English is an Indian language the Hindus would concede that at once.

Observing them even from a distance one can see that there is in their behaviour a latent anti-Hindu bias, and at times something more—a disposition to find pleasure in the failures of the Hindus in politics or in economic activity. They seem to watch these failures with a leer. With that goes a listless resignation to their own lot in the Hindu order. They know, even when they do not proclaim it, that no high sphere of action is open to them in their country, and they know also that even in the worldly way they must rest satisfied with very ordinary opportunities and vocations. There is on their faces an unnatural gravity, sometimes breaking out in irritability and peevishness. But the general and dominant expression is one of infinite dejection at suffering which is not fully understood by them. This is very painful to an outside observer.

I have now to consider the half-castes of Goa, who were taken over by India at the end of 1961. So long as Portuguese rule lasted, their lot was infinitely happier than that of the Eurasians. The first reason for this was that they had a homeland of their own, in which they were concentrated and dominant, and in which there were no social and cultural clashes. Between them and the Hindus of Goa there did not exist that antithesis and antipathy which was present in the Eurasian-Hindu relationship in India. Even those Goanese who had to live in India and felt the unsettling contagion of the communal hatreds could and did go to Goa for rest cure and found it.

Secondly, they owed their peace to a sort of pax Romana, to Latin imperialism which was radically different from the Anglo-Saxon. It had no guilty conscience, no contempt for subject peoples, no repugnance to cultural proselytization. Whatever might have been the initial ruthlessness of the converting process, once the 'autoda-fé' was gone through, the result was happy. I do
not think that any other group of Asiatics converted to Christianity succeeded so thoroughly in naturalizing themselves within a Christian church which was not of their own creation as did the Christians of Goa in the Roman Catholic church. Even now it is in their church-going that the Goanese are seen at their best and most respectable. They were no doubt priest-ridden, but hidebound as the clericalism was, it was none the less a stabilizing, tranquillizing, and dignifying influence on their otherwise trivial life.

The upshot was that through the operation of a colonialism of the Roman type in the medium of Portuguese rule, the Christians of Goa, irrespective of any intermixture of blood, came to be constituted into a homogeneous society which might be called a tropical and Mestizo extension of the Christian order of the Mediterranean. Naturally, in monsoon-swept Konkan, it became different in a number of outward aspects, but at the same time it became even more different from Hindu life across the Ghats; as dissimilar indeed as was the alluvium of the coastal strip from the timeless rocks of the Deccan. Nowhere else in India did any group of Indians converted to Christianity become so alienated from the original society and culture.

Were it possible to hope for a miniature continental drift in our times, it would have been best for everybody concerned if in 1947 Goa had cut itself from India and floated away towards the sugar islands of the south, to become a Madeira or Azores of the Indian Ocean. There the Goanese would have lived their out-of-date life, but still their own life, irredeemably trivial, yet kept together by the steel-frame of Jesuitical Romanism. They would have lived, combining courtship with mariage de convenance; attendance of the mass with the drinking of vino di pasto and even stronger spirits—all duty-free; Gregorian chants with Konkani folk-melodies, in a litanie de la Sainte Vierge of their own. They would have been devôts and heart-free, light or even light-headed, but they
would have been themselves, neither vicious, nor vulgar. In going to their island it would have been possible for a man to think that he was setting out on a voyage pour Cythère:

To happy Converts, bosom'd deep in vines
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.

But this little colony of tropical Mediterraneanity was wrecked on the granite mass of India, which acted on it like the black magnetic rock of Sinbad.

Even under British rule, India was a country of temptation and fall for the Goanese, more especially the evil city of Bombay, which in recent years has become the main source of the low and degraded Westernization which is flooding India: the Indian film being its typical product. Though Bombay still has a ballast of hard-headed and business-like Gujaratis and also of very conservative Maharashtrians in its hold, its saloons and upper decks are crowded with an Anglicized set which is counterfeit at most levels and debased at the lowest. The part of Bombay which is active socially and culturally is this pseudo-cosmopolitan one.

It was in this city that the Goanese developed the pattern of their existence in India. What took them there was, of course, search for more money and better openings than were available in the small colony. They found both there, but not in walks where they could become better and stronger socially or personally. With few exceptions honest employment was lowly or dull. Very large numbers, both men and women, worked as domestic servants. The men were much sought after as cooks, owing to a gastronomical reputation built on highly seasoned dishes which Indians regarded as English and Europeans as Eastern. The women in these situations some-
times made extra money by ministering to other needs of their well-to-do masters than mere nursing of the children or scrubbing of the utensils. Women from Goa were much more numerous among the prostitutes of Bombay, and their importance in this profession gave to the word ‘Goanese’ an association which Indians found alluring and the people from Goa insulting. Their attractions were felt even in distant Delhi, where pimps tempted fastidious northern Hindus by holding out the promise of Bombay-ki chhukri, a wench from Bombay.

Those Goanese who did not sink into menial or disreputable life obtained the kind of employment open to the Eurasians, and became in fact a sort of inferior Eurasians adopting their dress and manner of life. The special lines of these Eurasianized Goanese were catering and playing music in the restaurants and hotels. Generally speaking, they remained satisfied with these modest opportunities, and spent their spare time playing cards and drinking. But drunkenness was not a vice with their menfolk as it was among the Eurasians. With all their fondness for strong spirits they never succumbed to these, and despite their softness in other matters they had a hard resistant core in regard to alcohol.*

But some Goanese, especially those domiciled in India, also went in for higher education and secured well-paid employment either in government service or mercantile houses. When they held such positions they usually established relations with the Anglicized circles of Bombay, Parsi or Hindu, and in the olden days also with the local British civil servants and business men. But even when well-placed they were distinguishable from the Parsis and Hindus in the same social stratum by a certain diffidence,

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* Even the fanatically prohibitionist Hindu Government of India has been compelled to respect the fondness for alcohol of the Goanese. Mr Nehru has given a solemn assurance that prohibition will not be introduced in Goa. One fails to understand why.
as if their employment and position were too fine for them. They lost their naturalness and equilibrium, and became somewhat like a dependent social element, while the more ambitious and able developed an inclination to become adventurers. At best the Goanese in India became epiphytes, and at worst parasites.

When India became independent a client order like the Goanese could hardly be expected to act otherwise but to transfer their vassalage to the new Hindu ruling class, and they did this with greater success than the Eurasians, for, previously, they had showed no contempt for the Hindus, and when in good positions they had even established personal contacts with Anglicized Indians. With that they also developed a violent anti-Portuguese feeling. Until Goa was annexed the Hindu ruling order had its motive in encouraging and even spoiling these ‘anti-imperialists’ with Portuguese names. But now they seem to have sunk into the obscurity from which they emerged so far as public life is concerned.

But if India has been a degrading influence on the two half-caste communities of Eurasians and Goanese, they have been no less regrettable an influence on the Hindus, and continue to be that. In saying this I do not have in mind at this point of the argument the sad fact about their womenfolk: that they are Liliths to the Hindus, though that too debases sensuality in two ways, by making it a cowardly assault on the reputation and morals of weak communities which cannot resist the money, power, and lust of the dominant order; and by removing the inhibitions which, among the Hindus themselves, safeguard a sort of honour among lechers. By making sensuality easier to satisfy and more piquant in the satisfaction, the two communities show themselves as the seducers of the Hindus.

However, regrettable as this is, not very much less regrettable is the temptation that the Eurasians and the Goanese hold out to the Hindus in the public sphere, when they are in high and respectable positions. As instru-
ments of the Hindu Government, they are always ready to go the extra mile in obliging their employers, and thus help the natural Hindu inclination to abuse power. When holding positions in the administration with executive jurisdiction, the half-castes will accommodate their Hindu chiefs in a manner which the Hindus, even with their general servility to authority, will not adopt. This is natural because the Eurasians and the Goanese have their past to live down.

More especially, the Goanese, and the Eurasians up to a point, show a tendency to fall in with the most fanatical outbursts of Hindu nationalism, and overdo the chauvinism. To illustrate this I shall give the example of a Goanese or at least a man of partial Goanese descent who holds the exalted position of a Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church. At the time of the border fighting with China he was attending an Oecumenical Council in Rome, and from there he issued a statement asking Indians to support their Government in the war against the Chinese. A little later he addressed the Pope on this subject and declared that God had 'drawn good' from the crisis in India. I wonder who in India expected him to intervene in a purely political quarrel, and I should think that the God of the Christians does not find much to choose between two nations of mere heathens. In any case, the Curia might have told him that the days of the bishops with maces were gone, and in our time a Christian priest, even though a Prince of the Church, was expected not to leave it solely to Mahatma Gandhi the Hindu to preach the message of Jesus.

These men bring no accession of strength to any Hindu cause, and I dare say they think fit to intervene more in the interest of their community than of the Hindus. But they do fortify the Hindu tendency to be self-righteous and bellicose, and to employ a dependent community to serve their special interests. I do not think that the choice of a Goanese for commanding the air operations against Goa was a mere coincidence. In the more exalt-
ed circles of Indian political life these men of half-caste origins in executive positions reinforce, to put it in the words of de Tocqueville, ‘ce goût natural que les princes médiocres ont toujours pour la valetaille’. It is distressing to have to contemplate a whole community in the position of a Tabaqui to the Hindu Shere Khan.

They are almost as undesirable in the educational system, in which they are fairly numerous. Their facility in a particular kind of English has given them this position. They are found more especially in the schools for the Indian Christians and Eurasians, to which it has become a fashion to send Hindu children whom their parents hope to see in good position in the administration or the armed forces. Perhaps the Goanese and Eurasian teachers are more efficient than the general run of Hindu teachers in a narrowly technical way, but they cannot exercise any moral leadership over their pupils nor strengthen the Hindu character, owing to the fact that the communities themselves have no very great moral stature. They might well be compared to the Greek slaves who taught young Romans, but the Greeks at least knew the Greek language, the half-castes do not know the language I call English. It can even be said that by looking upon these men and women as the guardians of the language in India the Anglicized Hindus expose the weakness of their own Anglicism. Certain teachers even get into the habit of spoiling the children of high officials and other influential persons, flattering them and their parents.

The members of the half-caste communities are also a bad influence on cultural activities when they are allowed to play a part or have a hand in them, and some of them are in this field for what qualification it is difficult to say. The ruling class in India should have realized that persons of half-caste origin were likely to be far weaker as cultural instructors than as educators. But many Anglicized Hindus do regard them as exponents of European culture, especially European music. This is also a proof of the superficiality of their Westernization.
Those of us who date from an older generation would rather have nothing to do with European culture than go to these men and women for initiation into it. It has to be remembered that these communities, in spite of their genetic association with Europeans, never played any role in the Westernization of the Hindus or in the creation of modern Indian culture, which was an attempt to fuse the best in India with the best from the West. The only Eurasian who can in any sense be regarded as an influence on this culture, and that too at second hand, was Derozio, a teacher of English literature in Calcutta in the early part of the nineteenth century. The new culture which was created in India under the impact of the West was the work of the Hindus, and mostly Bengali Hindus. The half-caste communities knew nothing about Hindu culture, perhaps not much more about Western culture, and they took no interest whatever in the new culture after it had been created. They remained wholly outside the pale of all cultural activities, and they still remain there.

It was only when they came in contact with Anglicized Hindus and had to maintain a position of equality with them that the members of these communities acquired cultural interests. This would not have done much harm unless some half-caste persons had developed intellectual, artistic, and literary pretensions, which made them dangerous to those Hindus who associated with them, and a cultural association seems to be growing between them and the Anglicized ruling class. This is unhealthy, and if it develops further is bound to be injurious, because it is just in the cultural sphere that these men are most shoddy and counterfeit.

The basic reality which the Hindu patrons of these half-caste intellectual adventurers forget is that no authentic cultural effort can come from those who have no solid culture themselves, and to this poverty the half-caste intellectuals and writers are condemned by the very fact of their origin. Thus, if these men are freaks or sports, their works are tours de force, and both are often medio-
cre. The elementary truth that no fruit can be better than the tree has come to be forgotten in their case. If the participation of these intellectuals has not done much perceptible injury as yet it is only because India today is some sort of a cultural vacuum. Our contemporary culture is protected against half-caste adulteration by its own bankruptcy. Insolvents can afford to be careless about money.

I shall now pass on to consider the Indian Christians, whom I have described as cultural half-castes. In regard to them, too, one has to keep in mind the original Hindu attitude towards those who gave up one religion to embrace another, and in addition the attitude of the British rulers towards conversion to Christianity. Both were in their way hostile or at least unsympathetic. The Hindus as believers in the genetic principle for all human activities, including the religious, never had any respect for conversion or converts. They would not convert others themselves, nor would they approve of conversion by others.

Naturally, they would also look upon those who went over from their religion and society to another as renegades, prompted either by fear or greed. The adoption of a religion to which a man was not born but which he preferred from conviction, was something a Hindu would never admit as sincere or honourable. It would always be set down to some worldly motive.

After independence there was a great clamour in India against the missionaries, who were accused of political mischief. There was a strong demand for putting an end to missionary activities, which could always be represented as political on account of the Hindu’s habit of looking on religion as a form of social organization. The present government of India could not, of course, stultify itself by denying religious freedom, which is guaranteed by the constitution. But in certain parts of India partial restrictions have been imposed on new missionary activities
and on conversion unless the candidates are above a certain age.

On the other hand, the British Government in India in the early days was against missionary activities, because it thought that foreign rule could be maintained here only by respecting the beliefs, traditions, and institutions of the native inhabitants. This opposition to the missionaries did not, of course, continue, but the authorities were never very sympathetic to them, and were never enthusiastic about conversion. There was not even equality between the official clergy in India, the members of the Ecclesiastical Establishment, and the missionaries, who were regarded as an inferior order. The Church of England, except in its missionary extension, never concerned itself with native souls. As Kipling said of the regimental chaplains: ‘Whenever the Church of England dealt with a human problem she was very likely to call in the Church of Rome.’ The rivalry in the pastorship of heathenish flocks did not go very far. That, too, was indicated by Kipling. Here is an example—in the dialogue between Father Victor and Colonel Creighton over the education of Kim:

**Father Victor:** Bad luck to Bennett [the Anglican chaplain]! He was sent to the front instead o’ me. Doughty certified me medically unfit. I’ll excommunicate Doughty if he comes back alive! Surely Bennett ought to be content with—

**Col. Creighton:** Glory, leaving you the religion. Quite so! As a matter of fact I don’t think Bennett will mind.

So between them the clergy of the Establishment and the missionaries worked out a nice division of labour, and after that they saw as little of each other as possible. One day, when I was young, I saw a gaitered canon with a missionary Father of the High Church; judging by the expressions on their faces as they talked, I could have taken them for Lucifer and Jesus on the high mountain.*

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* I had not then read either Trollope or Hugh Walpole.
So both conversion and the converts were left in the keeping of the missionaries, and the Anglican Church remained free to look upon itself as an instrument of the imperium, and to wield the civil sword to restrain the stubborn and evildoers. But even in the hands of the missionaries conversion did not long remain a simple religious activity. Soon a social motivation came to reinforce the earlier religious motive. Quite early in its history there was a social shift in the history of missionary enterprise. At first those who came forward to seek conversion were the more earnest among high-caste Hindus, who had received a good education and were repelled by the gross idolatry and superstition of their own religion. But this came to an end with the appearance of a new form of Hindu monotheism, and, as education spread, the readiness to adopt Christianity, instead of increasing, decreased. Sir John Strachey, in his book on Indian administration—which is a classic on the subject—noted this. ‘There has been no apparent connexion’, he wrote, ‘between the increase in the number of Christians and the progress of education. The effect of high English education on the religious beliefs of educated Hindus has doubtless been great, but it has had little tendency to make them Christian.’ This was natural, though: the same education gave to the Hindus the notion of patriotism and also historical consciousness, which drew on the works of the European Orientalists to strengthen the loyalty to Hinduism.

The work of conversion was therefore transferred to different fields, where it became as much a movement of social reclamation as one of religious reform. I have already referred to the conversion of the aboriginals. Within the limits of Hindu society the missionary activity concerned itself more and more with the low castes, the depressed classes, who resented their condition or were taught to do so. Those of them who wanted a rise in the social scale and better opportunities in life adopted Christianity, so that they might get not only equal treat-
ment but also the protection of the ruling race through the missionaries of the same race.

But the power of the caste system is such that the Hindus from the low castes who embraced Christianity did not raise themselves to a higher level, but on the contrary brought down the religion to their level. This also was noted by Strachey. As he put it: 'Judged by even a low standard, the religion of the great majority of the native Christians, especially those of southern India, is Christianity little more than name. There are many noble exceptions, but it cannot be professed that Indian Christians have gained for themselves, as a rule, an exceptional measure of respect either among their own countrymen or among Europeans.'

In this, the conversion to Christianity offered a radical contrast to that to Islam. Islam, too, spread largely among the lower classes of Hindu society, but these classes never showed the weakness and dependence which was characteristic of the Indian Christians. I have lived among the Muslim peasants of East Bengal, whom one would hardly call civilized in any high sense, but at their most primitive they showed a dignity in which even the Muslim aristocracy did not surpass them. I suppose this is to be attributed to the fact that Islam, a political religion, not only brought a new faith, but also a new political status. Under British rule in India, on the other hand, the Christians remained as much a subject population as the Hindus. I have heard that even in the churches in the old days the Indian Christian congregation could not sit with the European congregation. The consciousness of racial superiority on which British rule in India rested was not cancelled by Christianity. On the contrary, the British rulers felt happy if Christianity did not infuse arrogance into the converts from Hinduism, and they attached the greatest possible importance to the saying that blessed are the poor in spirit.

The attitude of the rulers, coming in the wake of the force of the caste system, made Indian Christians humble
and diffident as a class. But among the Indian Christians themselves there was, as I have also pointed out, a good deal of difference in outlook and status due to their former position in Hindu society. This can be said to be particularly true of the best Christian families of Calcutta. They were and remain indistinguishable from other Bengalis of the same education and position. They never were very enthusiastic about going over to a foreign style of living, and preferred to live like Bengali gentlemen, which they were.

I shall give an amusing example of this from my knowledge. A Bengali Christian from one of these Calcutta families was working in Delhi some years ago, and he lived with his wife in the house of an Indian Christian priest in one of the churches of New Delhi. This Bengali gentleman did not want to forget that he was one, and after dinner every evening he smoked his long-piped hookah on the lawn. It was, of course, much more expensive and elegant than any contraption in the way of smoking used by the padre, who was a more typical Indian Christian, but the sound of the hubble-bubble (the word is onomatopoeic) got on his nerves. So one evening he shouted to my friend to stop, refusing to turn the other ear to the noise. No attention was, of course, paid to this. So, in revenge, he kept the alarm clock on from midnight to about three in the morning, even taking the trouble to sit up to wind the timepiece when it ran down. In a sense this padre was right, and his fanaticism was in the right place, for among the Hindus—whether he knew it or not—behaviour is the more important part of religion, and unless one resisted Hindu behaviour at the outset the Hindu camel was likely to usurp the whole Christian tent before anybody could do anything about it. I shall presently speak about this danger, which seems to be growing in the epoch of independence.

This loyalty to the ways of the country was not confined to the upper-class Indian Christians only. It was shown to a greater or lesser degree by all classes of converts to
Christianity in British India. This made it easier for the Christians to live with the Hindus without creating serious maladjustments, and for the same reason they never became as alienated from the country’s culture as were the Goanese. On the other hand, it also exposed them to the social discriminations operative in Indian society, and also to the contempt of the Hindus so far as the converts from the lower castes were concerned. This contempt was even accentuated by the conversion, which for the Hindus was combined religious, social, cultural, and political apostasy. The result was that for protection against the Hindu attitudes the Indian Christians remained abjectly dependent on the missionaries, and developed all the traits of a client class, except in a few families of high standing.

This is as apparent today as it was in the past. In one sense, the feeling of helplessness and inferiority has increased, owing to the fact that the rulers of the country are now Hindus. In an India which is independent, the Christians have become even more dependent on their churches, in which there is a stiffening of the White missionaries and clergy, and without these White men the Indian Christians would feel completely abandoned even in their own country. The great majority of them lead their etiolated life in the shade, and no sun invigorates them. There is something diffident and even pitifully dependent about them. I notice this in any large gathering of Indian Christians. They do not seem to be at ease. One might say that all of them are sitting timidly on the edge of the chair in the Hindu living-room.

In spite of this there are fewer adventurers among the Indian Christians than among the Goanese settled in India. But they are also unadventurous in their ways. They have their own type of goodness, which inclines towards the wishy-washy. Therefore when holding executive appointments they show an over-attentiveness to their Hindu superiors, and when higher in the bureaucratic hierarchy they are more convinced of the Hindu leaders’ infallibility.
than even the most complaisant Hindu official in the same position. One evening, shortly after the military occupation of Goa, a high Hindu official who disapproved of it and was not afraid to say so even in a gathering of other officials, dragged me into a discussion with a high Indian Christian official. I said that the act was like Hitler’s occupation of Austria. ‘My God!’ exclaimed the Christian, ‘do you compare it to that?’ I rather thought that the God whom he was invoking was more on the side of the two dissentent Hindus than on that of the assenting Christian. The Indian Christians differ from the Hindus in this that though the latter admit the power of their fellow-Hindu rulers and would do nothing to incur their displeasure, privately, they do not see much virtue in the leaders. The Christians, on the other hand, give the impression of believing sincerely that the Hindu ministers cannot be very different from the archangels, standing by the side of God.

In the light of their present attitudes and behaviour it is not at all difficult to forecast the future of the Indian Christians. The wealthy and well-placed among them will become merged in the Anglicized Hindu upper middle-class, with only a difference of faith, which nobody, including themselves, will take very seriously. On the other hand the majority of Indian Christians, that is, those who are poor and already depressed socially, will become something like inferior castes in Hindu society. It is not even improbable that they will perform Hindu and Christian rites impartially.

Already, there is among all classes of Indian Christians, especially those of good position, a greater readiness to take part in Hindu festivals like the Holi and the Diwali than is safe for them. The Christians sprinkle colour, smear red powder, and explode fireworks like the Hindus. This they justify on the plea that these are nothing but social customs. They do not know the fact to which I have just referred that the most insidious side of Hinduism is the social. A Hindu sets greater store by Hindu
social behaviour than by any Hindu belief or dogma, which, in any case, it would be very hard to define. Bishop Heber had seen this even in the early days of missionary activity in India. He found that many Hindu boys of a missionary school in Benares had begun to say the Lord’s Prayer, and he observed: ‘Their parents seem extremely indifferent to their conduct in this respect. Prayer, or outward adoration, is not essential to caste. A man may believe what he pleases, nay, I understand, he may almost say what he pleases, without danger of losing it, and so long as they are not baptized, neither eat nor drink in company with Christians or Pariahs, all is well in the opinion of the great majority, even in Benares.’ So most Hindus are ready to compound the credo for the Holi and the Diwali.

Even in the worst days of Roman persecutions Christianity was not faced with such a prospect as that which faces it today in India. Hindu tolerance is not a thing which lends dignity to what it tolerates. Therefore, thinking of the past of that religion I wish for a persecuting Caesar in India, so that its followers might be challenged to save themselves. If there was in the Hindu political order today a modern Nero, instead of a modern Augustus crying, ‘Varus, Varus, give me back my legions’, it would have been possible for me to see a great vision.

The Christians would be hated for His name’s sake. I should see the abomination of desolation standing where it ought not, children rising against parents, brother betraying brother, and even father the son, and the last of the faithful wearily taking the road out of Delhi, towards the south-west. As darkness falls and he is near the Idgah, prayer-ground, in which Tamerlain camped after sacking Delhi, he sees a figure coming up the road. When it comes nearer he recognizes it for what it is, and falling down on his knees, cries: ‘Quo vadis, Domine!’

The figure replies: ‘Ad Novam Delhiam, redimere apostatas et traditores.’
But no one will redeem the Christians of India, for there will be no traitors among them, and if there will be apostates they will all remain unconscious of the apostasy.*

NOTE ON CHAPTER 13

I have to explain that the omission of the two minority communities of the Parsis and Sikhs in this book is deliberate. The Parsis are foreign colonists settled in India, and except for a small number of de-natured members of the community they have remained foreigners in spirit. On the other hand, the Hindus do not regard them as fellow-Indians.

The Sikhs are a political community, the basis of whose politics is religion, as is the case with the Muslims also. I shall deal with the Sikhs in a future essay devoted to the political evolution of India.

* As it happens, I can give two instances of the unconsciousness of the Indian Christians of the implications of their political and social hobnobbing with the Hindu ruling class. On January 17, 1963, there was a public meeting in Delhi in connexion with the centenary of the birth of Swami Vivekananda, one of the leaders of the Hindu revivalism of the late nineteenth century. Nehru spoke at this meeting, standing by the side of a garlanded portrait of Swami Vivekananda. An Indian Christian bishop sat by his side without minding the Hindu iconolatry, and in his speech declared that ‘Vivekananda had blazed a new trail by championing the cause of universal brotherhood’.

After the death of Nehru the Anglican Church of India held a special memorial service for him at the cathedral Church of Redemption in New Delhi (June 6, 1964). The Metropolitan of India was present and delivered an address. In connexion with this service, I accuse the Anglican Church of India of three offences: (1) Performing a Christian service for a non-Christian political leader; (2) Of completely disregarding the wishes of the dead man in respect of religious ceremonies after his death (see p. 370 infra); (3) Of using a place of worship for political purposes and in the interest of a State which declares itself 'secular'.

In fact, the Anglican Church of India has inherited the worst feature of its parent—subservience to temporal power. But in Great Britain the State at least does not pretend to be secular, and regards itself as Christian.

c. c.—12
Chapter 14

THE DOMINANT MINORITY

I come now to the last element in the population of India which can be distinguished from the groups I have described, as a separate ethnic entity with its own collective psychology. It is constituted by the Hindus of the Anglicized upper middle-class, and is thus an offshoot or rather variety of the Hindu species. The class is a psychological and cultural breed, but it has not been hybridized by those ardent and successful improvers of equine, canine, or bovine races—the British. The Anglicized Hindu breed of India is self-hybridized, like white peas from an adjacent bed of reds.

Their number is small, and in relation to the rest of the population almost negligible. I doubt if they are even one-fortieth of that neglected minority, the Muslims, and they might well be just half-a-million. But there is no contesting the fact that they are the dominant minority. They are in the front rank in every field of human activity, political, economic, cultural, so far as anything can be called activity in present-day India.

For this reason I shall have to deal with the class in each one of my essays, and in this one I am concerned only with that aspect of their group personality which bears on the question how far this class can be depended on to maintain and complete the modernization of India, which really means its Westernization. In other words, I shall discuss the class only as the agents of that transformative process.

The makers of policies in the two great Western countries, the United States and Great Britain, look to these men, and even more to the women of this class, for the success of their policies. This small order is seen by them to be as well-fruiting in geniuses as an espalier of
apple trees. It is indeed the rising hope of the West in India.

The British revision of opinion in respect of the class is a psychological wonder hardly matched in the whole of human history. From the unqualified derision of the past the British people who have to deal with us have now come round to unqualified admiration. The other Western nations are following in the wake of the two leaders, and even the Soviet Union is not above flattering the class, though perhaps, being the only country in the world of today which is not hypnotized by its own opportunism, it does so only to entice the fat cattle to the Red Altar. The whole of the Western ‘Aid India Club’, in the most comprehensive sense, thinks that these Anglicized Hindus are the only people who matter in the country, and that they are going to reshape and remake Hindu society in the image of the Western. But that is precisely the question which I treat as open, and my description of the class in this book is offered as an explanation of this suspension of judgement—Oh no, in reality, of the quashing of the Western verdict.

From the point of view of Westernization, political, economic, or cultural, nine-tenths of the Hindu middle-class persons who have received education in English in schools or universities can be left out of the reckoning. Their Westernization is purely technical, and it is relevant only to their method of earning a livelihood or making a career, and it leaves their character and outlook untouched. These men in their Westernization conform to the minimum specifications of vocational Westernization laid down formerly by the British rulers and now continued by their Brown heirs.

It is only the well-to-do core and élite of this class which can be said to have been Westernized in any effective manner, and it is for this reason that I have estimated the numerical strength of the order at such a low figure. Even of this small class not all have been educated or trained in Western countries. In fact, formerly,
those who had received some sort of education or training in Europe or America were only a fraction of the whole body of Westernized Hindus. Nowadays, on the contrary, they certainly are in a majority. However, the women who have been abroad still form a minority of the Hindu women who have taken to Western ways, but their number, too, is growing.

There is some ill-feeling between the two wings of the Anglicized Hindus, that is to say, between those who have been abroad and those who have not been, and even more exclusive ill-feeling between those who have been at Oxford or Cambridge and those who have not been at these two universities, wherever else they might have been. The country-bred Anglicized persons consider those who have come back from the West as swell-headed, and the other side reciprocates by regarding the ‘natives’ as jackdaws in borrowed plumes. But in respect of fundamental attitudes and cultural complexion, there is no very great difference between the two sections. In fact, I do not meet more Hindus with a Westernized mind among those who have been educated in the West than I do among those who have remained in India. The stay in the West seems to be more obvious in the finish of the order than in its substance.

The regional distinctions between Anglicized Hindus are far more important. All of them can be recognized provincially by the specific quality of Westernization; that is to say, the general body of the Anglicized Hindus falls into provincial types. Those from the Punjab tend to be different from those from Bengal or Madras, and even the Bengali and the Tamil Anglicism are not the same. But these differences, important as they are if one is considering the specific shade of the Westernization, are not significant if the transformation is considered simply as passing over to a way of life modelled on that of the West and recognizably alienated from the traditional Hindu way.
Even more important are the distinctions which have been created within the Anglicized upper middle-class by the social function or, in simple words, by the means of livelihood and vocations. From this functional standpoint, the Anglicized Hindus can be divided into four groups: I—The Officers of the Armed Forces; II—The Bureaucratic, Managerial, and Professional Elite; III—The Technicians; and IV—The Youth in Schools and Colleges. I shall describe the dominant minority in these categories, which are also the most convenient and apposite for appraising their role in Westernization.

Let me begin with the officer corps. They are a new order in Hindu society. They were the last to join the Anglicized upper middle-class, and did not exist before the first World War. But they are the most Anglicized Hindus today in their behaviour and manner of living. They are also the Hindus who know least about Hindu ways and traditions and are the most indifferent to all things Hindu so far as these can be present in the consciousness. This transformation and the attendant sterilization were brought about by a very special and strict system of education devised for them by the British military authorities in India, which is being continued by the present Hindu ruling class.

As it happens, I had something to say about this system of education and training when it was being laid down. To make my point of view clear I have to give the background. Though the question of giving commissions to Indians in the British Indian army was discussed as far back as the eighties of the last century, no Indian was actually given one till towards the end of the first World War. After that it was decided, as a matter of policy, to begin the Indianization of the leadership of the Indian Army by admitting Indians to the officer corps as a matter of regular practice. In accordance with this policy, at first a very small number of Indians of good education and social position were hand-picked and sent to Sandhurst, and so far as it was possible for Indians to become
typical Sandhurst products, they became that. This system was continued during the twenties. Then it was found necessary to reconsider the policy, in order to give the Indian officers military education in their own country.

So, when Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode was Commander-in-Chief the decision to establish a military college in India was finally taken in principle. The only thing that remained to be done was to devise the ways and means to manufacture passable Sandhurst officers in the Indian environment. A committee called the Military College Committee was thus appointed in 1931 to lay down the system of education and training. Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyar, a distinguished Indian who had held very high office in Madras and was an exponent of the Indian point of view in regard to military matters in the Legislative Assembly, was a member of this Committee. I was then taking a good deal of interest in military organization and history, and he and I were known to each other by correspondence. Thus it came about that I wrote letters to Sir Sivaswamy on the work before the Committee.

The correspondence began even before the sittings of the Committee. For instance, on April 30, 1931, I wrote:

It is particularly important to insist on a suitable kind of education. The officials here, both civilian and military, will do their best to confine recruiting to the most wealthy classes and convert the cadets into imitation, polo-playing English subalterns, weaned away from their habits and traditions, which will make them as ineffective or offensive as the majority of the Indian members of the civil service. What is more, the ideal of an imitation Englishman will never attract the best manhood of India.

I shall quote once more from the correspondence. On May 25 I wrote:

The Committee begins its sittings today. I am sure we shall be able to see how the land lies in a day or two,
The C.-in-C. assured the Council of State that the days before the Skeen Committee were gone and we were to see the beginning of a new day. I should like very much to know what sort of a new sun it is that we are going to witness the rise of.

The sun rose, and the same sun is now at the zenith. But it is a very moonish sun, palely reflecting the light from Sandhurst. The efforts of the Indian members of the Committee were of no avail. A completely exotic military college was set up, as indeed it could be expected to be.

One of the results of the grafting of this wholly alien system of training was continuous complaint that suitable candidates for the new military college were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers, even though the intake at first was only sixty cadets for the whole of British India. The selected ones felt so famished by eating English food in term-time that when they went home in the vacations they ate curries and sweets in great quantities and came back very much reduced by stomach ailments. My final view on this unsuitable system was embodied in a little book on the Indianization of the army I wrote in 1935 for the Indian National Congress. I shall quote the passage, and I hope its relevancy for the present discussion will be admitted.

At first I re-stated the argument which I had already put forward in my letter to Sir Sivaswamy:

The first condition of success of any system of military education is that it should be suited to the national character and not try to uproot the cadets from their social environment. This, however, is exactly what the military authorities are attempting in India. They are not only trying to inculcate the best moral qualities of British officers in their Indian replicas but are also imposing upon the latter the English mode of living and social behaviour. This is due to the fact that their notion of the best type of officer is derived from public school ideals, which set almost as much value on a code of good form limited to
pure externals as on the English traits of self-restraint, reticence, fair play, and strong will. But it is exactly this code of good form which seems trivial to the more serious Indian temperament, rather inclined to seek conscious idealistic satisfaction in every effort and activity. Therefore, whenever they try to adopt this code of good form they lose some of their robustness and become both self-conscious and finical.

Then I developed the implication of my point of view. I said:

The bearing of this fact on the supply of candidates to the military college, when taken together with the high cost of education at Dehra Dun and the complicated method of selection, should be clear to all. Though it might be possible to find in India a fair number of young men who approximate the British type in character and outlook, the number of those who satisfy this test and have in addition the requisite economic status, familiarity with spoken English and the English mode of living, and contacts in Government circles, must necessarily be very few. Hence, in practice, the standard set by the military authorities favours candidates of the class which possesses all the external qualifications.

I went on:

This is the urban, Anglicized, and well-to-do upper middle-class of India, which from its long association with the Government is most familiar with the technique of job securing, but which for this very reason is not likely to produce the best type of officer. There is no doubt that this class is in many respects the most intelligent, supple, and refined in India. Nevertheless, its long monopoly of State employment has made it value official careers more for their security, prestige, and handsome emoluments than opportunities for service, while its mode of living has not only somewhat de-vitalized it, but made it a stranger to the people. It must be the over-representation of candidates of this class which leads the military
authorities to complain about the absence of the natural leaders of the country among the candidates for commissions.

The really astounding fact is that there should not have been some re-thinking on the subject even after independence, and the old system should have been continued without substantial change. I am recording these anticipations of mine to show how easily men overlook the possibility of there being a vast difference between their intentions and the actual result of their actions even when it is not difficult to forecast it. All the prolonged efforts of the British military authorities in India to create an officer class with aptitudes, outlooks, and behaviour like their own have led only to failure. I have no occasion here to pronounce on the professional capacity of the Indian officers as fostered by the exotic system of education,* but appraising them as an instrument of Westernization I would say that the attempt at sterilizing the Hindu and transforming him into an Englishman has failed completely.

The gelding knife has been applied at the wrong place, and as agents of Westernization these men are effigies for show, who could not be more ineffectual if they were at Madame Tussaud’s. Their Anglicism is artificial, one might say even counterfeit. There is no real strength in it, and certainly not a breath of any proselytizing spirit. Their whole way of life is a drilled habit, a matter of spit and polish. Perhaps the strongest emotion for anything Western that they feel for what they call ‘Scotch’.

* This passage, indeed the whole of this chapter, was written before October-November, 1962, when the military competence of the Indian commanders was put to the test.

† The officers of the Indian army have had ‘indulgences’ and ‘dispensations’ granted to them by the prohibitionist Hindu government in respect of alcohol, though the drinking of it is a major sin in Hindu sacred law, and the atonement for it is to commit suicide by drinking boiling spirits. I have read of a British soldier who died of drinking chilled beer when hot, our officers should die of drinking hot whisky when cool.

C. C.—13
When I see these Knights Templars of Anglicism and take note of the admiration they evoke in the feminine wing of Hindu society, I am reminded of a story of Tagore’s. In it he shows a Muslim princess in love with a Brahmin soldier, who is in command of her father’s troops. Of course, she had neither met nor talked to him, only loved him at sight. In the Mutiny the sepoys of the Nawab revolt under their commander, but the Nawab remains loyal to the British and secretly informs them. The Red Coats (Tagore makes them Red Coats, though during the Sepoy war the British soldiers fought in Khaki—dust-coloured uniform; the last fighting in Red being during the Sikh wars) march in and destroy the little contingent. Going out at night for her beloved, the princess finds him under a heap of the dead, still breathing but badly wounded. She gives him water and restores him to sense. Opening his eyes, he asks, ‘Who are you, the angel who has come to save me?’ She bows down and says that she is his handmaiden—the Nawab’s daughter. At this the man springs up like a wounded tiger and slaps her in the face, crying out, ‘Daughter of an infidel, traitor, and man of dishonour! at this hour of death you have come to destroy my caste by giving me water with your Mlechchha hands?’ She falls down stunned by the blow, which was the only requital for her love she ever gets in her life. The soldier drags himself to a boat, and floats away.

But the princess vows that for her this will not be the last word. She resolves to adopt the Hindu way of life, reach the highest stage by learning from Hindu saints, and become deserving of her beloved. When she thinks she is Hindu enough, she goes out in search of him, and spends almost a life in this quest. At last she finds him—but in a Lepcha village near Darjeeling: living in a Lepcha hut, with a Lepcha wife and his half-Lepcha children and grandchildren; sees him gathering maize from the yard. The reproach that arose in her mind but remained unuttered to him, for that would have been futile,
was this—'Brahmin! You have exchanged one set of habits for another, where shall I get back the youth and life I have lost for you?'

Fascinated by the air and prestige of our military officers, an immense number of Hindu girls from traditional and even Bania homes are rushing to convent schools, cutting off their hair, taking to lipstick, speaking English with the outrageous Eurasian accent, and Anglicizing themselves à outrance. But when as a class they will have completed their Feringhizing of themselves, they will probably find the officers re-Hinduized under pressure from the Khadi-clad politicians. Then they will cry out in tears, 'Brown Sahib, you have exchanged one look for another, but where shall I get back the sweet Hindu air I have sacrificed for you?'

The Westernization of the second group of Anglicized Hindus, that is to say, the bureaucrats, managers, and professionals, is less complete and less obvious externally, but it has gone deeper in comparison. This is due to the fact that in most of them Western ways are at least three generations old, and in some they are even in the fourth generation. All of them have read some Western literature, philosophy, political science, or history and this reading has not been for all of them only a vocational course. Something has gone out of it into their mind, though, of course, the permeation varies greatly from family to family or individual to individual.

But the weakness of the Westernization of this class of men lies in the very length and protraction of the assimila-

* A high military officer who was in the habit of sending greeting cards at Christmas and New Year, added this year the words 'Ram Ram!' to the familiar printed formula. 'Ram Ram!' is, of course, the greeting of the Bania or commercial class in Hindu society. The Anglicized officer did not perhaps know what its associations were, but an Englishman who visited India between 1583 and 1591 did. He was Ralph Fitch, and he wrote: 'They be a kind of craftie people, worse then the Jewes. When they salute one another, they heave up their hands to their heads, and say Rame, Rame.'
lation. Their reaction to Western influences has now become a routine affair, and the influences themselves have ceased to be stimulating. On the other hand, with each succeeding generation, the men themselves are becoming more and more enfeebled and less and less absorbent. It would seem that their saturation point was reached long ago. So they are now something like leached soil for the growth of continuous Western crops, and in strength of character, varying the metaphor, one might describe them as wine which is very much madérisé.

Those foreigners who are only seeing them today in their day of worldly power and prestige will have great difficulty in believing this. To all appearance, their Anglicism is not only assertive, but even insolent. They do not behave politely to any Indian who does not belong to their class. They are strident in their contempt for Hinduism and Hindu ways, and voluble in repeating any Western credo, however trite. In every respect they appear to be a self-confident caste, and it is natural to assume that the self-assurance springs from a sense of inner strength and a living faith in new values.

Indeed, there are perhaps few people on our pullulating Mother Earth of today who hold a higher opinion of themselves, of their own intelligence, knowledge, and culture. When these Hindus cannot treat a particular individual rudely for any reason, but find him holding opinions opposed to theirs, they sport an oily smile which is more maddening than any outright discourtesy could be. They are pontifical and unshakable in their assumption of omniscience.

I shall give only one example of this. Some years ago Dr Radhakrishnan, speaking on international fellowship and amity in his Aufklärung manner, quoted St Paul in support of his argument. He cited verse 26 of Chapter 17 of the Acts of the Apostles in the A.V., which runs as follows: ‘And God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth . . .’, obviously taking the passage to mean that God had made all the different nations really bloodkins and intended
them to live as such on earth. On the strength of this interpretation he found in this scriptural passage a Christian proclamation of the brotherhood of man, as a creation of God himself.

The next day the speech cropped up in a conversation I had with a high Indian official. I observed that Dr Radhakrishnan had put a construction on the passage which it did not bear. St Paul simply meant to say that God had created the various nations of men out of one ancestor or substance (Adam or dust), and wished them to worship Him. Thus, in actual fact, what was uppermost in St Paul's mind was the diversity of mankind rather than its unity, except in worshipping one God.

I went on to say that the word 'blood' in the A.V., which was probably responsible for the misunderstanding and which in Greek was haimatos, did not occur in the great Uncials, especially the Codex Vaticanus, and was to be found only in the Textus Receptus, the Codex Bezae, the group of Syriac MSS known as HLPS, and in the Peshitto version. In Latin it was found only in the old Latin translation in the Codex Bezae, as in Fecit ex uno sanguine omnem nationem, and did not occur even in the Vulgate, which only had Fecitique ex uno omne genus hominum. Therefore modern English translations omitted 'blood', and they also substituted 'from' or 'out of' for 'of', which was ambiguous, inasmuch as it could indicate the origin, source, and the like of anything, as well as its material, substance, or component elements.*

So I rattled on, but by the time I was nearing the end of the argument I had lost all interest in it, and only noted

* It must not be imagined from this that I lay claim to biblical scholarship. From my young days I was fascinated by the Acts of the Apostles, and at that time was reading it again in the monumental edition of Foakes Jackson and Kirsopp Lake. Being also interested in textual criticism I naturally paid attention to the apparatus criticus. Full of the newly found knowledge, I spilled it out at every opportunity, and Dr Radhakrishnan presented a tempting flank, too tempting indeed for my cavalry not to make a dash at it.
that the man was saying, 'I know, I know', at every pause. These dignitaries assess knowledge and even intelligence by relative official rank and salary, and quite sincerely assume that a man who is drawing two thousand rupees a month must be twice as learned as a man who has only one thousand. They also cannot understand that a man in a lower position in the bureaucratic hierarchy might actually be so irreverent as to pull their leg. I have yet to meet a man of this class who does not say 'I know, I know', to any information that might be given to him. I also know that among themselves afterwards they amuse themselves by saying how they have fooled the pedant and bookworm.

In their personal behaviour they show themselves to be even more class-conscious. I shall illustrate this, too, with a personal anecdote. On March 1, 1962, the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent, gave a concert in New Delhi, and my wife and I went to it. Normally, I do not go to these concerts, because they are more social functions than musical events and also because it is very difficult to get tickets. When the Prime Minister of India attends them another unpleasantness is added—ill-dressed security men, standing everywhere, obviously carrying revolvers. But on that occasion my friends of the British Council had provided tickets for us.

We were shown to our seats by one of the young ladies who act as ushers. They are always from the smartest set in Delhi. I found that my wife and I had to be on two sides of an 'aisle'. I did not like it, but I had, of course, to accept the arrangement. However, as soon as I was going to sit down in my chair, a lady of the Anglicized type who was in the next one objected, saying that the seat (my seat) was hers. My ticket was produced and was found to bear the same number as the chair, and so I was placed in it by the girl. The lady would not accept it, and went on arguing vociferously that when she had bought her ticket her number was on the aisle. Then
the supervising usher explained to her that after the plan had been made there was some rearrangement of the seats to make room for more people, and that she was very sorry. Even so the lady refused to accept the position and asked the girls to take my chair over to the other side. They very politely declared their inability, and I remained seated.

Then she opened the attack on me. She said, ‘Why don’t you go over to your wife?’ I replied that I could not do that. Then she snapped out petulantly, ‘At least move away your chair from mine.’ I was not as near as six inches to her right side, and I said to myself, ‘Capital! This is like old times, the days of British imperialism I so admire, when the Mem Sahib walking along the pavements of Chowringhee could not tolerate our proximity, and the Sahib with her—you could never be sure whether it was the husband, suitor, brother, or paramour—shoved us away.’ But I did move away the chair.

Even this did not satisfy the lady. She went to the man in charge of the hall, and got me removed to the other side. I was glad to be with my wife, but certainly I did not relish my first defeat at the hands of an Anglicized Hindu, who made the humiliation worse by seeming to be a fellow-Bengali. In one of my earliest writings, published as far back as January, 1926, I had observed with reference to the sorry state of Indo-British personal relations:

When after reading Bergson or Benedetto Croce, Mr Hardy or Mr Wells with a sense of intellectual kinship, an Indian comes across some instance of ignorant superciliousness in a European—be it in the shape of a remark in a book or a personal affront at the hands of a police-sergeant or a tactless European merchant on the Maidan—he returns home in bitterness and wrath, and his previous enjoyment of a European writer becomes to him a cankered reminiscence of his humiliation.
Never in my life in British days had any such incident happened to me. I had written that from hearsay. But that evening I was made to feel the truth of my one-time observation. Only the day before I had met Sir Malcolm Sargent, and discussed the programme with such assurance that an English lady who was near whispered to my wife, ‘What a bold man he is!’ But after being put in my place by the (i) Anglicized, (ii) Bengali, (iii) Hindu lady, I could hardly bear to recall that conversation: it became a cankering reminiscence of my humiliation at the hands of one of the Epigonii.

It is the resolute measures I take in advance to prevent the development of such situations in any shape that have given me the reputation of being a very quarrelsome man among the people of the Anglicized class. But one might well ask that if these men and women can behave like this to me, what might they not do to those who are more diffident and cannot, like me, protect themselves?

It must not be assumed that I am making undue capital out of an isolated act of rudeness which might take place in the most polished society. That is not so. The behaviour was typical. With exceptions which only prove the rule, it is a general experience to find all Anglicized Hindus behaving thus towards persons whom they do not look upon as equals. If girls of this class are even shopgirls, and in some of the stores run by the Government they are employed as such for the benefit of foreigners, they give airs as if they were conferring favours by selling their goods to ordinary Indian customers. If they are receptionists they practise quizzing on visitors who in their eye are not of the received standard.

I shall give another example of the rudeness, which also is from my experience. At a party one day, without any previous notice or any willingness or curiosity on my part, I was suddenly introduced by a German lady to one of the shining lights of the Anglicized order, who had just arrived. I had not seen him before, though, of course, I was familiar with his name. I definitely knew that he
also knew mine. Nevertheless, so far from saying even 'How do you do?'—not to speak of shaking hands—he did not even look at me, but passed on. Now, it might be supposed that since I was persona non grata with these men, I was being deliberately insulted. But no. When another Indian, who was a young author and whose book had just then been very favourably reviewed in the British Press, was introduced in a like manner, he got exactly the same treatment. Discourtesy to those who cannot brow-correspondence as well as conversation. All these men and women. Even foreign diplomats complain of the rudeness of the officials and other high-placed Indians in correspondence as well as conversation. All these men combine the Hindu pride of caste with the English pride of class, and they can be very unpleasant.*

If that be so, you will ask—where is the weakness? Such arrogance, offensive as it is, can hardly exist without some awareness of a superior culture, combined with an assertive devotion to it. That precisely is what is not there, and the worst part of this egregious snobbery is that it is unaccompanied by the substance which could be assumed to have inspired it. It has no ideological or cultural foundation, and is wholly a matter of worldly position and power, which they think are unassailable and will therefore remain permanent. They are incapable of realizing that their present status is dependent on a temporary and very exceptional personal factor. To make no mystery of it, the dominant position of the Anglicized Hindu upper middle-class is due to the presence of Nehru, first as the Prime Minister of India, next as the supreme national leader, and, over and above all, as the object of the Hindu personality cult which has even now made a divinity of him, to be worshipped in a temple, like the Roman emperors.

Personally, that is, in his ideas and character, Nehru is the leader of the Anglicized upper middle-class of India, but it is not this which has made him the absolute

* See Appendix I to this chapter.
dictator that he is politically, _malgré lui_. He holds that position and gets his power from a wholly dissimilar source, a source which he dislikes and disapproves of, which yet has made him what he is politically. It is the personality cult in the religion of the Hindus, which was transferred to the political sphere with the advent of Mahatma Gandhi. It was that typical prophet of the Hindu masses who built up this kind of leadership for Nehru, and transmitted the quasi-religious primacy to him in apostolic succession by what was equivalent to a laying on of hands. But since in fact Nehru does exercise the esoteric leadership, he can and has put its power and sanction behind his own social order. However alien the personalities and ideas of this order might be to the Hindu masses, the masses will give their support to it through the nexus that Nehru is, and so long as he lives and maintains the nexus, the Anglicized Hindu order will also remain in the saddle. But as soon as he goes it will quite naturally be overthrown. That is what the class as a whole cannot realize—hence the blind and confident arrogance.

One might, however, admit the possibility of their being ousted from political and administrative power without accepting as a corollary that their Westernizing cultural role will also come to an end. A cultural function has no necessary relationship with political and administrative power, and therefore the loss of the one need not always bring in its wake a loss of the other. As a Bengali, one instance of the independence of the two comes readily to my mind. The Bengalis, who in the nineteenth century took the lead in accepting Western ideas and brought about a genuine transformation of their mind as well as a partial transformation of their society, had no political power behind them. On the contrary, British political power was against them, against their ideas, and against their activities. Yet in the sphere of culture and of social life it was the politically powerless Bengalis who won. This was due to the faith they had in their
new ideas, and the energy and courage they showed in propagating them.

These, however, are precisely the things which can no longer be expected from the Anglicized Hindus of India. To whatever province they might belong, they are marked by a common lack of faith, energy, and courage. The whole order seems to be in a state of premature debility. It contains no men capable of putting passion in the pursuit of Western ideals and fighting for them against opposition and obloquy, as the Westernizing Hindus did in the nineteenth century. The class, which now forms the executive element in the ruling order, is sunk in an easy-going and affluent materialism. The Westernization supported by these caryatids is only a façade. Behind it lies hidden a dangerous void of faith, ideas, courage, and, of course, energy.

This is rubbing it in, though. Almost all Anglicized Hindus admit that the Westernization which impinged on the higher regions of their mind is now at the point of exhaustion, and what survives of it is even more dilute than the proverbial milk and water. The only influence and prestige which makes it still possible for those who retain this out-of-date Westernization to earn a second-rate livelihood in contemporary India is due to the presence either at the prow or the helm of the Indian ship of State of men like Dr Radhakrishnan and Mr Nehru. The number of writers who seek and obtain forewords to their books from these two author-statesmen is surprisingly large, but it is intelligible—it is through these chits that the intellectuals of India can get jobs from un- or anti-intellectual Hindu politicians of the normal type, or at least directions to libraries, colleges, and other public institutions to buy a substantial number of their works.

What is most significant and deplorable from the point of view of the continuation of the Westernizing process in India is the timidity of the Anglicized upper middle-class. If there is willingness and determination to introduce Western ways the knowledge may follow, but there
is hardly any incentive to know because the desire itself is so sheepish and apologetic. The whole Anglicized order is mortally afraid of Hindu prejudices. They give up things they cherished at the hint of slightest trouble. I do not think that the men of the Anglicized class loved anything more devotedly than their English clothes, especially the tie. But one day a hint came from very exalted quarters that these were taking the class away from the people, and they threw their Western wardrobe overboard overnight, and went into a costume which was formerly the livery of their servants. Men in general, I have always thought, are very conservative in their external habits. But the Anglicized Hindus are very revolutionary, though in the reverse-gear.

At the slightest clamour from some Hindu bigot or ignoramus, they proscribe books on India written by honest writers, and among the proscribed works is a book by Arthur Koestler. When the Catholic Church puts a book on the Index or when the Communists ban a book, each party can be said to be acting in the interest of ideas which it holds. The Anglicized Hindus always act in the interest of ideas they themselves condemn. There is no principle behind their behaviour, which is conditioned only by absolute timidity. The same people who ban Koestler, yield, when in London or Paris, to their women-folk and do not mind their shopping in Bond Street or Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, or having their hair done at Raymond’s or Desfossé’s. The reaction has nothing to do with any moral or cultural issue, it is entirely controlled, as in animals, by a sense of relative strength. But this also makes the behaviour amoral, and absolves the class from all ethical responsibility for abandoning Western culture.

Many instances could be given of their timidity in the face of Hindu or nationalistic prejudices, and I shall single out one which illustrates the weakness of the order in respect of a thing which is essential for Westernization. It is the use of the English language in India. There are
few Anglicized Indians who can express their mind in any language except English, and who would have been what they are without their knowledge of English. Yet not one of these men, when in an official position, dare say a word in favour of English except as a medium of technical instruction.

Astonishing as it might seem, this particular timidity is shown by Jawaharlal Nehru himself, who would not only cease to be vocal if he could not express himself in English, but would not be Nehru without that language. In saying this I do not have in mind his friendship with the Mountbattens, though that too needs a good deal of English, but his personality in itself—in his deepest solitudes where probably he is at his greatest in spite of being a demagogic political leader. I cannot assume that he does not know that English is not a mere instrument for us but a force shaping and moulding personality, making us a wholly different kind of character from what we should have been if we did not know the language. I am able to compare every day the personality of a man who does not know English, or for that matter does not know it well, with that of those who do. In short, I am quite sure that Jawaharlal Nehru knows as well as I do that our moral and cultural personality depends on English. Yet when it comes to defending the English language against the fanaticism of the Hindu bigots and nationalists, he never goes beyond the technological plea. He stresses its need only as a medium of scientific (in the very narrow sense) and technological training.

I shall quote from a speech which is his latest utterance on the subject at the time of writing. When on October 5, 1962, he trounced those who wanted to do away with English I thought that at last he was going to hit out. He did nothing of the kind. As reported by the newspapers, he only said, 'It was in India's own interest that English should be learnt, because it opened the door to scientific and technological advancement.' Speaking to an audience composed of Indian university students and
teachers, he gave them the example of the U.A.R., which, he added, had made a knowledge of English, French, or German compulsory.

We are forgetting the Prophets. I cried out to myself in dismay. ‘Lo, thou trustest in the staff of the broken reed, in Egypt... Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help!’ But even for such a defence of the English language a Hindu nationalist leader criticized him. Now, if even Nehru is showing this timidity, all the other Anglicized Hindus might well lie low.

This timidity about the English language and all things Western gains more significance if it is considered along with the outstanding trait of the Anglicized Hindu’s character—which is weakness. This weakness has deprived the class as a whole of moral courage and fighting spirit. Almost all their evil propensities spring from weakness, and not from any inherent viciousness. It is only after seeing them that I have realized the full truth of La Rochefoucauld’s saying that ‘la faiblesse est le seul défaut que l’on ne saurait corriger’. They play for small stakes in a small way, and remain satisfied with their small gains. The result is that their whole existence is utterly trivial, and this triviality has become a permanent quality of their personality. Perhaps the best proof of this is that they do not participate in the Hindu sorrow, do not feel the weight of the secular curse on the head of that unfortunate people.

There is not much to be expected from the third group of Anglicized Hindus, and therefore there is not also much to be said. The technicians are not, and will never be, effectual agents, or any kind of agents, of Westernization—not even in the technical field. Otherwise, there would not have been seen in this country such a large number of foreign technicians. Most of the Indian techni- nicians are concerned only with doing, and doing at a mechanical level, and they do not care about being or becoming anything.
The Dominant Minority

Nowadays the majority of Hindu technicians are trained abroad, and some Indians are going there even as factory labour. Therefore it can be said that there are among this class of persons more individuals who have visited and seen the West than among any other group of Indians. I do not think that I shall be going seriously wrong if I say that in the dominant minority of India the technicians who have seen the West far outnumber the civil servants, lawyers and doctors, teachers and professors, or the military officers who have done so. Nevertheless all these technicians can be left almost wholly out of account in assessing the strength of the moral or intellectual force behind the Westernization of India. As a rule, after a sojourn in Europe and America, sometimes lasting many years, they come back almost without any Western outlook in them. What is even more surprising is the fact that this Western sojourn appears to atrophy whatever mental life they were capable of before going abroad. Thus after their return they are put to use somewhat like living spanners by the real agents of the Westernization of India.

There is a whole series of cumulative reasons behind this ineffectiveness. The first of these is the kind of scientific education they get in India in the schools and universities. These institutions teach science in a wholly mechanical fashion, and develop a handicraftsman's attitude to it. The general run of Hindus treat scientific education merely as the acquisition of a skill, a sort of necromancy without the supernatural, and never as a discipline for the mind or as a philosophy of life. Therefore in the Hindu student of science the general mental life and the learning of science run in separate channels. This nullifies the undoubted fact that for many decades the brightest young men in India have been going in for science.

Secondly, the technicians who go abroad enter technical colleges in India early in life, before their minds have been formed, and they soon get entangled in the mechanics of their profession. They do not try to improve
their knowledge of science as science, and hardly ever
go deep into the theoretical principles of the techniques.
This purely pragmatic attitude towards technical educa-
tion is never outlived, and they find the techniques them-
selves so elaborate and complex that in trying to master
them they get culturally sterilized. I have met men who
have received their technical education from the Massa-
chusetts Institute of Technology, which certainly is not a
mere technical institution, but I would not call them sci-
entists of any kind, in some cases not even educated men.
Moreover, many Indian technicians nowadays receive
training only in factories.

Thirdly, the social life they have in the West has even
a positively harmful effect on them. Most Indian students
who go abroad for technical training come from middle-
class families with very moderate means, which scrape a
little money with great difficulty to send a son abroad to
give him a chance in life. So the young men, even when
they have the desire, can never afford to live with people
who would have been their equals socially. This deprives
them of opportunities to acquire new ideas and habits, and
they tend to get completely stuck in the idea that Western-
ization is nothing more than urban industrial work, com-
bined with mass-made popular amusements.

Yet perhaps the Indian technicians would not have been
quite the foremen they often show themselves to be, in
spite of their short stay and purely vocational education
in the West, if they had gone there with some previous
cultural preparation and experience of Western ways. But
these young men come mostly from the more traditional
Hindu families, and not from the Anglicized class in
which certain Western habits and modes of thinking are
partly acclimatized. Their parents are normal and tradi-
tional Hindus whose Westernization has gone no further
than getting an education in English for the sake of mak-
ing a living.

There remains to consider only the role of the Hindu
youth in the Westernizing revolution, which is the process
really meant when people talk about the ‘development’ of ‘under-developed’ countries. I confess that I can give only a very half-hearted kick-off to this ball, because there is no provocation to get warm over the idea that young people in India are set on a revolution. Of course, when Westerners see so many young men in Teddy Boy clothes, count the girls in jeans, observe the make-up—male and female, not the back-brushed or shingled hair, hear the Eurasian drawl of their English, they feel convinced that if everybody else was to fail the West these bright young things would not. This faith even brings about a catharsis of Teddy Boy clothing and of jeans to these Westerners, so that they discover cultural values in these articles of wear which they never saw in them in their own countries, where the costumes had originated.

I cannot, however, share this faith. For one thing, I do not take youthful rebelliousness very seriously. It is a universal phenomenon, and has no revolutionary significance. The antithesis which it creates is a counterpart of that which exists within the same genetic process between heredity in the strict sense and variation. In normal societies the rebellion of youth stands for nothing more radical than a spring-cleaning of the parental home, so that in settling down in it the young people might have the cheerful conviction that they have made a new one. Besides, as Plato said long ago, to treat young people with greater respect than they deserve is a concomitant of democracy, and we live in a very democratic age.

But there are also reasons exclusive to contemporary Hindu society which makes the apparent rebelliousness of its youth and their desire to become Westernized a mere temporary effervescence. So far as Westernization is acquisition of Western vulgarity and viciousness, it must never be forgotten that Hindu society has always connived at and even encouraged foreign ways. It likes its youth to sow their wild oats in the hated foreigner’s fields. On the other hand, it has also, on the whole kept its balance of mind even when some Hindus have shown a pre-
ference for the good features of foreign cultures, having confidence in its own strength. This strength is a thing of which outsiders have no proper idea.*

When foreign residents or visitors hear my sceptical views about the expected Westernization of India they ask me, ‘What about the students at the universities? They do not seem to care about Hinduism.’ I ask them in my turn, ‘Over what period of time have you watched them? Six months, one year, two years, five years? I was one of them in my time, I have watched them all my life, and in my existence of sixty-five years I have seen at least five shoals of Hindu tadpoles shedding their Western tails and becoming Hindu frogs. Of the scores of revolutionaries I knew in my young days, only one of a sort survives, and that is myself. All the rest have become good Hindus. Young men who would swear by no other name in 1927 but that of Lenin began to mutter that of Ramakrishna by 1937.

The best thing that can be said of the Westernizing impulse of the Hindu youth is that while it lasts it is spontaneous and that in many it has even an idealistic emotional fervour. Another interesting point about these young people is that their enthusiasm for things Western is not the product of education or stay abroad. At this stage of their life none of them virtually goes out of the country. Thus, their Westernizing impulses and ideas are independent of direct Western schooling or inculcation. But whatever their early ardour, it does not last. The irresistible reclaiming power of Hindu society kills it, and by the time the young people are thirty they can hardly be recognized as their old selves.

Jane Austen wrote about one of her heroines:

Marianne Dashwood was born to an extraordinary fate. She was born to discover the falsehood of her own opinions, and to counteract, by her conduct, her most favourite maxims. She was born to overcome an affection formed so late in life as at seventeen, and with no sentiment supe-

* See Appendix 2 to this chapter.
rior to strong esteem and lively friendship, voluntarily to give her hand to another!—and that other, a man who had suffered no less than herself under the event of a former attachment, whom, two years before, she had considered too old to be married,—and who still sought the constitutional safeguard of a flannel waistcoat!

With a little paraphrasing, the passage might be made applicable to the best of the young Hindu revolutionaries. But in their case what is seen is not a victory of sense over sensibility, but the victory of tradition over revolution. I have always heard them crying, ‘L'Ancien Régime est mort!’—but, thinking better of it, crying out again, ‘Vive l'Ancien Régime!’

This relapse is like the whirling down of straw in a waterfall. The power of reclamation is so impressive by reason of its scale that one may compare its rush to the passage of our great rivers from their trans-Himalayan sources to the plains of India. One of the most remarkable things about the greatest rivers of the Gangetic plain is that they do not rise on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, but in the ranges or plateaux beyond, and cut their way through the high range, almost always close to a great peak. The Indus breaks out near Nanga Parbat, the headwaters of the Ganges rush past a whole cluster of peaks, the Gandak makes its way out near Dhaulagiri, the Kosi near Kinchinjunga, and so on. But perhaps this passage is seen at its most striking in the case of the Brahmaputra. After flowing as Tsangpo along the southern edge of the Tibetan plateau at an elevation of twelve thousand feet for many hundreds of miles, it turns round, cuts through the Himalayas, and enters the Indian plain at the eastern end of Assam at a height of hardly five hundred feet, and becomes the Brahmaputra.

This descent is so great that at one time, before the course of the river was traced through the impassable mountain country, it was believed that the Brahmaputra had its falls like the Nile or the Zambezi. But when in the twenties of this century Kingdom Ward for the first
time followed the course of the river by coming down from Tibet to Assam, he did not find any falls, but only a steady cutting through in deep gorges. Night after night he heard the roar of the Brahmaputra in the ravines, and it flowed fastest and roared loudest between the twin peaks of Namcha Barwa and Gyala Peri.

Those who have any knowledge of the cultural contrasts of the cultural chiaroscuro one might say, within the Government of India, also know that the river of Hinduism roars loudest between those twin peaks of Anglicism in modern India—Mr Nehru and Mr Krishna Menon.* What are the wispy young people in that current? We Hindus have a legend that when the Ganges was descending from the head of Siva, Airavata, the elephant of heaven and of Indra, presumptuously tried to check its flow and was washed away. The young Hindus ranting against their traditions are not elephants of Westernization, they are the grass of the Hindu fields, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven. They talk in their little day, to be borne down into the everlasting silences of Hinduism; and after that they remain in a chasm which inspires any European who retains his Western sensibility with a superstitious awe:

A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!

So, I should really have described and labelled the Anglicized Hindus of India in all their categories as a 'recessive' and not a 'dominant' minority. And recessive they will become soon enough, even as soon as the man, who has given them their present position but who is also seventy-three, will have disappeared from the scene.

* Of course, this was written before Mr Menon was dropped from the Indian Cabinet after the debacle on the north-eastern frontier in November, 1962.
Appendix 1

ANGLICIZED HINDU MANNERS

In spite of what I have said in the text it has been pointed out to me that the reader might not be convinced that the bad manners of the Anglicized ruling order in India have any special importance or exceptional character. Therefore I make three additional points:

I. The Government of India has itself realized that the discourtesy showed by their high officials has become so widespread and harmful that special measures have to be taken to counteract it.

On April 22, 1964, the Minister of State for Home Affairs, India, informed the Indian parliament that the Union Government was likely to include a course in ‘showing courtesy to the public’ in the syllabus for Indian Administrative Service trainees. The rest of the report ran as follows:

Mr J. L. Hathi, Minister of State for Home Affairs, told Lok Sabha members (M.P.s) who complained of the ‘misbehaviour’ by officials that this was being done so that the conduct of I.A.S. officers could be ‘shaped’ from an early stage.

Mr Hathi told Mr H. C. Mathur that the Government of India recently asked the States to report instances of discourtesy by officials. The replies so far received showed that seven officers had been reprimanded and charges against five others were being investigated.

The Central Government had also sent a circular to the State Governments to impress on their officials the need to show courtesy and respect to the public, especially to the members of parliament and of the Legislative Assemblies.
(The I.A.S., it should be explained, is the highest cadre of the civil service in India, equivalent to the old I.C.S.)

II. The discourtesy is of the type exhibited by the British rulers of India to the inhabitants of the country. The worst caddishness on their part was their ill-treatment of Indians who got into their carriages in a railway train. Even this has been taken over by their Brown heirs. I read the following letter in my newspaper:

'Sir,—Public opinion in India about higher government officials has generally, not without reason, been low. Recently, while travelling by train from Calcutta to Siliguri I got into a first-class compartment in which were travelling a member of the I.C.S. and a high-ranking military officer. They immediately took objection to my presence and called the railway guard. What they obviously failed to see was that I was as much entitled to sitting accommodation in any first-class compartment as they were to their berths after 9 p.m.

'But what was worse, they kept on an acrimonious discussion even after the train was in motion, and exactly at 9 p.m. I had to leave and find a place in a third-class compartment as all that was then available. An American gentleman on the train was surprised at this snobbish behaviour and remarked that he had never seen such selfishness in America.—Yours, etc., TIMIR BARAN GUPTA (Belgachi, Darjeeling, June 21, 1963).

III. The grossest discourtesy is shown precisely by those with whom politeness should be a duty, namely, the holders of the highest official positions. I give two instances:

1. The governor of an Indian province called the attending aide-de-camp a ‘nitwit’ in public at an academic function and sent him back to the government house, for a mistake which had caused no inconvenience.

2. One higher than a governor rated a governor like a schoolboy at an airport in the hearing of a large public
for having just consulted his comfort by not waking him up to say good-bye to a foreign dignitary.

One contrasts this kind of behaviour with that of Louis XIV, one of the greatest of despots. His self-restraint and good temper were exemplary. Even Saint-Simon, his most rancorous critic, saw him lose his temper only thrice in many years. Our great men lose it at least three times a day. It is only because he does not do so that Mr Lal Bahadur Sastri, Nehru's successor, is regarded by his humble countrymen as an exceptionally good man.
Appendix II

COERCIVE POWER OF HINDU TRADITIONS

I wish to give some corroboration in fact to what I have said about the power of Hindu traditions by furnishing some particulars of how Jawaharlal Nehru himself was reclaimed by Hinduism just before and after his death. Though born a Hindu, he was positively unsympathetic to these traditions, especially when they had a religious complexion. None the less, throughout his political career he was held at bay by them, and in the last phase it was only the question of the coup de grâce and the scalp.

In January, 1964, he had a stroke, and at once Hindu homoeopathic magic rushed in to his aid. On January 22, a Hindu fire-sacrifice was performed for him at Allahabad, and it was attended by the Governor of the province.

Later, a Bombay weekly specializing in sensationalism reported that a Tantric magical rite to bring about his death had been performed in the Kali temple at Vindhyachal in U.P., and the paper connected a Deputy Minister of the Government of India with the rite, and it was given out afterwards that this minister was Mrs Tarakeswari Sinha. The matter was raised in the Legislative Assembly of U.P. on March 16, and the Speaker observed that if the report was true it was a very serious affair. The next day, the Chief Minister of U.P., Mrs Sucheta Kripalani, informed the House that the report was wholly baseless. A private member gave the additional information that the District Magistrate had told him that what had been performed was a rite for Nehru’s recovery and not his death.

On the same day, March 17, in Delhi, the Congress Parliamentary Party discussed the matter in the presence of Nehru himself. He expressed his annoyance and said
that no sensible person would believe in such an impossible thing. He added that Mrs Sinha had seen him and explained that she had gone to the temple to have a Hindu rite performed for her son, and not to bring about his death.

Other magical rites for Nehru’s welfare had, however, by this time begun. At the instance of his circle, three Hindu rites of homoeopathic magic had been performed for him before 1964. But on those occasions, when the priests had gone to ask for his authorization—for no Hindu rite can be performed unless the yajamana, the person for whom a rite is being performed, let us call him ‘sacrificee’, gives the ‘power of attorney’ to the priest—Nehru stormed at them and refused to consent. So the rites had to be performed under the generalized formula, ‘for a person with name and sept as understood’, incognito, so to speak, but when for the latest rite in January, 1964, three priests went to him, Nehru, from weariness perhaps, remained passive, and that was regarded as consent, and this rite was performed in his name.

It was the Tantric rite of repeating the Maha-mrityunjaya mantra (the great death-conquering spell) 425,000 times to the accompaniment of fire-sacrifices. It took place in the Kali temple at Kalkaji near Delhi, began on January 26, and ended on April 2. Twenty-five priests, all sworn to secrecy, performed it and received Rs. 7.50 per person, per day, as remuneration. The operative and essential part of the spell was Tantric, and as such in monosyllables, namely, ‘om, haum, om, jum, sah’—all meaningless, of course.

The occult in the backshop of the Government of India is a terrifying spectre. A legion of astrologers and charlatans are making a comfortable living as consultants of the ministers, officials, and politicians. I also hear of homoeopathic magic for or against certain political cliques or politicians, for example, of the repetition of the Bagalamukhi mantra, a spell for the general discomfiture of all
enemies, known and unknown, at various places in Delhi in the interest of this or that minister.

To come now to Nehru's funeral. He had specifically set down in his will that 'I do not want any religious ceremonies performed for me after my death. I do not believe in any such ceremonies and to submit to them, even as a matter of form, would be hypocrisy and an attempt to delude ourselves and others.'

In spite of this categorical prohibition, Hindu religious ceremonies accompanied his cremation, and for most of the time both Mr Lal Bahadur Sastri and Mr G. L. Nanda were standing by the pyre. When a newspaper columnist expressed surprise at the disregard of Nehru's express wishes, one Hindu ignoramus wrote that in his will Nehru had wanted to be cremated, and since cremation was a Hindu rite, the Hindu ritual, too, was proper!

In his will Nehru also expressed the desire that a portion of his ashes should be thrown into the Ganges at Allahabad. Now, this is a Hindu practice, and Nehru feared that his wish might be interpreted as a concession to Hindu religious tenets. So, in his testament, he wrote a long explanation of his direction, in which he said that it had nothing to do with the Hindu religion, but was only a token of his loyalty to India's cultural inheritance, in which the Ganges was a symbol of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the future. He added that he was a link in that chain, which he treasured and did not want to break. This extraordinary explanation shows how unaware Nehru was of the true reason for the worship of the Ganges by the Hindus: that it was not religious in the strict sense, but an expression of the loyalty to the Aryan mos majorum, that is, his reason precisely. The Government of India and his relatives went further and had portions of his ashes immersed in most sacred rivers of India.

Nehru also wished that the greater portion of his ashes should be scattered all over India from the air. This was done, but the gesture roused the anger of orthodox Hin-
Dr Ram Manohar Lohia, Ph.D. (Berlin), Socialist leader, and member of the Indian parliament, declared at a public meeting:

Whatever Mr Nehru might have written in his will, whatever he might have said about his attitude towards religion, the fact remains that Mr Nehru was born a Hindu, he had his thread ceremony (yajnopavit) performed in the Hindu way, he lived a Hindu, died a Hindu, and was cremated according to Hindu rites. All his ashes should have been immersed.

The scattering of his ashes, Dr Lohia declared, was an unreligious act, and he added with unbelievable bad taste, 'Mr Nehru gave his ornaments to his family, and his ashes to the country.' One can only comment, 'Brevis omnis malitia super malitiam Indorum.'

Yet when I say that a Hindu is genetic in all his outlooks, the friends of India among Occidentals remark that I know nothing about Hinduism.
Epilogue

CIRCE’S TRIUMPH

They stood at the gate of the goddess with flowing tresses, and heard her, Circe, sweetly singing before her loom, as she walked to and fro weaving an imperishable web, gorgeous and dazzling, such as only goddesses can make.

So she lived on the island of Aeaea, and so she has in India. Men have stood at her gate, and called to be admitted, and to all she has opened her shining doors. She has taken them in, given them seats, and served food. But with the food she has also mixed the drug which makes them forget their country. Then she has turned them into brute beasts.

No invader who has come into her great continent has been able to resist her spell, and the British who broke it untimely and went home without first hearing the spirits of their dead heroes are still longing after her with the docility of cattle. The Americans are now crying out like Polites, ‘Friends, there is somebody within singing sweetly, and the hall is echoing to her song. Come quickly, and cry aloud to her.’

I am the son of her ancient victims, and I have also had to be a victim myself. Those who have read my autobiography will recall that, so far as it is a personal story, it ends in despair, a very strange state of mind to be in for a young man of about twenty-two. ‘It was’, I wrote in the book, ‘neither absinthe, nor lust, nor disease, nor remorse for some hideous suppressed crime, nor unrequited love which had brought me to this pass. My low spirits were absolute.’

I did not understand then what it was that was making me suffer, and I had not fully arrived at the truth even when I wrote those lines at the age of fifty. Now, of
course, I see that Circe had cast her spell on me quite early and done her worst by the time I was twenty. I am grateful to her for that, because by so doing she gave me the time to fight back. Had the spell been cast later, it would have led me, not even to suffering and despair which after all can give a man the desperation to save himself, but to stolidity which sees no meaning in a struggle.

I have indeed saved myself, though Hermes never gave me the drug moly. I had to fight alone for long years, and till about the last lap only defeat faced me, with everybody saying that the labour and the wounds were vain, and the enemy was neither fainting nor failing. Yet the memory of some past which I could not bring up to the surface of consciousness lurked within me and kept me struggling, until I remembered one day who and what I was. The notion that we Hindus were Europeans enslaved by a tropical country became a conviction when I paid a short visit of eight weeks to the West in 1955 at the age of fifty-seven.

Since then I have been preaching the idea day in, day out, *urbi et orbi*. To everybody who discusses the ills of India I say that there is no future for us Hindus unless we can recover at least our old European spirit, even if not the European body and pride of flesh. I apply this idea to the most matter-of-fact political and economic tasks facing us in India. For instance, when after my short visit to the West I was asked to speak before the Delhi School of Economics—you can guess the ancestry of the institution from the name alone, I told my audience that they could not hope to carry out the industrial revolution they had so much at heart except under three conditions:

1. Fully, under a re-imposed foreign domination, accompanied by a loss of political as well as economic freedom.

2. Partially, inefficiently, and very uneconomically, by continuing the present unnatural regime of Anglicized Hindus, which I call Brown Colonialism, and remaining de-
pended on continued foreign training, money, supervision, and spoon-feeding.

3. Fully, naturally, and freely, by recovering our original European spirit and character, and conquering so far as we can the Indian environment.

I do not think that I have to declare in so many words what I stand for. For me there is only one course, and that the most difficult.

If I were to speak from the head alone I would say that there is no chance whatever for what I advocate. It will never be realized, nor even accepted as a programme. But man does not live by the head alone. He has a heart, and for the greater part of my life I have been witness to the suffering which foreign rule can create even when it confers good on the subject people. Knowing this I cannot contemplate another cycle of subjection for my people, though watching the doings of all those concerned, including our Government which is the blindest of all, I cannot see how the fatal drift can be arrested.* Even so I shall make a last attempt, in fact the present series of books which I may not live to complete is that. I say to myself that if I am to be a Cassandra let me at least be a positive Cassandra. So I get up among the victims of Circe and address them:

Friends, once comrades in a beastly fellowship! *Favete linguis.* Listen to a fellow-beast who has been lucky enough to find freedom and wants you to be free. See, Circe stands by and smiles mockingly. She thinks I cannot but fail. Demigoddess! You are boastful, and your chal-

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* The following anticipation of the final goal of the fatal drift is to be found on p. 503 of my autobiography: ‘Working within the emerging polity of the larger Europe, the Anglo-Saxon can be expected to lay claim to a special association with India on historical grounds. In plain words, I expect either the United States singly or a combination of the United States and the British Commonwealth to re-establish and rejuvenate the foreign domination of India.’ These words were written in January, 1948, hardly six months after the attainment of political independence by India, and they were published in 1951. I hold by them.
lence provoke me to be so. Remember that it might still be said—Seipsam virtute, Indian exemplo.

Now, fellow-beasts! Do not heed her. This is what you have to do to break her spell.

Cease to think of yourselves as Orientals, and never admit that there is any mental bond between you and true Asiatics.

Expel the thousands of Western mercenaries whom you pay with your blood and have got into the habit of looking up to as your stable-boys, cowherds, shepherds, and swineherds, because their governments throw a handful of fodder or food to you. What they are really doing is to continue your servitude to Circe. You kicked at Western mercenaries in distant Congo, why do you cherish them at home? Gore them and kick them out of your own land.

Say that we are Europeans in our own right, and we want no patronage. We shall take our destiny in our hands, create our life, and renovate our economy through our own strength, mental and physical.

And in a moment the pelt, the skin, and the fur will fall off your backs, and you will be free again.

At this there is wild commotion among the victims of Circe. The depraved ones among them come yelling at me, as if they could harm me, the Aryan redivivus. With a refinement of cruelty Circe has kept them in the human shape but in a form which is even more repulsive than that of the Yahoos of Swift. Swift made them scraggy and hideous, and in turning away from them a decent man could feel that he was being uncharitable to them for an ugliness over which they had no control and not for their moral ugliness. But no decency can be offended by turning away from the new Hindu Yahoos. They are all plump, sleek, solemn, and even smiling when out after self-interest. They have no ugliness which is not of their own making.
But why should I concern myself with them? I have rescued my European soul from Circe, to whom it was a kind of happiness to be in thrall. I have accomplished another feat which was more difficult. I have recovered my Ariel's body from Sycorax, the terrible and malevolent hag who stands behind Circe in India. So I can and should ignore the Yahoos. But I would save the fellow-beasts. They do not, however, listen to me. They honk, neigh, bellow, bleat, or grunt, and scamper away to their scrub, stable, byre, pen, and sty.

Tears now roll down the cheeks of Circe. The great sorceress weeps to see the completeness of her handiwork.