "_A Bend in the Ganges_ is not so much a story of men and women, as of places and episodes, not an integrated human drama but an erratic national calendar". Here, instead of getting down to the objective record or to celebrate a set of passing values,
Malgonkar sets out to probe the ideology of Ahimsa, the non-violence, which the Mahatma offered to the world as a political panacea. There are moments of the Mahatma's self doubt:

Can true voluntary non-violence come out of this seeming forced non-violence of the weak? Is it not futile experiment I am conducting? What if when the fury bursts, not a man woman and child is safe and everyone's hand is raised against his neighbour.47

Malgonkar in *A bend in the Ganges* is out to discredit the ideology of non-violence and demonstrate its ineffectiveness in real life situations. Gian Talwar, a village boy comes to Duribabad to study. He becomes a Gandhian follower after throwing his prized coat in the bonfire of foreign clothes. But very soon he casts away the Gandhian non-violence, murders his cousin who has killed his brother and has been acquitted by the court of law for lack of evidence. Gian not only becomes violent, he crosses floor and becomes a loyalist as he is transported to Andamans for life imprisonment instead of being hanged. Debi Dayal tells him: "You are scum... you spout truth and non-violence, you are the sort of men through whom men like Mulligan rule our country and keep us enslaved."48 He has been further degraded when he lies about his relationship with Debi Dayal to his father to secure a job and to befriend his sister Sundri. He is shown in his true light when Debi unexpectedly turns up and tells the truth. Gian himself is assailed by doubts; "Was his non-violence merely that of a rabbit refusing to confront the hound".49 Malgonkar besides making the follower of non-violence a man of degraded character with no moral scruples, makes other characters look down at the non-violence as a poor
creed. For Shafi and Debi Dayal, the terrorists: "Non violence is the philosophy of the sheep, a creed for cowards". Tekchand, Debi's father when caught in the turmoil of the partition, comes to realise: "It seems the moment the grip of British power loosened, the population of the subcontinent had discarded non-violence overnight and were now spending themselves in orgies of violence". Even the pronouncement of Singh that "Gandhi is the enemy of India's national aspirations", is allowed to stand unchallenged. Malgonkar shows that non-violence when put under field action is found wanting. But here it has been tested on personal grounds only. Militant non-violence as a political weapon is not shown in action. There is no scene to show the response of the vast Indian masses to the Mahatma's call of non-violent Civil-Disobedience. Malgonkar has failed to give a complete picture of the non-violence which need not always go with a weak man. Often it needs greater courage to be non-violent than violent as is the case of Mahatma Gandhi in India and Martin Luther King in America. In A Bend in the Ganges, if the non-violent fight is dismissed as expediency of cowards, the armed rebellion against Britain by the INA fares no better. After branding the violent and non-violent struggle as cowardly and unmanly Malgonkar finds some cause of pride in the terrorists, but that too degenerates as Shafi and Basu turn fanatic communalists and Debi leaves politics to lead a life of anonymity. Debi is a sincere terrorist who sacrifices his everything for the cause of freedom, never for a moment does he repent or retrace his steps to seek the comfort and security of
his home. He is betrayed by his friend who has communal leanings, resulting in his transportation to Andamans. His belief in the violent terrorism is shaken when he meets an I.N.A. Brigadier who appears to him the very picture of 'Indian's ingrained servility'. The Second World War and the plight of the Indian refugees have a traumatic effect on him. He is through with politics and violence. Kai Nicholson feels that "The underlying theme of the novel has been a praise for the British Empire in India and by making Debi realise the flaws of the Congress Party, he has turned Debi finally against the idea of Indian Independence." In the novel not only the eulogy of the British is loud and obvious, it is accompanied by an equally loud confession of the Indian inferiority. Not just the I.N.A. but the whole of India is seen in the image of the fat Brigadier. Gian is taken to be another example of the Indian character "Did he in some way represent average Indian mix up, shallow and weak?" R.T. Robertson, in a review of A Bend in the Ganges echoes identical view.

Although the action and author's comment seem throughout to depreciate Gian and elevate Debi Dayal, the conclusion appears to point to a gigantic irony or to the suggestion that modern India was made by heroes like Debi Dayal and consists of a nation of Gians.

The novel seems to derive its form by contrasting the career of Gian and Debi which are thematically balanced in terms of their symbolic contents. M.K. Naik finds the novel having only "melodramatic effect as his vision is hopelessly circumscribed by his inability to look beyond the sheer horror and brutality of it all".
Malgonkar excels in realistic presentation of the rural life with its petty quarrels, the aristocratic life of Kerwad House in Duribabad, the rich world of Bombay and of the life in Andamans during the Second World War. Though entertaining, the novel has deeper meaning and value. The entertainment arising out of the dramatic structure of incidents is just an evidence of his narrative skill. Though Malgonkar may have been wrong in concluding the failure of non-violence as a political expedient, the novel is a unique attempt at probing the viability of various political ideologies in the context of the Indian freedom struggle.

Like Malgonkar, Khushwant Singh projects in *I shall Not Hear The Nightingale*, freedom fighters in the most lurid lights. Though the novel reflects the political upsurge of the early forties it does not take into account the Quit India movement. The author successfully portrays the middle class psychology in those days of turbulence and war when the dawn of freedom was almost beaking upon the misty skies of India. Buta Singh, the magistrate's ambivalent attitude has been analysed by Taylor, the British commissioner in the novel, "The English are his mai-bap, father-mother when they are about, when they are not he is more himself." He lets his son, Sher Singh cast his lot with the nationalists and does not object to his organising students and making political speeches, but he asks him to be careful, "Do not say anything which may cause trouble. Remember my position... It is good to keep on both the sides." On the other hand, Sher Singh has romantic notions about secret
societies, becomes a student leader to overcome his inadequacy with his over-sexed wife, Champak. Sher Singh's problem appears almost entirely psychological, there is no hint of political idealism in him or in anyone of his group, neither do they have any willingness to make any sacrifice for their ideals. Sher Singh remains a childish boaster who impresses his wife by promising her a life of prominence when he will become a minister in free India. These boys kill a police informer Bima Singh who tried to blackmail Sher Singh. But when Sher Singh is arrested on suspicion, he breaks down at the first sight of police violence. Even his dog Dyer shows more mettle than him and attacks the police inspector. Sher Singh cannot decide what to do with himself when caught in the police net. Like a chastened child he wants his parents to save him from the ordeal or at least guide his course of action. In the face of prospective police action and possible hanging he drops all notions of nationalism. He is 'muddled headed'. Dyer is one person whom he hates most as a nationalist, he gives this name to his dog whom he loves more than any human being. Buta Singh is annoyed as this racket will lower his prestige in the British eyes; certainly he would lose his chance of being bestowed knighthood. It is the uneducated religious mother who stands by him, giving him correct advice, which consequently leads to his release. Sher Singh is further degraded when he wants to make a political capital out of his arrest and subsequent release. He sends secret words to his friend Madan to arrange for a hero's welcome for him. He writes "After claiming to have withstood police
torture we would exploit this little service that I have done to
our advantage.\textsuperscript{59} Sarcastically Khushwant Singh, calls his non
hero "The future prime minister of India"\textsuperscript{60} What a poor breed of
leaders will independent India have to lead her into progress and
prosperity. In Buta Singh the author pilloried against the
corrupt officialdom who are adept in fence sitting and being
counted in both the camps. Except the mother all other Indian
characters bear a taint of duplicity in their public and private
lives. The mother, Sabhrai deeply religious and honest person,
dies without hearing the nightingale of freedom. But she is
neither affected by her husband's position nor by her son's
vagrant ways nor by the struggle for freedom.

There is a note of appreciation for the non-violent struggle
of independence in \textit{Some Inner Fury} of Kamala Markandaya. She
herself admits in the foreword of the novel: "In the struggle of
independence in India, non-violence was the rule. This book is
based on exception."\textsuperscript{61} The novel is set in the never forgotten
year of 1942, the year of the Quit India movement. It studies
the impact of the troubled national spirit of the early forties
on the love of Mira and Richard. Kitswamy, Mira's brother, is a
loyal British Civil servant and his friend Richard is A.D.C. to
the Governor. Kit's wife Premala and Hicky, the English
missionary, devote all their energies to village upliftment.
Roshan Merchant runs a progressive paper with nationalist
leanings; while Govind is involved in terrorist activities to
overthrow the Government. Mira the uncommitted character, feels
that the individual is more important than what he stands for,
but in the end she is made to realise that "Forces that pulled us apart are too strong". As Richard becomes victim of the mob fury, Mira realises that the forces of hatred are stronger than that of love. Govind represents the exceptional side of the freedom struggle, he resorts to violence, sabotage and destruction during the Quit India movement. He is partly punished when his own love Premala, falls victim to arson indulged in by his group' indicating thereby that which is aimed at the British has cost the Indian dearly. But the greatest retribution comes in the trial scene when Govind, who is standing trial for man slaughter, is freed by the Indian mob though not acquitted by the English court; pointing to the fact that the Indian gets the freedom he deserves but he gets it in a way not altogether creditable. Govind represents that aspect of the freedom struggle which fills the writer with remorse. Mira feels most uneasy about the violence of her own people towards the English. After Richard is attacked, she vainly assures him "Richard this feeling is not for you or for people like you". What she means to say is that even though the English fare badly as rulers, as individuals they are admired. But the politics of liberation, though justified, made it impossible for the rulers and the ruled to forget their respective political roles. Inevitably through regrettable, the individuals on both the sides get sacrificed in the process. Mira, while remembering her lost Richard writes: "A whole war lies between us... the war and national struggle has wrenched them apart forever".  

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*Some Inner Fury* is written in an autobiographical form. It exploits the freedom of reverie. It is a tragedy engineered by politics. Kamala Markandaya captivates the reader's attention by her simple and effective language. Her style is neither like M.R. Anand's which courses down tempestuously nor like Raja Rao's which meanders tortuously punctuating the anguish of the soul. In spite of her lucid style the writer fails to synthesise successfully the love story and the politics of the day. M.K. Naik feels "The love story and the political milieu do not really come together to make a chemical mixture at all. The picture of political upheaval is all too vague nor do the characters come to life."\(^6^5\)

Balchandra Rajan's *Dark Dancer* shows mixed feelings of pride and shame at the happenings of the Nineteen Forties. There is a sense of pride in being an Indian and of having helped to bring to an unprecedented climax a generation of struggle in which not a sword has been lifted. Through the character of Kamala who lays down her life to protect a Muslim girl, the writer wants to show the strength of non-violence. Her sacrifice does not go waste as the Hindu Muslim riots subside after her martyrdom. Rajan appreciates the moral courage of non-violent people, Kamala accepts her husband's infidelity without a word of protest and walks out of his house making Krishnan more conscience stricken. Even Cynthia, her rival in love, feels uncomfortable and says "There is something mean about non-violent people".\(^6^6\) Rajan shows that the non-violent fighter posseses unfathomed moral courage and conviction not only to bear peacefully the pain.
inflicted by the tyrant but also to face it without retaliation. When Krishnan joins a non-violent demonstration without this conviction he causes riot. Kamala's non-violence is that of the strong which is in clear contrast to the non-violence of a Gian Talwar and a Sher Singh. She believes in higher form of courage than violence, melts with a warm admiration for Krishnan's moral courage in defending the disguised Muslim who had earlier tried to kill him. As a novel Dark Dancer does little credit to its author. David McCutchion is surprised that the critic of Paradise Lost and the editor of Focus should have published Dark Dancer under his own name "because of the astonishing insensitivity to the language it reveals". Prema Nand Kumar feels that the main weakness of the novel lies in the 'uncertainty of his style!'

In 1931 Bhabani Bhattacharya struggled to decide if he should join Gandhi in his political struggle or achieve more through his natural flair for writing; he was convinced, so tells Bhattacharya, that his contribution through writing would be better. Accordingly, the idea of National Independence is touched upon in every one of his novels except his last one - Dream in Hawai. So Many Hungers though basically deals with the Bengal famine of 1943, also touches the Quit India Movement of 1942. The novel reflects the changed atmosphere of those days when people left Government jobs and titles to participate in the freedom struggle. The novel depicts not only the hunger for food but for sex, for money and for freedom too. In Rahoul's story the writer depicts the story of educated Indians. "Rahoul's story
is the miniature of the struggle for freedom". In Goddess Named Gold the theme of satyagraha and nationhood predominates. The village women feel that they were liberated by Gandhi for some purpose in new India. In the opening scene of the novel one of the village women recalls the glorious struggle of the Quit India: 
"...Gandhi touched our spirit as it slept, wakened we became equal to our menfolk, proud chin up... Quit India we shouted with the energy alien in one big voice". The hero of the villagers is the ministrel who bears strong resemblance to Gandhi, who reaches people in the hidden pockets of India with his song of India's glorious past. In the end the ministrel is voted and forced to accept the political position he had sought for others. Though Gandhi himself avoided any such entrapment.

To sum up, in some of the earlier Indo-Anglian novels the freedom struggle has been reflected in its full glory, and the freedom fighters are presented as committed heroes willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of the motherland. But later this romantic image of the freedom fighters got vitiated. Instead of presenting them as heroes, they are shown as cheats and scoundrels who take part in the Gandhian movement to grind their own axes. The moment their mettle is put to test, they forget about the freedom of their motherland. In almost all Indo-Anglian novels we come across the realistic details of the struggle, may be historically true also, but except Raja Rao or to some extent R.K. Narayan, none of them could come near the heights of the great political novels like War and Peace or Nostromo or Man of Fate. It is unfortunate that none could scan
the glory of the Mahatma and his unique experiment of Satyagraha. Rather, some are out to find fault with his weapon of non-violent satyagraha ignoring the role it played in wresting power from the British hands. Though, many of them accepted the existence of the Terrorist movement along with the Gandhian movement, they failed to see that it was the satyagraha which stirred the whole nation to rise against the British Empire and that other movements served only to create confusion among the rank of freedom fighters. While some novels degenerate into melodrama, others into chronicle or history, only a few could fuse politics into the structure of their novels harmoniously.

In the third period (starting from 1930s) there is a distinct change in the attitude of the Anglo-Indian writers. The prevailing note is one of sadness and regret over the prospect of losing their hold on India. Occasionally some novelists tried to understand things from the Indian point of view. In Gamblers in Happiness Endrikar is nervous that the agitators are making impression on agriculturists and trading classes, and the strain on the loyalty of the Indian subordinates is quite intense. He does not consider Indians fit for self Government because of the climate of India. Still his changed outlook is to be seen here,

We Englishmen have not the imagination to put ourselves in the place of an Indian, I mean educated Indian. How should we like if a foreign race imposed themselves upon us, kept the important posts and 'plums' in their own hands and told us we were not fit to govern ourselves.
Theodore Pennel's *Doorway Of The East* and *Children Of Border* show her critical attitude towards the Satyagrahis. She considers India 'A wife with a fortune for England'. On the other hand, Mrs. S. Woodhill in *Mahatma* is critical of all Indians, finds India a land of corruption, animosities and warring communities.

E.J. Thompson's *A Farewell To India* shows the writer's divided sympathies. He feels the dual pull towards the justice of the Indian cause and a deep sense of loyalty to the Empire, to his own people. This is mainly responsible for many a inconsistencies and contradictions that one encounters in his novels. In his pre-1940 works, though sympathetic towards the Indian national demand for self-government, he does not think that India is ripe for even Dominion status. But after 1940 the rising tide of nationalism along with the Second World War make him see the historical inevitability of complete freedom for India. He feels that the question whether India is fit for independence or not is irrelevant. He advocates that power must be transferred immediately if Indians are not to be alienated forever. He becomes conscious of the British failure in India and puts the blame of this failure as much on human limitations as on the deliberate distance the British kept from the Indians.

*A Farewell To India* opens in the Gandhian era when demonstrations, non-cooperation and satyagraha were the order of the day. They are seen through the eyes of Alden, the Principal of a Mission school in Vishnugram, a small district in Bengal.
He tries to understand India by mixing with Sadhu Jayananda, with the terrorists and the simple village folks. On the other hand, he associates with Findly, another missionary, Hamar and Mayhew, the judge and the magistrate of Vishnugram. Through their ramblings a light is thrown on the political situation of India and the British reaction to it. Sadhu Jayananda, obviously drawn after Shri Aurobindo, has a surprising lot of scandals tucked away in his saintly memory, tells Mayhew, the magistrate, "When we say Indians are incapable of self government we forget that once for practically one solid week, a good third of India was in hands of Indian clerks and nothing went wrong". Alden is impressed by the well informed educated Indians; he points out:

...Even while they are still in the stage of sheer fun drawing up imaginary constitutions for an imaginary united Indian nation, they will reply by quoting from Durhum report before Canada got self-government, to show that they cannot possibly be in a worse mess than Canada was then when French and British were ready to fly at each other.

On the other hand, Terrorists like Dinbandhu proclaim: "Better rivers of blood than a nation with its soul in chains" and "that India had been subjugated by blood and she shall win freedom by blood". Alden makes fun of the nationalists as he refers to the squabble that district board members have for spending money on the national flag (Congress flag) and on sweets as the Government refuses to shoulder the expenses. According to him the Gandhian non-violence is "...going from room to room telling other boys to make all the disorder they can short of slaying the master... do all the beastly things you can so long as you remain strictly non-violent". He feels that Gandhi may
be a saint, but he is not much of a thinker and that violence and bloodshed cannot be condoned in the name of the struggle for freedom. Though Thompson seems to subscribe to the Imperial idea of a superior race with all its attendant myths, he also lets out a deep sense of failure of the West to face the challenge of the elemental and dark forces that India seems to embody. What disappoints him most is that the British have already given up the resistance and they are behaving as if the battle has been lost. He defends the Government thus:

...Is Government never to be allowed to make mistake? Has there been anywhere in any age an opposition as unfair and unreasonable as we have now? They demand perfection in every one but themselves. Let there be one slip in tactics and that's all the excuse they want to refuse to do anything, but raise hell...76

again he observes "We cut down the opium and they get drunk on print"77. On the other hand, through Jayananda Thompson criticises the English "You English never learn that the age has moved until it is too late".78 The author displays a note of sadness at the thought of going back to England. Though the story part of the novel is flimsy, it is remarkable as here the English accept their defeat before the Gandhian satyagraha and the rising national demand for freedom.

The twilight years of the Raj have attracted many talented British novelists. By 1942 it became more or less, clear to the British that India was slipping from their hands and that they would have to accord independence to Indians and leave the country. Paul Scott and John Masters are the two sensitive novelists who could faithfully recreate the tension filled age
when the whole of India was in a turmoil: the Hindus and the Muslims fighting among themselves and the British, the princes fighting for their rights and the English for their survival.

Paul Scott in *The Jewel in the Crown* takes an overview of the Indian situation from 1935 to 1942. Here he questions the viability of the non-Cooperation movement as well as of the repressive Acts of the Government. *The Jewel in The Crown* may be called an essay on Gandhi and his non-cooperation movement. In *The Raj Quartet* the British perceived their position of authority as stemming from intellectual, political, cultural and moral superiority all of which followed, according to their conviction, from their Western Christian heritage. But once the religious faith began to wane in the Raj's day-to-day existence, the absolute certainty of moral justification began to disappear as well. The Raj would maintain its ruling position and Kiplingesque rhetoric, but its sense of superiority would be based on racial rather than moral foundations. In fact, there was nothing that the Raj needed to do to maintain its identity or to justify its presence except to be white. Hence in Scott's novels, for major characters, the days of total conviction were over. They did not enjoy Heaven's approval nor did they rule by the Divine right. There was really no code of honour or heritage of service which gave the English in India a sense of identity as a nation or as individuals. Collective values, psychology and behaviour determined the role which individuals were expected to play. The distinction of their class was meant to be reflected in the calibre of their performance, but their survival depended
on racial purity. They cultivated isolation, zealously guarded their cantonments which mirrored as closely as possible the environment of their homeland. Yet the Raj was isolated from the intellectual and cultural climate of England. They were exiles without home, rulers without purpose or justification. Scott explores this crucial historical period to determine what the British really accomplished for themselves and for their subjects and how the blacks and the whites actually related in India. Unlike Kipling, Scott sees the Indians equal to the white man spiritually and politically, though he shares Kipling's views on 'Whiteman's burden' in India. He appreciates the ancient culture of the Hindus and the Muslim and sees their contribution in the formation of a composite Indian character. He feels that if the diverse Indian political parties cannot rule their country peacefully, and if they are not politically and culturally united it is more the fault of the British rule than an evidence that the Indians belong to an inferior race. In The Jewel in The Crown, Hari Kumar like Kipling was born in India, had the advantage of the best of England's public school education, and both worked for Indian newspaper. Thus Paul Scott, by paralleling Kumar's life to Kipling's, is experimenting to see how Kipling's world would have worked had he been a black and thereby measuring the truth of Kipling's viewpoint. The novel deals with the stormy period of the Quit India movement. Here two important incidents occur - an attack on Miss Crane, a missionary teacher and riots thereafter, and the rape of Daphne Manners by Indians and her subsequent fight to defend Hari Kumar. Attack on Miss Crane is reminiscent of Miss Sherwood's in Amritsar and the
consequent action of General Dyer at Jallianwala Bagh, while the rape of Daphne Manners takes place in Bibighar Gardens which reminds the infamous Bibighar killing of Cawnpore during the Mutiny of 1857. Miss Crane is an admirer of Gandhi but the Quit India resolution so disturbs her that she removes Gandhi's photograph from her office. She finds the English at fault, "For years we have been promising and for years finding means of putting fulfillment of the promise off, until the promise stopped looking like a promise and started only looking like a sinister prevarication..." again she lamants "...and the tragedy is that between us there is this little matter of colour of the skin which gets in the way of our seeing into each other's heart." Another picture that Scott conjures is that of Lily Chatterjee whose husband was knighted, who entertains the English at her place but at the club she is accepted with stiff-lipped silence. A more scathing picture is drawn when Hari Kumar becomes 'invisible' to his child-hood friend Colin Lindsay. Politically Scott takes pains to explain the confusion that was created by identifying the Congress as a Hindu body only. He argues "Since there has always been more Hindus than Muslims in India, it has also gone without saying that its membership is predominantly Hindu." In the beginning of the novel, like the educated Indians, Kumar is innocent of all politics but the Jallianwala Bagh tragedy awakens his political consciousness. In 1942 Brigadier Reid felt, "The Congress planned a kind of open rebellion that could snowball into a campaign of terror and bloodshed and civil war such as we have not seen in India since
and that "Mass satyagraha was as harmful as open revolt."

The Raj Quartet is Paul Scott's most complete history. Here the demise of the British Empire in India is traced through the fortune of a multitude of characters who respond to the crisis of personal identity in a variety of ways. But he cannot be counted as a mere documentary novelist; he has done much more than just documenting the stages of British withdrawal from India, though no mean task in itself. He has produced a picture of human activity which is superficially dependent on the reader's pre-existent interest in Anglo Indian politics and the society during 1940s. His novels are marked by a cast of women characters old, young, middle aged, happily and unhappily married, attached and unattached in their public and private circumstances. But even the best novels cannot succeed through characters alone; people live in places which have their distinctive texture, colour, and physical contour. Scott is alert to all these aspects in his novels. Patrick Swinden observed "It is the triumph of the The Quartet as a whole that he has fully understood, almost we might say shared the illusion of India and the English man's India."

Beloff in his review of Paul Scott's Quartet in Encounter in May 1976, entitled "The end of the Raj: Paul Scott's novel as history" concerns only with the question

Has (he) succeeded in making Britain retreat and the partition of India that followed more directly intelligible than these events otherwise might have been to us? Can he convey both what these events meant to those affected directly by them and their wider significance? Has he succeeded where many Indians would agree E.M. Forster failed, i.e. in apprehending truth of Indian feelings about relation with British.
A great deal of attractiveness of The Raj Quartet lies in its firm grasp of the details of the period in which it is set. Paul Scott's greatest asset is to treat the complex historical subject both intelligently and artistically. He explores the interior of his characters in their private core, their very depths while at the same time he describes panoramic historical events. His artistry is almost impressionistic, every detail is important to the total effect and complete impression. Daphne Manners and Hari Kumar become archetypal figures. In conjunction with these parallels Scott develops complicated symbols - a net work of thematic imagery and artistic association which together produce a forceful portrayal of what being human means, and what constitutes man's metaphysical conditions. He deliberately understates especially pathetic and violent scenes; without preaching he establishes parameter of good and evil and illumines universal truths which lies hidden under the layer of half truths. He has a rare talent for being able to portray women's feelings. Scott seems to believe that India should be independent because her people were capable of self rule; and were as much entitled as any other Nation to fail or succeed on their own. He looked at England's actual withdrawal and the motives behind it as a disastrous moral bankruptcy of the English; the political division of India on religious ground was a singular sign of such a failure, because it meant that England would withdraw irrespective of the cost India paid. "Britain must accept the blame for allowing a favoured religious minority to seize a political opportunity to the detriment of the
The reason why Hari Kumar and Daphne's love ended tragically are the same by which the English and Indian relationship failed. Some one or some group of individuals made a choice to hate instead to love and that choice multiplied by millions of individuals is the history of the two nations. Scott successfully explores the psychology of the educated Indians and their reasons for hating the English. The English in their arrogance cultivated segregation from the natives resulting in a lack of understanding of each other. They tried to see nothing, hear nothing and do nothing, not even cared to learn the language of the people they ruled like slave drivers. Satyagrahis are shown at two levels - the leaders and the masses, and their conduct & posture show that success and failure of the struggle depended on the the leaders as the masses remained passive actors throughout.

John Master's political vision in Bhowani Junction is rather confused as it depicts the chequered history of 1946 when the Mutiny of the Naval Ratings, the Railway strikes, the Dock Workers strike, communal riots, infiltration by the Communist and the Terrorists in the rank of the Congress created a state of utter chaos in India. Masters, agrees that the political activists in India are a well informed lot, who read Paine and Burke and use English language because "The ideas they were trying to express did not exist in their own language". The English are more or less reconciled to the idea of leaving the country, in the novel, and though there is a tacit consent that Indians indeed should have a right to determine their own destiny.
yet Masters refuses to surrender India to Indians as easily as Forster or Orwell do. He gives non-violent Congress activist short shrift by caricaturing Surabhai, the local Congress leader as a fool whose greatest discomfiture comes when Rodney orders his Gurkha troops to urinate on the non-violent protesters lying on the railway track. This only shows Masters' refusal to lend any glamour to the non-violent Civil Disobedience movement. In spite of the fact that Masters is more concerned with all aspects of East West Political differences than most of his predecessors, he fails to give adequate attention to the Indian desire for independence. Nine decades from 1857 with British suzerainty in India nearing its end, Masters in Bhowani Junction still stresses political turmoil as a patchwork quilt in Indian states and strives for a united India. Though Masters is too blase in caricaturing the attitudes of some of the rival groups, he presents a highly tension filled credible picture of the age; though the communist plot to subvert India from within is slightly overdone. He finds that the degree of non-violence mostly depended on the character of the local Congressmen and on the fact whether they belonged to the right or the left wing of the party. The Congress high command's orders take shape according to the mental status of the non-cooperator, e.g. the local Congress leader will say 'do not cooperate, do not give collector any petrol for his car but the man at the garage might say better still why not pour the petrol over the collector and throw away my bidi at the same time'88. Masters does not have high opinion of the freedom fighters, at worst they are like K.P.
Roy, overturning trains and killing people and instigating riots to create a state of utter confusion and chaos, and at best they are simple folks verging on stupidity and acting either confusedly or as collaborators of the British. That is the reason why each time our non-violent leader Surabhai organizes a demonstration it ends in a fiasco. He is either hurt or humiliated or killed in the demonstration. First demonstration is broken in the most undignified manner, the second ends up in a riot when the two processions meant to merge together to show the Hindu-Muslim unity, clash because of a misunderstanding and Surabhai is hurt. A police party comes to search Sardarni's house, Surabhai is there with photographers to make a political capital out of it. But he is discomfited as a broken fish plate with blood and blond hair is found under the bed. Next time he leads a procession to get Sardarni released from the prison. The volunteers guided by him scale the prison wall and police resorts to lathi charge. In the melee Surabhai is killed by K.P. Roy.

To sum up, the Anglo-Indian novelists could not ignore the non-violent freedom struggle of the forties, but a consistent effort was made to denigrate the struggle and certainly no admiration was attached to this unique struggle. They refused to recognize individual as well as collective cases of moral courage and fortitude, instead tried to make fun of the nationalists. They persisted in glamourizing the English courage and fortitude in bringing order over the chaos created by various factions in India. These writers failed to demystify the inborn imperial ego i.e., whiteman's burden which they could not but rationalise.
They did little to dispense with the so called myth of quick acceptance of the Raj's legends and glitter before the home audience. Though Scott tried to understand Gandhi, no greatness is recognised in his saintliness. They closed their eyes to the heroic sacrifices of the Indians and constantly harped on the discord which existed among feuding factions of the Indian politics. There is a grudging acceptance of some of the mistakes committed by the English in India, partition being one and prince's problem another.

What has not been appreciated by the Indo-Anglian and Anglo-Indian novelists is the truth of the spoilation of 'colonized psyche' and denaturing of the natives, by the unequal civilizational confrontations resulting in political emasculation of India. The new Indian was pitch forked between a hyper narcissistic cultural memory of an ancient, hoary past and the present harsh humiliations inflicted by the rude rulers from the over seas. Moreover, the awareness of their incapacity to mould their present politics and collective life created schism and neurosis among the most self-conscious Indians - Hari Kumar (The Jewel in The Crown) was the symptom of this syndrome, and the Gandhian Satyagraha was the catharsis of it. But to a handful of the astute and the insightful, there was a scepticism and recognition of apathetic tolerance, not offering full ventilation to one's aspirations, which made Narayan seek - a distanced wisdom in humour and acceptance of the foibles in bizarre forms of the Gandhian experiments with truth in lesser satyagrahis. The situation for the self conscious Indo-Anglian writers is too
bitter to prompt them to come directly face to face with tragic sensibilities of their own subaltern position, hence they evade it, a La Rabelais, and very artistically too as in case of R.K. Narayan. High tragedy of their characters is allowed to escape and they seek diversions in comic situations, with deft etching so well perfected in R.K. Narayan's novels. In a way it is the Indian response to Kipling's 'Hill stories' or Jim Corbett's Jungle lores from Man Eaters of Kamaon. His tendency at best is to dissolve human person into the backdrop of a small town landscape and ecology. Consequently the great theme of India's struggle for liberation rouses no Indo-Anglian writer to pen a credible high tragedy while it proliferates in churning out several low comedies throwing up a comic Sher Singh (I shall Not Hear The Nightingale) or a simpleton Sri Ram (Waiting For the Mahatma), or a Gian Talwar (A Bend in The Ganges). No journeys into the interior are carried out, at best they are successfully evaded but for the singular exception of Raja Rao's Kanthapura; at times they are presented in incidental documentation or unconvincing sloganeering as witnessed in novels like Inquilab.
Foot Notes

5. K.A. Abbas, Inquilab, p.194.
10. Ibid. p.302.
18. Ibid. p.36.
19. Ibid. p.38.
20. Ibid. p.54.
21. Ibid. p.94.
22. Ibid. p.95.
23. Ibid. p.96.
25. Ibid. p.105.
27. Ibid. p.150.
30. Ibid. p.185.
35. Ibid. p.71.
38. Ibid. p.72.


46. Meenakshi Mukherjee, Twice Born Fiction, p.61.


48. Ibid. p.205.

49. Ibid. p.45.

50. Ibid. p.327.

51. Ibid. p.342.

52. Ibid. p.21.


54. M. Malgonkar, A Bend In The Ganges, p.128.


58. Ibid. p.25.

59. Ibid. p.223.

60. Ibid. p. 142.


63. Ibid. p.217.

64. Ibid. p.219.


71. E. Thompson, A Farewell to India (London: Earnest Benn Ltd., 1931), 0.35.

72. Ibid. p. 68.

73. Ibid. p.79.

74. Ibid. p.81.

75. Ibid. p.157.

76. Ibid. p.258.

77. Ibid. p.68.

78. Ibid. p.83.


80. Ibid. p.61.

81. Ibid. p.183.

82. Ibid. p.270.

83. Ibid. p.270.


88. Ibid. p.21.
This psyche has been perceptively analysed in the sixties of this century only, with the publication of the modern classic Frantz Fanon's autobiographical self analysis Black Skins and White Masks, (New York: Grave Press, 1970). It's meaning and significance for political literature in general and novel in particular, is only beginning to be recognized after the publication in mid sixties the Negro literature and analysis of neglitide taking its cue from the magnum opus of Fanon himself i.e. Wretched of The Earth.
The Problem of the Princes

The Crown recognized five hundred and odd states after the revolt of 1857 since such states provided an excellent instrument of 'divide and rule' policy of the English, and were in addition a check on the nationalist movement which was slowly gripping India. Naturally the Congress considered the princes as "Britain's fifth column in India", artificially propped up and maintained by the British Imperialism. They maintained that after the British withdrawal the paramountcy over states would automatically devolve upon the successor Government. But as the Independence neared the Congress played conciliatory tune. Sardar Patel the Union Minister for States, declared that the Congress were 'No enemy of the princely order'. Mountbatten, the British Viceroy urged the Princes to forget about their independence and accede to either of the new nations. The Princes, who stood by the Crown in the two World Wars and fought the nationalists at home to defend the British Raj, regarded the Viceroy's advice as a breach of solemn trust. Majority of the princes reluctantly took Mountbatten's advice, but the other recalcitrants were made to sign the Instrument of Accession by using various tactics.

The Indo-Anglian novelists have truly depicted the pathetic plight and trauma experienced by the princes at this juncture of the Indian history. The part played by the princes in bringing
about their own debacle is the major theme of *Private Life of an Indian Prince* by M.R. Anand, and *The Princes* by Manohar Malgonkar. In his handling of Prince Ashok Kumar (Victor) Anand seems to have been influenced by Tolstoy and Dostoevsky whose novels he read with delight. Here one can also detect some influence of Andre Malraux's *Man of Fate*. Maharajah Ashok Kumar chooses to assert complete independence for his kingdom of Shampur instead of acceding to the Indian Union. Unfortunately he displays more of the vices than virtues of his ancestors. He is encouraged in his histrionics by his nymphomaniacal mistress Ganga Dasi, an illiterate hill woman whose spell holds him in vice-like grip beyond all counsel. As it is he is not a good administrator, he loses sympathy of his subjects when he starts exacting huge fees from his starving peasants to feed the greed of his mistress. This brings him into dangerous confrontation with his people who had already reached a flash point of revolt. If he meets Ganga's challenge with hysterical tears, he meets the political challenge thrown by his people and the Government of India with melodramatic gestures and self-deluding lies. Needless to say he loses both. His mistress runs away with his political secretary Bool Chand, and the Indian States Department forces him to sign the Instrument of Accession. Exiled in London, he cannot forget his mistress, gets Bool Chand murdered, seduces a sales girl with princely finesse. But in the face of personal guilt intertwined with political failure he lands up in a lunatic asylum.
The novel excels in mock heroics and anti-climaxes. Victor is indulging in sexual exploits in Simla while the fate of his state hangs in balance. When he is informed of the real position he explodes 'I lose my independence and my state, is that the advantage?' And Popat Lal calmly tells him "Your highness has no independence to lose you were subject to British paramount power". Victor's confrontation with Patel is typical of all Maharajahs. He signs the Instrument of Accession and comes back broken hearted only to find that Ganga has deserted him for Bool Chand. Besides this personal tragedy, the prince is frustrated because Sardar Patel did not believe or trust him and because 'Banias are in power'.

_Private life of an Indian Prince_ can be fruitfully compared to Malgonkar's _The Princes_. Both the novels are concerned with the fate of the princes at the dawn of India's Independence. Prince Ashok Kumar (Victor) is very much like Prince Abhay Raj's father, Maharajah Heroji who refuses to face the reality and the humiliation of being treated as a commoner. It is aptly reflected in the scenes where these princes go to meet Government representatives in the secretariat and have to wait to be shown into the presence of a joint secretary with whom they have prior appointments. Abhay Raj's father in _The Princes_, after waiting for ten minutes, exclaims "The British, I feel would have handled it with more finesse. They would have been civil even as they were putting us on the block... Civil as well as punctual", and in a huff he walks off without meeting. Similarly in _Private Life of An Indian Prince_ a clerk refuses to talk to Prince Victor
unless some money is exchanged. After great effort and bribery the coveted appointment with Patel is fixed at 5. A.M., unimaginable for a prince to be inconvenienced at that time of the day. Patel further humiliates him by not receiving him properly, he is made to wait at the lamp-post for Patel to come out, who with his 'Hyena Shrieks' unnerves the Maharajah. Both the novels present the trauma and pathetic plight of the princes at the time of the merger of their states into the Indian Union. What the senior Maharajah of Begwad feels about the Independence vis-a-vis rights of the princes is echoed in Victor's feelings too. True, Malgonkar digs deeper into the Maharajah's mind, and also how the British Government and the Viceroy kept assuring the Princes that no decision will be taken without their consent. Maharajah Heroji clung to the belief that "What right anyone has to change a treaty guaranteed by the Queen Victoria" and that "Treaties were inviolable so long as the sun and the moon go round". Therefore, disillusioned, like Victor Ashok Kumar, Maharajah Heroji suggested a civil war against the new Government. "If the British lets us down... we shall have to take up arms against the nationalists." But Victor's surrender to Sardar Patel is rather abject as compared to the Maharajah of Begwad's who refuses to sign the Instrument of Accession, commits suicide and remains a prince till the end.

In *The Princes*, Prince Abhay Raj is the voice of sanity who sees the changed position of the princes and calls the whole lot of them "... ripe mangoes in late May all ready to fall, some were downright rotten" and "frogs under the overturned slab
suddenly exposed to the galore of the sun". Abhay is positively more sarcastic about his clan than Dr. Harishankar, the narrator of *Private Life of An Indian Prince*, who is only a personal physician to Prince Victor. In both the novels the princes have poor opinion of the nationalists. To them the nationalists are crows and jackals who are waiting to eat them up. Maharajah of Begwad forbids Kanak Chand and the nationalist Praja Mandal leaders to come into his state, and feels secure and smug at the way things are moving in his state till the Gandhian movement comes in force. He tried to suppress it by public flogging and imprisonment, but the movement kept on raging in many subversive ways. If Kanak Chand would not wear his Khadi cap his friends in the colony would throw stones and cow dung at him and if he wore it to the school the authorities would punish him. All the nationalist papers were banned in the state, still cartoons would get circulated and everybody except the Maharajah would know about it. Consequently, the Maharajah's boast that if he was given the right to rule India he would set all the Gandhian nationalists right in no time sounds foolish. He observes "I don't think we need bother about hurting feelings of the agitators. As for I am concerned they just do not exist". and that "The nationalists are undesirable elements in the country, local gundas calling themselves nationalists." Similarly, Victor rails at the Communist revolutionaries and orders General Raghubir Singh to clear his state of all Reds. Even Dr. Hari Shankar has great admiration for the Russians; we can imagine him
taking comfort in the thought "Well at least we won't chop their (the Princes) heads off or make them run across the snow with wolves snapping at their heels." In Prince Abhay Raj, Malgonkar presents the ambivalence of a revolutionary entrapped in a conflict between his rational conviction on the need of revolution on the one hand and emotional attachment to his father on the other. His abdication of his inheritance is an act of defiance against the princely order. Malgonkar is more critical of the nationalist leaders, who, besides destroying the princes, were insensitive to their plight. Sardar Patel refuses to listen to the Maharajah's arguments, snubs him and asks him to sign the Instrument of Accession immediately. Anand, in *Private Life of An Indian Prince* points out through Govind Das and Popat Lal Shah that the nationalist leaders are influenced by ambition, narrow-mindedness and innate capacity for intrigues. Patel is called "Indian Wishmark (Bismark) who speaks in the voice of half hyena shrieks and half wolf growl" and for Nehru he comments "he fiddles while India is burning," Of course, both the novels abound in picturesque details of arranged marriage, concubines, tiger hunts, parties and picnics arranged to entertain the white quests.

The Anglo Indian novelists too have feelingly portrayed the plight of the Indian princes at the end of the Empire. In these novels one witnesses a predominant note of shame and a sense of guilt for having ditched the princes without as much as batting an eyelid. In Phillip Woodruff's *The Island of Chamba* we find it worded thus "We withdrew our support and rescinded treaties a
century old with less notice than a considerate employer would give a gardener."¹⁴

John Masters in To a Coral Strand and Thunder at Sunset voices prince's problems. The Nawab of Chambalpur plans to join hands with other Maharajahs to fight so that they could remain independent. L.P. Roy the politician dissuades Rodney from taking Chambalpur job, and offers him a job with the Government of India instead. He tells Rodney frankly

We shall regard it a treason if any ruler acts against the best interest of its people - that means any action which does not guide the people back to the arms of free and Independent India.¹⁵

While talking about Hari Singh of Kashmir, Nawab of Junagadh and Nizam of Hyderabad, L.P. Roy comments "They were wrong and wicked. They were enemies of India."¹⁶ When the army marches in Chambalpur, Rani Sumitra finds that "Chambal cannot survive alone."¹⁷ Masters comments "I got left over one and five hundred Rajahs. They, poor simple-minded saps went round waving treaties in which the noble British Government guaranteed them their independence."¹⁸ Thunder At Sunset deals with a private Englishman's attempt at redemption of his country's pledge to the Indian princes. Brigadier David Jones like Rodney Savage of To a Coral Strand refers to breaking of perpetual treaties with the Indian princes in 1947: " Pretending that they did not exist, and sneaking off by the sea scattering the worthless pieces of parchment to sink slowly in the wake of the departing ships."¹⁹
Paul Scott's * Alien Sky * contains a brief sketch of an Indian prince Jimmy, the Maharajah of Kalipur who rushes to Delhi to settle with the English the future of his state. He promises to engage Tom Gower so that his superior knowledge may be employed for getting out of the mess created by the British withdrawal. But soon the Maharajah is made to realise that "He will have to cede to India sooner or later." In * A Division of Spoils* Scott makes Count Bronowsky declare to Rowan. "You (the British) are all going, are not you? One day when you go, the princes will be abandoned in spite of your protestations to the contrary... the treaties will be a piece of paper." In * Birds of Paradise* Scott talks about the fate of the princely state of Gopalkand. It was Lord Wavell's time and the prince had faith that "He would sort out these chaps Nehru and Jinnah and would not sell the state down the river." The Maharajah's son speaks what most of the six hundred princes said: "We stood by the Crown and the Crown will stand by us. The Jackals are not going to feed on us. Wavell will see to it." By Jackals of course, he meant the Indian politicians of British India whom he described as being "At each other's throat carving up the country and getting rid of the princes if they get a chance." But in spite of Wavell's assurance they were soon told that "The states would be free to make their own arrangements which of course, meant cut adrift and fend for themselves." and that "... It was upto them to whom, if any one, they pay tribute." Though there was no show of arms by India, Gopalakand was one of states where riots broke out. The marches on the palace were resisted half heartedly by Dingy
Row's police and soldiers. In the end the prince signed the Instrument of Accession.

Gerald Hanley's *Journey Homeward* has the usual theme of dissolution of the British Empire and its impact on Jashnipur state. The two sides are represented by prince Prabhu and Hassan, both of them fail as they look to the West for inspiration and do not have faith in India's future. Prince Prabhu offers to free Hassan from the prison provided the latter agrees to work with him for the improvement of his state. But Hassan refuses to join him. Instead scenes of riots are shown when Praja Mandal comes in conflict with the state forces.

In all the novels written in English a sense of guilt is attached to the Accession of Princely states to the Indian Union; though in the Anglo-Indian novels it is more pronounced. But the frustration and shock of princely order at the sudden reversal of treaties is depicted tellingly in almost all novels. In none of them have they shown the maladministration, instead, the princes are depicted rather an adored lot. Most of the time the outsiders goad the people to revolt. Almost always the Maharajahs and princes are shown coining with the idea of remaining independent but were forced by the circumstances to surrender.

But in none of the Anglo-Indian novels we ever see any interest of the British in poor rayots or a reflection of the white man's highly proclaimed modernity, advocacy of human rights and the christian glorification of the meek of the earth. These
attributes of modern liberal ideology of the west never raised their head in the states, much less come in confrontation with the carnival, the perpetual gaiety and other ribald debaucheries of the effete Oriental Courts where the so called bearers of the whiteman's burden lustily joined, cheered and wistfully looked for such perverse escapades away from the routines of a dull bureaucratic chore. These writers failed to notice the dirty collusion between the whitemen and the princes in order to avoid the wages of sin of holding the entire population, in abject deprivation, against their wishes; they as well failed to notice that the princes were pitchforked as the most callous intermediaries, the spent force, who were in any case destined, sooner or later, to pass beyond the agenda of history, to be consigned in its dustbin. The fact that India's independence was without explicit violence does not mean that the decadent old order could be allowed to suppress the burst of new shoots of democracy sprouted from the benighted soil of India. This lament on the part of the writer perilously brings them close to the Court jesters of yore. These writers show no sense and direction of history despite their oft-repeated claim of being flag bearers of science, democracy, liberalism and humanity. So the nostalgia and maudlin swan song for the old order is only an expression of their alarm at losing an El-Dorado without responsibility. Much of their labour could not rise above the body blows of day-to-day political commentary sans any serious analysis of the issues, dynamics and undercurrents of history, whether regarding decolonization or elimination of tyrannical oriental despotism.
which had grown entirely disfunctional ever since the princes became stooges and vassals of their white suzerains. Similarly the Indo-Anglians also wanted to run with the hare and hunt with the hound. As far as their attitude towards their imaginative empathies relating to the old order was concerned, they wished to bask in the glory and pomp of the princes while they also wanted to highlight deeply felt urges of the rayots. By wanting to be spokesman of both, the Indo-Anglian novelist got muddled up in his images of princely order and its rationale.
Foot notes and References:

2. Ibid. p.280.
4. Ibid. p.221.
5. Ibid. p.222.
7. Ibid. p.244.
8. Ibid. p.11.
10. Ibid. p.221.
13. Ibid. p.198.
16. Ibid. p.151.
17. Ibid. p.230.
23. Ibid. p. 152.
24. Ibid. p. 152.
26. Ibid. p. 178.
III

Partition and Independence

Though the term 'holocaust fiction' has come to signify a growing body of works dealing with the disaster that befell the European Civilization in the years between 1913 to 1945, it may as well be fruitfully applied to the novels depicting the partition of India. It is surprising that none of the foremost Indo-Anglian Writers - Anand, Raja Rao, R.K. Narayan have written about the tragedy of tragedies which over took the whole of north India-partition. Bhabani Bhattacharya regrets

The tragedies of partition have been beyond anything that a writer could invent. But where is the creative expression of all those happenings. it would be somewhat odd to say that the writers have been too dazed by recent history to make it their material. In contrast the two World Wars are adequately reflected in the best literature of the west, the writers have lived through history undazed.

Still, a few Indo-Anglian novelists, whose response to the partition is a mixture of guilt and shame, try to re-live those horror ridden days in their novels. Most of these novelist - Malgonkar, Attia Hossain, Khushwant Singh, C. Nahal, B. Rajan and Raj Gill have a tendency to confess the violence but deny the communal disharmony which led to the partition. These novels depict a helpless bewilderment at the magnitude of evil let loose by the forces of communalism. Debi the hero of A Bend in the Ganges exclaims: "After living as brothers over so many generations how had they suddenly been infected by such virulent hatred for each other". And Basu too surmises: "What had been
aimed against the British turned against itself."  

These novelists are unanimous over the fact that every form of immorality and inhumanity has been practised under the cloak of religion by the unscrupulous elements in society, and even the mildest men could be spurred to acts of savagery at what they saw or suffered. A conspicuous note of anger against the Indian Government and politicians is amply visible everywhere.

What were the people in Delhi doing? Making fine speeches in the Assembly. Loud speakers magnifying their egos, lovely looking foreign women in the visitors galleries in breathless admiration, he is a great man this Mr. Nehru of yours. I do think he is the greatest man of the world today. Was not that a wonderful thing to say 'Long ago we made a tryst with destiny and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge'...

The same anger is repeated when Hukum Chand says, "There was Sundri ...she had made her tryst with destiny on the road to Gurjranwala."  

Debi is shocked when he finds the frightened and mutilated humanity, "Is this the Independence which India wanted? Is this the sunrise of our freedom? ... had Gandhi ever envisaged a freedom that would be accompanied by so much suffering and release so much of hatred."  

However, Debi does not live to find the answer. He becomes a victim of communal strife. Nahal in Azadi portrays the Indian political leaders as most hated lot who made simple folks mere pawns in their hands to satisfy their own hunger for power. Abdul Ghani's transformation into a fanatic Leaguer is a pointer: "It was not a question of personal views, the League or Jinab Sahib knew better. They said there should be Pakistan, and he shouted for Pakistan".  

Arun, the hero, senses "a conspiracy of politicians" behind the demand for Pakistan,
"Jinnah and Liaquat Ali were coming into estate as was Nehru, why else would they rush into 'Azadi' at this price." Similarly Dilipjit, in *The Rape* dreams of 'shooting Gandhi' while Niranjan Singh in *Azadi* would like "to hack Nehru to pieces" Raj Gill spares none of the leaders be it Patel, Gandhi, Nehru or Tara Singh. Dalipjit finds that: "... The bait before the Congress was quicker transfer of power to the natives. The Congress had bit at it avidly, just as Muslim League had succumbed to the temptations." He talks about Jinnah in most derogatory terms: "He was not a leader. He grabbed leadership and sported it as a tribal leader sports rare coloured feathers in his head gear... and that thin and withdrawn man was remote from the Muslim masses as he was from the Hindus and the Sikhs." Josh calls him "A devil in coat pant and necktie, who wants to live like the English, so he will, as the Governor General of Pakistan".

On the other hand, these novelists have unsparingly attacked the English for having led Indians to a freedom which entailed so much of misery. In *Azadi* Lala Kansiram exclaims: "The English have let us down... it was their job their obligation to see that freedom came smoothly" He accuses Bill Davidson with the same vehemence. "It is the English who had biggest hand in this butchery... for you had the power to prevent it and you did not use that power." Similarly, Krishnan in *Dark Dancer* accuses the English for rearing this monster of communalism in India; "It is your fault you made this awful thing grow for a whole generation... " "It is you who made religious division take priority over our common political interest. Communal
Partition has been treated only as a side issue in *Waiting for the Mahatma* of R.K. Narayan. He refers to the exodus of refugees, utter chaos, rioting and shortage of food supplies in India at the time of the partition. Referring to riots in Bengal, Bihar and Panjab and the refugees' problems, Bharti tells Sriram how women became the targets of communal frenzy. With dispassionate impartiality the writer ends the novel with Gandhi leaving orphaned children in the care of Sriram and Bharti and giving them names of flowers. Thus stressing the secular character of Gandhi's India.

In *Dark Dancer*, Pratap Singh, whose parents had been killed on the frontier, is filled with hatred for the Muslims, "You can preach non-violence... but sure as the sun sets there will be a night of reckoning." He is angry with Imtiaz because the Muslims asked for Pakistan. While Imtiaz confronts: "My family worked for Independence. We have been in jail. We don't need lessons in being Indians." This was the dilemma of all the Muslims who opted to stay back in India. Kamala is more objective when she observes. "It is no one's fault but ours that we are divided. We ought to look into ourselves." Both the Muslim's and the Sikh's wrath was justified that's why Krishnan's voice of sanity, "I know how you feel. But it is not the
solution. You pay and they pay, each time the bitterness is bigger... does it make any sense if all of us go bankrupt,"

goes unheeded. But when Kamala sacrifices her life to save a Muslim girl people come to their senses and riot is stopped. Though Rajan feels that the rulers were inciting and fanning communal fires still he puts some blame on the Indians themselves. Kamala symbolises the moral strength which alone could allay the ruffled spirit of the two communities. He observes: "The award was the match that lighted the long train of dynamite snatching and ravaging across the chosen frontier." Rajan has deep insight into the psyche of the refugees: "They had nothing to look for only something to flee from." Through Kamala, Rajan pleads for understanding, sympathy, toleration and trust. The novel is an artistic recreation of history, the history of the partition of India, of the tears, of separation and of misery.

In A Bend in the Ganges Malgonkar depicts the genesis of the partition as part of the process of national struggle for independence in India and the gradual widening of the rift between the two communities. The incipient rivalry of leadership between Debi and Shafi even in the days of close cooperation also indicate a possible tension among different communal groups in India. In the novel Malgonkar takes pain to describe the plight of the Hindus who were driven out of Pakistan and the nightmarish experience they had on their trek to India. Debi, the hero, falls victim to Muslim hooliganism while he was rushing to Pakistan to help his parents. Even his Muslim wife Mumtaz is not
M.K. Naik feels that the novelist achieves "melodramatic instead of epical effect because his vision is hopelessly circumscribed by his inability to look beyond the sheer horror and brutality of it all". In Distant Drum Malgonkar has given a brief glimpse of the communal riots in Delhi. Abdul and Kiran Garud tackle the riots together. But after the partition the two friends find themselves fighting on opposite sides in Kashmir.

Though the theme of Sunlight on a Broken Column is the growth and maturity of Laila, a young Muslim girl, against the social political scene in Lucknow, it is the partition and its repercussions on the Muslim family which attracts reader's attention most. Attia Hossain tries to analyse the growth of Muslim sensibility from Muslim point of view. It is, however, one of the few novels where the partition of India has been presented in all its aspects - political, religious, social and personal. The writer, herself being a Muslim could probe the issues of loyalty, idealism and expediency with deeper understanding. The novel presents a different perspective on the partition i.e. the tragedy of a divided home. Most of the characters are drawn from the higher echelons of the Muslim aristocracy in India. They are not the ordinary people who are depicted as mere pawns in the moves of political games. Nay, they are the people who mastermind the moves which resulted in the partition. Saleem comes to feel that the secular appearance of the Congress is deceptive, it promises no future for the Muslims in India. He observes: "Muslims who are in the Congress
are being used as dupes to give it a secular appearance." His firm belief is that:

The Congress has a strong anti Muslim elements in it against which Muslims must organize. The danger is great because it is hidden like an iceberg. When it was just a question of fighting the British, the progressive forces were upper most, but now that power is to be acquired, now the submerged reactionary element will surface. Muslims must unite against them. 5

Through Kemal the novelist expresses her surprise at the change of attitude: "How you have changed? You used to say that the British encouraged Hindu Muslim quarrels and drove them apart in order to divide and rule." and "Now I wonder how far apart we will drive each other ourselves" 26 Thus Attia Hossain finds that the growth of communal hatred in India is closely related to the induction of religion into politics, and that the British were not the only driving force in the partition, it was inherent in the fears that beset the Muslim community at the time of Independence. Saleem voices these fears: "In free India Hindu majority would rule the Muslims" and Aunt Saira comments "It would be better to have the British stay on than Hindu ruling". 27 Asad feels about Saleem that "He has learned the lesson English teach us - hate each other and love us". 28 When Asad gets hurt for the second time in a scuffle with the police, Zahid, the fanatic finds the struggle useless, "He is throwing away his life on a wrong cause". 29 The communal hatred has been shown as a gradual process of growth spread over two decades covered in the novel. The leaders of all parties are blamed for their continual wrangling among themselves. As the partition is effected, Saleem
goes to Pakistan, Zahid is killed on the way to Pakistan, and their brother Kemal and Asad choose to stay back in India. The tragedy of a divided country is reflected in the scattered family who will find it "...easier to visit whole wide world than the home which had once been theirs".\(^{30}\) The Muslim leaders are shown at their worst who left for Pakistan without bothering about the millions of Muslims left behind in India. "Who is to look after them? to whom you warned them against? Or those who prophesied doom?"\(^{31}\) Laila points out, '...where were all their leaders? Safely across the border? The only people left to save them were those very Hindus against whom they ranted."\(^{32}\) In spite of the holocaust Kemal maintains that the demand for Pakistan had been wrong and that, "...this is my country, I belong to it, I love it."\(^{33}\) The novel shows how the partition affected persons living far away from the frontiers. As Zahid and Saleem leave for Pakistan, their property at Lucknow, 'The Ashiana', is declared evacuee property to be taken over by a custodian. Aunt Siara complains

> Will they never be content with how much they rob? Is there no justice? Did they not consent to partition themselves? Why treat those people like enemies who went over? Were they not given free choice? were they warned they would lose their property and have their families harassed?... they will destroy you and all fools like you who have trusted them.\(^{34}\)

Through Laila and Asad, Attia Hossain gives the message of love, tolerance, patience and not of retaliation. True she does not give any detailed picture of the people in flight, but she tries to analyse the psyche of the Muslim mind which precipitated into the partition and its blood bath.

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On the other hand, in *Train to Pakistan* Khushwant Singh projects with pitiless precision a picture of the horrors which occurred on the Indo-Pak border during the partition. Like a whirlwind the partition was uprooting masses of humanity, mauling them and throwing them across the border. The writer observes: "By the summer of 1947 ten million people Muslim Hindu and Sikh were in flight, by the time monsoon broke a million of them were dead." Khushwant Singh presents a small village, Manomajra where the Hindu Muslim and Sikh live in complete amity. Where the Muslims were of the view, "what have we to do with Pakistan? We were born here so were our ancestors. We had lived amongst you as brothers." But the Sikh lamberdar replies, "But Chacha we are so few and the strangers coming from Pakistan are coming in thousands. Who will be responsible for what they do?"

To be on the safe side the Muslims decide to go. A Sikh teenager comes from outside and incites the Sikhs and Hindus to retaliate: "Kill for each Hindu or Sikh they kill two Muslims". Meet Singh, the priest argues "What have the Muslim here done to us, for us to kill them in revenge of what Muslims in Pakistan are doing." But his voice of sanity "what bravery is there in killing unarmed innocent people." goes unheeded. As a train load of the dead Hindu and Sikhs arrive in Manomajra people become restive. Some demand to send the same type of gift to Pakistan; but their plan is foiled as Jagga, a notorious criminal is released from the prison and heroically
saves the train which carried his beloved Nooran to Pakistan, though in the process he sacrifices his life.

Khushwant Singh has succeeded through resolved limitation and rigorous selections in communicating to his readers a hint of grossness, ghastliness and total insanity of the two nation theory and the partition tragedy - the pity and the horror of it all.41

Like E.M. Forster Khushwant Singh is able to create the atmosphere of horror and tension in Train to Pakistan by crisp and deft narration, e.g. "There are no lights", "the engine didn't whistle", "It is like a ghost".42 The arrival of ghost train in broad day light created a commotion in Manomajra "People stood on their roofs to see what was happening at the station."43 As the dead were cremated the sky turned "Angry orange", "the sun rises without glory and the man is confronted with nothingness".44 "Another train loaded with the dead arrived, thousands of bodies were committed to earth with the help of a bulldozer".45 with such deft touches Singh creates the atmosphere of horror. Creative literature, as I.A. Richards perceptively points out, is "A large store house of recorded values". Accordingly, the synthesis of reality and values is one of the remarkable features of this novel. When the train arrives the Sikh sub-Inspector is carried away by his emotions. "What do Gandhi caps know about Panjab? What is happening on the other side of Pakistan does not matter to them. They have not lost their homes and belongings. They have not their mothers wives, sisters and daughters raped and murdered in the street."46 This depicts graphically the anger of refugees against the new Indian
Government. Khushwant Singh's portrayal of the horror of the ghastly train and its effect on Hukum Chand, reminds the nightmarish descriptions of the war novels of Norman Mailer's The Naked and the Dead (1948), and Evelyn Waugh's Men At Arm (1952), where the novelists depict soldier's experience during the First World War. The description of the dead cattles and human bodies in the Sutlej invokes fear and horror in the minds of the villagers, burying of the dead by bulldozer is a symbol of oppressing the humanity against which Meet Singh's voice of sanity is lost.

The plot of Train to Pakistan, to borrow Norman Ferdinand's term is in part 'pathetic' and in part 'primitive'. Jagga the villain hero is neither Satanic nor Machiavellian in the Elizabethan sense, he is only an uncouth Indian rustic who is caught in the quicksand of evil; reaches a spiritual sublimation in the end when he sacrifices his life to save the train.

First half of both The Rape and Azadi contain gruesome details of sufferings inflicted on the Hindus and Sikhs by the Muslims in the country which has suddenly assumed the name of Pakistan. But the moment the protagonists reach India they realise "That which happened this side of the boundary was in no way less ghastly, inhuman and disgusting than that which had happened across the border." Both the novels concentrate on the exodus of the millions of refugees from Pakistan and present an essentially true picture of the partition.
In *The Rape* the world of the refugees in which Dalipjit finds himself is a frightening world of negation. The age old human relationship which started disintegrating with the announcement of Pakistan is complete now. Dalipjit's father rapes his son's beloved which becomes a supreme correlative for dramatizing the sins of all fathers of a nation against their sons. Dalipjit's anger against his father is sublimated into a wider anger against all fathers of nation who have raped or allowed to be raped their sisters, wives and daughters by agreeing to the partition of India; and in their failure to curb the holocaust. Raj Gill not only criticises the British for their policy of divide and rule, but also blames both the communities for their ghastly crimes. With the partition in sight. "The Sikhs started preparing with guns and spears not to obtain what they were denied but to hold to what they had, to meet the onslaught of the Muslims" Dalip, the boy hero does not find anything to celebrate on the day of transfer of power. He only feels that 'Redfaced monkeys' have been replaced by 'blackfaced lamurs'. His mother exclaims "Ashes be on the head of such Independence... they burn your houses, take away your women and they kill your women and they kill your children, you call it Independence. Making people homeless is Independence." Kartar Singh pours his venom against the Muslims "... Muslims are always disloyal, undependable... did they not turn against their own prophet... these here are pigs betrayers and deceivers". In spite of the gruesome details of the Hindus and the Sikhs in flight, Raj Gill maintains
impartiality in his depiction of incidents. On the one hand, he shows how "army tanks are used to mow down the non muslim population sheltering in a cotton mill"51 on the other, he does not fail to show the inhuman treatment meted out to the Muslim women by the refugees in India; "They were the play things of men, their captives." 52 When Dalip reaches India he finds that the Hindus on this side of the border have "killed as ruthlessly as the Muslims in Pakistan." 53 As it is the Indians did not receive this influx of the refugees generously, the Government thought them to be an extra burden. All this frustration led to moral degradation of the refugees who would "Impersonate their dead father, a man would present his own daughter as his wife to receive a paltry grant of fifty rupees and a sewing machine."54 Thus Dalip finds the refugees a dehumanized people who have lost all values. Through his character the writer shows the consequence of the partition. Like Asad (Sun Light On a Broken Column) the novelist pleads for forgiveness and appears to repeat Shakespeare's message in The Tempest that virtue lies in forgiveness not in vengeance, and that the spirit of revenge must be allayed by love, sympathy, kindness and restraint. C. Nahal's Azadi too ends on a note of forgiveness as the only means through which Indians can recover their sanity. Lala Kansiram feels that to live at peace with oneself one must cease to hate and learn to forgive. Nahal himself observes: "I wrote Azadi as a hymn to one's land of birth rather than a realistic novel on partition."55
The historical novel, observes Nahal, is the only genre in which the artist cannot dispense with realism and cannot create his own milieu. In this novel instead of seeing the effect of the partition on a small village, the author shows a picture of human perversity and cruelty suffered by millions who migrated from either side of the chosen frontier. The novel is a master piece of narrative art with no loose ends. It has properly developed characters and a kind of macabre atmosphere which won the novel the coveted Sahitya Akademi Award in 1977. It is only a gifted novelist like Nahal who can sublimate the gruesome facts of history into 'a hymn to one's own land of birth'. He shows how the Muslim refugees pouring in Sialkot and telling their tales of woe at the hands of the Hindus, spurred communal tension. At first individual cases of looting stabbing and arson took place, but later it exploded into massive organized violence by the Muslims in Pakistan. Lala Kasnimram along with his family and a few Hindu neighbours shifted to the security of the refugee camp and from there they joined the foot convey to Dera Baba Nanak passing through "a living inferno", all shattered and dazed from what they had gone through. The author here puts a number of fully developed characters in the general drama of mass murder, mass rape, abduction and parades of nude women. These characters mature with the events. Arun, a simple student of Sialkot matures into a man who murders Rahmat Ullah Khan for raping Sunandabala. His love for Nurul Nissar remains unfulfilled as he leaves for India. His sister Madhubala's death in riots urges him for "survival and self assertion" and he
gets 'unduly bold'. He falls in love with Chandini to seek "a new identity for himself." To his great shock the girl is abducted and he lives only 'to feel his hurt.' In Delhi he picks up his studies but now freedom does not hold any meaning for him. Another fully developed character is Lala Kanshi Ram, a grain merchant with a practical common sense. He is startled and confused at the turn of events which made him a refugee in his own home. As he crosses over to India he shouts 'Vandematram' and kisses the earth with tears in his eyes. It does not take him time to realise that the minority communities on either side of the border have faced identical fates. In this gloomy atmosphere Nahal introduces sex and romance by way of relief. Like Faulkner's *The Sound and The Fury*, Nahal employs shifting point of view which helps the reader to understand the full meaning of the partition through a comparatively small cast of characters.

With Arun we become fully aware of the impending doom when he exclaims to Nur "will I ever see you again? God alone knows why people are so full of hatred ... I will think of you till the day of my death." This is but one of the many instances of the partition affecting young innocent lives. Later as they reach India, Arun comes to realise that his own kith and kin as well as fellow refugees treat him more cruelly than the Muslims in Pakistan. Lala Kansi Ram also grows into the awareness of the presence of evil and good everywhere.

Unlike *The Rape* which explores the brief period of less than a year, *Ashes and Petals* spreads over a long period of the post partition days. H.S. Gill exposes the stupidity of lust for
blood in the turbulent period when human values sank very low. With a snap “the village ties between the Muslims and the Sikhs and the Hindus broke and such ties cannot be restored overnight.” The novel opens with a train hold-up which ends in Risaldar Santa Singh shooting his fourteen year old grand daughter in order to save her from being defiled by the Muslim marauders. His grand son Ajit Singh joins the Indian army, when he seeks his grand father’s permission to marry Salmah, whose brother Aslam laid down his life to save Ajit’s, Santa Singh explodes: “...Have you forgotten Baljeeto, your sister?...Have you forgotten the partition and Muslamans,” even Brigadier’s wife comments “...But never in all my life have I heard of Muslim marrying a Sikh... you seem to forget.” This throws a light on how partition had hardened the attitudes of the two communities. Santa Singh accepts Salmah only when Ajit is killed and both face a common tragedy. Thus the novelist asserts that forces of love are stronger than that of hatred. Gill depicts feelingly the inhuman plight of the refugees. A hungry jat in his anxiety to get bread stabs the social worker distributing it. Three men and an old women collect the bread and blood stained pulse to eat in peace.

In 1967 a survey made in Britain proved that events of the partition still nag at so many British conscience. It is well illustrated in a novel of John Masters To A Coral Strand where Rodney Savage express bitter anger over the partition of India thus: “Glamorous Dickie, (Mountbatten) and Attlee with about
three months knowledge between them, breaking up in half a year what it took centuries to build.\textsuperscript{65}

Paul Scott in The Raj Quartet has put on the English the responsibility for the partition of India and the holocaust that accompanied it. Scott is filled with shame when he makes Lady Manners observe in The Jewel in the Crown, that the "Hindu Muslim bloodbath" in those crucial months preceding and following the partition marked the ironical end of all those "Unifying and civilizing years of power and influence, that Britain has once been so proud of."\textsuperscript{66} His A Division of Spoils throws a comprehensive light on the India of 1946-47 when freedom dawned on the Indian subcontinent. Scott's non fictional comments throw a light on his views;

How did we walk out with such a high sense of duty performed, the Indians almost contributed to the feeling that we had done our job and it was no fault of ours that 2,50,000 people were massacred".\textsuperscript{67}

In The Raj Quartet he goes into the genesis of the partition. In 1939 the Congress High Command demanded that its member resign from the Provincial Ministries; and "Many a Muslim League members were voted into those vacant seats, thus strengthening their own party and insuring the eventual birth of Pakistan."\textsuperscript{68} Scott sees the birth of Pakistan as a moral responsibility of England. The exigencies of British domestic politics made it imperative for her to get out of India. The guiding principle for the British at that juncture was "India's Independence at any cost not for India's sake but for our own."\textsuperscript{69} Scott is evidently troubled by
the guilt of British responsibility in stirring up communal
dissension. Brigadier Reid and George Malcolm are appreciative
of the advantages of dividing to rule. He counts Hindu Muslim
amity at the time of Quit India movement as "a bad sign since it
suggested alliance against the British." Hari Kumar puts
entire blame on England "I cannot believe that Pakistan will ever
become a reality, but if it does it will be because the English
prevaricated long enough to allow a favoured religious minority
to seize a political opportunity." The English, Scott feels,
encouraged and fuelled religious conflicts and later claimed that
India was incapable for self rule because of the irreconcilable
differences. Thus they justified their continued presence "They
divided and ruled and hung like grim death." In The Day of
Scorpion Scott shows how Mak's loyalty remained with the Congress
because he was "looking for a country." Since a unified India
as yet did not exist, the Congress' and the Muslim League's view
on the composition of a new Indianized Executive Council and
Interim Government proved irreconcilable, even staunch
Congressites like Mir Kasim abandoned the Congress in favour of
the League; and Jinnah's mad division dream. Through the
cartoons of Halki in A Division of spoils Scott recounts the
events of the partition, "The League is very strongly placed in a
last few years while most of the Congress was in prison; they
have paved the way to divide the country." Sayed contemplates
over the disaster of a Hindu Raj after the British go. He talks
about his military career, "...It would be finished because I am
a Muslim. They hate us... A Hindu Raj would be a catastrophe.
They have nothing to hold them together... It would be madness

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not to resist them." Scott considers it a disastrous moral failure of England in making political division of India on religious grounds; and avers that Britain must accept the blame for allowing "a favoured religious minority to seize - a political opportunity to the detriment of majority."  

John Masters does not depict scenes of violence at the time of the partition but he does mention that Rodney Savage’s father was victim of communal riots. In Bhowani Junction, K.P. Roy kills a Muslim girl to start a communal riot.

The Indo-Anglian writers might differ in treatment of their subject matter and their choice of gory incidents to enliven their writings but all of them seem to agree that the division of Punjab was done arbitrarily and that the Hindus, Muslims could have lived in a united India as they had done for centuries in British India and still earlier under the Moghuls. Uniformly the Indian political leaders and the outgoing British masters were blamed for the unholy haste which only exacerbated the tragedy of the partition. In spite of the gory details of violence these Indo-Anglian writers could maintain impartial attitude and acknowledge the goodness in other communities like Abdul Jamal in Distant Drum, Barkat Ali, the Muslim priest in Azadi who weeps over the tragedy of Hindu women, Ranjit and Seeta give succor to Laila and Azad at a great risk to their lives in Sunlight on a Broken Column, Kamala lays down her life to save a Muslim girl in Dark Dancer. On the other hand the Anglo-Indian novelists ignored the holocaust of the partition in India, and as the
British were withdrawing from India, there was no imperial necessity to glorify the British moves, besides no Englishman was involved in the holocaust. Still some perceptive Anglo-Indian novelists saw the failure of the British strategy in it. They have squarely put the blame on the English for letting this happen.

Reviewing the whole gamut of the novels of the heroic age we find that Indo-Anglian novelists are mostly influenced by the teachings of Gandhiji and his politics of non-violence and satyagraha. In language and style also they followed the Gandhian simple direct style instead of Macaulayean style which guided the novels of the earlier period. In all these novels characters remain subordinate to the idea of freedom struggle and the non-cooperation movement. In most of the Indo-Anglian novels characters do not deviate from the narrow path of duty as the message of the Mahatma has to be spread among the masses. On the other hand, the Anglo-Indian novelists were forced to accept the existence of the Gandhian movement but they found the rank of the Congress being infiltrated by the terrorists and the communists and also by the self seeking leaders. Besides accepting the Gandhian Movement they admitted the failure of British policies which spurred so much of ill will among the natives. They have been successful in depicting British psyche at the time of their withdrawal from India. But consistently they tried to deglamourize the Gandhian mass movement which made their withdrawal inevitable.
It seems that despite the vast literature in different languages in India, the definitive representation of the loose themes, horrors and agonies, the piercing tragic intensities are waiting still for their effective entunement by their master literatures yet to be born. The situation is reminiscent, in a limited way, of Luigi Pirandello's famous comment on the dialect of theatre wherein six characters are in quest of an author. Apart from the vast human disaster that horrendous doings constitute for several generations to come in south East Asia, one of the minor tragedies is non articulation of this trauma in any of the various literacy genre. One may feel sad about it and may not but help underlining the character of this cultural poverty.
3. Ibid. p.290.
5. Ibid. pp.154-55.
8. Ibid. p.96.
9. Ibid. p.66.
11. Ibid. p.61.
12. Ibid. p.67.
16. Ibid. pp.159-60.
17. Ibid. p.113.
18. Ibid. p.114.
19. Ibid. p.156.
20. Ibid. p.204.
22. Ibid. p.161.


26. Ibid. p.255.

27. Ibid. p.162.

28. Ibid. p.56.

29. Ibid. p.165.

30. Ibid. p.289.

31. Ibid. p.288.

32. Ibid. p.304.

33. Ibid. p.284.

34. Ibid. p.297.


36. Ibid. p.126.

37. Ibid. p.126.

38. Ibid. p.149.

39. Ibid. p.150.

40. Ibid. p.150.


43. Ibid. p.78.

44. Ibid. p.91.

45. Ibid. p.93.


48. Ibid. p.70.
49. Ibid. p. 67.
52. Ibid. pp. 219-20.
53. Ibid. p. 192-93.
54. Ibid. p. 268.
57. Ibid. p. 200.
58. Ibid. p. 220.
59. Ibid. p. 227.
60. Ibid. p. 358.
61. Ibid. p. 261.
64. Ibid. p. 180.
70. Ibid. p. 291.
71. Ibid. p. 256.
73. Ibid. p.18.


75. Ibid. p.432.

76. Ibid. p.435.

77. Great classics on the theme were written in different languages in India. Novels like *Aag Ka Dariya* (Kurrutul Ain Hyder), *Juntha Sach* (Yashpal), *Mera Dard Na Jane Koi*, *Maa Pyo De Jaye* and *Mitter Piyare* (Kartar Singh Duggal), *Tamas* (Bheesham Sahani) were written in Hindi, Urdu and Panjabi languages which surpass any English expression of the holocaust.