

Rumination



Edited by - Dr. Binny Deka

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Edited By

Dr. Binny Deka



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Panbazar, Guwahati



PREFACE

The essay is one of the most interesting and versatile forms of literature. Mostly written in prose, the writer exposes the subject under discussion from his point of view, even as several other views are scrutinized. Essayists use the form for a variety of purposes as the essays included in this collection testify.

Rumination has been compiled to provide students with sufficient study material.

Any suggestions for improvement are welcome.

I take this opportunity to thank Aditya Book Distributors for reposing their faith in me.

Dr. Binny Deka.
G.B. Memorial School.
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Edited By
Dr. Binny Deka

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WHY THE NOVEL MATTERS

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE
(1885-1930)

LIFE AND WORKS

D. H. Lawrence was a prolific novelist, short story writer, poet, playwright, essayist and a literary critic of English literature during the early years of the twentieth century. He was fourth child of Arthur John Lawrence, a barely literate coal miner and his mother Lydia was a schoolteacher in the coal-mining town of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire. He spent his formative years in this town and he attended Beauvale Board School from 1891 to 1893. Later he won a country Council scholarship to study in Nottingham High School, Nottingham. In 1901, he left the school and worked for three months as a junior clerk at Haywood's Surgical Appliances. However, a severe bout of pneumonia forced him to convalesce at home during which he became friends with Jessie Chambers of Hagg's Farm. From 1902 to 1906, Lawrence began to serve as a pupil teacher at the British School, Eastwood and received his Teaching Certificate in 1908 from University College, Nottingham. He left home for London and worked at Davidson Road School, Croydon.

During this period, he began to write seriously. He started with poems and short stories and developed his first novel *The White Peacock* that was published in 1911. His friend Jessie Chambers submitted some of his early poems, which caught the attention of the influential critic of 'The English Review.' Ford Maddox Ford. He commissioned the short story, 'Odours of Chrysanthemums' and published it in his magazine. It made Heineman, a London publisher to ask for more work. After *The White Peacock* was published in 1911, he abandoned his job of a teacher and became a professional writer. His mother died of cancer in the same years, which affected him deeply. A publisher's reader, Edward Garnett encouraged him and he began working on his next novel. Unfortunately, he fell ill with pneumonia for the second time, but recovered once again. In 1912, he married Freida Weekley, a German and wife of a Nottingham Professor. She was six years his senior and the mother of three children. They eloped to Frieda's home at Metz, Germany. The German police arrested him for a British spy, but Frieda's father intervened and secured his release. They had their honeymoon in a small village near Munich after which he composed a series of love poems, *Look! We Have Come Through* published in 1917. They entered Italy by crossing the Alps, which Lawrence recorded in a travel-book *Twilight in Italy* (1916). In Italy, he completed the final version of *Sons and Lovers*, which appeared in 1913. It had autobiographical elements in it and exposed the working conditions of coal miners. He also explored the relationship between mother and son with deep insight. In 1914 *Study of Thomas Hardy* and other essays dealing in literary criticism and metaphysic appeared. In 1915, *The Rainbow* was published, but was suppressed as obscene and vulgar. It depicted the conflict between man and woman. The police also banned an exhibition of his paintings and Lawrence determined to leave Britain. However, they confiscated his passport and he had to wait until 1919 to leave. During this time, he wrote *Women in Love* but was unable to find a publisher until 1921.

After leaving England, Lawrence and Frieda commenced on a tour, which took them to Australia, Italy, Sri Lanka, United

States of America, Mexico and the South of France. He went to Italy first and then to Austria and Southern Germany. He wrote about many of these places in his later works. He published two novels *Aaron's Rod* in 1922 and *The Lost Girl*. He experimented with novellas like *The Captain's Doll* published in 1923, 'The Fox', 'The Ladybird' and several more short stories in the collection *England, My England and other stories*, which were published in 1922. He produced a number of poems notably those, which depicted the natural world, Birds, 'Beasts and Flowers', which appeared in 1923. He wrote travelogues, *Monte Cassino* and *Sea and Sardinia* that were published in 1921. He produced essays, which dealt in Freudian psychoanalysis and a historical book *Movements in European History*, which appeared anonymously in 1921.

In 1922, the Lawrences left Europe with the intention of migrating to U.S. A. in the belief that it was the only country where they could settle down. He left for Sri Lanka and then went to Australia where he wrote *Kangaroo* published in 1923. In September 1922, they arrived in the US and befriended a socialite Mable Dodge Luhan who helped them acquire a 160 Kiowa ranch near Taos, New Mexico. Aldous Huxley visited him here. He published a set of critical essays *Studies in Classic American Literature* and a number of novels, *The Boy in the Bush*, *The Plumed Serpent* (1926), *St. Mawr* (1925), *The Woman who Rode away* (1928), *The Princess* (1925) and a travel book *Mornings in Mexico* (1927).

Lawrence suffered from a near fatal attack of Malaria and Tuberculosis, which forced him to return to England. They settled down in Florence, Italy and in 1927, a collection of essays, *Sketches of Etruscan Places* was published. In 1928 *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and in 1930 *The Virgin and the Gypsy* appeared. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* brought him immediate notoriety once again as a writer who exposed sexual experience with physical details and uninhibited language. It was suppressed until 1960. Embittered by it he wrote a tract on pornography and obscenity, and a large number of satirical poems published under the title of *Pansies* in 1929, and a number of reviews.

Lawrence continued to write essays, short stories and about

Christ's resurrection in *Resurrection* from an unorthodox point of view. *Book of Revelation, Apocalypse* published in 1931 proved to be his last work of significance. Lawrence passed away in 1930 from complications of tuberculosis at the Villa Robermond, in Vence France. Later his ashes were taken to rest at small chapel set amidst the mountains in his ranch in Taos, Mexico. Though he was not considered a great litterateur at the time of his death, today he is viewed as a modern writer of the twentieth century.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1885 : Birth of D. H Lawrence.
 1891-1893: Attended Beauvale Board School, Eastwood and Nottingham High School, Nottingham.
 1901 : Worked as junior clerk at Hayward's Surgical Appliances.
 1902-1906: Served as pupil teacher at British School Eastwood.
 1908 : Received his teaching certificate from University College, Nottingham.
 1908 : Left home for London.
 1908 : Worked as teacher at Davidson Road School, Croydon.
 1911 : *The White Peacock* (Novel) published
 1911 : Lawrence's mother who was a great influence on him expired.
 1912 : Marries Frieda Weekley, a German.
 1913 : *Son and Lovers* (Novel) published.
 1914 : *Study of Thomas Hardy and other essays* published.
 1915 : *The Rainbow* (Novel) published.
 1916 : *Twilight in Italy* (Travel book) published.
 1917 : *Look! We Have Come Through*. Poems published.
 1919 : The Lawrence's leave on a tour of Italy, Germany, France.
 1920 : *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious and Fantasia of the Unconscious* (essays) published
 1921 : *Women in Love* (Novel)
 Sea and Sardinia (travel-book)
 Movements in European History published.
 1922 : *Aaron's Rod* (Novel)
 The Lost Girl (Novel)

England My England and other Short stories

Lawrence leaves Europe for U.S.A.

Kiowa Ranch, Taos, New Mexico purchased.

- 1923 : *Kangaroo* (Novel)
 The Captain's Doll (Novella)
 Studies in Classic American Literature, essay.
 1925 : *St. Mawr*
 Reflections of the a Porcupine and other essays
 1926 : *The Plumed Serpent*.
 1927 : *Mornings in Mexico*. Travelogue
 Sketches of Etruscan Places. (Essays)
 1928 : *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (Novel)
 The Woman who Rode Away (Novel)
 1929 : *Pansies* (Poems)
 1930 : *The Virgin and the Gypsy* (Novel)
 Death of D.H. Lawrence.
 1931 : *Book of Revelation, Apocalypse*.
 1936 : *Phoenix : The Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence*
 1968 : *Phoenix II* (Essay).
 2004 : *Late Essays and Articles*.

LAWRENCE AS AN ESSAYIST

D. H. Lawrence, novelist, short story writer, poet, critic, essayist, and travelogue writer appeared on the English literary scene during the early years of the twentieth century. He is remembered more as a novelist than an essayist is. Just as in his novels, his essays contain his philosophy, his views against industrialisation, his belief in nature and his ideas on primitivism. They also reflect his thoughts and views regarding other topics in which he found interest like famous men, old tombs, faraway places and literary criticism. His essays illustrate his wide range of interest.

In 1923, Lawrence published a set of critical essays, *Studies in Classic American Literature* in which he wrote,

That I am I

That my soul is a dark forest

That my known self will never be more than

Why the Novel Matters

a little

Clearing in the forest

That Gods Strange Gods come forth from the forest
Into the clearing of my known self, and then go back
That I must Have the courage to let them come and
Go.

That I will never let mankind put anything
Over me, but that I will always try to recognize and
submit to the Gods in Me and the Gods in other
Men and women.'

It proves Lawrence's serious intention of doing whatever
he did with utmost sincerity, almost as if he is carrying out a sacred
duty imposed on him. He seems to possess the unique capacity of
distinguishing, accepting and following his own feelings and emotions
even though it did not conform to conventional sentiments.

When *The Rainbow* (1915) and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*
(1928) were published, they were suppressed on grounds of obscenity.
In both the novels, he exposed man-woman relationship in great
physical detail and uninhibited language, which was considered vulgar.
However, in *Phoenix* he states, 'Obviously to read a really new novel
will always hurt ... There will be resistance. The same with new
pictures, new music. You may judge of their reality by the fact that
they do arouse a certain resistance, and compel, at length, certain
acquiescence...

The great relationship for humanity will always be the relation
between man and woman, parent and child will always be subsidiary.'
He reiterated that not man, woman or children but it is 'the relation
itself which is the quick and central clue to life.'

He presented his own interpretation of life; he displayed
hatred for the values effectuated by industrialisation and love for the
primitive and natural. He believed passionately in the development
of individuality of man. He trusted his senses and experiences more
than the intellect, 'All I want is to answer to my blood, direct without
fribbling intervention of mind, or moral or what not.' Thus, primitive
instincts and urges, which impel the unconscious mind, are to him

the most reliable thing in the world. In this light the primitive passion
and instinct is spiritual rather than animal; it is a sacred command,
which is to be obeyed. Emotions rather than reason are the best
guide to life. In the essays 'Fantasia of the Unconscious' (1922),
'Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious' (1923) and 'Apocalypse' (1931)
Lawrence wrote about his fundamental ideas which aids
understanding of his philosophy. Lawrence wanted his readers to
willing believe in his views, which he believed would help renew
man from the deadening effects of industrialisation.

Lawrence's critics like T.S. Eliot, Bertrand Russell believed
that his revolutionary and original ideas were nonsense and insane.
However, his essays 'Study of Thomas Hardy' and 'Education of
the People' reveal that Lawrence was not against thought and
knowledge, he was against mechanised thought. In 'Books' (1924)
Lawrence wrote, 'There are in the consciousness of man, two bodies
of knowledge: the things he tells himself, and the things he finds
out—Man is a thought-adventure. But by thought, we mean of course,
discovery. We don't mean this telling himself stale facts and drawing
false deductions, which usually pass as thought.' He believed that art
had fallen in a rut, 'new, really new feelings, a whole new line of new
emotion, which will get us out of this emotional rut' was the need
of the hour. He did show much concern for the experimental novels
of Richardson, Joyce and Proust. In his essay 'Surgery for the Novel
or a Bomb?' he wrote that some desperate measures were needed to
get the 'serious' novel to lose its consciousness and to force it, 'to
tackle new propositions without using abstractions.'

In the essays 'Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious' and
'Fantasia of the Unconscious' he declared that all his efforts would
be directed towards creating a new form of novel. Andrew Sanders
writes that he intended to 'break open fictional doors and to nag
readers and writers into passing through them.' In the essay 'Morality
and the Novel' Lawrence wrote, 'All emotions, including love and
hate, and rage and tenderness, go to adjusting of the oscillating,
established balance between two people who amount to anything.
If the novelist puts his thumb in the pan, for love, tenderness,

sweetness peace, then he commits an immoral act: he prevents the possibility of a pure relationship ... and when he lets his thumb go, there is an inevitable reaction towards hate and brutality, cruelty and destruction. He believed that a novel would be automatically great if it 'reveals true and vivid relationship, it is a moral work, no matter what the relationship may consist in. If the novelist honours the relationship in itself, it will be a great.'

In the essay 'Why the Novel Matters' (1925) Lawrence proclaimed that the novelist was superior to the poet, philosopher, scientist and the saint because they analysed merely a part of the entire experience while the novelist was concerned with life as a whole. Sanders observes that Lawrence believed in 'Life with a capital L is only man alive.' and that 'the fully vibrant human organism, formed the peak of an energetic hierarchy.' Lawrence wrote, 'All things that are dead are subsidiary to the living. Better a live dog than a dead lion. But better a live lion than a live dog.' He exhorts, 'Let us learn from the novel. In the novel, the characters can do nothing but live. If they keep on being good according to pattern or bad, according to pattern, or even volatile, according to pattern, they cease to live, and the novel falls dead. A character in a novel has got to live or it is nothing.' The novel alone is capable of making us understand the concept of life. 'Thou Shalt Nots' cannot govern it. 'To be alive, to be man alive, to be whole man alive: that is the point. And at its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you. It can help you. It can help you not to be dead man in life.'

Lawrence rejected the forms of Christianity. He was more inclined to believe in Freud's philosophy. Sanders opines, 'He secularizes both the idea of a brooding Holy Spirit and the interrelationships of life and death, death and resurrection; he secularizes the biblical language of possession and enthusiasm and he forges Christian images and metaphors into new often shockingly gaudy shapes.' He wanted to form a modernist theology of the 'fulfilled and thoroughly integrated personality.' His Freud inspired essays as well as 'Study of Hardy' is as much about Hardy as about his own thoughts and beliefs, which form the basis of many of his

novels. He believed that the future of the human race depended on the liberation of man and woman and attempted to distinguish between essential maleness and essential femaleness.

His essays are energetic, stating his original thoughts and feelings. According to Michael Squires he becomes involved in them, his essays expose conflict and tension between 'equally strong but opposed forces—self-preservation and self-expression, stillness and activity, knowing and being, Christianity' and Judaism, male and female ...' as in 'Study of Thomas Hardy. His essays on the art of the novelist are an attempt to understand his responsibility as a novelist.

'Introduction to Paintings' and 'Etruscan Places' links philosophy of art with the creative sciences. In the former essay he wrote, 'Any creative act occupies the whole consciousness of man. This is true of the great discoveries of science as well as art.' Lawrence believed that great discoveries of science and art is a result of the consciousness of man 'Working together in unison and oneness, instinct, intuition, mind, intellect all fused into one complete consciousness.'

Lawrence's essays expose his vision. He is frank, fearless and spontaneous. His appeal was one for integrity. He died as a non-entity but after his death, he has been recognised as a visionary thinker, a representative of the modern English tradition in literature.

LAWRENCE'S PROSE STYLE

Lawrence's literary output comprises of novels, novellas, short stories, poems and essays. He is best remembered for his novels, which exhibit his prose style. His essays also written in prose have been criticised by Edward Albert, 'If we judge Lawrence's style by the standards of the meticulous artist, with finely attuned ear and an eye for accuracy of detail of grammar, we shall often find him lacking.'

He shows very little concern for the technical skill which goes into the writing of a novel but he makes up for it with his passion, spontaneity and sincerity. He becomes deeply involved in whatever he writes and even though he generally allows his ideas to flow through characters and situations, at times his over enthusiasm prompts him to make a direct statement; sometimes it raises his

prose to poetic heights. Lawrence did not believe in the importance of plot (a modern thought) over mood or the atmosphere of his stories. This aspect of his work is pre-dominantly visible in the mining background of *Sons and Lovers* where he creates an appropriate atmosphere for his tale.

Spontaneity is a characteristic of Lawrence's work. In Virginia Woolf's words, 'The thought plumps directly into his mind, up spurt the sentence as round, as hard, as direct as water thrown out in all directions by the impact of a stone. One feels that not a single word has been chosen for its beauty, or for its effect upon the architect of the sentence.' He was a fast writer, an uneven stylist, with not much care for grammar.

His imaginative powers were great and he was capable of creating situations, which proved his caliber. R. J. Rees rightly opines that as early as his 'Odours of Chrysanthemums' Lawrence had showed his 'mastery of dialogue and situation.' His depiction of sexual experience is skillful and was fresh and unique when it first appeared in the first half of the nineteenth century. He excels at characterisation especially at portraying characters on verge of discovery concerning relationships. He uses symbols for the purpose of character delineation: symbols of intellectualism on one hand, and the dark and primitive life force on the other. His symbolism enriches his narrative. In *England, My England* Lawrence portrays Egbert as a pleasant but ineffectual, upper-class young man, a typical Lawrence symbol, in contrast to his father-in-law—the embodiment of physical and emotional energy and earthy common sense. Edward Albert feels that most of Lawrence's characters like Paul Morel, Birkin and Somers bear a similarity to his own. 'They share his bitterness and darkness of spirit, and like him they live passionately and fully. They are creatures of strong impulse and primitive emotions, and they are studied with a remarkable depth of understanding and keenness of insight. Lawrence is particularly successful in his analysis of the unconscious.'

He repeats a number of key words very, frequently which had unusually powerful meaning for him. Words like, blood,

uncreated, dissolution, dead, mindless, naked, sinister, organic acquire Lawrentian meaning. He used hyperbole and dash.

An interesting technique, which Lawrence used, was point of view. He presented one point of view through one character and presented an opposing view through another character. These contradicting views together forms the complete thought of a story. He uses the same technique in his essays. He states one idea and then discovers another idea with which he attacks the first or explores and states it as emphatically as the first. He might even state two contradictory statements, both equally convincing. Sometimes he writes only one thought without contradictory thoughts. He used such antitheses and dichotomies to expose new realities.

Lawrence was intense especially when he became deeply involved in his themes. Often his revolved around his favourite idea which according to R. J. Rees was 'that of the hidden conflict between the civilized and intellectual side of man, and the primitive and emotional side where man becomes a more channel for that 'life force' which Lawrence, thought of as the driving power of the universe.' He displayed little sense of humour and he had a dark temperament; his feeling was ones of hatred and contempt.

Essentially a controversial writer, Lawrence posed challenges which unsettled the intellectuals of his age David Daiches wrote that Lawrence's 'challenge seems to go beyond that which is normally asserted by a work of art. It is difficult to escape the challenge.' His work is forceful, positive and direct which seeks to extract an equal response from his readers. Marjorie Boulton rightly opined that Lawrence possessed an individual style.

TEXT

WHY THE NOVEL MATTERS

We have curious ideas of ourselves. We think of ourselves as a body with a spirit in it, or a body with a soul in it, or a body with a mind in it. *Mens sana in corpore sano*. The years drink up the wine, and at last throw the bottle away, the body, of course, being the bottle.

It is a funny sort of superstition. Why should I look at my hand, as it so cleverly writes these words, and decide that it is a mere nothing compared to the mind that directs it? Is there really any huge difference between my hand and my brain? Or my mind? My hand is alive, it flickers with a life of its own. It meets all the strange universe in touch, and learns a vast number of things, and knows a vast number of things. My hand, as it writes these words, slips gaily along, jumps like a grasshopper to dot an i, feels the table rather cold, gets a little bored if I write too long, has its own rudiments of thought, and is just as much *me* as is my brain, my mind, or my soul. Why should I imagine that there is a *me* which is more *me* than my hand is? Since my hand is absolutely alive, *me* alive.

Whereas, of course, as far as I am concerned, my pen isn't alive at all. My pen *isn't me* alive. *Me* alive ends at my finger-tips. Whatever is *me* alive is *me*. Every tiny bit of my hands is alive, every little freckle and hair and fold of skin. And whatever is *me* alive is *me*. Only my finger-nails, those ten little weapons between me and an inanimate universe, they cross the mysterious Rubicon between *me* alive and things like my pen, which are not alive, in my own sense.

So, seeing my hand is all alive, and *me* alive, wherein is it just a bottle, or a jug, or a tin can, or a vessel of clay, or any of the rest of that nonsense? True, if I cut it it will bleed, like a can of cherries. But then the skin that is cut, and the veins that bleed, and the bones that should never be seen, they are all just as alive as the blood that

flows. So the tin can business, or vessel of clay, is just bunk.

And that's what you learn, when you're a novelist. And that's what you are very liable *not* to know, if you're a parson, or a philosopher, or a scientist, or a stupid person. If you're a parson, you talk about souls in heaven. If you're a novelist, you know that paradise is in the palm of your hand, and on the end of your nose, because both are alive; and alive, and man alive, which is more than you can say, for certain, of paradise. Paradise is after life, and I for one am not keen on anything that is *after* life. If you are a philosopher, you talk about infinity, and the pure spirit which knows all things. But if you pick up a novel, you realize immediately that infinity is just a handle to this selfsame jug of a body of mine; while as for knowing, if I find my finger in the fire, I know that fire burns, with a knowledge so emphatic and vital, it leaves Nirvana merely a conjecture. Oh, yes, my body, *me* alive, *knows*, and knows intensely. And as for the sum of all knowledge, it can't be anything more than an accumulation of all the things I know in the body, and you, dear reader, know in the body.

These damned philosophers, they talk as if they suddenly went off instead, and were then much more important than they are when they're in their shirts. It is nonsense. Every man, philosopher included, ends in his own finger-tips. That's the end of his man alive. As for the words and thoughts and sighs and aspirations that fly from him, they are so many tremulations in the ether, and not alive at all. But if the tremulations reach another man alive, he may receive them into his life, and his life may take on a new colour, like a chameleon creeping from a brown rock on to a green leaf. All very well and good. It still doesn't alter the fact that the so-called spirit, the message or teaching of the philosopher or the saint, isn't alive at all, but just a tremulation upon the ether, like a radio message. All this spirit stuff is just tremulations upon the ether. If you, as man alive, quiver from the tremulation of the ether into new life, that is because you are man alive, and you take sustenance and stimulation into your alive man in a myriad ways. But to say that the message, or the spirit which is communicated to you, is more important than

your living body, is nonsense. You might as well say that the potato at dinner was more important.

Nothing is important but life. And for myself, I can absolutely see life nowhere but in the living. Life with a capital L is only man alive. Even a cabbage in the rain is cabbage alive. All things that are alive are amazing. And all things that are dead are subsidiary to the living. Better a live dog than a dead lion. But better a live lion than a live dog. *C'est la vie!*

It seems impossible to get a saint, or a philosopher, or a scientist, to stick to this simple truth. They are all, in a sense, renegades. The saint wishes to offer himself up as spiritual food for the multitude. Even Francis of Assisi turns himself into a sort of angel-cake, of which anyone may take a slice. But an angel-cake is rather less than man alive. And poor St Francis might well apologize to his body, when he is dying: "Oh, pardon me, my body, the wrong I did you through the years!" It was no wafer, for others to eat.

The philosopher, on the other hand, because he can think decides that nothing but thoughts matter. It is as if a rabbit, because he can make little pills, should decide that nothing but little pills matter. As for the scientist, he has absolutely no use for me so long as I am man alive. To the scientist, I am dead. He puts under the microscope a bit of dead me, and calls it me. He takes me to pieces and says first one piece, and then another piece, is me. My heart, my liver, my stomach have all been scientifically me, according to the scientist; and nowadays I am either a brain, or nerves, or glands, or something more up-to-date in the tissue line.

(Now I absolutely flatly deny that I am a soul, or a body, or a mind, or an intelligence, or a brain, or a nervous system, or a bunch of glands, or any of the rest of these bits of me. The whole is greater than the part. And therefore, I, who am man alive, am greater than my soul, or spirit, or body, or mind, or consciousness, or anything else that is merely a part of me. I am a man, and alive. I am man alive, and as long as I can, I intend to go on being man alive. For this reason I am a novelist. And being a novelist, I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the

poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog.

The novel is the one bright book of life. Books are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. But the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble. Which is more than poetry, philosophy, science, or any other book-tremulation can do.

The novel is the book of life. In this sense, the Bible is a great confused novel. You may say, it is about God. But it is really about man alive. Adam, Eve, Sarai, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, David, Bath-Sheba, Ruth, Esther, Solomon, Job, Isaiah, Jesus, Mark, Judas, Paul, Peter: what is it but man alive, from start to finish? Man alive, not mere bits. Even the Lord is another man alive, in a burning bush, throwing the tablets of stone at Moses's head.

I do hope you begin to get my idea, why the novel is supremely important, as a tremulation on the ether. Plato makes the perfect ideal being tremble in me. But that's only a bit of me. Perfection is only a bit, in the strange make-up of man alive. The Sermon on the Mount makes the selfless spirit of me quiver. But that, too, is only a bit of me. The Ten Commandments set the old Adam shivering in me, warning me that I am a thief and a murderer, unless I watch it. But even the old Adam is only a bit of me.

I very much like all these bits of me to be set trembling with life and the wisdom of life. But I do ask that the whole of me shall tremble in its wholeness, some time or other. And this, of course, must happen in me, living. But as far as it can happen from a communication, it can only happen when a whole novel communicates itself to me. The Bible - but *all* the Bible - and Homer, and Shakespeare: these are the supreme old novels. These are all things to all men. Which means that in their wholeness they affect the whole man alive, which is the man himself, beyond any part of him. They set the whole tree trembling with a new access of life, they do not just stimulate growth in one direction.

I don't want to grow in any one direction any more. And, if I can help it, I don't want to stimulate anybody else into some

particular direction. A particular direction ends in a *cul-de-sac*. We in a *cul-de-sac* present.

I don't believe in any dazzling revelation, or in any supreme Word. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of the Lord shall stand for ever." That's the kind of stuff we've drugged ourselves with. As a matter of fact, the grass withereth, but comes up all the greener for that reason, after the rains. The flower fades and therefore the bud opens. But the Word of the Lord, being more and more boring, till at last we turn a deaf ear and it ceases to exist, far more finally than any withered grass. It is grass that renews its youth like the egg, not any Word.

We should ask for no absolutes, or absolute. Once and for all and for ever, let us have done with the ugly imperialism of an absolute.

There is no absolute good, there is nothing absolutely right. All things flow and change, and even change is not absolute. The whole is a strange assembly of apparently incongruous parts, slipping past one another.

Me, man alive, I am a very curious assembly of incongruous parts. My year of today is oddly different from my year of yesterday. My tears of tomorrow will have nothing to do with my tears of yesterday. If the one I love remains unchanged and unchanging, she shall cease to love her. It is only because she changes and startles me into change and defies my inertia, and is herself staggered in her inertia by my changing, that I can continue to love her. If she stayed put, I might as well love the pepper-pot.

In all this change, I maintain a certain integrity. But would it betide me if I try to put my finger on it. If I say of myself, I am this, I am that!—then, if I stick to it, I turn into a stupid fixed thing like a lamppost. I shall never know wherein lies my integrity, my individuality, my me. I can never know it. It is useless to talk about my ego. That only means that I have made up an *idea* of myself, and that I am trying to cut myself out to pattern. Which is no good. You can cut your cloth to fit your coat, but you can't clip bits off your

living body, to trim it down to your idea. True, you can put yourself into ideal corsets. But even in ideal corsets, fashions change.

(Let us learn from the novel. In the novel, the characters can do nothing but *live*. If they keep on being good, according to pattern, or bad, according to pattern, or even volatile, according to pattern, they cease to live, and the novel falls dead. A character in a novel has got to live, or it is nothing. We, likewise, in life have got to live, or we are nothing.)

What we mean by living is, of course, just as indescribable as what we mean by *being*. Men get ideas into their heads, of what they mean by Life, and they proceed to cut life out to pattern. Sometimes they go into the desert to seek God, sometimes they go into the desert to seek cash, sometimes it is wine woman, and song, and again it is water, political reform, and votes. You never know what it will be next: from killing your neighbour with hideous bombs and gas that tears the lungs, to supporting a Foundlings Home and preaching infinite Love, and being co-respondent in a divorce.

In all this wild welter, we need some sort of guide. It's no good inventing Thou Shalt Nots! What then? Turn truly, honourably to the novel, and see wherein you are man alive, and wherein you are dead man in life. You may love a woman as man alive, and you may be making love to a woman as sheer dead man in life. You may eat your dinner as man alive, or as a mere masticating corpse. As man alive you may have a shot at your enemy. But as a ghastly simulacrum of life you may be firing bombs into men who are neither your enemies nor your friends, but just things you are dead to. Which is criminal, when the things happen to be alive.

(To be alive, to be man alive, to be whole man alive: that is the point. And at its best, the novel, and the novel supremely, can help you. It can help you not to be dead man in life. So much of a man walks about dead and a carcass in the street and house, today: so much of women is merely dead. Like a pianoforte with half the notes mute. But in the novel you can see, plainly, when the man goes dead, the woman goes inert. You can develop an instinct for life, if you will, instead of a theory of right and wrong, good and bad. In

life, there is right and wrong, good and bad, all the time. But what is right in one case is wrong in another. And in the novel you see one man becoming a corpse, because of his so-called goodness, another going dead because of his so-called wickedness. Right and wrong is an instinct: but an instinct of the whole consciousness in a man, bodily, mental, spiritual at once. And only in the novel are *all* things given full play, or at least, they may be given full play, when we realize that life itself, and not inert safety, is the reason for living. For out of the full play of all things emerges the only thing that is anything, the wholeness of a man, the wholeness of a woman, man alive, and live woman.

SUMMARY :

The essay 'Why the Novel Matters' is D. H. Lawrence's statement about his belief in the novel as a means of instructing or guiding man and woman to live life to the fullest. It was published posthumously in 1936 in an essay collection titled *Phoenix*.

Lawrence begins the essay by ridiculing the superstitious belief that the body and the soul or mind is two separate entities. He believed that 'whatever is me alive is me.' This is something which can be understood by the novelist because 'the novel is one bright book of life. Books are not life. They are only tremulations on the ether. But the novel as a tremulation can make the whole man alive tremble.' He proclaimed therefore that being a novelist, 'I consider myself superior to the saint, the scientist, the philosopher, and the poet, who are all great masters of different bits of man alive, but never get the whole hog.' They are able to affect only one part of our body, or a mind, or intelligence, or a brain or a nervous system, or a bunch of glands or a bit of himself. The whole is greater than the part, hence he is 'man alive' greater than his soul, or spirit or body or mind or consciousness or anything else that is a part of him. He cites the example of Italian Saint Francis of Assisi who tortured his body in the belief that the soul was of utmost importance. However, when he was dying he apologized to his body for perpetrating such

violence on it because he understood the oneness of body and soul only then. In this sense, the Bible is about god but of man alive with its stories of Adam and Eve, and so on. According to Lawrence the entire Bible, Homer, Shakespeare, are examples of the supreme old novel for they affect the whole man alive not a part of man as does the scientist. 'They set the whole tree trembling with a new access of life; they do not stimulate growth in one direction.'

Lawrence wrote emphatically that he did not want to grow in only one direction. The word of the Lord according to him is an utterance of man and therefore fades away. However, nature on the other hand regenerates itself. The withered grass grows greener after rains and flower fades to return as the bud. Therefore, since grass renews its youth it is alive, it is not a mere word which was only a tremulation in ether and which ceased to exist. He said that 'once and for all' absolutes would have to be done away with because nothing is absolute: good or right. 'All things flow and change, and even change is not absolute.' One lives because one does not remain inert. When inertia sets in one ceases to be alive. In this change, any fixed idea of one's own ego is meaningless for no figure can be imposed on it for the sheer reason that everything is in a state of flux. One creates an idea of oneself but it no good because it is not possible to clip one's living body to fit one's idea of it.

In the novel, the characters can do nothing but live because if they live according to pattern good, bad or volatile without change, the novel falls dead. 'We likewise, in life have got to live, or we are nothing,' felt Lawrence. Men and women in today's world walk about dead, a carcass in the street or house, like a piano with half its notes mute. They have nothing which can guide them but in the novel one can see plainly when the man or woman goes dead; the novel then can help man to 'develop an instinct for life ... instead of a theory of right and wrong, good and bad.'

Lawrence ends his essay with the assertion that life is full of rights and wrongs, good and bad but they are never absolutely so forever. Perception of such instincts keeps changing. Right and wrong is viewed as an instinct of the body, mind and spirit, indeed of the

whole consciousness of man. 'And only in the novel are all this given full play ... when we realize that life itself and not inert stuff is the reason for being.' The only thing of importance that emerges is 'the wholeness of a man, the wholeness of a woman, man and alive woman.'

NOTES

Man's sana in corpora sano: a healthy mind in a healthy body

Superstition: unjustified and unreasonable belief.

flickers: trembles slightly, pulsates

gaily: merrily

rudiments: basic principles of any subjects

freckle: small brown marks on skin caused by over exposure to sun

cross the mysterious Rubicon: to take a decisive and irrevocable step. The Rubicon is a small river, which marks Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon into Italy against orders of the Senate and marked the beginning of the Civil War with Pompey in 49 B.C.

bunk (adj): nonsense.

parson: Protestant clergyman

Nirvana: a state of freedom from the suffering of the material world, advocated by the Buddhists.

Went off in steam: a satirical expression referring to the supposed capacity of mystic and jogis of vaporizing themselves.

aspirations: ambitions

Better a live dog than a dead lion: from Ecclesiastes 9: 4 It is better to be alive even like a dog than to be a dead lion.

C'est la vie: French-That is life.

renegades: people who abandon party or principle

tremulation: tremors

Ether: atmosphere, upper regions of air beyond clouds.

Francis of Assisi: Italian Saint (1182-1220) reformed the Roman Catholic Church.

no wafer ... to eat: Refers to the practice of eating consecrated wine and wafer (symbolizing the blood and the flesh of Christ) during Mass.

Christ) during Mass.

Moses: Dynamic figure of the Old Testament. He received the Ten Commandments.

burning bush ... tablets of stone: A reference to Exodus 3 :2 -6 and 32 : 15 -19

Adam ... Peter: All of them are important figures from the Bible.

Plato ... in me: Plato's theory of forms, which states that the phenomenal world is one of imitation, touches the perfect ideal being in Lawrence.

Old Adam: Reference to Book of Common Prayer, which speaks of 'the old Adam in this child' or referring to Christian belief of human nature's natural tendency towards committing sin; man in his unreduced state before the coming of Christ.

'the grass ... forever': Quotes the Bible to illustrate his belief in renewals

Wine, woman and song: Phrase believed to be used by Martin Luther ('Wein, Weib and Gerang')

simulacrum: an image of something

TEXTUAL QUESTIONS

1. Why does Lawrence declare that the novelist is superior to the saint, scientist, philosopher and poet?
2. How can the novel guide man to live life fully.

A PILGRIMAGE TO TAWANG

VERRIER ELWIN
(1902-1963)

LIFE AND WORKS

Verrier Holwin Elwin, an anthropologist, ethnologist and tribal activist was born in 1902, Dover, England. His father was Edmund Henry Elwin, Bishop of Sierra Leone. He received his education from Dean Close School, Cheltenham and later at Merton College, Oxford where he obtained his degree of B.A, First class in English Language and Literature, M. A. and D. Sc. He was born in a devout Christian family and trained to become an Anglican Priest and a missionary. While at Oxford, he became interested in India, which perhaps helped him to take the decision to come to the country of his liking later on.

In 1926, he was appointed Vice-Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford and in the following year, 1927, he became a lecturer at Merton College, Oxford. Verrier Elwin met a missionary by the name of J. W. Winslow whose influence changed his life forever. His love for India was always there and in 1927, he came to India as a missionary under Winslow. It was his intention to spread the gospel and on his arrival, he joined the Christian Society Service in Pune. His first

connection with the tribes of India occurred when he visited central India with an Indian from Pune, Shamrao Hivale. Central India then consisted of the present states of Madhya Pradesh, Chhattisgarh and parts of Eastern Maharashtra. Their findings about the tribes of this region are the earliest anthropological studies of the country. Elwin became deeply interested in the Gonad tribe of Madhya Pradesh and with his associate began to take an interest not only in their lifestyle but also in the necessity to reform them.

In India, he came across books of Hindu philosophy, which left its mark on him. The philosophies of Mahatma Gandhi and the books of Rabindranath Tagore equally influenced him. At that time, the Indian Freedom Movement was sweeping across the country under the leadership of Gandhi. He got the opportunity to travel with great nationalists like Patel and Jamnalal Bajaj and learnt about the sufferings of the people of the country. He was drawn towards Indian culture and gradually he drifted away from his faith and ultimately left the Church. He met Gandhi at Sabarmati Ashram and soon after, he began to work for Gandhi and the Indian National Congress. In 1935 while at Gandhi's Ashram he converted to Hinduism but two years later distanced himself from the Indian National Congress and from all forms of formal religion.

Long before that, Verrier Elwin had started to live like a native with the tribals of Madhya Pradesh. He wanted to reform them by banishing superstition and ignorance among them. This agenda brought him up against the church and the British government. In 1931, he resigned from the church; but the British government harassed him in many ways creating obstacles in his efforts at reformation. In 1932 he started an ashram at Karanjiya Village, he began to instruct the villagers about agriculture and opened a pharmacy. Villagers from far and near and the tribals inhabiting the forests came to his pharmacy. He had won the trust of the natives. Later, he established another ashram at Chitrakoot, for the tribals of Bastar. In 1940, he married Kosi, a Gond tribal and had two children Jwahar and Vijoy. After nine years in 1949, in the tribal tradition he married Lila, the daughter of a village head of Pathangad

in NEFA now renamed Arunachal Pradesh where his work had taken him. His close association with the tribals allowed him to gather information about them, their culture, lifestyle, beliefs and faith. He soon became an authority on the subject, particularly on the Gondi people.

In 1945, the Anthropological Survey of India was established and he was appointed as the first Deputy Director. When India became independent, he took up Indian citizenship and the Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru appointed him as an advisor of tribal reforms for northeastern India and later became Anthropological Adviser to the government of NEFA. He was a fellow of the National Science Academy. Through his efforts different native tribes in central and northeast India were documented, several studies exposed tribal culture and lifestyle. The Adivasis of Central India who lived in the deep forests became Indian citizens because of Elwin's work. He believed that the tribes of India were in no way different from the so-called 'civilized' societies as they had perfect understanding of the ideals of liberty and equality; they implemented them naturally in society.

Verrier Elwin's work brought him to the north-east of India just north of Assam where he travelled extensively, mixed with the people and learnt about them. Late on he settled in Shillong and wrote about the different tribes of the north-east. His love for the land and its people is apparent in his work. In the preface to *The Tribal World* of Verrier Elwin published posthumously in 1964 he wrote, 'My journey from a deeply evangelical home to modernist and Catholic Oxford and then through Gandhi's settlement at Sabarmati to the tribal hills of India involved many changes in my outlook and way of life.' In India he had found 'sorrow and joy, disappointment and fulfillment but above all reality.' Elwin who possessed a true missionary spirit passed away in Shillong, Meghalaya in 1963. He was an influential anthropologist of the twentieth century. He has left behind a treasure in the form of books on the tribals of India. In 1965, he was honoured with the Sahitya Akademy Award, India's National Academy of Letters for his autobiography 'The Tribal World of Verrier Elwin' in the English language.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1902 : Birth of Verrier Elwin in Dover, England.
- 1921 : At Merton College, Oxford.
- 1926 : Appointed Vice-Principal of Wycliffe Hall, Oxford.
- 1927 : Appointed Lecturer at Merton College, Oxford.
- Verrier departed for India as a missionary.
- 1931 : Resigned from the church.
- 1932 : Established ashram at Karanjia village.
- 1935 : Embraced Hinduism but two years later distanced himself from all forms of formal religion.
- 1940 : Married Kosi, a Gond tribal woman
- 1945 : First Deputy Director of Anthropological Survey of India.
- 1947 : Appointed Anthropological Adviser. Got of NEFA.
- 1949 : Married Lila, daughter of a village head in NEFA.
- 1963 : Death of Verrier Elwin
- 1964 : *The Tribal World of Verrier Elwin* autobiography published
- 1965 : Awarded The Sahitya Akademy for his autobiography written in English.

TEXT

A PILGRIMAGE TO TAWANG

Tawang, with its great monastery in a beautiful upland valley in a corner between Bhutan and Tibet, came into world-news as the first place of importance visited by the Dalai Lama, when he sought political asylum in India four years ago. It came again, more tragically, into the headlines when it was captured by the Chinese and yet again as the scene of rejoicing when, it was reoccupied by its Lamas and the Indian administrators a few weeks later.

Tawang is a long way off, and when I went there the journey had to be made on foot or pony; now a wonderful mountain road makes it accessible. Lila and I went there in May 1956 and, since we covered the exact route taken by the Dalai Lama and his party when

they travelled down to the plains, I will describe our experiences, if he saw the same places and met the same people that we did, though in reverse order.

From Tezpur, where over two hundred journalists gathered to greet the Dalai Lama when he arrived there, we drove through Charduar at the foot of the mountains, and then up the new road towards Bomdi La. The Dalai Lama was able to make the entire journey between Charduar and Bomdi La by jeep, but when we were only able to drive about twenty-eight miles, in the course of which we climbed 8,000 feet, to the road-head, after which we went on foot and pony along a rather narrow bridlepath. It was not an easy journey, for to those unaccustomed to riding on the little mountain ponies, their habit of walking on the extreme edge of precipices (and there are many of them) is somewhat alarming; we were badly bitten by dimdam flies, horrid insects whose bites leave poisoned and itching sores; and before long our leg-muscles began to ache excruciatingly. But the path led us through such lovely scenery – valley and stream and hill, with sacred shrines to bless us on our way – that we quickly forgot the discomforts. The dust and tumult of mechanized transport were left behind us; ahead was pilgrimage among the snow mountains and the holy places.

This is, in fact, one of the most memorable adventures that NEFA has to offer.

There is first the beauty of the countryside – the distant mountains white with snow, the nearer hills dressed in pine, oak and fir; the smell of the pines; the waterfalls and streams; the banks carpeted with wild strawberries; the great displays of rhododendrons and a score of other multicoloured flowers. The journey over the Bomdi La is unforgettable; haunted, mysterious, remote, the great Pass gives the authentic thrill – distance and height are forgotten in wonder. And as you descend, there are the flowers. If there is a Paradise in NEFA, this is it, this is it, this is it.

At Bomdi La, which we reached after a two days' journey, we bought a dress suitable for our pilgrimage. I had a brown silk shirt and a long dark coat to the ankles with a red sash and a fine fur

hat; Lila had a red shirt, a black coat, an apron decorated with gay brocade, ornamental boots, and a charming, brilliantly coloured little hat which was perched on the side of her head – she looked enchanting.

From Bomdi La, escorted by a very dear friend, R.S. Nag, who was then Political Officer, and a fine young anthropologist, Sachin Roy, we went along a river valley to Dirang, eighteen miles away, which is one of the prettiest places I have ever seen. Monpa houses are substantial twostorey stone buildings, and here they are perched picturesquely on a number of small hills between which runs a lovely little stream of crystal-clear water. There are several Buddhist temples and other buildings which house prayer-wheels and grindstones worked by water. The great prayer-wheels, like the flags fluttering in the breeze, repeat endlessly (if inaudibly) the sacred words Om Mani Padme Hum.

In the middle of the village is an imposing old fort (dzong) and above it is a temple where we made our camp. This is a fine building with an upper storey containing many small images of the Buddha and a little library in which Lila and I were accommodated. Below, there was another room with some large images where the rest of our party stayed. It was refreshing to be in a really natural religious environment, in a temple where you could put up your camp-bed and sleep under the gentle and compassionate gaze of the statues. In Buddhism religion is not a thing apart from life: it is a part of it.

At Dirang we first met the Abbot of Tawang who happened to be staying there on his way to his monastery. This Abbot is one of the few real saints that one may meet in a lifetime. Looking at him, the phrase 'the beauty of holiness' came into my mind. Gentle, courteous, simple, luminous with inner joy, he is a completely charming personality and every time I met him I felt the better for it.

A mile or so outside Dirang we experienced the first of the welcomes with which the local people greet visitors. There were the Head Lama and his band of trumpeters (some of the trumpets were

seven or eight feet long) and drummers, and with him was a large crowd of local officials, chiefs and delightful school-children, all in their own attractive dress, very pretty and charming children too. At every village along the way the procedure was the same. We were met by the local dignitaries, generally with a band. Each garlanded us with a white scarf and we gave scarves in return. Then they led us in procession to a small tent, tastefully decorated with flowers, in which a number of seats covered with brightly-coloured carpets or saddle-cloths awaited us. There were low tables and on them silver, china or wooden cups. Sometimes there was a bowl of walnuts or wild strawberries. Then the wife of the leading inhabitant filled the cups with butter-tea – an alarming concoction of tea, salt and butter – and raised them one by one first to my lips and to my wife's and then to the rest of the company in strict order of precedence. I myself usually only touched the cup with my lips, for I found the smell of the often rancid butter overwhelming, but everybody else enjoyed it and some drank as many as eight cups in succession. After the tea, we were often offered rice-spirit, one of the strongest drinks you can get, rather like vodka.

This was sometimes a real embarrassment, especially when offered early in the morning and then reappearing in village after village throughout the day. But we learnt that if we dipped one finger in the bowl and sprinkled a little of the spirit three times in honour of the Lord Buddha, it was not necessary to drink it. Occasionally, however, the woman offering the drink would catch you by the ear and, tilting up your head, force the fiery spirit down your throat; sometimes she would sit in your lap to do so. I had heard that this was done by the prettiest girl in the village but, in my case, perhaps because I was chaperoned by Lila, I always got old ladies.

These Monpa people are singularly courteous, gentle and friendly. They take off their hats and, holding them between their hands, make a little bow at every word you speak. They still, in some places, put out their tongues by way of greeting. In my whole tour I never heard a child crying and I do not remember hearing a single angry word.

As we continued our march from Dirang the country got more and more beautiful, the mountains became higher, snow peaks appeared, and now as we approached any village people lit fires of aromatic leaves and branches to greet us. At Senzedzong, where the Dalai Lama halted on his journey, we had a wonderful reception on a broad plateau under the towering Se La mountains. It was a perfect day and the colour, the beauty of the scenery, the picturesque delightful people, the trumpets, the dignified ceremonial were unforgettable.

Now we had to cross the Se La Pass, over 14,000 feet high. We had been warned that the way was steep, that we should not be able to breathe, that it was sure to rain. And alas, rain it did, both on our way up and our way back but, though we could not see the distant views, it was a memorable climb. At the top, where we had a picnic lunch, there are twin lakes or tarns which are called the 'Eyes of God'.

When we reached our little camp by a stream, half-way down the other side, we found our tent had been made by the Monpas into a sort of bower of flowers, most beautifully done.

But flowers do not keep out the cold. It was the smallest tent I have ever been in; it was pouring with rain, and at about 12,000 feet we had the coldest night I had known for a long while. But at sunset Lila and I had a wonderful time picking wild strawberries.

Then we went on for another twenty miles to Tawang. From a distance of fifteen miles we got the first view of the great monastery riding like a ship on its hillside, 10,000 feet above sea level, and as we approached we had a dozen receptions in little villages along the way. As we drew nearer Tawang, the Prior and some of the senior monks in their splendid robes and impressive hats of yellow cloth came three miles out to meet us. The following day, May the 24th, Buddha Purnima, 2,500th anniversary of the birth of the Buddha, we visited the monastery: there could not have been a more auspicious moment.

We were met at the entrance of the monastery by the Prior and other monks; scarves were exchanged; trumpets were blown,

and we walked slowly through a fantastic medley of buildings into the great courtyard and the main temple, which with its great statue and hundreds of smaller images is the centre of an ardent devotion of the Mahayana type of Buddhism with strong Tantric elements. Fantastic images of demons, dignified images of great saints and Rinpoches (holy men who have been reincarnated in another birth), scrolls, flags, temple-hangings, bells and lights, human thigh-bones used as trumpets, rich carpets, gave the temple, which tradition decrees should always be illuminated by artificial light, a rich and sombre magnificence.

As it was Buddha Purnima day, most of the monks were sitting in long rows in the temple chanting prayers. We went round offering scarves to the principal images. The temple on this day was lit by a thousand lamps and decorated with some remarkable pictures made on the ground with coloured butter. There were also a thousand little Buddhas made of butter round the walls.

Later we went to the very fine library whose great treasure is the Getompa, eight large volumes, three of which are lettered in gold. There are also copies of the other main Buddhist scriptures, some printed and some handwritten; over seven hundred books in all. This may not sound very much, but a monastic book is a real book, about the size of half a dozen ordinary books of this careless modern world. The Lamas have a great reverence for knowledge, even though many of them are not themselves learned. Every temple has its sacred books which are carried in procession round the village on festal days. Books are worshipped, even if they are not read. In the library we were entertained with some strange-tasting but pleasant dishes and, of course, the butter-tea, and from the balcony we watched the dances performed in honour of the festival. The most moving of these was the Thutotdam, the dance of the king and queen of death, which reminds the spectators that death awaits every man and that they must not, therefore, be too much attached to worldly existence.

The monastery awoke nostalgic memories of Oxford or even, for I am a broadminded person, of Cambridge. There was the

same casual atmosphere which conceals so much dignity and protocol. There were the little narrow streets dividing the tall houses where the monks had their cells. There was the dignified common-room where the leading Lamas met to decide monastic policy and affairs. There was a great kitchen, and I especially noticed the enormous tea-pots in which the Lamas make their butter-tea. The courtyards were paved and there were many horses about. In a basement below the library was a large room in which were kept the great boxes containing the masks and elaborate dresses used for ceremonial dances, and even a printing-press. Printing was a laborious business. Books here are in the shape of long narrow rectangles and every page carved separately on wooden blocks.

This pilgrimage, as I have always called it, meant something much more to me than the ordinary official tour. I had always been interested in Buddhism and inspired by much of its teaching; now it became real to me. These few weeks brought a definite change in my life, a step forward in spiritual realization.

SUMMARY :

Tawang is a picturesque place situated in a corner between Bhutan and Tibet. It is famous for a number of reasons. First, for its Buddhist monastery in a beautiful upland valley; secondly, because it was the first place of importance, which the Dalai Lama visited when he sought asylum four years ago; and thirdly, because it was captured by the Chinese in 1962 and a later, because it was re-occupied by the Lamas and the Indian administrators after a few weeks.

Verrier Elwin and his second wife Lila went to Tawang in the month of May 1956, following the very route, which the Dalai Lama had used, but in the reverse order. Then the only way to travel was on foot or pony; but later a mountain road made it more easily accessible.

Tawang being a long way off, they started from Tezpur, and drove to Charduar at the foot of the mountains and then upwards by car towards Bomdi La. The Dalai Lama had been greeted by two hundred journalists when he had arrived at Tezpur; he had also

travelled by jeep between Charduar and Bomdi La. However, Elwin and Lila had to abandon their vehicle about twenty-eight miles beyond Charduar after a steep climb of 8,000 feet. Then, they went on foot and pony along a narrow bridlepath. The best thing about this path was that it led them through lovely scenic valleys, hills, streams and sacred shrines; the worst was that they had to endure the stings of dimdam flies and had to ride ponies along extreme edges of precipices.

Elwin regards this journey, to be one of the most memorable adventures NEFA has to offer.

He gives us a vivid description of the beautiful countryside and opines that if there is a paradise in NEFA, it is this valley. It is followed by a detailed description of the local dress, which they don in preparation of their 'pilgrimage' in the midst of the snow-clad mountains.

In the next few paragraphs, we are given a description of the Dirang valley inhabited by the Monpa tribe: their faith, customs and tradition. From Bomdi La, they were escorted along the river valley to Dirang by friend and Political officer R. S. Nag and a young Anthropologist Sachin. Dirang is home to the Monpa tribe of NEFA. Buddhists by religion, there were several Buddha temples. Great prayer wheels and grindstones were worked or rotated by water and along with the flags fluttering in breeze, repeated endlessly their sacred words: OM MANI PADME HUM. Their houses were two storied stone buildings nestled in the hills on both the banks of the river. The house where they put up was a small temple, which stood above an old fort or dzong, situated in the middle of the village. It had a small library and the room in which they slept had several small idols of the Buddha. Elwin found the experience of sleeping under the gaze of statues unique; It was not considered wrong or disrespectful to occupy space along with the Buddha and he understood that Buddhist religion was not considered apart from life. They met the Abbot of Tawang whom Verrier describes as gentle, courteous, simple and luminous with inner joy. The local people gave them a ceremonious welcome with local dignitaries and a band of trumpeters and drummers in attendance. Each place they crossed

had the same welcome for them and Elwin describes in colourful detail about the way the Monpa tribe showed their hospitality towards visitors. He also mentions their habit of sticking out their tongue as a way of greeting. His impression of the tribe was a favourable one: they were courteous, gentle and friendly.

The same ceremonial welcome was extended to them at Sinzedong, a plateau under the Se La Mountains, where the Dalai Lama had halted on his journey. They crossed the Se La pass, which is 14,000 feet high and came across twin lakes called the 'Eyes of God'. It rained as they crossed the pass and climbed halfway down the other side where at a height of 12,000 feet the Monpas constructed their tiny tent like a bower of flowers. Though beautiful, they spent a very cold night and the next day proceeded to Tawang twenty miles away. They got their first glimpse of the monastery while they were fifteen miles away. It stood on the hillside like a huge ship 10,000 feet above sea level. When they arrived, the villagers and the Prior with some senior monks resplendent in their ceremonial robes and hats accorded them a ceremonial welcome.

The following paragraphs of the essay are devoted to a description of the monastery. It had a huge courtyard and the main temple contained a huge statue of the Buddha along with smaller images. Here they witnessed the Mahayana type of Buddhism with strong Tantric elements. He saw images of demons, great saints, Rinpoche, scrolls, flags, temple-hangings bells and lights, human thighbones used as trumpets, rich carpets and the traditional artificial lights, which illuminated the temple in a rich and sombre magnificence. Since the next day was Buddha Purnima 24 May, the 2,500-birth anniversary of the Buddha the monks were sitting in long rows in the temple chanting prayers. A thousand lamps were lit, the ground was decorated with motifs made of coloured butter, and the walls were decorated with a thousand small images of the Buddha made from butter. They offered scarves, as is the custom to the Buddha.

The monastery had a library, which possessed rare Buddhists scriptures, called the Getompa, consisting of eight volumes-three

of which are lettered in gold. Of the seven hundred books, some were hand-written and some printed. The Lamas revered books even though they may not be able to read it. On days of festival sacred books were carried in procession around the village. In the library they were offered strange but pleasant dishes and butter-tea, a specialty of the area, while they watched dances performed in honour of the festival. The Thutotdam dance depicting the king and queen of death touched them the most. They realised that it was a way to remind spectators that excessive attachment towards worldly existence should be avoided as death awaits every man.

The monastery reminded Elwin of Oxford and Cambridge. He observed similarities between them, as there was the same casual atmosphere, which concealed much dignity and protocol. There were narrow streets dividing tall houses where the monks lived in cells. The monastery had a common room where the Lamas decided on monastic policy and affairs. It had a huge Kitchen with enormous teapots; paved courtyard, where many horses roamed at will. The basement below had a library and served as a storeroom for ceremonial costumes and a printing press as well. Printing was a laborious process, which required each page to be carved separately on wooden blocks.

Always interested in Buddhism, Elwin concluded that those few weeks had brought a definite change in his life; he considered it a step toward spiritual realization.

NOTES

'A Pilgrimage to Tawang' is an essay extracted from Chapter IX titled 'From Travels in the NEFA Highlands' of Verrier Elwin's autobiography *The Tribal World of Verrier Elwin*. The essay gives us a description of the author and his wife Lila's journey to Tawang. He writes in a very simple and lucid style. Sunil Jannah feels that Elwin had written a gentle humane and memorable autobiography. His sincere, feelings towards the simple, hospitable and large-hearted people of the region are evident. The natural beauty of the countryside compensates for all the hardship, which such a journey

entails. He is a keen observer of the different customs and traditions of the people in this remote northeastern region of India. They seem to fascinate him. He notes everything that he sees, experiences with obvious wonder; the love and the hospitality granted to him, and his wife touches him deeply. Both, his spiritual quest and his spirit of adventure are fulfilled by coming to Tawang. Here he learns a lot more about Buddhism, a faith that had always interested him. At the end of the essay he writes that, this journey had brought a 'definite change' in his life and that it was 'a step forward in spiritual realization.'

Viewed as travel literature Verrier Elwin's essay gives us geographical information about Tawang's position in India, documents its height, its climate, its flora and most importantly about the Monpa tribe who inhabit this region. Being more of an anthropologist than an essayist he does not focus only on the beautiful but is critical and factual. He places Tawang historically giving us a brief but important historical background of the region. An Englishman who had voluntarily become an Indian citizen he compares the atmosphere of the Buddhist monastery at Tawang to Oxford and Cambridge and finds a similar solemnity of purpose in both. He calls his journey to Tawang a 'Pilgrimage for it gave him a sense of inner peace and perhaps brought him closer to Buddhism.'

ANNOTATIONS

Tawang : District in Arunachal Pradesh, home to the Monpa tribe.

A popular tourist destination situated at a height of 3500 meters above sea level

Monastery : The residence of a religious community, especially of monks living in seclusion. reference to Buddhist monks here.

Dalai Lama : Religious head of the Tibetan Buddhists who has been living in India since 1959 because of political difference between Tibet and China. Winner of prestigious Nobel Prize for peace.

Captured by Chinese : Reference to 1962 Sino-Indian War when the Chinese occupied Tawang and Bomdi La. Later they were driven back after the declaration of unilateral ceasefire.

Political asylum : To take refuge in another country when the political disturbance in one's own country.

Bridlepath : a rough path or road fit only for riders or walkers' vehicles.

NEFA : Now known as Arunachal Pradesh. NEFA stands for North East Frontier Administration

Precipices : a vertical or steep face of rock, cliff or mountain.

Dimdam flies : insects whose bite is poisonous and leaves stings wherever it stings.

Rhododendrons : Bush like flowering plant. Blossoms are colourful.

Anthropologist : One whose purpose is the study of human cultures and societies.

Prayer-wheels : Used by Buddhists. It is rotated while the prayers are chanted.

Abbot : Head of a monastery.

White scarf : Used to greet people. It is made of silk and is a traditional symbol of respect and reverence.

Vodka : a strong fermented drink.

Se La Pass : situated at a height of 13700 meters above sea level.

Bower of flowers : a secluded place in a garden; enclosed by flowers.

Prior : the superior officer of a religious house or order.

Mahayana : a sect of Buddhism; the other being Hinayana.

Scroll : roll of parchment or paper especially with writing on it.

Getompa : Sacred Buddhist scriptures.

Lamas : Monks

Protocol : the rules, formalities of any procedure, group etc.

Rinpoches : Holy men who have been reincarnated in another body.

TEXTUAL QUESTIONS

1. Describe Elwin's journey to Tawang.
2. Describe the colourful customs and traditions of the Monpa tribe.
3. Why does Elwin call his journey to Tawang a pilgrimage?
4. View Elwin's essay as travel literature.

NOTES ON NATIONALISM

GEORGE ORWELL
(1903-1950)

LIFE AND WORKS

George Orwell, pseudonym of Eric Arthur Blair was the second child of Richard Walmesley Blair and Ida Mabel Blair (nee Limouzin). He was born on 25 June at Motihari, Bengal (now Bihar) where his father served as a sub-deputy opium agent for the Indian Civil Service under the British government. He had an older sister named Marjorie and a younger sister named Avril. When he was one, in 1904, his mother brought him to England where he received his education. He met his father briefly in 1907 and then in 1912 after he had retired.

He entered the Anglican Parish School of Henley in 1908 when he was five years old. After two years, he entered the prestigious St. Cyprian's School in Sussex. Blair studied on a scholarship, which allowed his parents to pay only half of the usual fees. He was a meritorious student with a zeal for acquiring knowledge and he won scholarships to both Wellington and Eton Colleges. From 1917 to 1921, he was a King's Scholar at Eton. He was 'relatively happy there because it allowed its students some independence. However, his

academic performance suffered; his reports showed that he might not be able to procure further scholarships for higher studies. During this period, Blair developed a resentment for and resistance against authority. He also became friends with a number of individuals who later became British intellectuals.

After his own description, his family belonged to the 'upper middle class'. They hardly had the means to see him through university education and Blair appeared for an examination, which secured him a place in the Indian Imperial Force, Burma. His grandmother lived at Moulmein, Burma and he arrived at Rangoon and then after undergoing training at Mandalay, accepted his position in 1924, at Maymya, the first of several postings. Blair was responsible for the welfare of 200,000 people who served under him. He worked sincerely and energetically but he soon grew to hate the imperialism of the British crown. He resigned from service in 1927 and returned to England.

Blair decided to become a writer and adopted the pseudonym of George Orwell. His name embodies his love for England and English tradition. George was the patron saint of England and Orwell was a river in Suffolk. In 1927, he shifted to London and lived the life of a tramp, collecting experiences of the life led by the poorer people of London. He documented them in an essay called 'The Spike' and in the book *Down and Out in Paris and London* (1933). In 1928, he went to Paris where he led a Bohemian life. He wrote too which was later published as *Burmese Days*. He started his career as a journalist with articles published in French magazine 'Monde' and 'G.K.'s Weekly.' In 1929, he fell ill and returned to London. He sent his essay 'The Spike' to 'New Adelphi' magazine and it was published in 1929. Blair began to write reviews for the magazine and took to teaching children privately. 'A Hanging' appeared in 1931 August and 'Hop Picking' appeared in October 1931 in 'New Statesman'. He joined Hawthorne High School for Boys in West London as a teacher but returned to his parent's home at Southwold in 1932. An essay 'Clink' was published in 'Adelphi' in 1932. His first novel *Down and Out in Paris and London* appeared in 1933 under his pseudonym

George Orwell. He took up a teaching job at Fray's College, West London. However, he fell ill with pneumonia after a soaking in the rain and had to return to Southwold in 1934. He began to work on another novel with the experience gained as a teacher. After completing the novel *Clergyman's Daughter* he returned to London and joined as part-time assistant in 'Booklover's Corner', a second-hand book-shop. He socialised a lot too in the evening after working in the bookshop in the afternoons. He started work on his next novel, *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying*. A *Clergyman's Daughter* was published in 1935; he also started writing reviews for the 'New English Weekly' and 'News Chronicle'. In the same year, he met his future wife Eileen O'Shaughnessy. His *Burmese Days* was finally published in 1935. He married Eileen in 1936. *The Road to Wigan Pier* appeared in 1937 after a lot of investigation and observation of the mines, social conditions and leftist organisations in economically depressed Northern England. Then the political crisis began in Spain and he decided to go to Spain. It was his intention to fight with the revolutionaries against the fascists, but after his experience there, he and his wife had to flee for their lives as they were suspected to be fascists. They escaped and returned to England in 1937. The communist 'Daily Worker' attacked *The Road to Wigan Pier* misquoting Orwell as saying that 'the working classes smell.' His views on the Spanish Civil War were not accepted. His health deteriorated and in 1938, he was diagnosed with Tuberculosis. He recovered and in 1938, *Homage to Catalonia*, which recorded his experience in Spain, was published. To avoid the English winter Orwell and his wife left for French Morocco where he began to work on his novel *Coming Up For Air* that was published in 1939. The same year his father Richard expired. When the World War II broke, Eileen began to work for the Censorship Department London and Orwell also volunteered to work but he was declared medically unfit. He wrote essays for *Inside the Whale*, films and books for 'The Listener' 'Time and Tide' 'New Adelphi' 'Horizon' and reviews for plays. He joined the Home Guard and later in 1941 became full time employee of BBC's Eastern Service. He introduced 'Voice' a literary programme for his Indian

broadcasts which ended in 1943. In 1941, *The Lion and the Unicorn* was published. He was enjoying a full life with his circle of friends during this period. In 1942, he began to work for 'Tribune' a left-wing weekly. In 1943, his mother died and he began to work on his novel *Animal Farm: A Fairy Story*. It was published in 1945, in Britain and in 1946, in America. Orwell and his wife adopted a son, Richard in 1944 but unfortunately, Eileen died in 1945 while she was under the influence of anesthesia for a hysterectomy.

Animal Farm became a tremendous success and Orwell became a world famous writer. For the next four years, he immersed himself in journalistic work and in writing his novel *Nineteen Eighty-four*. Meanwhile, he employed a housekeeper to look after his son and tried to re-marry without success. In the winter of 1945-1946 Orwell suffered from tubercular hemorrhage but survived. He decided to shift to Jura, a small island in the Hebrides in 1946 and continued to work on his novel. He returned to London towards the end of 1946 and picked up his literary journalism. However, his health deteriorated and he went back to Jura in 1947 never to return to London. In 1949, his *Nineteen Eighty-four* was published to immediate critical and public acclaim. When summer arrived, Orwell married Sonia Brownell but he was already seriously ill. Early in the morning of 21 January 1950, George Orwell collapsed due to lung hemorrhage. He was buried in accordance to Anglican rites in All Saint's Churchyard Oxfordshire. His epitaph was simple: it bore his name Eric Arthur Blair with no mention of his more famous pen name George Orwell.

CHRONOLOGY

- 1903 : Eric Arthur Blair is born on 25 June.
- 1904 : his mother brings Eric A. Blair to England
- 1908-1911 : Enters Anglican Parish School at Henley
- 1911-1916: Studies at St. Cyprian's School. Sussex.
- 1912 : Eric. A. Blair's father retires from service and returns to England.
- 1914 : First poem, 'Awake! Young Men of England' published.

1917-1921: King's Scholar at Eton.

1922-1927: Serves in Indian Imperial Police in Burma Resigns in 1927.

- 1927 : Goes to London and lives like a tramp.
- 1928 : Lives a bohemian life in Paris.
- 1929 : Falls ill and returns to London.
- Essay 'The Spike' published in 'New Adelphi' magazine
- 1931 : 'A Hanging' 'Hop-Picking' published
- 1932 : Joins Hawthorne High School for Boys as a teacher.
- 'Chink' published.
- 1933 : First novel *Down and Out in Paris and London* published.
- 1933 : Joins Fray's College, West London as teacher
- 1934 : Falls ill with pneumonia and returns to his parent's house at Southold.
- 1935 : *A Clergyman's Daughter* (Novel) published.
- Meets future wife Eileen O'Shaughnessy.
- Burmese Days* (Novel) published.
- 1936 : Marries Eileen O'Shaughnessy.
- 1937 : *The Road to Wigan Pier* published
- 1937 : Joins the revolutionaries in Spain. Shot at by Fascist sniper in throat Escapes from Spain with Eileen.
- Returns to England.
- 1938 : Joins the Independent Labour Party.
- Homage to Catalonia* published.
- Diagnosed with Tuberculosis
- 1939 : *Coming Up for Air* published
- 1940 : *Inside the Whale* published.
- 1941 : *The Lion and the Unicorn* published
- 1941-1943: Works for BBC's Eastern Service.
- 1943 : Joins 'Tribune' as Literary Editor.
- Mother dies.
- 1944 : Adopts son, Richard Horatio Blair.
- 1945 : Eileen dies.
- 1945 : *Animal Farm* published.
- 1946 : *Critical Essays* published. 'Why I Write' and 'Politics and

English Language' published.

1945-1946: Suffers from Tuberculosis.

1947 : Settles down in Jura, small island in the Hebrides.

1947 : Nineteen Eighty-four published.

1950 : Death of George Orwell.

ORWELL AS AN ESSAYIST

Orwell is more famous as a novelist than he is, an essayist because of the tremendous critical and popular acclaim enjoyed by his two novels *Animal Farm: A Fairy Story* and *Nineteen Eighty-four*. Almost all his books are in print and many of them have been translated into different languages. However, his essays and his journalistic writing which includes pamphlets, have been regarded by some critics as equal or of superior merit than his novels. Critics like Irving Howe, Q. D. Leavis, Conor Cruise O'Brien agree that 'he is much better reporter than a novelist.' Queenie Leavis drew attention to the fact that Orwell's non-fiction was closely related to his personal experience and was based on independent thought. Muggeridge wrote, 'As an essayist and journalist he was incomparable.'

His critical essays on Swift, Dickens, Gissing, Kipling, Koestler and Henry Miller are essential for an in-depth understanding of the writers. His essay on Charles Dickens is one of the earliest critical studies of the author and remains valuable today for its freshness and vigour. These essays were published under the title *Inside the Whale* in 1940. They also contain his thoughts regarding the author's world. His 'A Hanging' and 'Shooting an Elephant' are considered classics and his essays like 'Literature and Totalitarianism', 'Politics and the English Language' and 'In Defence of the Novel' are critical in nature. According to George Woodcock, his essays fall into three groups—autobiographical, critical and 'lastly the third group is more heterogeneous and less easy ...' to define.

'Shooting an Elephant' records Orwell's days in Burma and contains a vivid portrayal of the nature of British imperialism, which he grew to detest. Jeffrey Meyers states that, 'Though Forster wrote that 'Shooting an Elephant' is forceful but flat and without reverberations, the accurate detail of the setting, the moral dilemma

of the narrator and the slow death of the elephant presents an allegory of imperialism.' Very often, his essays as well as his novels depended more on personal experience rather than inventiveness for which Orwell has been criticised as unimaginative. Other essays with autobiographical elements include, 'England, Your England' and 'Such, Such Were the Joys.' Jefferson says that C. V. Wedgwood found a 'powerful concealed undercurrent of compassion', which gives his autobiographical essays their 'hard, unemotional power.'

Orwell incorporates his political belief in his novels and his essays. They exhibit his frustration concerning the political developments of the time. His anti-imperialistic stand is seen in *Burmese Days* and 'Shooting an Elephant'. On his return home, England's poverty shocked him, and his anti-capitalistic belief became evident in *The Road to Wigan Pier*, which was published soon after. It was a deliberate attempt on his part to show that the theoretical practice of socialism could not bring change in the lives of the working class. When the Civil War broke in Spain, he decided to fight with the revolutionaries against the fascists. However, he was himself suspected to be a fascist and he escaped from Spain with his wife. He wrote, 'We started off by being heroic defenders of democracy and ended by slipping over the border with the police panting on our heels.' After this experience he felt that anyone who was in Spain, 'during the months when people still believed in the revolution will never forget that strange and moving experience ... I have seen wonderful things and at last really believe in Socialism, which I never did before.' He discovered that Stalin had installed a number of devoted workers within the revolutionary cadres to eliminate the leading spirits of the revolution. He became disillusioned with Russia and accepted the fact that Stalin had betrayed them. He wrote, 'I have been convinced that the destruction of the Soviet myth was essential if we wanted a revival of the Socialist Movement. He developed a deep-rooted distrust of the left-intelligentsia and denounced totalitarianism. He believed that society needed re-casting and was genuinely concerned for the future of the world. He issued a timely warning through his novels *Animal*

Farm and Nineteen Eighty-four. They are remarkable for their prophetic depiction of a totalitarian regime with allegorized versions of the state under Stalin. Several of his essays like, 'The Prevention of Literature' 'Literature Vs. Politics' and 'Politics and the English Language' explore the relationship between literature and politics and how language could be used to build political atmosphere. Orwell warned against the danger of destroying the past in order to strengthen new dictatorships. The essay exhibits his total disillusionment of the political scenario and warns people against the misguidance of politicians and political manifesto. In his essay 'Why I Write' Orwell said, 'Homage to Catalonia, is of course a frankly political book, but in the main it is written with a certain detachment and regard for form, I did try very hard in it to tell the whole truth without violating my literary instincts.' According to Bertrand Russell 'the preacher, the pamphleteer and the political thinker are all fused together in his essays which makes him one of the best political writers of the twentieth century.'

The essays carry Orwell's distinctive stamp of clear thinking and clear writing. He is direct and hence his prose is forceful. At the same time, Orwell has always written in plain prose. It reflects his personal characteristic of honesty, courage and concern for the common man. His work is consistently serious.

A significant aspect of Orwell's essays is his patriotism. He loved his country but never suggested that it was better or superior to other countries or that England's logic was better than any other country. Orwell simply had no patience for such people whom he called idiotic to praise his country and century with such enthusiasm that he did not have the capacity to see greatness in another country and century. He criticised his country and revealed evils with utmost honesty and with the sincere belief to bring about change. He felt a great responsibility regarding politics and morals. His questions of language and literature is analysed in his set of essays, which deal with politics and language. His writings about the Spanish Civil War and the World further testify to his sense of responsibility.

In Jeffrey Meyers words, 'The phases of Orwell's reputation

as the social critic of the 1930's the essayist and political satirist of the 1940's and the austere yet gentle figure whom Trilling called a 'virtuous man' and Pritchett named 'the conscience of his generation' in the 1950's, culminate in a more unified view in the 1960's and 1970's. Orwell is now considered important for his social, political, literary and personal qualities, and has been placed beside Johnson, Blake and Lawrence in the English tradition of prophetic moralists.' His concerns influenced other writers to take up the cause of poverty; his political essays and journalism inspired writers in England and America while his cultural essays influenced sociological writers like Richard Hoggart and Malcolm Bradbury. His essays sought to bring about revolutionary changes in thinking and he was successful in achieving it.

Had Orwell never written *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-four*, he would still be renowned for his 'brilliant essays' and 'trenchant journalism.' John Rodden opines that he is in agreement with Irving Howe that Orwell was, 'the best English essayist since Hazlitt, perhaps since Dr. Johnson, the greatest moral force in English Letters.'

ORWELL'S PROSE STYLE

Orwell has written a large number of exceptional essays, which might have earned him a reputation similar to that which he experienced after the publication of *Animal Farm: A Fairy Story* and *Nineteen Eighty-four*. His 'A Hanging' and 'Shooting an Elephant' are accepted classics for the political, social and cultural wealth of information. 'The Spike' is about boarding houses for the homeless, 'Bookshop Memories' about second hand bookshops and 'Marrakech' expose Moroccan life. His critical essays of Pope, Carlyle, Dickens and Melville are essential to an understanding of the writers'. His political essays, which appeared in the 1940's established him as a 'supreme' essayist among his contemporaries.

Most of his essays are an outcome of his personal experience though the critical ones display his intellectual powers. Whatever be the subject matter it is to his credit that the style he chose with which he exposed his topic was appropriate. He wrote with lucidity and ease; making the essays appear highly imitable. However, anyone

who tries to do so will find it extremely difficult for Orwell writes in a style unique to himself.

His prose has been described as plain, clear and direct. He uses no ornamentation or stylistic device to express his thoughts. His writing is an outcome of his clear thinking. Since he writes without prevarication, his prose is forceful; there is no vagueness of expression. According to R. J. Vorhees, Orwell's style has a character of its own, 'Orwell's style is neither a neutral one, nor an imitation of any other writer notable for clarity. Although Orwell in his later years had a great admiration for Maugham's prose and for a brief time may have modeled on it, the two styles could not possibly be confused. Orwell's prose is, as it was, under a great pressure than Maugham's is. At the same time Orwell's is the more conversational of the two styles.' While reading his essays, Orwell the man's presence is felt; his strong individuality intrudes.

Orwell's personal characteristics are described as honesty, courage, compassion, decency, generosity integrity and responsibility. His prose reflects all these traits of his character. He was a great advocate of common sense and believed that it could help to solve a whole lot of issues. However, he rued that common sense was hard to come by and what people thought to be common sense was not really so. According to John Rodden Orwell felt that 'Genuine common sense is needed to counter what we have unthinkingly come to accept as common sense.

His words, sentences and paragraphs appear simple. However, scrutiny makes us aware that 'Orwell shapes sentences that disconcerts and surprise readers' and to 'impel us to feel discontented with stock ideas and conventional opinions' feels John Rodden. He used words carefully for their precise meaning; Superfluous words not used and ambiguity was avoided. In his essay 'Politics and the English Language he puts down his thoughts regarding the decadence of the English Language and provides us with rules with which English can be improved on a personal level. He wrote all his essays without using pre-fabricated phrases.

Orwell uses metaphor, simile and imagery but as he had said himself, 'the sole aim of a metaphor is to call up a visual image.' In *The Lion and the Unicorn* Orwell's comment on Sir Oswald Mosley is, 'He was hollow as a jug.' He was against state metaphor, simile and imagery and said that only fresh ones could evoke the desired effect.

Thought was more important to Orwell than any method of writing. John Rodden believes, 'It is Sharpness of thinking, not elements of style which Orwell intends to enact for and instill in readers. Richard Rees states, 'The secret of his prose style when compared to most contemporary prose is like a clear running stream beside a tank of chemicals, in that its source is in a mind and heart of exceptional purity and nobility.'

His conversational, informal and colloquial quality of prose prompts Jeffrey Meyers to suggest that, 'his informal and colloquial quality makes him a writer of the masses rather than the classes.' It instilled his prose with vigour.

In 'Shooting an Elephant' he wrote, 'A Sahib has got to act like a Sahib,' 'A Whiteman mustn't be frightened in front of natives,' 'The owner was only an Indian and could do nothing.' Such observations show Orwell's capacity for humour, irony and satire. While writing biographies he preferred the 'analytical and interpretative method rather than one of wit and piety.

The fact that Orwell was a working journalist could have helped him to develop a style, which seems simple but is sophisticated. It would be right to agree with Laurence Brander, 'Orwell helped to carry on two great traditions in English prose. He was an individualist and he cared for prose style. He did his work at a time when individualism was as unpopular as ever and when more crude writing than ever before was getting into print. English is a very difficult language to manage and few succeed in writing it well. Orwell managed it with great skill concentrating his energies to pamphleteering. By the time, he wrote his later essays he had tempered his style into a strong, fine supple instrument. He worked on his prose in the furnace of his intellect until it became a clear reflection of his character and what he had to say.' His words 'thought crime'

'doublethink' 'newspeak' has passed into common English vocabulary rendering him more alive than ever before though he is physically no more.

TEXT

NOTES ON NATIONALISM

Somewhere or other Byron makes use of the French word *longueur*, and remarks in passing that though in England we happen not to have the word, we have the thing in considerable profusion. In the same way, there is a habit of mind which is now so widespread that it affects our thinking on nearly every subject, but which has not yet been given a name. As the nearest existing equivalent I have chosen the word 'nationalism', but it will be seen in a moment that I am not using it in quite the ordinary sense, if only because the emotion I am speaking about does not always attach itself to what is called a nation — that is, a single race or a geographical area. It can attach itself to a church or a class, or it may work in a merely negative sense, against something or other and without the need for any positive object of loyalty.

By 'nationalism' I mean first of all the habit of assuming that human beings can be classified like insects and that whole blocks of millions or tens of millions of people can be confidently labelled 'good' or 'bad' (1). But secondly — and this is much more important — I mean the habit of identifying oneself with a single nation or other unit, placing it beyond good and evil and recognising no other duty than that of advancing its interests. Nationalism is not to be confused with patriotism. Both words are normally used in so vague a way that any definition is liable to be challenged, but one must draw a distinction between them, since two different and even opposing ideas are involved. By 'patriotism' I mean devotion to a particular place and a particular way of life, which one believes to be the best in the world but has no wish to force on other people. Patriotism is of its nature defensive, both militarily and culturally.

Nationalism, on the other hand, is inseparable from the desire for power. The abiding purpose of every nationalist is to secure more power and more prestige, not for himself but for the nation or other unit in which he has chosen to sink his own individuality.

So long as it is applied merely to the more notorious and identifiable nationalist movements in Germany, Japan, and other countries, all this is obvious enough. Confronted with a phenomenon like Nazism, which we can observe from the outside, nearly all of us would say much the same things about it. But here I must repeat what I said above, that I am only using the word 'nationalism' for lack of a better. Nationalism, in the extended sense in which I am using the word, includes such movements and tendencies as Communism, political Catholicism, Zionism, Antisemitism, Trotskyism and Pacifism. It does not necessarily mean loyalty to a government or a country, still less to one's own country, and it is not even strictly necessary that the units in which it deals should actually exist. To name a few obvious examples, Jewry, Islam, Christendom, the Proletariat and the White Race are all of them objects of passionate nationalistic feeling: but their existence can be seriously questioned, and there is no definition of any one of them that would be universally accepted.

It is also worth emphasising once again that nationalist feeling can be purely negative. There are, for example, Trotskyists who have become simply enemies of the U.S.S.R. without developing a corresponding loyalty to any other unit. When one grasps the implications of this, the nature of what I mean by nationalism becomes a good deal clearer. A nationalist is one who thinks solely, or mainly, in terms of competitive prestige. He may be a positive or a negative nationalist — that is, he may use his mental energy either in boosting or in denigrating — but at any rate his thoughts always turn on victories, defeats, triumphs and humiliations. He sees history, especially contemporary history, as the endless rise and decline of great power units, and every event that happens seems to him a demonstration that his own side is on the upgrade and some hated rival is on the downgrade. But finally, it is important not to confuse

nationalism with mere worship of success. The nationalist does go on the principle of simply ganging up with the strongest. On the contrary, having picked his side, he persuades himself that is the strongest, and is able to stick to his belief even when the facts are overwhelmingly against him. Nationalism is power-hungry, tempered by self-deception. Every nationalist is capable of the most flagrant dishonesty, but he is also — since he is conscious of serving something bigger than himself — unshakeably certain of being in the right.

Now that I have given this lengthy definition, I think it can be admitted that the habit of mind I am talking about is widespread among the English intelligentsia, and more widespread there than among the mass of the people. For those who feel deeply about contemporary politics, certain topics have become so infected with considerations of prestige that a genuinely rational approach to them is almost impossible. Out of the hundreds of examples that one might choose, take this question: Which of the three great allies, the U.S.S.R., Britain and the USA, has contributed most to the defeat of Germany? In theory, it should be possible to give a reasoned and perhaps even a conclusive answer to this question. In practice, however, the necessary calculations cannot be made, because anyone likely to bother his head about such a question would inevitably start by deciding in favour of Russia, Britain or America as the case might be, and only after this would begin searching for arguments that seemed to support his case. And there are whole strings of kindred questions to which you can only get an honest answer from someone who is indifferent to the whole subject involved, and whose opinion on it is probably worthless in any case. Hence, partly, the remarkable failure in our time of political and military prediction. It is curious to reflect that out of all the 'experts' of all the schools, there was not a single one who was able to foresee so likely an event as the Russo-German Pact of 1939(2). And when news of the Pact broke, the most wildly divergent explanations were of it were given, and predictions were made which were falsified almost immediately, being

based in nearly every case not on a study of probabilities but on a desire to make the U.S.S.R. seem good or bad, strong or weak. Political or military commentators, like astrologers, can survive almost any mistake, because their more devoted followers do not look to them for an appraisal of the facts but for the stimulation of nationalistic loyalties(3). And aesthetic judgements, especially literary judgements, are often corrupted in the same way as political ones. It would be difficult for an Indian Nationalist to enjoy reading Kipling or for a Conservative to see merit in Mayakovsky, and there is always a temptation to claim that any book whose tendency one disagrees with must be a bad book from a literary point of view. People of strongly nationalistic outlook often perform this sleight of hand without being conscious of dishonesty.

In England, if one simply considers the number of people involved, it is probable that the dominant form of nationalism is old-fashioned British jingoism. It is certain that this is still widespread, and much more so than most observers would have believed a dozen years ago. However, in this essay I am concerned chiefly with the reactions of the intelligentsia, among whom jingoism and even patriotism of the old kind are almost dead, though they now seem to be reviving among a minority. Among the intelligentsia, it hardly needs saying that the dominant form of nationalism is Communism — using this word in a very loose sense, to include not merely Communist Party members, but 'fellow travellers' and russophiles generally. A Communist, for my purpose here, is one who looks upon the U.S.S.R. as his Fatherland and feels it his duty to justify Russian policy and advance Russian interests at all costs. Obviously such people abound in England today, and their direct and indirect influence is very great. But many other forms of nationalism also flourish, and it is by noticing the points of resemblance between different and even seemingly opposed currents of thought that one can best get the matter into perspective.

Ten or twenty years ago, the form of nationalism most closely corresponding to Communism today was political Catholicism. Its most outstanding exponent—though he was perhaps an extreme

case rather than a typical one—was G. K. Chesterton. Chesterton was a writer of considerable talent who whose to suppress both his sensibilities and his intellectual honesty in the cause of Roman Catholic propaganda. During the last twenty years or so of his life, his entire output was in reality an endless repetition of the same thing, under its laboured cleverness as simple and boring as 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians.' Every book that he wrote, every scrap of dialogue, had to demonstrate beyond the possibility of mistake the superiority of the Catholic over the Protestant or the pagan. But Chesterton was not content to think of this superiority as merely intellectual or spiritual: it had to be translated into terms of national prestige and military power, which entailed an ignorant idealisation of the Latin countries, especially France. Chesterton had not lived long in France, and his picture of it—as a land of Catholic peasants incessantly singing the Marseillaise over glasses of red wine—had about as much relation to reality as Chu Chin Chow has to everyday life in Baghdad. And with this went not only an enormous overestimation of French military power (both before and after 1914—18 he maintained that France, by itself, was stronger than Germany), but a silly and vulgar glorification of the actual process of war. Chesterton's battle poems, such as *Lepanto* or *The Ballad of Saint Barbara*, make *The Charge of the Light Brigade* read like a pacifist tract: they are perhaps the most tawdry bits of bombast to be found in our language. The interesting thing is that had the romantic rubbish which he habitually wrote about France and the French army been written by somebody else about Britain and the British army, he would have been the first to jeer. In home politics he was a Little Englander, a true hater of jingoism and imperialism, and according to his lights a true friend of democracy. Yet when he looked outwards into the international field, he could forsake his principles without even noticing he was doing so. Thus, his almost mystical belief in the virtues of democracy did not prevent him from admiring Mussolini. Mussolini had destroyed the representative government and the freedom of the press for which Chesterton had struggled so hard at home, but Mussolini was an Italian and had made Italy strong,

and that settled the matter. Nor did Chesterton ever find a word to say about imperialism and the conquest of coloured races when they were practised by Italians or Frenchmen. His hold on reality, his literary taste, and even to some extent his moral sense, were dislocated as soon as his nationalistic loyalties were involved.

Obviously there are considerable resemblances between political Catholicism, as exemplified by Chesterton, and Communism. So there are between either of these and for instance Scottish nationalism, Zionism, Antisemitism or Trotskyism. It would be an oversimplification to say that all forms of nationalism are the same, even in their mental atmosphere, but there are certain rules that hold good in all cases. The following are the principal characteristics of nationalist thought:

Obsession. As nearly as possible, no nationalist ever thinks, talks, or writes about anything except the superiority of his own power unit. It is difficult if not impossible for any nationalist to conceal his allegiance. The smallest slur upon his own unit, or any implied praise of a rival organization, fills him with uneasiness which he can relieve only by making some sharp retort. If the chosen unit is an actual country, such as Ireland or India, he will generally claim superiority for it not only in military power and political virtue, but in art, literature, sport, structure of the language, the physical beauty of the inhabitants, and perhaps even in climate, scenery and cooking. He will show great sensitiveness about such things as the correct display of flags, relative size of headlines and the order in which different countries are named(4). Nomenclature plays a very important part in nationalist thought. Countries which have won their independence or gone through a nationalist revolution usually change their names, and any country or other unit round which strong feelings revolve is likely to have several names, each of them carrying a different implication. The two sides of the Spanish Civil War had between them nine or ten names expressing different degrees of love and hatred. Some of these names (e. g. 'Patriots' for Franco-supporters, or 'Loyalists' for Government-supporters) were frankly question-begging, and there was no single one of the which the two

rival factions could have agreed to use. All nationalists consider it a duty to spread their own language to the detriment of rival languages and among English-speakers this struggle reappears in subtler form as a struggle between dialects. Anglophobe-Americans will refuse to use a slang phrase if they know it to be of British origin, and the conflict between Latinizers and Germanizers often has nationalist motives behind it. Scottish nationalists insist on the superiority of Lowland Scots, and socialists whose nationalism takes the form of class hatred tirade against the B.B.C. accent and even the often given impression of being tinged by belief in sympathetic magic—belief which **probably comes** out in the widespread custom of burning political enemies in effigy, or using pictures of them as targets in shooting galleries.

Instability. The intensity with which they are held does not prevent nationalist loyalties from being transferable. To begin with, as I have pointed out already, they can be and often are fastened upon some foreign country. One quite commonly finds that great national leaders, or the founders of nationalist movements, do not even belong to the country they have glorified. Sometimes they are outright foreigners, or more often they come from peripheral areas where nationality is doubtful. Examples are Stalin, Hitler, Napoleon, de Valera, Disraeli, Poincaré, Beaverbrook. The Pan-German movement was in part the creation of an Englishman, Houston Chamberlain. For the past fifty or a hundred years, transferred nationalism has been a common phenomenon among literary intellectuals. With Lafcadio Hearne the transference was to Japan, with Carlyle and many others of his time to Germany, and in our own age it is usually to Russia. But the peculiarly interesting fact is that re-transference is also possible. A country or other unit which has been worshipped for years may suddenly become detestable, and some other object of affection may take its place with almost no interval. In the first version of H. G. Wells's *Outline of History*, and others of his writings about that time, one finds the United States praised almost as extravagantly as Russia is praised by Communists today: yet within a few years this uncritical admiration

had turned into hostility. The bigoted Communist who changes in a space of weeks, or even days, into an equally bigoted Trotskyist is a common spectacle. In continental Europe Fascist movements were largely recruited from among Communists, and the opposite process may well happen within the next few years. What remains constant in the nationalist is his state of mind: the object of his feelings is changeable, and may be imaginary.

But for an intellectual, transference has an important function which I have already mentioned shortly in connection with Chesterton. It makes it possible for him to be much more nationalistic—more vulgar, more silly, more malignant, more dishonest—that he could ever be on behalf of his native country, or any unit of which he had real knowledge. When one sees the slavish or boastful rubbish that is written about Stalin, the Red Army, etc. by fairly intelligent and sensitive people, one realises that this is only possible because some kind of dislocation has taken place. In societies such as ours, it is unusual for anyone describable as an intellectual to feel a very deep attachment to his own country. Public opinion—that is, the section of public opinion of which he as an intellectual is aware—will not allow him to do so. Most of the people surrounding him are sceptical and disaffected, and he may adopt the same attitude from imitativeness or sheer cowardice: in that case he will have abandoned the form of nationalism that lies nearest to hand without getting any closer to a genuinely internationalist outlook. He still feels the need for a Fatherland, and it is natural to look for one somewhere abroad. Having found it, he can wallow unrestrainedly in exactly those emotions from which he believes that he has emancipated himself. God, the King, the Empire, the Union Jack—all the overthrown idols can reappear under different names, and because they are not recognised for what they are they can be worshipped with a good conscience. Transferred nationalism, like the use of scapegoats, is a way of attaining salvation without altering one's conduct.

Indifference to Reality. All nationalists have the power of not seeing resemblances between similar sets of facts. A British Tory

will defend self-determination in Europe and oppose it in India with no feeling of inconsistency. Actions are held to be good or bad, not on their own merits, but according to who does them, and there is almost no kind of outrage — torture, the use of hostages, forced labour, mass deportations, imprisonment without trial, forgery, assassination, the bombing of civilians—which does not change its moral colour when it is committed by 'our' side. The *Liberal News Chronicle* published, as an example of shocking barbarity, photographs of Russians hanged by the Germans, and then a year or two later published with warm approval almost exactly similar photographs of Germans hanged by the Russians(5). It is the same with historical events. History is thought of largely in national terms, and such things as the Inquisition, the tortures of the Spanish Chamber, the exploits of the English buccaneers (Sir Francis Drake, for instance, who was given to sinking Spanish prisoners alive), the Reign of Terror, the heroes of the Mutiny blowing hundreds of Indians from the guns, or Cromwell's soldiers slashing Irishwomen's faces with razors, become morally neutral or even meritorious when it is felt that they were done in the 'right' cause. If one looks back over the past quarter of a century, one finds that there was hardly a single year when atrocity stories were not being reported from some part of the world; and yet in not one single case were these atrocities—in Spain, Russia, China, Hungary, Mexico, Amritsar, Smyrna—believed in and disapproved of by the English intelligentsia as a whole. Whether such deeds were reprehensible, or even whether they happened, was always decided according to political predilection. The nationalist not only does not disapprove of atrocities committed by his own side, but he has a remarkable capacity for not even hearing about them. For quite six years the English admirers of Hitler contrived not to learn of the existence of Dachau and Buchenwald. And those who are loudest in denouncing the German concentration camps are often quite unaware, or only very dimly aware, that there are also concentration camps in Russia. Huge events like the Ukraine famine of 1933, involving the deaths of millions of people, have actually escaped the attention of the majority of English russophiles.

Many English people have heard almost nothing about the extermination of German and Polish Jews during the present war. Their own antisemitism has caused this vast crime to bounce off their consciousness. In nationalist thought there are facts which are both true and untrue, known and unknown. A known fact may be so unbearable that it is habitually pushed aside and not allowed to enter into logical processes, or on the other hand it may enter into every calculation and yet never be admitted as a fact, even in one's own mind.

Every nationalist is haunted by the belief that the past can be altered. He spends part of his time in a fantasy world in which things happen as they should—in which, for example, the Spanish Armada was a success or the Russian Revolution was crushed in 1918—and he will transfer fragments of this world to the history books whenever possible. Much of the propagandist writing of our time amounts to plain forgery. Material facts are suppressed, dates altered, quotations removed from their context and doctored so as to change their meaning. Events which it is felt ought not to have happened are left unmentioned and ultimately denied(6). In 1927 Chiang Kai Shek boiled hundreds of Communists alive, and yet within ten years he had become one of the heroes of the Left. The re-alignment of world politics had brought him into the anti-Fascist camp, and so it was felt that the boiling of the Communists 'didn't count', or perhaps had not happened. The primary aim of propaganda is, of course, to influence contemporary opinion, but those who rewrite history do probably believe with part of their minds that they are actually thrusting facts into the past. When one considers the elaborate forgeries that have been committed in order to show that Trotsky did not play a valuable part in the Russian civil war, it is difficult to feel that the people responsible are merely lying. More probably they feel that their own version was what happened in the sight of God, and that one is justified in rearranging the records accordingly.

Indifference to objective truth is encouraged by the sealing-off of one part of the world from another, which makes it harder

and harder to discover what is actually happening. There can often be a genuine doubt about the most enormous events. For example, it is impossible to calculate within millions, perhaps even tens of millions, the number of deaths caused by the present war. The calamities that are constantly being reported—battles, massacres, famines, revolutions—tend to inspire in the average person a feeling of unreality. One has no way of verifying the facts, one is not even fully certain that they have happened, and one is always presented with totally different interpretations from different sources. What were the rights and wrongs of the Warsaw rising of August 1944? Is it true about the German gas ovens in Poland? Who was really to blame for the Bengal famine? Probably the truth is discoverable, but the facts will be so dishonestly set forth in almost any newspaper that the ordinary reader can be forgiven either for swallowing lies or failing to form an opinion. The general uncertainty as to what is really happening makes it easier to cling to lunatic beliefs. Since nothing is ever quite proved or disproved, the most unmistakable fact can be impudently denied. Moreover, although endlessly brooding on power, victory, defeat, revenge, the nationalist is often somewhat uninterested in what happens in the real world. What he wants is to feel that his own unit is getting the better of some other unit, and he can more easily do this by scoring off an adversary than by examining the facts to see whether they support him. All nationalist controversy is at the debating-society level. It is always entirely inconclusive, since each contestant invariably believes himself to have won the victory. Some nationalists are not far from schizophrenia, living quite happily amid dreams of power and conquest which have no connection with the physical world.

I have examined as best as I can the mental habits which are common to all forms of nationalism. The next thing is to classify those forms, but obviously this cannot be done comprehensively. Nationalism is an enormous subject. The world is tormented by innumerable delusions and hatreds which cut across one another in an extremely complex way, and some of the most sinister of them have not yet impinged on the European consciousness. In this essay

I am concerned with nationalism as it occurs among the English intelligentsia. In them, much more than in ordinary English people, it is unmingled with patriotism and therefore can be studied pure. Below are listed the varieties of nationalism now flourishing among English intellectuals, with such comments as seem to be needed. It is convenient to use three headings, Positive, Transferred, and Negative, though some varieties will fit into more than one category:

POSITIVE NATIONALISM

(i) **Neo-toryism.** Exemplified by such people as Lord Elton, A. P. Herbert, G. M. Young, Professor Pickthorn, by the literature of the Tory Reform Committee, and by such magazines as the *New English Review* and the *Nineteenth Century and After*. The real motive force of neo-Toryism, giving it its nationalistic character and differentiating it from ordinary Conservatism, is the desire not to recognise that British power and influence have declined. Even those who are realistic enough to see that Britain's military position is not what it was, tend to claim that 'English ideas' (usually left undefined) must dominate the world. All neo-Tories are anti-Russian, but sometimes the main emphasis is anti-American. The significant thing is that this school of thought seems to be gaining ground among youngish intellectuals, sometimes ex-Communists, who have passed through the usual process of disillusionment and become disillusioned with that. The anglophobe who suddenly becomes violently pro-British is a fairly common figure. Writers who illustrate this tendency are F. A. Voigt, Malcolm Muggeridge, Evelyn Waugh, Hugh Kingsmill, and a psychologically similar development can be observed in T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, and various of their followers.

(ii) **Celtic Nationalism.** Welsh, Irish and Scottish nationalism have points of difference but are alike in their anti-English orientation. Members of all three movements have opposed the war while continuing to describe themselves as pro-Russian, and the lunatic fringe has even contrived to be simultaneously pro-Russian and pro-Nazi. But Celtic nationalism is not the same thing as

anglophobia. Its motive force is a belief in the past and future greatness of the Celtic peoples, and it has a strong tinge of racialism. The Celt is supposed to be spiritually superior to the Saxon — simpler, more creative, less vulgar, less snobbish, etc. — but the usual power hunger is there under the surface. One symptom of it is the delusion that Eire, Scotland or even Wales could preserve its independence unaided and owes nothing to British protection. Among writers, good examples of this school of thought are Hugh MacDiarmid and Sean O'Casey. No modern Irish writer, even of the stature of Yeats or Joyce, is completely free from traces of nationalism.

(iii) **Zionism.** This the unusual characteristics of a nationalist movement, but the American variant of it seems to be more violent and malignant than the British. I classify it under Direct and not Transferred nationalism because it flourishes almost exclusively among the Jews themselves. In England, for several rather incongruous reasons, the intelligentsia are mostly pro-Jew on the Palestine issue, but they do not feel strongly about it. All English people of goodwill are also pro-Jew in the sense of disapproving of Nazi persecution. But any actual nationalistic loyalty, or belief in the innate superiority of Jews, is hardly to be found among Gentiles.

TRANSFERRED NATIONALISM

(i) **Communism.**

(ii) **Political Catholicism.**

(iii) **Colour Feeling.** The old-style contemptuous attitude towards 'natives' has been much weakened in England, and various pseudo-scientific theories emphasising the superiority of the white race have been abandoned(7). Among the intelligentsia, colour feeling only occurs in the transposed form, that is, as a belief in the innate superiority of the coloured races. This is now increasingly common among English intellectuals, probably resulting more often from masochism and sexual frustration than from contact with the Oriental and Negro nationalist movements. Even among those who do not feel strongly on the colour question, snobbery and imitation have a powerful influence. Almost any English intellectual would be scandalised by the claim that the white races are superior to the

coloured, whereas the opposite claim would seem to him unexceptionable even if he disagreed with it. Nationalistic attachment to the coloured races is usually mixed up with the belief that their sex lives are superior, and there is a large underground mythology about the sexual prowess of Negroes.

(iv) **Class Feeling.** Among upper-class and middle-class intellectuals, only in the transposed form — i. e. as a belief in the superiority of the proletariat. Here again, inside the intelligentsia, the pressure of public opinion is overwhelming. Nationalistic loyalty towards the proletariat, and most vicious theoretical hatred of the bourgeoisie, can and often do co-exist with ordinary snobbishness in everyday life.

(v) **Pacifism.** The majority of pacifists either belong to obscure religious sects or are simply humanitarians who object to the taking of life and prefer not to follow their thoughts beyond that point. But there is a minority of intellectual pacifists whose real though unadmitted motive appears to be hatred of western democracy and admiration of totalitarianism. Pacifist propaganda usually boils down to saying that one side is as bad as the other, but if one looks closely at the writings of younger intellectual pacifists, one finds that they do not by any means express impartial disapproval but are directed almost entirely against Britain and the United States. Moreover they do not as a rule condemn violence as such, but only violence used in defence of western countries. The Russians, unlike the British, are not blamed for defending themselves by warlike means, and indeed all pacifist propaganda of this type avoids mention of Russia or China. It is not claimed, again, that the Indians should abjure violence in their struggle against the British. Pacifist literature abounds with equivocal remarks which, if they mean anything, appear to mean that statesmen of the type of Hitler are preferable to those of the type of Churchill, and that violence is perhaps excusable if it is violent enough. After the fall of France, the French pacifists, faced by a real choice which their English colleagues have not had to make, mostly went over to the Nazis, and in England there appears to have been some small overlap of membership between the Peace Pledge

Union and the Blackshirts. Pacifist writers have written in praise of Carlyle, one of the intellectual fathers of Fascism. All in all it is difficult not to feel that pacifism, as it appears among a section of the intelligentsia, is secretly inspired by an admiration for power and successful cruelty. The mistake was made of pinning this emotion to Hitler, but it could easily be retransferred.

NEGATIVE NATIONALISM

(i) **Anglophobia.** Within the intelligentsia, a derisive and mildly hostile attitude towards Britain is more or less compulsory, but it is an unfaked emotion in many cases. During the war it was manifested in the defeatism of the intelligentsia, which persisted long after it had become clear that the Axis powers could not win. Many people were undisguisedly pleased when Singapore fell or when the British were driven out of Greece, and there was a remarkable unwillingness to believe in good news, e.g. el Alamein, or the number of German planes shot down in the Battle of Britain. English left-wing intellectuals did not, of course, actually want the Germans or Japanese to win the war, but many of them could not help getting a certain kick out of seeing their own country humiliated, and wanted to feel that the final victory would be due to Russia, or perhaps America, and not to Britain. In foreign politics many intellectuals follow the principle that any faction backed by Britain must be in the wrong. As a result, 'enlightened' opinion is quite largely a mirror-image of Conservative policy. Anglophobia is always liable to reversal, hence that fairly common spectacle, the pacifist of one war who is a bellicist in the next.

(ii) **Anti-Semitism.** There is little evidence about this at present, because the Nazi persecutions have made it necessary for any thinking person to side with the Jews against their oppressors. Anyone educated enough to have heard the word 'antisemitism' claims as a matter of course to be free of it, and anti-Jewish remarks are carefully eliminated from all classes of literature. Actually antisemitism appears to be widespread, even among intellectuals, and the general conspiracy of silence probably helps exacerbate it. People of Left opinions are not immune to it, and

their attitude is sometimes affected by the fact that Trotskyists and Anarchists tend to be Jews. But antisemitism comes more naturally to people of Conservative tendency, who suspect Jews of weakening national morale and diluting the national culture. Neo-Tories and political Catholics are always liable to succumb to antisemitism, at least intermittently.

(iii) **Trotskyism.** This word is used so loosely as to include Anarchists, democratic Socialists and even Liberals. I use it here to mean a doctrinaire Marxist whose main motive is hostility to the Stalin regime. Trotskyism can be better studied in obscure pamphlets or in papers like the Socialist Appeal than in the works of Trotsky himself, who was by no means a man of one idea. Although in some places, for instance in the United States, Trotskyism is able to attract a fairly large number of adherents and develop into an organised movement with a petty fuerher of its own, its inspiration is essentially negative. The Trotskyist is against Stalin just as the Communist is for him, and, like the majority of Communists, he wants not so much to alter the external world as to feel that the battle for prestige is going in his own favour. In each case there is the same obsessive fixation on a single subject, the same inability to form a genuinely rational opinion based on probabilities. The fact that Trotskyists are everywhere a persecuted minority, and that the accusation usually made against them, i.e. of collaborating with the Fascists, is obviously false, creates an impression that Trotskyism is intellectually and morally superior to Communism; but it is doubtful whether there is much difference. The most typical Trotskyists, in any case, are Communists, and no one arrives at Trotskyism except via one of the left-wing movements. No Communist, unless tethered to his party by years of habit, is secure against a sudden lapse into Trotskyism. The opposite process does not seem to happen equally often, though there is no clear reason why it should not.

In the classification I have attempted above, it will seem that I have often exaggerated, oversimplified, made unwarranted assumptions and have left out of account the existence of ordinarily decent motives. This was inevitable, because in this essay I am trying

to isolate and identify tendencies which exist in all our minds and pervert our thinking, without necessarily occurring in a pure state or operating continuously. It is important at this point to correct the over-simplified picture which I have been obliged to make. To begin with, one has no right to assume that everyone, or even every intellectual, is infected by nationalism. Secondly, nationalism can be intermittent and limited. An intelligent man may half-succumb to a belief which he knows to be absurd, and he may keep it out of his mind for long periods, only reverting to it in moments of anger or sentimentality, or when he is certain that no important issues are involved. Thirdly, a nationalistic creed may be adopted in good faith from non-nationalistic motives. Fourthly, several kinds of nationalism, even kinds that cancel out, can co-exist in the same person.

All the way through I have said, 'the nationalist does this' or 'the nationalist does that', using for purposes of illustration the extreme, barely sane type of nationalist who has no neutral areas in his mind and no interest in anything except the struggle for power. Actually such people are fairly common, but they are not worth the powder and shot. In real life Lord Elton, D. N. Pritt, Lady Houston, Ezra Pound, Lord Vanisttart, Father Coughlin and all the rest of their dreary tribe have to be fought against, but their intellectual deficiencies hardly need pointing out. Monomania is not interesting, and the fact that no nationalist of the more bigoted kind can write a book which still seems worth reading after a lapse of years has a certain deodorising effect. But when one has admitted that nationalism has not triumphed everywhere, that there are still peoples whose judgements are not at the mercy of their desires, the fact does remain that the pressing problems—India, Poland, Palestine, the Spanish civil war, the Moscow trials, the American Negroes, the Russo-German Pact or what have you—cannot be, or at least never are, discussed upon a reasonable level. The Eltons and Pritts and Coughlins, each of them simply an enormous mouth bellowing the same lie over and over again, are obviously extreme cases, but we deceive ourselves if we do not realise that we can all resemble them

in unguarded moments. Let a certain note be struck, let this or that corn be trodden on—and it may be corn whose very existence has been unsuspected hitherto—and the most fair-minded and sweet-tempered person may suddenly be transformed into a vicious partisan, anxious only to 'score' over his adversary and indifferent as to how many lies he tells or how many logical errors he commits in doing so. When Lloyd George, who was an opponent of the Boer War, announced in the House of Commons that the British communiques, if one added them together, claimed the killing of more Boers than the whole Boer nation contained, it is recorded that Arthur Balfour rose to his feet and shouted 'Cad!' Very few people are proof against lapses of this type. The Negro snubbed by a white woman, the Englishman who hears England ignorantly criticised by an American, the Catholic apologist reminded of the Spanish Armada, will all react in much the same way. One prod to the nerve of nationalism, and the intellectual decencies can vanish, the past can be altered, and the plainest facts can be denied.

If one harbours anywhere in one's mind a nationalistic loyalty or hatred, certain facts, although in a sense known to be true, are inadmissible. Here are just a few examples. I list below five types of nationalist, and against each I append a fact which it is impossible for that type of nationalist to accept, even in his secret thoughts:

BRITISH TORY: Britain will come out of this war with reduced power and prestige.

COMMUNIST: If she had not been aided by Britain and America, Russia Would Have Been Defeated By Germany.

IRISH NATIONALIST: Eire can only remain independent because of British protection.

TROTSKYIST: The Stalin regime is accepted by the Russian masses.

PACIFIST: Those who 'abjure' violence can only do so because others are committing violence on their behalf.

All of these facts are grossly obvious if one's emotions do not happen to be involved: but to the kind of person named in each case they are also intolerable, and so they have to be denied, and

false theories constructed upon their denial. I come back to the astonishing failure of military prediction in the present war. It is, I think, true to say that the intelligentsia have been more wrong about the progress of the war than the common people, and that they were more swayed by partisan feelings. The average intellectual of the Left believed, for instance, that the war was lost in 1940, that the Germans were bound to overrun Egypt in 1942, that the Japanese would never be driven out of the lands they had conquered, and that the Anglo-American bombing offensive was making no impression on Germany. He could believe these things because his hatred for the British ruling class forbade him to admit that British plans could succeed. There is no limit to the follies that can be swallowed if one is under the influence of feelings of this kind. I have heard it confidently stated, for instance, that the American troops had been brought to Europe not to fight the Germans but to crush an English revolution. One has to belong to the intelligentsia to believe things like that: no ordinary man could be such a fool. When Hitler invaded Russia, the officials of the MOI issued 'as background' a warning that Russia might be expected to collapse in six weeks. On the other hand the Communists regarded every phase of the war as a Russian victory, even when the Russians were driven back almost to the Caspian Sea and had lost several million prisoners. There is no need to multiply instances. The point is that as soon as fear, hatred, jealousy and power worship are involved, the sense of reality becomes unhinged. And, as I have pointed out already, the sense of right and wrong becomes unhinged also. There is no crime, absolutely none, that cannot be condoned when 'our' side commits it. Even if one does not deny that the crime has happened, even if one knows that it is exactly the same crime as one has condemned in some other case, even if one admits in an intellectual sense that it is unjustified—still one cannot feel that it is wrong. Loyalty is involved, and so pity ceases to function.

The reason for the rise and spread of nationalism is far too big a question to be raised here. It is enough to say that, in the forms in which it appears among English intellectuals, it is a distorted

reflection of the frightful battles actually happening in the external world, and that its worst follies have been made possible by the breakdown of patriotism and religious belief. If one follows up *this* train of thought, one is in danger of being led into a species of Conservatism, or into political quietism. It can be plausibly argued, for instance—it is even possibly true—that patriotism is an inoculation against nationalism, that monarchy is a guard against dictatorship, and that organised religion is a guard against superstition. Or again, it can be argued that no unbiased outlook is possible, that all creeds and causes involve the same lies, follies, and barbarities; and this is often advanced as a reason for keeping out of politics altogether. I do not accept this argument, if only because in the modern world no one describable as an intellectual can keep out of politics in the sense of not caring about them. I think one must engage in politics—using the word in a wide sense—and that one must have preferences: that is, one must recognise that some causes are objectively better than others, even if they are advanced by equally bad means. As for the nationalistic loves and hatreds that I have spoken of, they are part of the make-up of most of us, whether we like it or not. Whether it is possible to get rid of them I essentially a moral effort. It is a question first of all of discovering what one really is, what one's own feelings really are, and then of making allowance for the inevitable bias. If you hate and fear Russia, if you are jealous of the wealth and power of America, if you despise Jews, if you have a sentiment of inferiority towards the British ruling class, you cannot get rid of those feelings simply by taking thought. But you can at least recognise that you have them, and prevent them from contaminating your mental processes. The emotional urges which are inescapable, and are perhaps even necessary to political action, should be able to exist side by side with an acceptance of reality. But this, I repeat, needs a moral effort, and contemporary English literature, so far as it is alive at all to the major issues of our time, shows how few of us are prepared to make it.

SUMMARY :

Byron remarked that the English language did not have an equivalent word for the French word *longueur* even though the English had the 'thing' in considerable profusion. In the same way an idea, or a habit of mind affects nearly everything that the English mind deals in though no name has been given to it. The word 'nationalism' seems to be the most appropriate word to describe it. However it is not used in the ordinary sense of loving one's country, a single race or a geographical area. Nationalism is an emotion that may attach to a church or a class, or it may work in a merely negative sense against something or the other without the need for any positive object of loyalty.

Nationalism is not to be confused with patriotism. It is important to distinguish the two terms as they are loosely used to mean the same thing. By patriotism, the author means devotion to a particular place and belief in a particular way of life as the best in the world without wishing to force it on other people. Its nature is defensive both militarily and culturally. Nationalism is however, inseparable from the desire for power, not for oneself but for the nation or some other unit in which a person has chosen to sink his own individuality. A nationalist considers it his duty to secure more power, more prestige, for his chosen nation or unit.

The author uses the word in the extended sense to mean not merely the obvious nationalist movements of Germany, Japan and other countries, or Nazism but to include such movements as Communism, Political Catholicism, Zionism, Anti-Semitism, Trotskyism and Pacifism. It also includes the loyalty enjoyed by Jewry, Islam, Christendom, The Proletariat and the White Race to name a few even though they do not exist as a unit.

Nationalist feeling can be purely negative too as seen by the Trotskyists' enmity towards USSR without developing a corresponding loyalty to any other unit. His competitive spirit - either positive or negative, characterizes the nationalist. His thoughts are always full of victories, defeats, triumphs and humiliations. To him history, particularly contemporary history is an endless rise and

decline of great power units, and every event that happens seems to him a demonstration of his own side's superiority over his hated rival. Nationalism does not mean worship of success. He does not believe in something or join a side because it is the strongest but because he persuades himself that it is the strongest even when facts prove him wrong. Nationalism is hunger for power tempered by self-deception. Every nationalist is capable of the most flagrant dishonesty and because he feels that, he is serving a greater cause beyond himself, he is unshakeable certain that he is right.

This lengthy discussion on nationalism proves that the habit of mind earlier referred to is widespread among the English people and even more in the English intelligentsia. Hence, instead of a genuine rational approach to contemporary politics or certain topics considerations of prestige influence his views so much so that he forms his conclusion first and then begins to search for facts to support his view. Close involvement in the topic under discussion makes his views biased and no objective answer or solution can be expected from him. This is perhaps the single most important reason why political and military predictions have failed in the present time. No school could predict the Russo-German Pact of 1939, and when the pact broke, there were many wildly divergent views all of them false, simply because they did not arrive at a conclusion based on a study of probabilities but on their preconceived notion that the USSR was good or bad, strong or weak. Political or military commentators, astrologers, and aesthetic judgements especially literary judgements can survive on mistakes because they are not required so much to be accurate as to stimulate nationalistic loyalties. An Indian nationalist would not enjoy Kipling, and a Conservative would never praise Mayakovsky; the temptation to call a book bad one from the literary point of view when one disagrees with it is rife. Strongly nationalistic people are doing it all the time without being conscious of their dishonesty.

British jingoism is the most dominant form of nationalism in England. However, the author is interested chiefly in the reactions of only the intelligentsia, which displays its lack of interest in the

old type of jingoism and patriotism. A small minority has revived interest in them while the dominant form of nationalism is Communism. A Communist is one who looks upon the USSR as his Fatherland and considers it his duty to uphold Russian policy and interest at all costs. Other forms of nationalism also flourish in England. By comparing and contrasting all these forms of nationalism, it becomes easier to understand the concept of nationalism.

Ten or twenty decades ago, the nearest form of today's Communism was political Catholicism. G.K. Chesterton is perhaps the best example of an intellectually honest, sensible and talented writer who suppressed his capabilities for the propaganda of Roman Catholicism. During the last twenty years of his life, everything that he did and wrote was a repetition of the superiority of Catholicism over Protestantism and Paganism. He was not content to think of this superiority as merely intellectual or spiritual, he linked it to national prestige and military power which in turn made him idealize Latin countries especially France. His ignorance of the country led him to believe that France was a superior military power; even more powerful than Germany both before and after the war and unfortunately he also glorified the actual process of war. His spirited poems *Lepanto* and *The Ballad of Saint Barbara* put *The Charge of the Light Brigade* to shame. The author considers those poems to be the most vulgarly bombastic poems in the English language. Yet he would have been the first person to jeer anyone who might have written in the same romantic manner about Britain and the British army. In Britain, he was a staunch supporter of democracy and hater of jingoism and imperialism, yet when he looked at a foreign country, he forsook his principles quite easily. He admired Mussolini in Italy even though the latter was against democracy and destroyed the freedom of the press, something for which Chesterton had fought for in his own country. He found nothing wrong in the imperialism and the conquest of the coloured races by the French and the Italians. The fact that Mussolini had made Italy strong was enough to make him forget all other shortcomings. As soon, as Chesterton's,

nationalistic loyalties were involved his sense of reality, literary taste and to some extent, his moral sense became dislocated.

Though it would be an over simplification to say that all forms of nationalism are the same there are certain similarities common to all of them.

Obsession. All nationalists are fanatical supporters of their own side or party or power unit. The slightest slur on their unit or praise for their rival unit evokes a sharp retort. If the unit is an actual country like Ireland or India, he will claim superiority over it not only in military and political power but also in its language, culture, art, literature, the physical beauty of the people, the cuisine, climate and scenery. Nomenclature plays a very important role in nationalistic thought. When a country goes through a revolutionary process to win independence it usually changes its name. They consider it their duty to spread their language to the detriment of rival languages.

Instability. Even though nationalistic feeling is intense, it is transferable. Several people reserve their nationalistic loyalties for other foreign countries. Chesterton is an apt example of such nationalistic feeling. Often great nationalistic leaders do not belong to the country they have glorified. Sometimes they are foreigners or sometimes they belong to peripheral regions where nationality is doubtful. Stalin, Hitler, Napoleon, de Valera, Disraeli, Poincare, Beaverbrook belong to such areas of their individual countries. Houston Chamberlain, an Englishman created the Pan-German movement. Literary intellectuals has quite often transferred their loyalties: Lafcadio Hearne to Japan, Carlyle and many others to Germany and in the present age to Russia. At times loyalties are suddenly re-transferred. In the first version of H.G. Wells *Outline of History*, he praises United States of America but in the second version, it changes to marked hostility. A devoted Communist turning into an equally forceful Trotskyist is a common spectacle. Therefore, it would be natural to presume that within a few years nationalistic feeling may abandon Communism. Thus the first predominant characteristic of a nationalist is that his nationalistic state of mind remains constant; but the object of his feelings are changeable they might also be imaginary.

An intellectual nationalist is more vulgar, silly, malignant and dishonest for a comparatively unknown country. Views expressed by these intelligent people are so slavish and boastful that it becomes apparent that some dislocation has taken place. In England, public opinion is extremely critical, skeptical and disaffected. Such an atmosphere does not allow growth of nationalistic feeling and therefore the nationalist turns to that which is available to him nearby without acquiring a genuine international outlook. Having found it, he becomes enthusiastic about it and all those emotions reappear from which he thinks he has liberated himself. Instead of the abandoned idols of God, the king, The Empire, The Union Jack other idols under different names appear. Since they appear different they can be worshipped in exactly the same manner as their nationalistic fervor prompts them to without feelings of conscience or of doing wrong. Transferred Nationalism therefore allows the nationalist to carry on with his emotions without altering his conduct.

Indifference to Reality. All nationalists are incapable of seeing the truth. For instance the British Tory they would readily support such actions in their own country but oppose it in India. Inherent merit does not guide them but by what they are supposed to see in them. History is replete with such examples. It was always political predilection, which made them decide whether a certain act was reprehensible or even to acknowledge it as something, which had really taken place.

The nationalist not only decides to approve of whatever his party does but also contrives not to hear against anything that it does. This explains why Hitler's gas chambers of Dachau and Buchenwald remained unknown to his English supporters for at least six years. In nationalist thought, there are facts, which are both known and unknown. He possesses the unique capacity of not admitting unbearable truths unconsciously even to himself or on the other hand everything that he thinks and does is influenced it by it and yet he may never admit it even in his own mind.

Every nationalist believes firmly that the past can be altered. Whenever he feels that a certain event had occurred contrary to

their liking they will try to change history by putting in fragments of their fantasy world into the real world. Much contemporary propagandist writing can be described as forgery. Material facts are suppressed, dates altered, quotations removed from their context and doctored to change their meaning. There is no mention of undesirable events, and ultimately deleted. The nationalist who rewrites history does not merely lie he believes with part of his mind that they are in fact reconstructing history. Some may even believe that their version was what happened in the eyes of God and so justifies his action of rearranging them. The suppression of Trotsky's role in the Russian Civil War is a perfect example of this mental attitude.

It also supports sealing off one part of the world from another. This makes it virtually impossible to decide what has actually happened. Even if the truth is discoverable the facts set forth dishonestly by newspapers makes the ordinary reader unable to decipher fact from fiction. Since it is impossible to prove or disprove the unmistakable fact, it is possible to deny it impudently. Most nationalists while hungering after power, victory, defeat, and revenge are uninterested in the actual world. Since they want to see their unit always doing better than their adversary does, they are better off ignoring facts rather than examining them. Each nationalist controversy is inconclusive, as each believes that they have won over the other. Some nationalists in the final analysis may even be suffering from schizophrenia as they live quite happily amid dreams of power and conquest, which have no connection with the physical world.

Based on the common mental habits of nationalists, nationalism is observed in a number of forms. In this essay, the author is concerned with nationalism as it occurs among the British intelligentsia. Since there is a proper distinction between nationalism and patriotism among the English intelligentsia, it can be studied in a pure form. These categories are Positive, Transferred and Negative.

POSITIVE NATIONALISM

- (i) **Neo-Toryism:** Examples of this form of nationalism can be seen in the habits of people like Lord

Elton, A.P. Herbert, G.M. Young and Prof. Pickerton; the literature of the Tory Reform Committee, magazines as the 'New English Review' and the 'Nineteenth Century and After'. Neo-Toryism is different from ordinary Conservatism: It does not recognize the decline of Britain's power. They maintain that English ideas must dominate the entire world even when they recognize Britain's diminished Military power. All new anti-Tories are anti-Russian and sometimes they are emphatically anti-American. These thoughts influence dis-illusioned ex-Communists and younger intellectuals. The Anglophobe who becomes violently pro-British is a common figure. Writers like F.A. Voigt, Malcom Muggeridge, Evelyn Waugh, T.S. Eliot and their followers are a few of them.

(ii) **Celtic Nationalism:** Welsh, Irish and Scottish nationalism share the anti-English orientation though there are other differences among them. All of them declare that they are pro-Russian and fringe supporters declare that they are pro-Russian as well as Pro-Nazi. The difference between Celtic nationalism and Anglophobia is presence of a strong vein of racialism: they are convinced of their spiritual superiority over the Saxons in the past and the future. However, the hunger for power, the pre-dominant characteristic of nationalism is undoubtedly present. A symptom is their delusion that they owe nothing to Britain protection and of their confidence that they are capable of preserving their independence without British help. Writers such as Hugh MacDiarmid, Sean O'Casey, Joyce and Yeats exhibit such traces of nationalism.

(iii) **Zionism:** American Zionism is more violent than British Zionism. This nationalism flourishes within the Jews. All English people are generally pro-Jews and anti-Nazis. However, they do not possess any strong

nationalistic loyalty or believe in the superiority of the Jews.

TRANSFERRED NATIONALISM

- (i) Communism
- (ii) Political Catholicism
- (iii) Colour Feeling. The old-style contemptuous attitude toward coloured people and pseudo-scientific theories of the superiority of the white race has been abandoned. English intelligentsia believes in the baseless theory of the innate superiority of the coloured races, though they have no knowledge or contact with Oriental and Coloured Nationalism. Nationalistic attachment to the coloured races is usually mixed up with the belief that their sex lives are superior, and about the sexual prowess of the Negroes.
- (iv) Class Feeling. This form of nationalism survives in the belief of the superiority of the proletariat among the upper and middle class intellectuals. Public Opinion influences the intelligentsia. Nationalistic loyalty toward the Proletariat and vicious hatred for the bourgeoisie co-exists with ordinary snobbishness in everyday life.
- (v) Pacifism. The author lists three groups of Pacifists: (a) Majority of them belong to obscure religious sects. (b) Some Pacifists are humanitarians who object to taking of life and do not think beyond this point. (c) Minority of intellectual Pacifists motive appears to be hatred of western democracy and admiration of totalitarianism, though they will never admit it.

All Pacifist propaganda shows every side negatively. However, the propaganda of the third group of Pacifists is expressly against Britain and United States. They do not condemn violence as such but condemn violence used in western countries. Britain is condemned for using it unlike Russia even when they adopt war-like means. Pacifist literature abounds in equivocal remarks and their writers

praise Carlyle, one of the intellectual fathers of Fascism. Their secret inspiration is their love for power and effective cruelty. Though Hitler is the perfect example for such emotions, any Pacifist belonging to the third group would possess similar characteristics.

NEGATIVE NATIONALISM

- (i) **Anglophobia:** Such nationalists have a hatred for Britain. They belong to the intelligentsia and their emotions were visible during the war whenever Britain suffered a setback. The English left-wing Intellectuals did not want the Germans or Japanese to win but they certainly got a kick out of seeing their country humiliated. They wanted the final victory to be the outcome of Russian or American effort. Large chunks of intellectuals believe that any faction backed by Britain, particularly in foreign policy, was bound to be wrong.
- (ii) **Anti-semitism:** Though 'anti-Semitism' is supposed to be non-existent, actually it is widespread even among intellectuals. Left supporters too are not immune to it even though Trotskyists and Anarchists tend to be Jews. Conservatives suspect Jews to weaken national morale and dilute national culture. Neo-Tories and political Catholics very often succumb to anti-Semitism.
- (iii) **Trotskyism:** This word is used loosely to include Anarchists, Democratic Socialists and even Liberals. However, in this essay the author means a doctrinaire Marxist whose chief motive is hostility to the Stalin regime. The Trotskyist is against Stalin just as the Communist is for him. Like the Communist, the Trotskyist wants to feel that the battle for prestige is going in his favour even when he shows that he desires to alter the world. Both of them exhibit obsessive fixation on a single subject, the same inability to form a genuinely rational opinion based on probabilities. However, there is a false impression that Trotskyism is intellectually and morally superior to Communism.

Significantly, most Trotskyists are ex-Communists and though the latter is not secure against a sudden lapse to the former, they are not as frequent.

The above classification excludes the existence of ordinarily decent motives. This was inevitable because this essay attempts to isolate and identify tendencies which exist in human minds and perverts thought processes, without occurring in a free state or operating continuously. Moreover, some assumptions have been accepted perhaps, too simply. The first assumption being that everyone or even every intellectual is infected by nationalism. Secondly, nationalism can be interminant and limited. Thirdly, a nationalistic creed may be followed in good faith from non-nationalistic motives. Fourthly, Several kinds of nationalism can co-exist in the same person.

For purposes of illustration, the extreme, barely sane type of nationalist: rigid and crazy for power have been picked. Such people are common and not worthy of attention. A large number of people exist whose judgements are not at the mercy of their desires. Yet, it has been observed that the most pressing problems like those of India, Poland Palestine, The Spanish civil war, the Moscow trials, the American Negroes, the Russo-German Pact cannot be discussed on a reasonable level. The Eltons, Pritts and Coughlins are no doubt extreme cases repeating their falsehoods but it is true that without realizing it anyone might resemble them especially in unguarded moments. Intellectual decencies vanish when a belief is attacked, or a nerve of nationalism is touched; indeed, the past can be altered and the plainest facts can be denied.

Each nationalist has his loyalty and hatred; over and above them, each nationalist will not accept certain beliefs even in his secret thoughts. For example:

BRITISH TORY: Britain will come out of this war with reduced power and prestige.

COMMUNIST : Without aid from Britain and America, Russia would have defeated by Germany.

IRISH NATIONALIST: Eire can only remain independent because of

British protection.

TROTSKYIST : The Stalin regime is accepted by the Russian masses.

PACIFIST : Those who abjure violence can only do so because others are doing it on their behalf.

The astonishing failure of military prediction in the present war amply illustrates the outcome of partisan feelings. The intelligentsia is more prone to such failures than the common person because of his lack of strong convictions is. As soon as fear, hatred, jealousy and power worship are involved, the sense of reality becomes unhinged. The sense of right and wrong becomes dependent on partisan feelings. Loyalty is involved which does not allow for pity.

The author believes that the subject of nationalism cannot be contained within an essay. Though nationalism has given rise to worst type of follies, he does not believe that ignoring such sentiment or distancing oneself from it is acceptable. No intelligent person can stop himself from taking care and from having preferences even if the proposal springs from equally bad means. He doubts whether it is possible to get rid of nationalistic feelings, as most people possess them. However, it is possible to fight against them, and this is essentially a moral effort. This involves recognizing one's feelings objectively and preventing them from contaminating mental processes. The emotional urges, which are inescapable and are even necessary to political action, should be able to exist along with an acceptance of reality. However, the author repeats, it requires a moral effort, and contemporary English literature, shows how very few people are prepared to make it. 1945

WORD NOTES

Longeur : French word used in sports meaning - person holding the tether especially of a horse.

Byron : Sixth Baron George Gordon Byron (22 January 1788 - 19 April 1824) commonly known as Lord Byron. British Romantic poet who died at the age of thirty-six. His poems though small in numbers, like 'She Walks in Beauty', 'So, we'll go no more a roving' and narrative poems like 'Childe

Harold's Pilgrimage' and 'Don Juan', remain loved and read even today.

Nazism : German National Socialism practiced by the Nazi party and Nazi Germany under Adolf Hitler. Its predominant features include Fascism, anti-Semitism and the supremacy of the Aryan race over all other races of the world.

Communism : An ideology derived from the theories of Karl Marx. It seeks to establish a class-less society where ownership and means of production are common. It is directly opposed to Capitalism.

Catholicism : Refers to the Catholic faith with its theology, doctrines etc.

Zionism : A form of nationalism of the Jews and their culture. They support the preservation of Jewish identity; calls for the return of Jews from all over the world to Israel; and oppose their assimilation with other societies.

Anti-Semitism : Feelings of hatred and discriminatory action against the Jews as a community or individually.

Trotskyism : Refers to Leon Trotsky's view of Marxism: an extreme left-wing political ideology. It caused a split in the Communist Party of Russia during the 1920's. He opposed Stalin's ideology.

Pacifism : Refers to the firm belief, which opposes war, and Gandhi in India, Nelson Mandela in South Africa practiced violence for peaceful measures to bring about a revolution. Non-violent opposition.

Proletariat : Refers to the lowest social class comprising of the working class whose only wealth is their children.

Astrologers : One who predicts the future through the study of the positions and aspects of celestial bodies on human life and happenings that occur in life.

Kipling : Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was an English novelist, short-story writer and poet. Born in Bombay (Mumbai) he was taken to England when he was five, but his love and fascination for India is immortalized in his work. His

The Jungle Book is an all-time favourite. He won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907.

Conservatism : A social and political philosophy, which believes in preserving and supporting traditional institutions and the least change in society.

Mayakovsky : Vladimir Vladimirovich Mayakovsky (1893-1930) was a Russian poet and playwright. He is one of the representatives of the twentieth century revolutionary poets of the country.

Sleight of hand : techniques used by magicians, jugglers or card players where they manipulate deftly with their fingers in a manner, which is virtually unobservable.

British Zingoism : A form of nationalism, which believed that Britain was superior to all other countries. It included a sort of intolerance for Russia during the 1870s when the term was first coined.

Russophiles : admirers of Russia.

G.K. Chesterton : Gilbert Keith Chesterton (1874-1936) was an English writer, poet, critic, journalist, philosopher and debater. He criticized both the progressive and conservative ideology and their policies and became a staunch supporter of Roman Catholicism.

'Great is Diana of the Ephesians' : From the Holy Bible Acts 19:35 Ye man of Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana.

Pagan Greeks called her 'Artemis of the Ephesians'. People worshipped her as a fertility goddess and a temple with her statue was erected at Ephesus. The cult of Diana became so powerful that it became dangerous for those like the apostle Paul to preach the gospel of God. The statue carved from a meteorite became one of the wonders of the ancient world.

Marseillaise : the national anthem of France.

Chu Chin Chow : British musical film of 'Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves' (1934) through the director Walter Forde's point

of view. Orwell points out that it does not bear any resemblance to the real Baghdad.

Little Englander : person who was against the imperialistic policy of Britain. The colloquial term refers to people who are obsessively nationalistic in their belief.

Mussolini : Benito Mussolini (1883-1945) Fascist head of the Italian state from 1922-1943. He led Italy in both the world wars. He became an ally of Germany during the Second World War but was defeated and executed by Italian partisans.

Nomenclature : set of names and terms used by individuals or communities.

Spanish civil war : 1936-1939 The war was fought between the ruling Republican Government and the revolutionary nationalists, comprising of a group of generals under the leadership of Jose Sanjurjo. After a partially successful coup, Francisco Franco became the leader of the revolutionaries and fought against the government. It left Spain divided on religious and political lines. When the revolutionaries won, a dictatorship under Francisco Franco was established and the republican government was overthrown.

Anglophobe -Americans : Americans who dislike English or British culture.

Stalin : Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin (1878-1953) was a Bolshevik revolutionary who had participated in the Russian revolution of 1917. He was the Prime Minister of USSR from the 6 May, 1941 to 5 March, 1953. In addition he was the General Secretary of the Communist Party of Russia's Central Committee from 1922 to his death in 1953. After his death Stalin's regime was criticized and it produced mixed feelings in the modern world. His successor Nikita Krushchev, began the process of de-Stalinising Russia.

Hitler : Adolf Hitler (1889-1945) was born in Austria. He was a leader of the Nazi party in Germany and became the country's dictator from 1934 to 1945. The Second World

War was fought under his leadership. After his defeat, he is supposed to have committed suicide to avoid being imprisonment by the Russian Red Army in 1945. Hitler married Eva Braun, his mistress, two days before his death.

Napoleon : Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821) was born in Corsica. He received training from the French army as artillery officer. His successful campaigns against the enemies of France made him prominent and in 1804, the French senate backed him as the Emperor of France. He reigned for eleven years to 1815 and his brilliant leadership in the numerous wars that he faced during this period became directly responsible for his fame and respect as one of the greatest military commanders of all time. Military academies around the world study his tactics on the field.

De Valera : Eamon de Valera (1882-1975) was one of the most important political figures of Ireland under whose leadership Ireland Fought for independence from Britain. He became the third president of Ireland and remained in office from 1959-1973.

Disraeli : Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881) was the Conservative Prime Minister of Britain from 1874-1880. He was also a writer producing romantic stories like Sybil and Vivian Grey.

Poincare : Raymond Poincare (1860-1934) was the president of France in 1913 to 1920. He had been the prime minister of the country prior to this on five different occasions. He was born in Lorraine, a bordering district of France that had been lost to Germany in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-71.

Beaverbrook : William Maxwell Aitken (1879-1964) was a minister in the British government during both the world wars. He was born in Maple, Canada to a Scottish-born Presbyterian minister. He was a press baron, owner of several newspapers and was very influential during that time.

Houston Chamberlain : Houston Stewart Chamberlain (1855-1927) was born in Britain but he became a German citizen later

on. He was a political philosopher, a writer whose two volume book, *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* became a reference book of the twentieth century pan-German movement.

Lafcadio Hearne : Patrick Lafcadio Hearne (1850-1904) was born in a Greek island whose father was an Irish man and his mother a Greek woman. He became famous as a writer of Japanese legends and ghost stories and of New Orleans in America. He is sometimes known by his Japanese name Koizumi Yakumo.

Pan-Germanic movement : A movement, which grew in the nineteenth and first half of the twentieth century in Germany. According to this racist ideology, all German-speaking nations were to be unified in one nation-state to be known as Greater Germany; but it is practically non-existent now.

Carlyle : Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881) was a Victorian writer, philosopher, essayist and historian. He became interested in German literature and ideology, eventually gaining recognition as an expert in it.

H.G.Wells : Herbert George Wells (1866-1946) was a British novelist, famous for his science fiction. He is known as 'The Father of science fiction'.

Inquisition : A Roman Catholic Tribunal instituted to suppress heresy by punishing offenders. In the attempt at suppression such inquisitions became infamous for cruelty and severe, inhuman methods of punishment.

Star Chamber : Court controlled by the British king, established in 1487 and abolished in 1641. Though it was meant to dispense justice on such issues, which could not be solved in regular courts, it evolved as a cruelty chamber, which tortured witnesses and did everything except deliver death sentence. Since the court was held in a hall with, stars painted on the ceiling in the Westminster Palace it came to be known as the Star Chamber.

Sir Francis Drake : (1540-1596) He was a heroic ,daring and adventurous English sea captain who was the second commanding officer of the English fleet against the Spanish armada in 1588. To the Spaniards he was a pirate known as 'El Draque' meaning 'Francis the Dragon' and a reward was settled by the Spanish king for his life. The British Queen knighted him for his service in 1581.

Reign of Terror : That period of history (Sept.5, 1793- July 27, 1794) during the French revolution when the revolutionary government spread terror by adopting revolting measures like series of executions against their enemies and those whom they suspected to be against them.

The heroes ...from the guns : After the Espy Mutiny of 1857, and after Lucknow had been recaptured from the rebelling Indians The British executed mutineers by hanging them and blowing them into bits by tying them over the mouth of cannons which came to be known as 'blown from cannon'. It was an old method of revenge used by the Mughals in India.

Cromwell : Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658) after the defeat and execution of King Charles I in 1649 and the end of the English Civil War, his fellow leaders made Cromwell the ruler of England, Ireland, Wales and Scotland. He remained as the Lord Protector until his death from 1653 to 1658. His harsh methods of slashing Irish women's faces with razors and several historians have called the treatment meted to Catholics in Scotland genocidal while some consider him a British hero.

Dachau and Buchenwald: Nazi concentration camps and death camps.

Spanish Armada : King Philip II of Spain sent the Spanish fleet under the leadership of Duke of Medina Sidonia in 1588 to overthrow Queen Elizabeth I and to stop the English from interfering in the Spanish Netherlands.

Chiang Kai Shek : (1887-1975) Twentieth century political and

military leader of China. From 1928-1948 Chiang became the Chairman of the National Military Council of the Government of the Republic of China. The Nationalist government fought a civil war with the Communists under Chiang in 1927. Though a truce was declared soon after, ties between the two sides deteriorated and when the Communists defeated the Nationalists in 1949 Chiang retreated to the island of Taiwan. He was its dictator until his death in 1975. His rule was named 'The White Terror' because of the persecution and executions he carried out against his enemies.

Warsaw Rising : (1944) The uprising was a part of a larger World War II attack to liberate Warsaw from the Nazis by the Polish Army. They attacked simultaneously with the assault of the Russian Red Army but at the appropriate moment, the Red Army did not support them according to their expectation, which resulted in their defeat. Ever since this Soviet move has remained controversial.

Bengal Famine : A severe famine struck Bengal in 1943 killing 10 million people. Though historians suggest several reasons for this famine, government inaction in supplying food has remained a controversial topic of discussion.

F.A.Voigt : Frederick Augustus Voigt's (1892-1957) parents were both Germans. However, he was born in Hampstead, London and he was a British citizen while his parents became naturalized citizens before his birth. As a British journalist, his work in the "Manchester Guardian" made him famous.

Malcolm Muggeridge : Thomas Malcolm Muggeridge (1903-1990) was an English journalist, novelist and satirist. He had also served as a soldier and a spy during the Second World War.

Evelyn Waugh : Arthur Evelyn St. John Waugh (1903-1966) was an English novelist, short-story writer, journalist, satirist, travel writer, biographer and autobiographer. His famous novels include A Handful of Dust, Brideshead Revisited and

Sword of Honour among others.

Hugh Kingsmill : Hugh Kingsmill Lunn (1889-1949) was an English writer and journalist who fought in the First World War. He was kept as a captive in France.

T.S.Eliot : Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-1965) was born in USA but he became a naturalized citizen of UK in 1927 after coming to Britain in 1914. He was a poet, critic, writer, playwright and publisher. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in literature in 1948.

Wyndham Lewis : Percy Wyndham Lewis (1882-1957) was a British painter who co-founded the Vorticist movement in art and wrote novels as well as edited for the Vortist literary magazine 'Blast'. His father was an American and he was born in Canada. However he grew up in England when his British mother returned to the country after separating from his father.

Peace Pledge Union : This union is the oldest pacifist organization of Britain, which came into being in the nineteen thirties amidst fears of breaking of another war. Since then this non-sectarian organization has campaigned against war.

The Blackshirts : Benito Mussolini organized groups of paramilitary forces as the military arm of his Fascist political movement. He used it extensively to Italianize those regions received from Britain in return for helping the country during the First World War. Their methods were harsh and vicious and they wore black shirts after which they came to be known.

El Alamein : A place in Egypt. In 1942, during the second world war the second battle of El Alamein was fought which changed the course of the Allied troop's victory over Axis advance.

Bellicist : one who is war centered or war oriented.

Lloyd George : David Lloyd George (1863-1945) was the Prime Minister of Britain from 1916 to 1922. A Welsh man, he was a liberal and headed the Liberal Party from 1926-1931.

Boer War : the British against the Boers (farmers) in the Transvaal and Oranje Vrijstaat (South Africa) fought two Boer Wars (1880-1881 and 1899-1902). After defeating them in the second battle Britain turned these regions into colonies. It was the first instance of using harsh methods of isolating and imprisoning Boer civilians in concentration camps in modern history.

Caspian Sea : Largest lake in the world near Russia in the North and Iran in the south.

TEXTUAL QUESTIONS

1. Discuss Orwell's notion of nationalism. What are its merits and demerits?
2. Discuss the three characteristics, which describe those who follow nationalistic sentiment.
3. List the varieties of nationalism that Orwell observes among English Intellectuals. Why has he chosen to consider nationalism only as it occurs among the English Intelligentsia?
4. Explain what Orwell means by 'MORAL effort'. How can such an effort minimize the effects of nationalism?

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