



GANDHISM

IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

BY
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TO
MAHATMA GANDHI

AND
all those who have suffered and sacrificed
for Bharatvarsha

NOTE.

All the papers which appear in this book appeared in the columns of the 'Servant', the leading N. C. O. organ of Calcutta. Many of these were written under interesting conditions and subsequently printed in the 'Servant' when the author took over its charge as Editor. Many more have appeared in the 'Servant' from time to time.

These papers in their own way are a compendium of Gandhism in theory and practice and at the request of several patriotic friends who found in them more than a passing, merely ephemeral and journalistic interest, the author has taken the liberty of publishing them in book-form.

He can only hope the thoughts and problems herein raised would shed some light on the moral and spiritual war in which India is now engaged for the cause of a freedom which is as much political as socio-religious. He hopes the present performance will be a fitting sequel to his earlier book, "The Ideal of Swaraj" published in October 1921, on the eve of his imprisonment.

Calcutta,	}	NRIPENDRA CHANDRA BANDYOPADHYAYA
the 8th Gandhi day,		
18th November 1922.		

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The Philosophy of Gandhism

Gandhism in essence and practice aims at effecting a political revolution only as a stepping-stone to a widely comprehensive moral and social revolution. The political effort proceeds *pari passu* with the moral effort, is in fact an outflow of the latter. Those who have been taunting this cult (which to-day is an All-India faith) with any alliance or affinity with a crude, lurid Bolshevism or a mystical lapse into Medievalism, utter opinions without any value. For the Russian parallel will not hold good in India—Russia has stood so long for a semi-savage compromise between a mystic Asianism, a wild 'Tartarism', and an unbridled, materialistic and imperialistic Chauvinism; she has been a disproportionately developed child seeking to suppress her mystic reverie, her pathetic tenderness and simple joy-life under a crushing load of ill-assorted Europeanism—and she has been a frightful 'gnome' destroying the peace of the world balance and eating into her own vitals at the same time; and at last through long years of martyrdom

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and penance, through a long drawn-out moral and physical agony, her real self appears to be groping for expression ! The Catholic Medievalism again is not such a damaging parallel as it is commonly imagined—for it has been a great power for stable development and it realised an ideal of dreamy charity and towering faith in the Reality of the Spirit—and the monastic discipline under its aegis. The universities of its foundation, the simplicity and unity of life fostered by it has really been the uplifter of modern Europe from the quick-sands and mire of a brutish animal life of lust, passion and physical force. We believe with many that considered as a world-force, its significance is more potent (despite hideous lapses during degenerate inquisition days) as a constructive factor than Protestantism. The latter has led Europe to an unbridled Satanism—subordinating poetry to prose, philosophy to Science, and spiritual ends to merely material degenerations. Truly interpreted, Emerson's dictum still holds: ;—'Plato is Asia, Asia is Plato;' i.e. Asian mysticism and catholicity gave birth to Plato and the Greek culture ; and what is best and most permanent in the subsoil of the Europeo-American superstructure is Asian in spirit—for is not Chris-

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tianity itself Asian and is it not the curdling of the sweet milk of Christianity in the miasma of the European Scientific-Industrialist State that is responsible for her present growing relapse into barbarism? Seen in this perspective, the Indian movement resolves itself into a resurgence of the daughter-states of Asia back to the Asian spirit and a calling of all the ancient fold. The beauty of this Asian spirit is centred in the real Japan—the order and symmetry in the real China—the philosophy of its life has again surged up and is welling forth in India. This explains the success of Vivekananda's appeal in the West; this is at the root of Jagadis Chandra's philosophico-scientific discovery, so much appreciated in the wonder-lands of modern separatistic science—this it is which has made the name and charm of Rabindra Nath in the cultured centres of the Western world.—And in naming these, the outlines of a nascent India are shot forth as on an 'illuminating' screen. Mahatma Gandhi's achievement lies in the broad lines in which he has reconceived these messages of the spirit in Poetry, Philosophy and Science and has brought about a moral and spiritual efflorescence throughout the land. Thus under-

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stood, Gandhism spells the magic panacea that would heal the world miseries and is a positively entrancing Religion—It paves the way to large millions of men and women partakers of his supreme realisation. This view at once places the Indian movement in its true quality of a pioneer, fore-shadowing the big World-Revival that has commenced. After centuries of blood and iron, is not the world gasping for nectar and honey?—a nectar that fails not ever, a honey more honied than manna. The eternal calm and peace and balance that are the quest of the World come only out of a realisation that in the ways of sweet renunciation and absorbing selfless giving, in the faith 'that looks through death' the creed that resisteth not and returns good for evil, lies the balm to the anguished heart of the world. Politics is only a subsidiary link in the chain—a very exterior and crude manifestation of its Reality has got to be grasped yet both by many within the fold and many without. The 'law and order' which it seeks to supplant is only a make-shift and has lost its appeal for an enlarged human conscience; and Mahatma Gandhi symbolises to millions a prophet and a seer as original, as true to

NON-RESISTANCE

the eternal compass, as Buddha and Christ: he re-incarnates their spirit and fulfils what even they left partially accomplished. In fact we make no scruple in saying that Mahatma *the individual* is much less to his believers than the *Principle—the abiding Truth he reflects and seeks to realise*, and that such a fit vessel of the Divine Worth should inspire an emotional wave throughout India and steel the hearts of millions into faith and spiritual resistance to an effete social and political order is easy to understand. The Hour brings the Man and the Indians, masses as well as classes, believe that 'he is the man.' Such a movement led by such a man can not be killed—Oh, that our diplomat—bureaucrat could only rise to the orbit of his world and see him in all the shining transparency of the ideal!

Non-Resistance.

Non-Resistance is not 'sexlessness'—non-co-operators do not 'invoke the power of love to cover their fear of bloodshed, they do not confuse the supreme virtue with dread of sacrifice.' It is the state of the soul at war and its ultimate objects are

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the last defiance of falsehood and wrong, and the power to bear all that can be inflicted by evil agents. It speaks the truth, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations, and scornful of being scorned. It persists; it is of undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

Non-violent non-co-operation is a challenge of *faith* against the *powers* and *principalities* of the world. Mahatma Gandhi says, 'a non-co-operator has burnt his boats, the sole reliance is on God, the rock of the ages.' He has got no arms, no ammunitions, no weapons of offence or defence. When brute force calls out, 'Why slaves, 'tis our power to hang ye?' the non-violent non-co-operator with his deep faith in God and in humanity respectfully answers 'Very likely; and 'tis our power, then, to be hanged and scorn ye.'

Nobody knows whether India will be able to come out successful in *this* holy war, no one knows whether she will gain her freedom in *this* her non-violent fight. Mr. Wilfred Wellock says, 'Whether this new movement possesses sustaining power, motive and vision sufficient to achieve the

NON-RESISTANCE

end desired, only time can say. What must be obvious to every dispassionate observer is that it is the expression of something more than a passing impulse and that whether it succeeds or fails in its immediate object India will never be the submissive India of pre-war days or the tool and victim of British financiers.'

But we non-co-operators do not despair. It is not much that 'India will not be the submissive India of pre-war days' and that she has now learnt to respect herself. She may not have much riches—her economic power may be very weak—but when the curtain will at last fall on the drama, may we non-co-operators be able to say with truth, 'Mother India, your sons did not partake in a bloody war—they loved you and humanity and have learnt to rather die than to live like beasts of prey ! It is far better for a people to be wiped out than to murder, loot, exploit, enslave helpless peoples in the name of civilisation. That is our creed—a creed with venerable and hoary sanctions behind—those of Buddha, of Christ, of Chaitanya of old—and the living illustrations furnished by the *conscientious objectors* in Europe and America and by the smiling sufferers of the India of to-day.

Swaraj.

What is the Swaraj that India is striving after to day ? Is it to be a copy of British Parliamentarism—a replica of its party politics, sectional voting, secret and wary wire-pulling behind the scenes ? Do you want a mere mechanical *majority rule* with a semblance of merely constitutional procedure, kept on by subsidised press agitation, judicious distribution of patronage and honours, a balancing of conflicting party interests in a Coalition Cabinet ? Do you want a Government with physical force as its only effective sanction ? Do you want to be party to a system that exploits man for killing his brother, unsexes woman for the lime-light and pushful activities, sweats labour in the interest of capital and sucks the sustenance of 'backward' races by the industrial suction-pump ? Will you have majorities oppress and suppress minorities ? Will you have carefully simulated ways of secret trickery drive out of the field the open, straight methods of honesty ? Do you want a repetition of Lloyd Georgian astuteness on the soil of India ? If so, you are not with us. You are a mere copyist, an unintelligent imitator, divorced from the spirit and methods of real Indianism.

SWARAJ

Our picture of Swarajist India is entirely different. And first, let us, with the faith that is in us, attempt to say what Swarajist India will not be.

She will not be an imitation or a jumble, but she will be, through all growths and changes, her self. She will not be a militarist-industrialist state; she will not be a Bolshevist Communism, scattering time-honoured concepts of private ownership to the winds, and subjecting the moral and intellectual aristocracy to the tender mercies of a fury-seized Demos; she will not evolve a Dictatorship of the Proletariat; she will not develop an aggressive, devouring, devastating attitude towards less 'favoured' races and peoples; she will not grow slums in big cities; she will not present an aggressive type of womanhood, she will not have to rear foundling-asylums and pauper houses. She will not sacrifice man to machine, the spiritual to the utilitarian; she will not nurse religious bigotry; she will not arrogate to herself a monopoly of wisdom and virtue and go out of her way on 'civilising' missions.

And finally she will not foster pruriency and sensationalism in Literature and Art; a hypocri-

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tical elegance in social manners, an inordinate worship of material goods. She will not unduly exalt the art of offence and defence into a mystery and a cult, making of the man an armed brute, a primitive barbarian.

But she will rejuvenate, revitalise, reshape herself along the veins of her age-long *Sadhana*. She will be a messenger of peace and holiness to a Satan-ridden storm-tossed world ; she will be to the Nations a *Brahmin*, a realiser of oneness, of supreme unity, of deep-toned catholicity, of the sacrifice that enlarges, the simplicity that freshens, the charity that bears and forbears. Crucified among nations, India will yet put on the Crown of Thorns and shed forth a white gleam of angel-sweetness in the act.

She might well be the Moral Head of a Europe-Asiatic Federation. She might well be the centre of a catholic, universal culture. Science and religion, ideal ends and practical endeavour will kiss hands on her holy soil.

Her Art will have the print of Universal Beauty upon it ; her painters will pierce through the shell to the essence, project all the fragrant heroisms, all the dewy chivalries of history, paint

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matter in the hues of the spirit and give a starting reality to visions and trances spiritual. Her poetry and drama will be the vesture of the simple passions and delights, the tears and sorrows of the common man and woman and strike out notes of the true, the tender, the noble, the common, and weave of them a wonder-world.

The doing of the West will India link to the thinking of the East—the centripetal and the centrifugal in social mechanics she will reconcile. Active resistance to evil will she tone down to the mantram of Non-Resistance; movement, eternal whirl, aimless, ceaseless activism will she transfigure into a movement true to a high, arduous end, will direct it, economise it.

A manlier, grittier, alerter citizen-type; educational centres and quiet culture—asramas illustrating new methods and employing new ideals of communal sacrifice and patriotic fervour; radiant careers for our sweet, radiant Womanhood; red brutal war diverted to transforming 'moral equivalents'—to the Polar expedition, the Himalayan ascent, the circling of the seas by air; the eradication of the world-suffering—the reconquest by

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the hoe and the spade and the plough of wild spaces, making the desert blossom into the rose—all these and more will a Swarajist India evolve!

Victory to these new seekers of vitalising India! Victory to the master-pilot, Mahatma Gandhi!

Absolute and Qualified Swaraj.

From day to day will be intensified now the differences in outlook and ideal of the three parties to the game of Indian Politics—the old Bureaucracy, the party of compromise in the Congress, and the absolute Idealist of Swaraj. The differences are now not so patent, but they will emerge into view soon and lead our politics—who knows into what eddying currents? For the present the Swaraj party is whole and undivided*—but as soon as more constructive organisations bid for fashioning, whether as a result of truce or as subsidiary to a more vigorous life and death struggle for Swaraj, the ideals and outlines of Swaraj will come to be discussed more and more in detail—and then it will be found that Swaraj in India may have

*This was written before the Gaya Congress of Decr. 1922.

ABSOLUTE AND QUALIFIED SWARAJ

precious little to learn from European and American brands of the Free State and have a connotation all its own.

Notions of a Parliamentary Government for India and of genuine Indian Swaraj may be as the poles asunder. The ideas of Swaraj, both quantitative and qualitative held by the Bureaucracy and those held by the qualified Swarajists as well as those that the Absolute Swaraj party entertain must perforce be widely different. The Bureaucracy sees the Indian problem through British parliamentary notions—the widened franchise, the setting up of rigidly defined parties along the lines of cleavage between different sections of the people, certain privileges of vote and ballot and referendum, certain powers of veto—all the tangled mass of written and unwritten parliamentary laws that have slowly broadened from precedent to precedent. It is natural for them to judge of India's fitness or unfitness, capacity or incapacity by British notions of party organisation, press organisation, individual and mass efficiency for offensive and defensive purposes. They are impelled by an unconscious psychology to project an anglicised British India—cumulatively Anglo-phile and British-tinted through

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progressive stages—and hitherto they have in their ignorance of the real India flattered themselves into the belief that the Indian masses are a moribund, inert, apathetic jelly-fish-like mass and that they have to count only with a small percentage of politically minded and highly educated Indians. The Morley-Minto Reforms, and the M. C. Reforms were more or less conceived in the same spirit and though these new reforms make a pretence of starting from altogether different premises, they in reality, however unwillingly, take their colour and tone from the basic assumption that India is to be a vaster England and somehow by a cultural and political hash-up to conserve Anglo-Indian interests. The idea of equal partnership, sharing of common rights and duties in an impartial equitable spirit is yet far off—though lip-professions to the contrary are profuse. The vision of a prosperous India dragged to the chariot-wheels of a White Empire where the White will always be the predominating partner with an occasional shiny crumb thrown to the Black—that is at the bottom of all these new Reforms. Thus we have the uncanny spectacle of India, an original member of the League of Nations, treated most shabbily in

THE LOGIC OF THE ABSOLUTE SWARAJ PARTY

the country and the Dominions and Colonies—thus we see daily racial discrimination in the street, on the platform, in the law-court and in the jails. Thus we see the audacity that hopes to ally with sweet words of Christian charity the smart of constitutional kicks and buffetings meted out to Indians in their own land.

The Bureaucracy will never be charitable or generous or intelligent enough to persuade Parliament to concede to India her right to Swaraj—it would be a logical absurdity, a freak of mischance, a denial of racial mentality if it were ever to do so.

The Logic of the Absolute Swaraj Party.

The Absolute Swaraj party is the party that wants freedom by unaided exertions of the Indian nation as a whole. The logic of Swaraj politics lies in getting out of the policy of *begging* for freedom (!) and in swerving into the open high-ways of *achieving it by proving undeniable fitness* by giving tests of the capacity *en masse* to suffer and die for the cause—by demonstrating its perfect willingness

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and fitness for breaking up the Bureaucratic system altogether by a policy of refusing to aid in any way whatsoever a recalcitrant Government which fully autocratic at the top doles out small unprofitable mercies at the bottom. This pyramidal construction, this over-centralised system, wooden, inelastic, unimaginative, dehumanised—can dole out a kind of barren peace, a kind of semi-civilised justice, can throw in an opportunity here and an opening there for Indian enterprise and initiative—but humanity, spiritual and moral imagination, a righteous order it has not in its power to evoke.

For never can an alien people enter broadly into the spirit of a subject nation—and its task is rendered hopeless by the fact that the types of citizens whom it comes to know and touch hardly represent the Indian spirit. They are a mushroom, hothouse growth, a *hortis siccus*, a particular, privileged class—that is the result and offspiring of the impact of a foreign culture and that has not learnt to find the balance between the old and the new. We do not entertain any hopes, therefore, of the possibility of getting *by concession* anything like *real* Swaraj—the right and opportunity.

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that is, to grow according to our racial heritage and bent in all spheres of life) *by concession*.

The Party of qualified Swaraj mostly belong to the politically minded section which after participating in a politics of mendicancy, either timid or aggressive—has come into the fold of the Swaraj ideal under the stress of certain political mistakes of Government and the spell and charm of a Superman. The ideal of Indian life which it is the goal of swaraj politics to unfold, hardly is sensed in all its varied reality and beauty by this section. They are for playing at the game of politics, more or less European fashion—but the spiritualised politics—the politics reduced to an Indian form and method, regulated by Indian standards of thought and sentiment and activity—they find it difficult to apprehend. Some have been dimly seeing after many an experience that after all Gandhism is not a mere political 'ism', but a creed, a cult, a religion, a methodology—but the gap between their preconceived notions of life, individual and communal, and the idea visualised by Gandhism is so wide that only a very few of our Indian intellectuals have as yet been able to bridge the wide chasm.

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And so, a concession of political privileges and some share of participation in the Imperial concerns, a better press law, a remodelled racial equality law, a more real and effective control of the purse, some more industrial openings and military avenues—would satisfy them. But that, however far an improvement on existing condition is but a very short step to the realisation by India of her moral and spiritual freedom. Political freedom is nothing—a mere sham, a husky outer covering only—if it has not a moral and religious basis to stand upon, and for such a realisation India will have to get back to her real self, to repose there in tranced meditation, to rediscover the hidden continents of her thought and ideation, to bathe again in those springs of clear, sweet water—for long, long years! For material glory, rabid, rampant militarism, a blood-red Industrialism hiding its deformity under a show of cankerous luxury and base delight—is transitory, unsatisfying. Europe herself has given us the proof again, if proof were needed—that without righteousness moral idealism, faith in the eternal verities and direct simplicities, no people can long keep itself in dynamic progress. India has come late into the vortex of the World

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reconstruction movement and she will know how to profit by experiences of large masses in Russia, in Ireland, Poland, Turkey, Persia, Egypt. She will know to keep her compasses true in the welter of the world-storm. And the European conflagration and her sitting at the feet of a European nation so long in tutelage—will also have taught her somewhat. And the pith of this teaching is this: every nation must slake its thirst for a bigger life in its own springs of culture. In its work of construction it may take a brick here, a colour there, from other people and other cultures, to lay in its mosaic of nation-hood—but woe to the nation that is a copyist, a mere hack, a mean imitation! These are the cardinal points of the Absolute Swarajist's faith. And all these varying view-points and angles will silhouette themselves and God willing, make up a fuller vision of Indian Swaraj.

The Absolute Swaraj Ideal

DIFFICULTIES IN ITS APPRECIATION.

The difficulties to the proper appraisement of the absolute Swaraj ideal are indeed many.

1. First the *philosophic difficulty*:—the theory

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of varied forms of representative Government and the limits of state action are a tangled web of political philosophy which we do not propose to seek to unravel here. But some of the best minds of modern Europe and America—Mazzini and Emerson, and Tolstoi among the number—agree in thinking that the modern centralised Government systems are full of pitfalls and represent a state of imperfectly adjusted social development—Tolstoi going so far as to openly preach in all seriousness the cult of moral government by Love—without army, navy, police, state laws. The fascination of such a concept is indeed immense and even in recent years, just at the same time when the bloated industrial states of Europe were seeking an opportunity for coming to grips in mortal combat, dreamers and thinkers have not been few who have seriously talked of the possibility of human societies ordering their lives into a perfect balanced harmony by *group association, by the moral and intellectual friction of ideas banded into exclusive yet not hostile league* ; Gabriel D'Annunzio in Italy, some of the leaders of Irish Sinn Fein, Mr. Bertrand Russel, Mr. H. G. Wells of England—Maxim Gorki in Russia—to name a few instances that

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occur to us at random—have believed in the feasibility of such communal moral Government. The idea is to go back in spirit (that is how we comprehend it) to that Government by a cultured and virtuous aristocracy (not one of birth, but of breeding or both combined) which is as old as Plato, and as new as Burke, Carlyle and Ruskin—this aristocracy of virtue fully reflecting the best and most dynamic tendencies in the mass-consciousness. To India, where the responsibilities and prerogative of kingship have been so limited by religious and moral safeguards as to leave all possible initiative to village communities, trade guilds, caste organisations and the like, the English Parliamentary system is an exotic and hardly makes the necessary appeal for acceptance. And in fact this much vaunted Parliamentary system is far from ideal and even to-day shuts out many powerful interests and during and after the war has really turned into a sort of autocracy supported by a coalition caucus. The progressive thinker in politics has ceased to have faith in these old institutions however adapted and remodelled to meet new exigencies. The vote and the ballot hardly serve the purpose: political wirepulling and

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jobbery shut out the best men from the councils of the Houses—already a double-housed representation is being questioned and Labour is fast coming to its own. The Russian experiment is a sudden and swift blossoming of suppressed ideas as old as Tolstoi and despite cavillers, seems to grow into strength and sanity under the direction of that man of iron, Lenin. The moral basis there is not possibly yet so apparent and the clouds of class war will yet take time to disappear, yet that the mass representation by the Soviets is much more real as representation none can gainsay.

What India requires or rather *what she will presently learn to require* for solidarity and progress is a state which would go back in spirit very much to the palmy days of the Buddhist age. Chief among the desiderata are decentralisation, the democratic principle woven into the very texture of the State in local association, and Government by discussion among various organised groups. There is to be a central authority but one which will not interfere with ordinary local affairs at all. The Government of local patriotism in all areas and a real local autonomy welded into the vision of the Indian unity by central control of

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the agencies of internal and external security, of foreign trade and diplomatic relations of international culture, of the higher reaches of research—this appears to give the basis of a real Swaraj. The modern state has sought to mould larger and larger spheres of life into sameness of pattern—impoverishing thought, checking initiative, killing out the tender graces and amenities of life. The fact is India as yet does not know her own soul but just beginning the effort to know and just as in modern Japan the real seeds of national resurgence were sown by the revival of the old Shinto belief and practice in supersession of the Chinese superimposition—just as devotion to the Mikado as the pivot and centre of Japan has but added strength to the varied regional and communal life based on the reverential ancestor-worship cult, even so in India the real unity is to be sought in a central Moral Personality reflecting the highest traits of Indian consciousness and character that would rally the scattered forces and diverse interests around itself. It would be in spirit a harking-back to the old, perennial truths of thought and conduct which have been conserved in the old records and scriptures and revived by a host of saints and reformers.

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thinkers, and poets and artists—back to the basic concept of the supremacy of the spiritual over the material or rather the transfiguration of the material, the merely useful to the spiritual and eternally right and true, the blossoming of the inward into the outward—the radiation of the centre to the periphery—the belief in the moral order as a permanent reality which writes itself on all History—the insistence on the simple charities and graceful pieties of life both of the individual and the community—the subordination of individuality to broad social aims linked to a glowing faith in the spiritual autonomy of all souls (*free in their origin and essence and free in their ultimate tendency*)—the belief in Dharma, the Righteousness that upholdeth and sustaineth as contrasted with mere religious systems and credal churches—the perfect moral equilibration of man and woman, as complementary sides to the human-divine triangle—in fact the acceptance of the state as a moral and social lever and not as a cramping hydraulic press—the circumscribing of State activities to the barest conceivable minimum—the task of the preservation of a real law and order and the conservation of the social fabric, leaving everything else to free choice

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and selective association—these are some of the basic truths inhering in India's *mind-soul*; when to this we add the crowning vision of a cosmopolitan humanity linked to the starry universe and all creation and thus buttressed by a very wide and deep catholicity of temper and tradition and when we reflect that the history of India as really understood is a story of progressive cultural assimilation through changes of dynasties and vicissitudes of fortune even through years of so-called political stagnation—we have every reason to hope that India once left free to set herself up will keep her torch bright and her ancient vision undimmed and contribute to the solution of many a world-tangle in politics and sociology.

As yet, however, such an ideal though visualised by men like Swami Vivekananda, Bhudev Mukherjee, Rabindra Nath, Arobinda and Jagadish Chandra in different phases and actively and intensively realised to a remarkably large extent in political practice by Mahatma Gandhi—has been but very imperfectly grasped by the educated class, —so encrusted their mentality is by the cobwebs of alien culture. India, however, specially Bengal and Bombay and Andhra have learnt to think in

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these large proportions and other provinces are following up. The Pan-Islamic sentiment active and virile has been responsible for a strong revival of the strong points of Indo-Islamic culture in the country and when the Indo-Aryan and Indo-Islamic cultures interpret and interpenetrate each other—the picture of a Swarajist India compacted of truth, beauty and strength will enrapture all minds and the so-called philosophic and cultural obstacle will be dissipated altogether.

The Absolute Swaraj Ideal

CULTURAL, ECONOMIC AND ADMINISTRATIVE OBSTACLES.

The 'Culturists' are sometimes shy of a Revivalistic, Swarajist India. They forget that the culture of India is safe to conserve as well as to receive and that this culture is deeply imbedded in the mass-consciousness—and that there is no reason for fear that a Free India will hark back to an insular, parochial, contracted Indianism. The shams and fads, the cankerous stores of the alien importation will go—as fast as ghosts before the rising sun—but the assimilations will remain, colouring and enlarging the currents of Indian

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thought and art. The basic concepts of Indian Society—the family, the marriage sanctities, the sacredness of private property, the moral idealism, the mystic fervour, the pragmatic spirit of enquiry and endeavour will all remain, purged of age-long and accidental corruptions by the foreign impact and critical spirit. India will know how to synthesise and construct—for her thinkers and doers of old and of now have the sense of Unity and Harmony as a racial inheritance. Break the fetters of that *Moha* that has corroded our vital energy for a few decades—and India's moral and spiritual imagination will emerge into fuller radiance as much as pragmatic ability will evolve sweeter and more humane methods in Industry, art and practical Government. It is this magic illusion—this cultural atrophy—that kept India on to the ruts of mechanic slavery and as soon as it is finally cast off, the spotless, white image of a Puissant India will emerge and will light up a varied perspective of ever-widening coils of Progress. In fact the Socialist, the Syndicalist, the group associationist, the religious-state idealist the philosophic anarchist have very little to offer India in the way of novelty except by way of interesting

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analogy—the ‘Dictatorship of the Proletariat’ and other cults of *Sudra* ascendancy seeking to place the machine-man and the labouring-man *collectively above* the cultured and the moral forces in Society—are only a passing phase of world-evolution—the necessary, though terrible *nemesis* of a rabid, blood-sucking, inhuman, inartistic mechanism in Social organisation. And India will know how to steer clear of these tornado-phases of a decayed and dying Civilisation seeking to find back its lost balance and equipoise of life and growth.

This naturally takes us on to the *economic difficulty*.

India has suffered the most in health and wealth, physical and moral, from the incursion of this Economic menace from the West. A country of fine arts and graceful handicrafts—of home-industries and small trade-guilds—thoroughly unready for a hydra-headed monster of Industrialism of the colossal mill and factory turned by steam and machinery, she has been a very great sufferer indeed!—Under the foreign influence, apart from concerns solely European, there have grown up large Indian organisations also—where all the evils of Western Industrialism are already making havoc.

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And our large capitalists are really growths of the alien contact and they are naturally afraid that a Free India might spell ruin for them. As a matter of fact, India has more to fear from this materialistic money-grabbing spirit—from this economic exploitation that has been slowly, silently sapping her physical and moral strength and which is responsible for all the miseries of the Indian colonial abroad, than even from her political status of inferiority. And the next battle of the Swarajist will have to be fought in the economic plane—fought relentlessly with method, precision, alert intelligence and broad humanity. Foreign capital and enterprise and science have been lavishly expended upon these big Industrial organisations and they have supplied fields of work to thousands and thousands of the starving masses—they have trained, in spite of themselves, many Indian aspirants and may have given an impetus by example to the nascent Indian imitative. The time for striking off the balance-sheet in this sphere of comparative profit and loss is not yet; but this would be a very perplexing question in the near future and would require much careful handling and generous treatment.

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Will India ever grow to be a militarist-industrial State—a menace to world-peace and a greater menace to her own steady evolution along right lines? The question is interesting but baffling and we may leave it here with the thought that at present India has yet for long to evolve her trade and industry on the big scale—as well as the small—and until she passes through the full cycle of her industrial experience, the controversy between the centralised and decentralised school of Economic thought had best be shelved. Dr. Radhakamal Mookherjee in his 'Foundations of Indian Economics' has reviewed the topic at some length and with a good deal of illustrative brilliance, but we have not been convinced that he has got the right solution. The vision of the Indian village home-industry reorganised on an American basis of electric power and an Indian basis of art, delicacy and moral beauty, seems too remote and besides is a hybrid concept. Lenin has been attempting the electrification of Russia—but the masses do not appear to respond. Let us all hope India will not have to pass through such an ordeal of economic suffering and maladjustment as has become chronic in the West. Some way must be

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found however, for the protection of Western trade interests in India—the most ideal way being a national project in good time of buying up all these foreign concerns, and turning them over to Indian control and ownership—so far as we can see at present, the agricultural and forest and waterways development in India requires more immediate care than rearing up gigantic Indian industries—for which the requisite capital, talent and special knowledge will yet take some time to concentrate.

The administrative difficulty is more easily disposed of. Swaraj will have to introduce rigid economy in administration. The question of the over-staffed departments with fat-salaried European and Indian heads—of the over-paid few in lurid contrast to the under-paid many in the services, will have to be tackled. There must be a large decrease in the percentage of Europeans in the higher services: these should be pensioned off and a cheaper but equally efficient Indian agency substituted. The personal luxuries of the official must be cut down—in fact we may take a leaf out of Japan in this respect. There must be large reductions of the fat salaries and of many

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reduplicated offices. Many departments may be run together—in fact district autonomy and organisation of district services interchangeable between different areas and the meeting of the expenses by District rates might go a long way towards simplification. The Police expenses are bound to visibly decrease—for the internal policing may be left mostly to a sort of National Militia. The most difficult question would be the Army and the Railways. An Indian-controlled army will need some little time to take shape—meanwhile the pay of army officers must be reduced to Indian standards and the foreign recruit sedulously, persistently and speedily replaced by the Indian and the pay of the Indian private must be raised. The Indian army like the Indian Civil Service must be Indian in personnel, and manned, officered, and controlled by the people.

Possibly it will be useful—nay imperative—to have a sort of compulsory military training for all men between the ages of 18 and 30; district centres to organise this in respective areas—only a central Army College will have to be situated in every Provincial centre and the entire thing joined to an all-India Institute for special expert training.

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The present shifty arrangements of military training must be superseded by a steady, speedy and complete Indianisation.

The difficulties here also are immense—it will need almost Herculean effort to train the services less pay and more honest and efficient work. It may take some time before the European heads, specially the trained experts, can all be dispensed with—but the task must be proceeded with. In fact the best talent of the Nation should be diverted to organising and creative and not merely administrative work, for which a fair share of common sense, some education and honesty and practical energy alone are sufficient.

These are the avenues to a practical Swaraj, which boldly faces the reality of the Indian situation, without surrendering an iota of the idealism and moralism of the Gandhi movement—which is a regulated, graded movement *back* to the old unity and simplicity and *forward* to a future of complex intra-social organisation.

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Problems of Swaraj

RACIAL UNITY

The question of the cementing of racial unity is a difficult one. We may leave out the European element altogether outside present discussion. But Indian Christians and Buddhists, and the Parsi community have their specific cultures and utilities and their minority interests must be carefully shielded from harm and if all possible facilities are provided for their normal development they will fall into line with the majority readily. The domiciled European will either have to leave or make up his mind to be content and stay on and provided he proves useful and continues to show the old enterprise, he will also be treated honourably and as a real asset of value to the Nation. The big question of Hindu-Mussalman unity must be resolutely faced without evasive patchlights. The Indian Mussalman's weakness in the past has been to look with one eye on India and with the other on Islamic centres abroad. The new cult of Pan-Islamism has its fascination to a considerable section of cultivated Mussalmans; but this must be subordinated to Pan-Indianism. The Indian Mussal-

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man will do well to take up much more of the Hindu philosophic and ethical and literary culture than he has hitherto done and the Indian Hindu also will have to open some new windows in his culture-mansion and take in large draughts of Islamic theology, philosophy and practice. The internal problems of Turkey or Egypt or Persia or Arabia may have their interest for every cultivated Indian; but for a good many years Indian problems should alone engage all his patriotic zeal and service. It will be good for the Indian Mussalman to go to those parts for the study and reinterpretation of his Scriptures and Philosophy—but he will have to give up his dreams if any such exist, of a Pan-Islamic World-State, for such belong to an old, far-off age. Geography and trade might have more to do with political readjustments in the New Era than merely religious affinities. Culture-centres should in future make ample provision for parallel Hindu, Buddhist, Christian and Islamic studies but consistently discourage denominational Universities, which make for rupture and cleavage rather than for unity. *For the future of India rests on the cultural reciprocity of all classes, on stressing points of identity which are many and eliminating by natural stages points*

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of disagreement which must be few. More unrestricted mutual social intercourse and culture-communion as well as a participation in the country's service and in common national festivities are sure to cement this unity till the two great races are brothers for all time.

Problems of Practical Swaraj

ADMINISTRATION

The problem of Administration under a system of practical Swaraj presents certain well-defined aspects. We detail them below :—

(a) The Government must be *decentralised*—and (b) man and woman must have equitable participation; (c) the Hindu-Mussalman unity must be conserved and deepened; (d) the educational method and machinery completely overhauled by an entirely new outlook and education must be made available to all classes; (e) the system of justice must be cheapened and straightened; (f) the revenues re-adjusted, certain rates and taxes are to be raised and spent in the districts for local development in education, sanitation, communications and local industry and agriculture; (g) the landlaws are to

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be revised, the landowning classes must be persuaded to surrender some of their special privileges for the national benefit and, absentee landlordism made impossible; (h) a consistent rural development scheme to be threshed out and a considerable amount of local power is to be vested in village bodies; (i) protective tariffs are to be built up; (j) organisations among groups of workers in similar and allied trades and manufactures are to be set up as well as (k) conciliation boards in each important industrial centre to mediate between Labour and Capital in grave cases of difficulty; (l) a well-planned forest-conservation scheme is to be taken in hand; (m) the available man-power in higher Science-research and mining manufacture is to be concentrated and utilised; (n) the Railways must be made state-concerns and the entire Railway system is to be revised; (o) special culture-centres must be opened for the growth of an All-India culture and parallel and supplementary Western culture; (p) the woman's education question is to be thoroughly remapped and vigorously pushed by a Committee mainly of women experts; (q) the question of military and naval training is to be taken up earnestly; (r) and lastly agencies for the

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regulation of trade—inland and foreign, are to be opened; (s) effective means are to be devised for protecting the village agriculturist from the sedulous clutches of the usurer on the one hand and the exploiter's middle-man on the other. In Bengal the question of (1) waterways and (2) of the malarial pest as well as of (3) absentee landlordism and (4) the problem of rural reconstruction in general on the one hand, and (5) the question of caste anomalies, (6) of woman's status and education, (7) of cultural unification of Hindus and Mahomedans appear to be the most pressing problems.

The reins of the administration should be entrusted to men with special fitness in every sphere—the Head of each Department being a man of high moral and intellectual calibre and left to make his selection of capable higher subordinates who might fitly interpret and work out his policy—all nepotism is to be sternly discouraged—the Cabinet to be an effective coalition of various shades of talent and culture—a body of picked men, tried men, who have already demonstrated their patriotic courage and fervour by sacrifice and who would come up for national work in the spirit of a missionary. The

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emoluments of such Cabinet members need not exceed ten thousand a year; office establishments are to be pruned but the men kept on must be paid handsome salaries averaging from fifty to two hundred and fifty—the highest officer in any department not getting over five hundred rupees. The European element should be speedily pensioned off and no European is to be kept on the permanent list, but is to be employed on a limited term basis; the country will not require Europeans as experts except for some little time in the Army and Navy and in Higher Research and Industries. With local autonomy in the Districts the administrative problem is bound to be much simplified, care being taken to have the District Administration Committees filled with the best men. The question of administrative economy and reorganisation need to be attacked in a practical courageous spirit, because present conditions are topheavy and thoroughly unsuited to present needs.

No amount of retrenchment in the old, mechanical fashion, for which provincial retrenchment committees doing spade-work for the much-advertised Incheape Committee have been formed, will serve the purpose. What is wanted is a root-and-

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branch, drastic overhauling of the entire overgrown, bloated system, which caters so tenderly and ceremoniously to the vamped-up needs of the over-paid civilian and is so uncharitable to the needy, starved assistant, which is thoroughly un-Indian, foisted from without, extraneous and exotic. We want a system, thoroughly Indian—Indian to the tips; cheap, efficient, nurtured in the springs of patriotism and social service. The glib talk of the 'British character,' of the 'British efficiency,' of an administration which is for India, must give way and make room for a broader vision and a saner, more practical outlook. All that India wants is to be saved from the officious importunities of non-Indian friendship; she will know pretty well how to set her house in order, when left *free* to evolve her methods and ideas.

Social Service

Landlordism, landlaws, village reconstruction, the *rebuilding*, repeopling, re-educating and re-healing of village centres, social and economic regrouping of village interests, the reclamation of waste and pasture land—these are some of the most

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pressing problems of the near future. "Back to the village" is sure to be one of the ringing, insistent cries of the Patriot—at least in Bengal—for many a long year to come; and the question of Bengal Malaria, choked waterways, undeveloped Roads,—even the questions of Bengal's women, of the caste and purdah—and the urgent question of Mass Education are to us intimately linked up with this village development problem. The disproportionate exodus to the towns has got to be checked and a flow back attempted; for this, young men and women are needed, made of gritty fibre and muscle, both of body and mind. A truer revaluing of old economic and moral values in life only will enable citizens to attempt this task and make Indian life more sweet, poetical and healthy.

Social service in a wide sense must be the absorbing occupation of an increasing number of citizens, man and woman, in the days to come. What vast opportunities for such selfless work lie spread about us—what misery, what destitution, what raggedness, what ignorance, what dirt and disease! Work for enslaved woman, for exploited labourer, for sweated agriculturist, for the so-called "depressed" classes, for the blind, the deaf and the

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dumb, for the leper, the lunatic—for the helpless widow with the grey autumnal sadness slowly stealing into her life—for *insanitary bustees*, overcrowded nests of filth, moral and physical—for the unwary and superstitious pilgrim and the famine-stricken human brother and sister dying and rotting by the way-side—work for the training of our hill-folk, simple, sweet, joyous primitive types, interesting relics of an old-world civilisation fast degenerating into unsuccessful imitations—the education of public opinion in the revisualising of the past national glory and in health, social law and economical law on the platform and in the press and through the less obscure ways of silent and subtle interfusion—what a mass of work for the willing heart, the capable brain, the sinewy hand, and the aggressive will! What might not be done yet—redeeming penance for past neglect—by chart and map, the magic lantern and the cheap portable cinema!

And for such work India would need women and men by the thousands—a work for the ideal teacher, reformer, journalist!

Then the development of the Indian forests

SOCIAL SERVICE

and the Indian cultivation—the concentration of her engineering and constructive skill in building up our internal trade—the well-disposed rotation of the crop, the well-drilled distribution of agricultural produce—the development of our splendid river-craft and riverine trade—may they not occupy the life-energies of thousands upon thousands?

Work there is, of magnitude and dimensions colossal, for all that are willing;—the will to work is also there given the proper opportunity and guidance the rest will follow.

And then India requires other services of other types—the power of handling international topics, of controlling and shaping foreign relations, of organising and controlling an efficient mercantile marine, an efficient air-service, besides the requisite military training by a kind of qualified conscription—the capacity to organise Indian culture-missions to foreign parts and *patri passu* to take up the valuable elements in foreign science and culture—the skill to regulate home politics and affairs with energy, decision, speed, to check corruption in all places, high and low—the power to make labour

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more efficient and skilled—the power in short of consolidation at home and moral and cultural expansion abroad—all this must be formed by men of special aptitude and daring, if India is to keep up her place in the World's affairs and not sink and swim aimlessly, blindly groping like many an other land where also Freedom's star has just begun to shine !

The 6th Gandhi Day

Remember Mahatmaji's parting message : Khaddar—National Unity—Removal of the curse of Untouchability. It is now six months since our Captain Mahatma Gandhi accepted the penance of a six years' incarceration in expiation of our sins. The voice that sounded the call of the coming doom is now hushed ; the pen that wrote in fire is silenced. The great *yogi* is now living his life of prayer and meditation in his solitary cell ; currents of outside activity, fits of moody depression, veerings of opinion touch him not. In prayerful isolation does the saintly anchorite keep his vigil—his God his only Pole-star, his conscience his only refuge, holy *Premikata*, the cult of Universal love, the creed of non-violence in "thought and word and deed," his

THE 6TH GANDHI DAY

only weapons of offence and defence. His sword is the sword of the spirit, his lightning is of the soul's effulgence. *Khaddar* in every home and hamlet is his parting gift to the Indian people he loves with such a super-abundance of Love! The message of Truth, of Unity, of Simplicity, of courageous organisation for moral ends is what he left with us before accepting his vicarious suffering.

Have we—each one of us, man and woman, irrespective of caste, creed, community,—accepted his holy message? Do we feel in our minds a stirring, however dim and faint, of his passion? Here before our eyes stands a new Christ crucified because of our weakness! Here is the Maitreya Buddha who is reincarnated in this generation and has taken upon his consecrated shoulders the burden of the world's woe! Here is the new Sree Chaitanya replaying his Love's Drama! Here is the new Apostle of a new Humanism, a novel unifying assimilation! Let us then rally in millions round the banner of *Swaraj* he has unfurled; let us take up in religious zeal, the zeal of a crusader, the meekness of a Vaishnava, the long-suffering charity of a Moslem—his passionate cry for *Khaddar*!

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Let us observe this holy day in our National Calendar in reverence and awe. Let us wear Khaddar in the street and in our homes, let us preach Khaddar, let us organise Khaddar, let us cover the whole country with a net-work of Khaddar organisations. Men are wanted, money is wanted—but what is most wanted is a Crusader's holy zeal, passionlessness, and most of all, Love.

The 7th Gandhi Day

Yet another month!—and the apple of India's eye, the revered of millions, the selfless lover of the good and the true and the beautiful, the Leader of Resurgent Bharatavarsha, the new messenger of a new Evangel of charity, hope and human brotherhood—the man-god, the saint of the starved body and the healthy-grown soul, the apostle of soul-force, the Martyr, the poet-patriot, the moral Evolutionary *all* in one—the far-sighted Pisgah-sighting Statesman—is still immured within prison walls! He is there, our Guru, our Mahatma, locked up day in and day out—with his heart fixed on the agonies of his country, his soul fixed in God, his eyes beaming

WHAT N. C. O. HAS ACHIEVED

with effulgent love, his forehead glistening with the dew of divine sweat! He is there, thinking out ways and means of unweaving the tangled web of alien bungling diplomacy which has the country fast in its toils. Non-contact with a polluted world, non-contact with the subtle wiles of an unintelligent, callous bureaucracy ensure to the saint larger contact with the divine forces working in and around him. The lamp shining in his soul requires not the extraneous aid of artificial light. What wonder then, if unaffected by harassment or misrepresentation, the passionless yogi keeps the Divine Flame burning in the dark, unvisited chambers of solitude and silence! Shine on, thou Flame-Spiral of the Divine Effulgence—shine ever: the world has need for a long spell for such as thee!

What N. C. O. Has Achieved

It has moralised politics and raised it from a leisured hobby into an all-absorbing *Sadhana*—in fact purged it of almost all grossness, low chicanery and cunning deceit and made of it an idealism. It has brought out the latent spirit of sacrifice in the

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Indian mind to beautiful forms and thrown out a host of political ascetics and martyrs. It has cemented racial homogeneity and absorbed the Hindu and Mussalman and all other Communities in its catholic embrace as brothers for all time. It has practically annulled the age-long isolation of our women-folk and enlisted them by hundreds in the cause. It has almost realised a condition of total dryness throughout India by the unparalleled anti-liquor agitation. It has set up large numbers of arbitration-courts and conciliation committees throughout the country and thus fostered social economy and harmony. It has again set up a very strong "Swadeshi" in the matter of industries—specially stressing the possibility of the country producing its own wearing out-fit. It has set afloat a real and persistent desire for a real, manly system of education and already achieved some of this desire in practice. It has quickened the habit of self-trust in every sphere of life and given the quietus for ever to "living for mere life," to ignoble living, thus fostering a sturdy spirit of self-respect amongst all classes. It has destroyed for ever the prestige of the British occupation and shewn up the physical force basis on which it really rests. It has

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brought all shades of thought practically to its fold by now, so that at any moment India as a whole may achieve a practical, political Swaraj. It has given India a *leader* at last—a leader realising for all without exception India's Swadharma.

Gandhism : the Khaddar Cult

The theory and practice of Gandhism embrace the whole sphere of Indian Nationalist effort to-day. The pessimists say the Gandhi programme fails to make headway. The Bureaucrat chuckles that the unbalanced, visionary 'agitator' is safe within prison-walls. Our brown bureaucrats of the Sastri type go about the 'Dominions,' talking of India's right to the bare rights of a barren citizenship outside India, and incidentally damning the man Gandhi by faint praise. The man Gandhi is a saint, he is Christ-like, he sucks the leper's sores and eats the poor man's food and dresses in a strip of home-spun loin-cloth;—but—but his activities are mischievous. He is "a philosopher anarchist with an impossible idea of the proper method of Government." Meanwhile there are not wanting signs of incipient revolt within the camp. Some Congress-

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men go about demonstrating the futility of mixing up piety with politics, others sniff their noses about Khaddar as a half-way house to Swaraj. Some talk of a lull, others of a set-back ; one section out-Gandhies Gandhi himself in its professions of eternal faith in non-violence forgetting the other half of the creed called Non-co-operation ; yet another pins its faith in Non-co-operation divorced from the implications and obligations of non-violence. Some there are who would ask of the Congress a withdrawal, unconditional and unqualified, of the so-called triple boycott ; others are for precipitating a policy of responsive co-operation and take the name of the Lokmanya to cover an attempt at retreat. Some are for organising a sort of qualified mass Civil Disobedience ; others are for stressing Civil Disobedience in its individual aspect. There may even be a yet inarticulate section of impatient realists, who would have disobedience, civil or uncivil—a chaos, a paralysis, a wild ‘Tandava’ dance throughout the country.

From one point of view, these cross-currents of opinion and slowly forming thought afford increasing evidence of the country’s fitness for immediate Swaraj ; for do they not tell everybody

THE KHADDAR CULT

with a dispassionate open-eyed mentality, that the forces of thought, that wonder-working, transmuting alchemy, have at last been let loose over the wide spaces—do they not prove that the desert of barren aridity has at last blossomed into the rose? But even a rose-garden has its weeds and its meshes of thorns and prickles; and the garden can only prosper and laugh into beauty and bloom when a master-gardener is there, to shear and prune, to manure and water. And certainly no intelligent man would throw out the master-gardener, and go to quacks and amateurs for the upkeep of his rose garden.

Let us then follow the precepts, take up the recipes of the Master-Gardener of the rose-garden. Let us not prate in the ways of shallow Europeanism of the will of the majority or the General will—phrases without moral and spiritual connotation; let the moralised, sublimated will of India find realisation for many a long year in the perfectly balanced, the supremely pure, the untainted, the unalloyed moral will of the Mahatma.

The last will and testament bequeathed to the Nation by the Mahatma—let that be our moral

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war-cry: Khaddar. Khaddar—the emblem of purity in the home and the public street, the pledge of unity, the economic redemption of sweated India, the sweet and sane protest against the modern industrialist-militarist system, that horrid, stinking Vampire sucking the life-blood of East and West, stalking demon-like across the waste and dreary spaces of man's earthly habitation. Gandhism is a very simple moral proposition: "Get thee behind me, Satan." "Go back, oh ye sons and daughters of India on the old culture; go back to the village; go back to the loom; go back to God and Truth."

The Triple Boycott

Much steam is being spouted in political circles for some time past on what has been called 'the triple boycott.' The boycott of educational institutions, the boycott of British law-courts, the boycott of Councils have formed the chief planks of the N. C. O. programme. A section of opinion was growing in part of Maharashtra, possibly in parts of Bengal in favour of the withdrawal of this three-cornered boycott. That opinion, however, found little or no response and has almost been scotched by today.

THE TRIPLE BOYCOTT

The triple boycott and the triple demands go together; they are links in the same chain, the negative and the positive electrodes of the same circuit.

The Congress declared a boycott of Governmental Schools and Colleges—on the ground that education imparted there was unsuited to the country's needs, that such education was unconnected with the patriotic instincts, that it made of its alumni 'imitation Europeans.' The unreality, the exotic character, the dehumanising and denationalising aspects of this education "persist" and we fail to see why the country should be advised to go back on a well-considered decision based on moral grounds which are absolutely unassailable.

True, many of the strayed revellers have gone back to their prison-holes, where Humanity is stamped and pressed into a uniform level of sameness, where God gives way to Mammon, where the intellect is immeshed within the narrowing cobwebs of un-Indian and therefore partial notions of life and its problems and solutions. True, the Universities have still a stunted and starved, parched, joyless existence—true the colleges are filled with

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poor souls who drift about. aimless and idea-less, towards a future of blank economic uncertainty and moral asphyxia. True, the schoolmaster is yet abroad with his birch which no longer commands obedience and with a purse not overstocked. True, the very Gods in Olympus must be shaking their sides with laughter to see men, 'dressed in brief little authority' prodding and gesticulating at each other and setting the pace for the manners of the younger generation. True, finances are low, promises still lower, and credit is a vanishing quantity. But what of that? The Sun rises and the Sun sets, the Hoogly flows on, the University passes are colossal and the berths are shrinking—men may come and men may go, but the Educational Department with a big E and the University with a capital U go on for ever. Because the blind lead the blind, should the Congress also follow and lead both into the ditch? The demand for a withdrawal of the boycott of education is thus a false opportunist cry—it is an acknowledgement of defeat, where the moral victory is on our side and the practical triumph also is beginning for us.

So much about education. Now for the law-courts. They are functioning: that is true enough.

THE TRIPLE BOYCOTT

Justice and a fair share of it is being administered there except perhaps in the case of 'wilful' persons who deliberately place themselves beyond and outside the law—who refuse to plead, to examine, to cross-examine, to engage counsel, to make statements—any way to take part in the proceedings. But at what cost is this barren justice being administered? The evils of litigation with all its attendant cankers, the manufacturing of evidence, the fat fees payable to lawyers, the laws' delay, the tortuosity of procedure—these exist and what sanity can there be in a withdrawal of this part of the boycott so long these evils are not remedied and Justice is put back on the old Indian pedestal of Higher Morality, a more evenly balanced and adjusted social sense?

Next comes the question of the Councils. The Premier and the Viceroy and the Home member are very sore about the possibility of non-co-operators capturing the Councils and our moderate friends are already apprehensive. We want to assure them that we have no love of these glorified debating societies. We want to disabuse them of all fears and anxieties at once. Non-co-operation will keep clear of these decoy-ducks and having no

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faith in geese-cackle will go on crying out the call of Truth—will persist in the only honourable course open to it—which is absolute non-contact with any council or assembly which is part of a system based on Physical force and economic exploitation.

And supposing a set of ardent patriots enter the councils at the next election and make the position of the Bureaucracy rather unenviable by an organised and effective opposition, we can have nothing to say about it. Our attitude is one of strict indifference and aloofness—for it is an attitude of fixity in principles which for us have the highest moral sanction and the authority of our Captain Mahatma Gandhi. The Parnellite game of tactical obstruction, the other by-play of getting elected by the country and then refusing to go into the councils—these are imitations of European method and practice which we would not adopt.

Our principle is to keep *religiously aloof* from any of the functionings and activities dominated by the alien Government. Our goal is Swaraj, absolute and entire—unlimited by any qualification or compromise. It is open to us to be in the Empire, when it is transformed into a comity of

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equal partners on a basis of reciprocal rights and duties—or to steer clear out of it, if the Empire means our permanent subjection to the “good-will” of the British people. Why should the largest partner in the Empire seek the patronage of the smaller? Why should India be the Cinderella of an Empire which she helped to save from dark and utter ruin by the blood of millions and the contribution of an over-taxed peasantry?

Sir William Vincent may opine that the greatest enemy of progress of India is Mr. Gandhi—Lord Ronaldshay may go on in his game of misrepresenting Gandhi and his movement—the Viceroy may alternately cajole and threaten—the Premier may say one thing today and unsay it the next—our sheet-anchor holds: non-co-operation, dignified, unqualified, absolute, with a system in which we flatly and religiously disbelieve.

The Council-goers

Non-co-operation is dead! Long live the Councils! Such is the cry of a section of Reformed Councillors and Co-operating loyalists. Such is also the new cry—may we say—the new croaking

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of a certain section of qualified, ossified Non-co-operators! To these latter Non-co-operation was never a solemn truth; it was a mere pose and gesture.

Our contemporary of Baghbazar has in its pockets (so it appears) names of staunch council-goers among staunch non-co-operators and finds men of such splendid political "*in*"-sight if not "*fore*"-sight throughout Maharashtra, Bengal, Madras, etc., etc. A Mr. Reddy—a Madras M. L. C., has sung out at a public meeting organised by the Deccan Sabha—sung the death-knell of Non-co-operation, sung the pæan of Council-operation! Possibly we shall have other shining lights blazing out! One or two swallows do not make a summer; one or two grasshoppers under the fern may not disturb the reposeful fighters under the oak-tree—and yet swan-songs are infectious in this lotus-land and may require a counterblast.

According to certain types of orating politicians, N. C. O. has failed and the Reforms have succeeded! N. C. O. has failed, because perchance the schools and colleges are full: because the law-court precincts again buzz and hum with sweated

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clients and sweating mentors—N. C. O. has failed because the Khilafat agitation has failed thanks to Kemalists and Indian united action—N. C. O. has failed because only the other day Punjab sufferers of the Martial Law Regime received compensation to the tune of a quarter crore or over; N. C. O. has failed because the wizard of the British Coalition has been driven out of office, because, among other things, of his pitiful mis-handling of India; N. C. O. has failed because its Leader still leads though his lips are sealed; N. C. O. has failed because pallid politics buries its face in the sands and is jeered and laughed at everywhere; N. C. O. has failed because the longing for Swaraj has penetrated crores of our silent suffering masses; N. C. O. has failed because even men with the thin lungs and thinner courage have been now, under cover of "Non-co-operation big guns" and in the atmosphere of new courage created in the country by the non-co-operators' suffering, haranguing loud, and hectering, fist-shaking and red-eyeing the Simla Government and even censuring Whitehall!

These criticisms from half-hearted politicians and talking gramophones are so vapid as hardly to

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deserve any comment. Yet there is a hidden danger lurking in such declarations—they may lure the unthinking, political greenhorns, educated, half educated or mis-educated in the manufactories of the Bureaucracy into false tracks! They deserve merciless exposure and castigation—not intolerant rebuff certainly, but such reply as only suffering Patriot-fighters risking their all for the Mother can give in “calm of mind, all passion spent.”

To say that to enter the councils is not giving up Non-co-operation is a logical absurdity. The Non-co-operator is out to declare his thorough disbelief in the Reforms; he is out to expose the Physical Force basis—the mailed fist and the policeman's baton, and the sepoy's gun and the gunners' artillery—on which the Government of this country has so long really rested, he is out to shew up the hollowness, the absolute rottenness of these debating clubs miscalled Councils; he is out to declare that so long as *full responsibility to the Electorate based on a really representative franchise for both sexes is not made the sine-quo-non of the Government of the country*, so long as Councillors may only make and spout phrases and be turned out neck and crop for their verbose pains, so long as the so-

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called Reserved and Transferred Divisions of Government are not coalesced and brought into a Unitary Democratic Synthesis—so long as the Country's moral right to tax itself, to defend itself from internal broils and external aggressions by its own resources without any qualifying conditions of control, supervision or officering or imperial liability to build up its trade and industries, to recover its health and reconstruct its educational fabric according to its own specific needs—is not recognised—so long, in fact, as India does not become the mistress of her destinies on her own soil so long will Non-co-operation go on. To enter the councils as they have been constituted, under the conditions now existent with a depleted exchequer, with a demoralised Governmental prestige, with an Army Policy that is suicidal, and an administrative machinery that is ruinous—is positively immoral and sinful. To enter these councils for co-operating is ridiculous: to enter them for non-co-operating is a *reductio ad absurdum*, a fallacy and a bungle for which adequate condemnation is hard to find; to enter them for sheer Parnellite tactics would be unworthy of Indian patriotism and moralised intelligence. We must never forget that the Councils are a weapon wherewith

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in the name of consulting Indian opinion, the foreigner simply plays a brow-beating, white-washing game, wherewith it seeks to justify at the bar of world-opinion its military occupation of a country which was never militarily conquered. It is in this spirit that the whole issue must be viewed. Any other way may be the deft way of the trickster and manipulator, the merely clever, sweetly hypocritical, exotic game: it may be good as battle-dore and shuttle-cock. We mean to *hit straight, to hit clean, to hit boldly* at the goal of our cherished ambitions—the Freedom of India.

And we warn those who may be of the opposite school—the exotic school of by-play and innuendo and verbal hit and counter-hit—that *they will be foiled*: for mere cleverness may not be permitted to lead the Nation to Moral Victory, singing lustily to the tunes yet—and yet again—and shoddy cleverness go to the wall.

The Congress Session is near: British Politics are in a tangle: Khilafat claims are assured; let us not heed the croakers but march on to Triumph and Victory, singing lustily to the tunes of Truth, Sincerity and Courage! *Let us vote solid for the*

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Gandhi programme in its entirety ; and if there is to be any change, let us change, forward and not backward. Forward lies salvation; backward yawns Death.

Council-Breaking or Khaddar

The creed of Non-violent Non-co-operation preached by Mahatma Gandhi was accepted by the country at Calcutta, re-affirmed and moulded into concrete shape at Nagpur and doubly stiffened in its meaning and purport at Ahmedabad.

Even those who have not accepted it as a creed have accepted it unhesitatingly as a working policy, swearing allegiance to the *principles* behind it and the *implications* inside it and the *extensions* before it.

A section of Congressmen, mostly of certain fixed habitudes of mind and of certain definite classes are now clamouring for a *change of principle* in guise of a *change of direction of activity*. This section is in hopeless minority: the pro-councils men realise this and are out on a whirlwind campaign with manifestos and hustings orators.

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We have it on reliable authority that Mr. C. R. Das made a long statement recently by way of personal explanation to his comrades in the Bengal Provincial Congress Executive, that he harangued loud and long, that he was heckled and cross-examined—and that he left his hearers *unconvinced*.

This long inconsequential harangue the sole burden of which appears to have been faith in the British connexion and the wresting of Dominion status for India by wrecking the Legislative machinery of Government by going inside to obstruct *in a majority*—to obstruct all conceivable measures in Earth and Heaven—measures palatable to angels as also to the non-angels—has been followed by a list of Mr. C. R. Das's 'supporters.'

This is well and good: men of every persuasion have their place in the Congress fold and everybody is perfectly within his *moral* rights to preach his own ideas and seek to convert big audiences to his or her reading or rendering of the faith.

But as issues are apt to get confused in the heat and dust of party strife and as party cries often are the cloak in every clime and country for the ventilation of personal jealousies and rivalries,

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we consider it high time to *reconsider* the implications of *Gandhism*.

And firstly.—'The Gandhi movement is a *Swarajya* movement—a movement for the self-realisation and self-expression of India's soul by methods and agencies that are thoroughly Indian in tint and tone, i.e., by methods that are absolutely pure and straight and fearless, that eschew tortuosity or jugglery of any sort or kind and by agencies that function in the light of open day, by sunshine and starlight, that *hate* to burrow in secret and weave spells behind the scenes either by the formation of secret revolutionary societies or of clandestine electioneering coteries.

Secondly:—This *Swarajya* struggle is a struggle for evoking Indian manhood and self-help to the full—by a programme of national activities. While *providing an effective resistant* to alien oppression or suppression it will always keep the *call of social service*, the call of the hungry and the sick and the poor in the very fore-front—will ever try to realise an India that is agriculturally, economically, culturally, politically self-sufficient.

Thirdly:—The question of British connexion

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and subserviency to the British Parliament, i. e., the British people functioning through their elected representatives is an open question,* having very little interest this way or that for those who are the torch-bearers of this Faith-struggle. The Gandhite does not hug the British connexion—neither does he abjure it: his is a mind open to the four quarters of the Heavenly compass and he will choose as his co-partners in the British Commonwealth those he might eventually be led to choose. It is for the British people to *choose* if they need the alliance and comradeship of the Indian Nation. Fourthly:—There is no question of wresting anything from anybody or set of persons if the Nation is once solidly united, India shakes off her undeserved thralldom in an hour without any outside interference or concession. Our aim is to strengthen and stiffen ourselves by constant preparedness for suffering and sacrifice in the cause of Truth which is the Truth as realised by India in the present through the longdrawn vistas of the glory-crowned past to a radiant future beckoning with hope. *Wresting is disguised violence.*

Fifthly:—Negatively, the movement is a movement *away* from the contact of Evil, Unreality,

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Untruth, sham, fraud, half-fraud. The British occupation of this country is a phenomenon belonging to all the last-mentioned categories; and our refuge, our national safety lies in escaping from its thousand and one blandishments, from its tempting mazes of sweet jugglery. Our national honour demands a programme of "hands off" from this heartless machine-grinding by a system of law, procedure, custom, etiquette, service, honours, title, education, communication that has all been foisted on us from without: and *Khaddar*, —the purest symbol and emblem of a National Unity, of a *National Pact founded on pacific intentions, working to peace and harmony in the comity of the World's Nations*, applied to the solution of the economic poverty, the moral degradation, the deadening exploitation of India, *is the last message left by Mahatmaji on the eve of his long term of voluntary incarceration.*

The British courts function not for us: they may bind us in fetters and push us into solitary prison-cells but their moral authority we refuse to acknowledge. The British schools too function not for us: for they are the manufactories of a set

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of ideas, that reflect not the truth about India's present and past, that sing not of India's glorious future—they press, they harden, they stifle, they narrow they do not *educate*: therefore we wash our hands clean of them.

The councils exist not for us: they are sham institutions, foisted from without, a curious jumble of tangled cross-purposes leading nowhere, a set of blinds to cajole us into the acceptance of a far-off place in the deliberations and functioning of the Civil Service Corporation led by a few autocratic Home politicians at the top—they are places where place-hunters hunt for places for their proteges, where title-hunters hunt for titles, where speechifiers gabble and squeak—they are places, where one set of blinded men are led by another set to sanction acts thoroughly at variance with the dictates of that wider Harmony, that pacific goodwill that should be the key-stone of Indo-British relations: *we refuse to have anything to do with them.*

Obstruction by a majority is not equivalent to Non-co-operation: and the majority exists only in

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certain unfixed imaginations, and obstruction can only end in its logical corollary of responsive co-operation.

Responsive co-operation is a game that is practised everyday by thousands of Indians even in Government employ, standing up against unjust orders from superior whites or blackies; it is a game that is prolific in results upto the Ministers' high-salaried appointment: and therefore we refuse *sternly* to be party to a game that seeks to paralyse Government to obstruct Government measures for ends, right and wrong—without constructing anything.

We want an end of the 'Reforms' of 1919; we want to bury the corpse of the moribund Dyarchy; we want a new type of Government according to Indian standards of ethics and right living. We want the British to be our helpers for long decades as brothers and comrades if they choose, and if they do not, to clear out and leave the field open to natives of the soil. We want not any of these century-old frauds to function to the growing racial and cultural misunderstanding of both Britishers and Indians.

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The times are bright: a new dawn streaks the Eastern horizon: other nations are resurging to a new life of free endeavour. Let us keep our courage and not *surrender* at discretion. The time is not for surrender: the time is not for the adoption of comparatively safe moderate, constitutional, council-obstructing Swaraj tactics: the time is for a stiffened, strengthened, extended, progressive method of Non-co-operation along non-violent, pacific lines through *Khaddar*.

Khaddar clothes a multitude of virtues; it can give occupations to thousands upon thousands: it is already making Lancashire feel jumpy and enrolling British workers on our side—it will help in making the working classes whom it will feed and clothe think thrice before taking up a career in the police or the Army: it will bring on a most charitable, pacific, dispassionate frame of mind throughout the land—it will if *intelligently, persistently, imaginatively, daringly, honestly* pushed, bring us much nearer to real Swaraj than any number of obstruction tactics repeated *ad nauseam*.

Our message therefore is: Khaddar—used both as a constructive and as a resistant pro-

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gramme—and no council-entry for council-breaking—a hopeless mirage!

The Projected Labour Party in the Congress.

THE REAL INDIAN LABOUR IDEAL.

The news that certain labour leaders are at last waking up to the urgent call for Labour of all grades to combine under a Federated organisation and act under a Central Executive is welcome. We believe in Labour; we feel for Labour; nine-tenths of the Congress agitation, and activity embrace labouring men and women, their rights and duties, their joys and woes, their privileges and disabilities. The field labourer and the factory-labourer have each their grievances; and the hand of a deftly organised exploitation in which both aliens and fellow-countrymen alike participate lies heavy on both. In the village from the small fry of the landlords' kutchery to the big boss among the usurer-*mahajan*, from the village keeper of order to the town harpy of the small lawyer's man—the poor peasant is ground in the mill of an incessant oppression. Bad roads, bad

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sanitation, filthy water, swampy habitation—a dull, mechanical toil repeated from year's end to year's end, with heavy indebtedness to the Zemindar and mahajan, who in some cases are one and the same individual and with hardly any joy or pastime or any relief from the so-called courts of justice which are debarred by time honoured methods and procedure, by the inevitable expense and delay from giving any appreciable relief to the man without a long purse—this is the lot of the field-worker in Bengal. He has now, it is true, acquired certain rights as against the Zemindar's extravagant claims of old; but he can hardly enforce his rights. But still he has a home, family ties, humble fire-side joys, some escapevalves for the pent-up suffering—not so, is the lot of the mill-hand and the factory-labourer. There the man is not man; he has been torn from his Earth and fixed up to a machine, to which he is unwilling and joyless slave. His is a life of constant worry, nervous strain, accident, injury—and insult; he has no home, no simple joys of the domestic hearth no simple tastes, he is in the mill in a drugged state of lashed-up activity followed up by torpid lassitude and he comes out of it to find relief in

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strong drink or unholy delight. His life lacks tone, colour, variety—it is one patch-work of routine prosy, dirt and dinginess. And what is more, whereas the villager has a humanising, social environment and forms part of an old-world, hoary structure, the mill-hand and factory labourer is divorced from any sweetening influence and ekes out a monotonous, drab existence relieved alas! only by artificial killing pastime. Vital joys are not for him; not for him the song of the woodland bird, not for him the balmy breezes wafting the scent of flowers in rosy bloom, not for him the tender plays of social courtesy and refinement—he is like a bit of granite cut out from among the towering rocks and hedged on to a railway siding!

Thus it is that the non-Indianisation of India proceeds apace! “The whirligig of time brings its own revenges” and at last India seeks Indianisation. India does not care a brass farthing for Indianisation of services, but she does care a good shilling for Indianisation of *service*, for recalling men and women to the purity, the sanity, the health, the bloom and the sweetness of service as it was in pre-British days—days when for every

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individual there was a legitimate place in a harmoniously developed social system, where working was smooth, where master and servant were bound by indissoluble spiritual and social ties, when Labour was freshened by Leisure and machinery was not.

If in this revitalising Indian spirit our Labour leaders can go to work, re-evolving the old *mantrams* of labour made sweet and chaste and serious, of toil made poetical, relieved of drudging sweat, freed from endless bargaining about hours and wages, emancipated from the capitalist's inordinate money-greed, Providence will bless their work!

Let us keep clear of European or Euro-American methods of strikes and blatant fights for *merely* less labour and more wages, let us not be swerved from our up-hill path of National Reconstruction by the organised opposition of Capital-cum-Physical Force Government; let us not place our Labourers, the back-bone of the Nation at the merey of the usurer and the social harpies inside the community; *let us not teach them indirectly even to covet the riches of the rich, white or black*—but let this projected federation of Labour

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be as a sign-post to all other world-workers; let this organisation herald a new policy of non-retaliation and united action propelled by the forces of natural cohesion, stimulated by the supreme Energy of Love and Comradeship! Then and then only will Indian Labour have justified itself at the bar of World-Labour and given it a lead towards peace and goodwill.

We welcome this project and wish it the success it deserves. The question of how to best utilise Labour in the struggle for Political Swaraj will provide interesting material for discussion.

THE SONG.

(Reprinted from the Shama'a).

My song is not for you who lead,
A life of wealth-begotten sloth,
Contented in your passing power,
Who on the poor man's labour feed,
And with an ever-growing greed
Retard the pure and perfect growth
Of Life's divine evolving seed
Into its form of final flower.
I sing for you O humble high
Lone labourer among the fields,

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Whose blood-drops mingle with the tears'
Of stars that sorrow in the sky,
Whose innermost immortal cry
Chimes to the growth of Life and yields
The many-coloured fruits that lie
In the still orchards of the years.

H. CHATTOPADHYAYA.

A STATEMENT ABOUT BRITISH IMPERIALISM.

Some of the *basic* Swaraj conceptions anent British Imperialism may be stated as follows:—

(a) The British Empire was created by the British adventurer and exploiter (whose daring and intelligence nobody can question) for selfish ends of personal and collective aggrandisement: India has never had any part in this creation and must *morally* wash her hands off the *sinfulness* behind this advertised Empire;

(b) India has shed her blood and given of her money for the safety of this un-Indian Empire when it was threatened with utter collapse—at a juncture when without such generous help the British Empire might have another history to tell in 22.

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(c) The British Empire system has kept the *Indians as serfs* in the so-called home-lands of the surplus overflow of migratory Britishers—elegantly called ‘Dominions’—*which in more than one instance have been built up by Indian brains and Indian labour;*

(d) The British Empire has been sedulously keeping Indians labelled *fictitiously as equal citizens of a Free Empire as mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for decades in their own land.*

(e) The British Empire system has meant for *India the moral degradation and economic pauperisation of millions of Indian men and women and promises to engulf an entire nation in dark ruin unless the ideas behind this Empire are radically changed, so as to make of the Empire with superior rights and opportunities for the white partner and inferior ones for the non-white, a real commonwealth where Indian and Britisher can shake hands in equal status of moral fellowship and economic brotherhood.*

Socio-Politics.

THE NEW POLITICS AND

THE INDIAN SAMAJ.

The cross-currents of the Indian Swaraj politics present many side-rills and central eddies. On the one side they flow over to the pulsating life-beats all the world over and will make common cause before long with the African Movement and the Pan-Islamic resurgence ; on the other side they bubble up even across the barriers of race and interest—across the waters of the Atlantic and over snow-convered ridges of the Caucasus—presently they will send their gurglings across the Indian ocean and the Pacific—but the most turbulent of their tempest-swells are on the bosom of the Indian Samaj itself ! and yet few they are who perceive and perceiving guess the meaning.

The flood surges—the renaissance of a living beckoning ideal, of a growing, compelling synthesis works and moves under the white moon-light of age-long prejudice and custom,—hoary with the frost of Tradition and Authority—the ghosts of the past fly pell-mell under the exorciser's wand—the effulgent sunlight of a Broader Day spangles

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the social horizon ;—and the miracle of the Ages is at last at our gates ! The conflict of Reason and Emotion, the dualism of Science and Religion, the dividing lines of race and creed and caste and colour, the divergencies in the life and labour of the sexes, the strife between the Modern and Ancient cults of Politics and Culture resolve themselves into a wonderful unity ! The stress of common suffering and common disabilities, the *stinting* and *stunting* of life in all its concepts and directions, the re-opening of wounds long since supposed to have healed up, the wave of a new emotional revival, the sudden glimpsing of moons and stars in a sky hitherto black with ominous vapour,—an opening out, as it were of a so-called sixth sense in the organs of Indian Nationalism—a “Divine afflatus”—in brief—have brought India all so suddenly—into the whirls of a Titanic Maelstrom !

The sleeper awakes—the bells chime out an entrancing, skipping melody—the bugles blow—the banners wave. Back to your old self—Back to God and Dharma—Back to the village—Back to simplicity and charity—Back to the Mantram of Unity—Back to the old Brahmacharya—Back to

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the old sex-purity—Back to the forest hermitage—Back to the old valour and ancient Chivalry—Back to the ancient culture—creed—assimilation—these are some of the rousing faith-scrolls inscribed on the advancing banners—while alongside are other banners flying with other mottoes:—‘Forward to the new dreams of an Asiatic Brother-hood’—‘Forward to a new cult of World-Federation’—‘Forward to the synthesis of a new World-culture’—‘Forward to the building of a new World-tongue’—‘Forward to the construction of a World-Association of Love and Moral cohesion’—‘Forward and yet Forward’;—Meanwhile to the eyes of the awakened sleeper stands out in all the entrenched pride of isolated supremacy—the menace of an armed alien administration, resisting every inch of advance made slowly though surely by an organised Indian cult; “Red in tooth and claw”,—this aggressive symbol of Physical Force, this Jugger-naut car, relentless and soulless in its headlong drive, and acquired momentum—moves—crushing, crunching whatever it meets with resistance! But the sleeper—the victim tied to the chariot-wheels has suddenly developed into a super-man; he breaks chord upon chord asunder—and the drawing

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drive of old fast changes into a rousing tug-of-war ; the tug becomes a pull and a push—the chords snap and snap and snap—till at last the whilom slave brings the tug to an issue—as yet not quite definite and certain, but bordering on a possibility of the chariot coming to a deadstop—and eventually being hurled over in irréparable somersault!

This is how the Indian political movement stands today :—but the Indian Samaj has even a better story to tell. For do we not find a new Samaj, cemented in higher ideals of charity and brotherhood, strong in temperance, sinewy and hard in character, capable, both of offence and defence, evolving a new race of women and fashioning a moral comradeship between man and woman—do we not find such a samaj building before our eyes ? Are not the prohibitions of inter-communal social intercourse slackened remarkably and is not a new canon, a *Nabya Smriti*, unwritten and uncoded yet, but all the more effective and triumphant in its realisation and practice developing ? Is not the impact of the political progress visible in more directions than one—in the inter-communal dinings, the inter-provincial doings

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and thinkings, the religious and cultural unities? We already see a new Indian Samaj not only in the making—but almost made—enfolding a heterogeneity of castes and races in an unifying embrace, the Hindu, the brother of the Mussalman, as much as of the Sikh or the Parsee or the Jain or the Buddhist or the Christian—man and woman working comrade-like, brothers and sisters in a pure and radiant home, whose centre is India—the radii spreading out to the world abroad—labourer and mechanic and artisan carrying their heads as high and taking as good a place in the social ranks as the lawyer, the professor, the politician, the scientific researcher—untouchability a forgotten, cast-off fiend—and a broadbased, open-handed Humanity emerging as the new Evangel—the *entire Samaj re-synthetised and re-grouped along the lines of efficiency, honesty and industry—and over all the white-beaded thread of a moral aristocracy of selfless abnegation and angelic-suffering—interlacing as well as over-topping*—this is the eventual reaction of the New Politics on the Indian Samaj of the near futurity. Such a social fabric *self-evolved, self-acting, self-propelling, will India present to the World-Society as a correcter and healer.* The swing

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of the social pendulum in the West will have to be corrected and regulated by the fresh impulse of India, before it gets back its own centre; and the combined resultant of such an impact may be a new society, a new Humanity which we can not even distantly visualise today. The transitions from swing to swing, from angle to angle and curve to curve will not be easy—but when they do at last round off into the perfect circle of a re-shaped humanism,—then will the world's great age begin anew and “the morning stars sing together in glory”.

The New Politics and the Culture-Life.

The Indian Political Movement has thrown into rather lurid relief the modern culture-life of India as an off-set to her enslaved political existence. The so-called products of the ‘modern’ culture have mostly kept aloof from the fight for Swaraj—some of them thought it to be a sheer freak of lunacy in the earlier stages and many more have not shown the moral calibre, the

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imaginative daring, the emotional fervour necessary for a votary of this cult of suffering and sacrifice—some have labelled it as a creed of negativism—some have seen in it a relapse to primitive barbarism or at least to drab-coloured mediævalism—some have sought to decry it as mere Tolstoyan Pacificism; others have thought to give it the finishing stroke by classifying it as a variant of Philosophic Anarchism—and some have again gone the length of seeking in it a red Bolshevism masked in the robes of peaceful agitation. There have been others again, of an altogether different culture-vision—who have seen in the movement an entirely moral and mystical meaning—the glimpsing of a new Jerusalem, of a Naba Brindābana—of the kingdom of God come upon earth—the vision of Isaiah—of the wolf and the lamb lying down together—the orientation of a Vedantic Soul-freedom in a free commune of equal souls—and some perchance have been enthralled and enraptured too much to sense it at all—saying, “Swaraj”—well—*Swaraj is Swaraj*.

The trade-unionist has at once pinned it down as a movement of labour-emancipation; the

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cottage-industry-faddist at once moulded it to his own peculiar economic vision; the starved and ill-fed peasants' friend has visualised it as a food-conserving and cloth-cheapening panacea—the social-reform worker has seen in it his life-chance of setting the Augean stables of Indian society in order—the temperance-worker has jumped at it as his opportunity for a total prohibition campaign—in fact, this Swaraj movement has given its luring appeal in many lights and shades to varied sections of thinkers and workers; and yet the fact remains that it has been a *mass-movement*, led by a few picked men and women of the Indian intellegentsia *and not a culture-movement at all*—in the sense in which we have come in these days to speak of 'culture'.

The explanation of this is not far to seek. Our so-called modern culture is a hot-house growth—a forced exotic—a nine days' wonder—a transplantation from London and Oxford and Cambridge and the inns of court and the European centres of industrial training—a tulip set on a tub for roses—a curious mixing up of the waters of Lebanon and Lethe—a baffling jumble of eastern morals and mysticism

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with western politics and pragmatism—a veritable witches' cauldron, more varied than the one in "Macbeth" where tadpoles and cobras hiss and leap together for an unrealised, unattainable assimilation! The result is writ large in the history of large sections of the middle and upper classes of modern India—in their ways of life, their moral and mental outfit, their unconcealed cynicism, their callous Mammon-service, their delight in shams and frauds. It is evident in the *poetry*—much of it mere sentimental drivel, more of it unashamed imitation, artificial and tinsel—in the *sickly sense of art* as revealed in the dispositions of a modern Indian Home—in the baffling elusive spiral length of the Indo-Japanese-Chinese—occidental-God-knows-what water-colours and paint-daubs of the so-called Renaissance schools of *painting*—in much of the watery—diluted, or maniacal—frenzied commodity that passes for *fiction*—in the *false codes of social etiquette* observed towards women—in the glaringly small doles of mercy thrown out to every patriotic effort—in the begging deputations and assemblies so long nick-named *Politics*—the eternal malaria—parasite - and—cholera-bacilli—projecting touring cinema shows labelled *social service*—the con-

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gregational, hatted and booted, well-groomed, eye-closing and nose-sniffing exhibitions, denominated *religious exercise*—in the spitting and stuttering of half-a-century old European ideas on Politics, Economics, Eugenics, Literature, Art—*miscalled Thinking!* And this adventitious mockery of a culture-life, snug and cozy in its self-centred banalities, without a tear for the ragged and the orphaned—without a smile for the sick and depressed—living its aircastle life in a concocted Palace of Art regaled with 'Dainty Devices' of all miscellaneous sorts and conditions—*unfeeling, stiff and cold—dehumanised, depolarised and denationalised—blind to the light of India's Sattva-soul, unheeding to India's age-long strains of charity and loving-kindness, unillumed by India's vision of World-Humanism glassed in the spirit's spectacles of a Divine-Human-animal-organic Unity—this culture life has got to go.* This life of mere experimental brilliance, of intellectual pyrotechnics, of moral atrophy or unmoral obsession with the sensational new-fangled, of religious vacuity or side-play or attitudinising—*this life of 'make-ups' for fascinating poses of presenting the best face to the Western appraiser—this chanting to the satan-rhapsody of a survival-*

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of-the-fittest world-philosophy with "the race to the swift and the battle to the strong"—this pandering to the *Rajas*—developing tendency and type in World-evolution in preference to the life of steady vision, balanced unity, sane equipoise—the life *par excellence* of the Indian *Sadhu*—true to the three notes of *Satyam*, *Sivam* and *Anandam*—*all this has got to go. For some time at least we must however unwillingly, part company with the occident*—for co-operation of cultures is secondary—the primary, the life-saving, the ambrosial co-operation is of the Life spiritual—the co-operation of God-faith and ancillary endeavour—the rest are as nothing but mere toys and bubbles!

India must go back to herself—retire within her old essential soul, re-discover and re-interpret anew for her-self her own social and moral philosophy, her political and economical science, her song-life, and her art-life, and more than anything else her *Brahma-Sadhana*, her esoteric, peculiar modes of touching the robe's hem of the Divine Eternal infinite Reality—transcendent, yet immanent, whole and yet divided, Natural yet Supernatural! That will be the quest of the Indian

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culture-life from now ; more and more an absorbing quest as the political Swaraj takes on the "sky-robes" of a real, moral and spiritual Swaraj—for indeed the two facets are supplementary to the picture of a full-blooded Indian freedom! For this will be indeed the re-conquest of the Vedanta and the Buddhist and the Vaishnava cults—as much of higher Islam and the true Asiatic Christian teaching—the revisualising of Vivekananda's message, of Dayananda's reconstruction—the harnessing to the Chariot of Aurobinda's Sadhana, the consummation and fulfilment of Gandhism.

The bearings of a moralised Indian Communism : the parting of the ways.

The logical development of the N. C. O. movement—if it is not permitted to be moulded into shape by the careful, artistic manipulation of the moral artificer and spiritual architect—Mahatma Gandhi—if for some reason or another he is kept away from the scene of his loving soul-engrossing labours by an unimaginative, obstructive Bureaucracy—will be a sort of Communism. It is not inconceivable that the masses of India, lashed

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gradually into uncontrolled excitement, may be up to deal heavy sledge-hammer strokes at every conceivable point—the trade and the traffic—the communications and the policing of the country may be paralysed and anarchy and chaos may come in with all their attendant shifty uncertainties! Woe to the country if such a thing happens, woe upon woe if the country loses at the most critical juncture of its shaping History the service and the *Sudhana* of that prince among men—more finely endowed with spiritual idealism and moral imagination than Lenin—more gifted with sweet and saving, tactful, winning diplomacy and rounding-up tactics than De Valera!

Even supposing that such an eventuality may not happen—that Mahatmaji will be permitted to come out and again publicly to lead the movement and give it right shape—the conclusion still holds that a kind of Communism i. e., *of the Indian brand* finely tempered to the spiritual and moral soul of the Indian mass-consciousness will evolve. For the movement, from first to last, has been meant to overthrow this system of an alien officialdom utilising the middle and aristocratic classes for

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the purposes of cultural and economic exploitation. It has been throughout a movement *of* the poor—for the poor, *by* the poor i. e. by those initiated into the cult of poverty and suffering for the masses of India—and whatever 'reforms' we are able to get out of the Parliament and British People—this much is sure—the Indian administration will sooner or later take on an altogether novel type—the middle-class intellectual, the ambitious aristocrat, the capitalist-profiteer—the commercial and the intellectual middle-man—may for a time step into power—but *the future lies with the natural moral leaders of the people*, the honest lovers, the pure-eyed comrades, the wary helpers along the rugged paths of the masses of India—grown vocal, articulate at last—and learning to band and league themselves together in labour and trade-unions and in bigger federated organisations for self-protection against the aggrandisement and the blandishment of the Rich: herein lies the parting of the ways in the destiny of Indian Nationalism.

Multan and Telinipara.

The News from Multan and Telinipara must make every patriot think. These occasional ebullitions of misunderstanding need not depress us but they point a moral. The Hindu—Mussalman unity so essential to Indian evolution, is yet a tender plant, which demands to be watched and reared in all reverence with religious care. A unity which is only mechanical—which does not touch the depths of thought and sentiment where man is no longer Hindu, Mussalman, Jew, or Christian, but man, pure and simple, without accident or limiting attribute—a unity which may dissolve at the touch of exceptional circumstance, which may suffer peril by the passing gust of prejudice or passion—which may stand only so long as outside pressure acts on it—such a unity will not lead us to the goal.

This unity must be a spiritual unity, it must be organic, it must be *interpretative* and *interpenetrative*. Mere political exigency, municipal and civic opportunism can never be the fount and spring of this consummation—but this house of unity must open many windows of cultural sympathy

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and moral apprehension—must throw out feelers in Literature and art imbued with a common ideal. The old narrow feuds must be wiped clean off the slate and new promises of a halcyon dawn with a new evangel must swim into our ken. Aryanism and Semitism have all a common basis—the service of God, and the brotherhood of man and the fellowship of races. Let us all strive for this larger light.

The University of Calcutta A non-co-operator's review.

It is with some hesitation that we open our minds with regard to University affairs. Many of us have a lurking fondness for the old Alma Mater which, though it has well-nigh served its time and might safely change control, personnel, old habits and predilections and start clean and fresh at many angles and facets—is still the same foster-mother where we imbibed the nectareous poison of Western 'culture'. We know culture represents one interesting, important, useful side of the greater life which after all makes a people

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into a group of 'effectives' or 'ineffectives'. Culture is the rose-fringed leaf of a Nation's Book of Life composed of and cross-cemented with grim tragic leaves of century-old wrong and insult: culture is holy, culture is divine, culture soars and aspires, culture leavens and is as the yeast to the bread of work-a-day, drab-hued Reality. But Culture is not everything: it is not synonymous, it is not conterminous with life—it can not feed the hungry, clothe the ragged, solace and assuage the fever-fits, the dull depression of the toiling millions inarticulate and unled! When to this is added the fact that a certain type of culture passes for the genuine brand here, that is only an amalgam, a mechanical mixture of lobsters and redherrings and that it swamps and absorbs into its devouring tentacles all local initiative, sucks into its whirlpool all the smaller currents of indigenous thought and effort—when a certain organisation grows mammoth-like and becomes top-heavy, over-centralised and loses the sweetness and sanity incident to a more natural approximation—then the country has a right to cry a halt and demand scrutiny.

We take no sides in the very edifying push-

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and-thrust game that is being played by the University Executive on the one hand and the Education Ministry backed up by the 'popularly elected' Council on the other—our interests do not reach as far as the Secretariat account-files :—we have a shrewd suspicion that it is a game at cross-purposes, unrelieved by much gallantry on either side. But the cry for the democratising of the University, the cry for retrenchment, the demand for secondary education being relieved of University control, the desire to see the University function only and solely as a centre of Indian Research in Literature, Science and Art—the demand in fact for greater freedom—nay local autonomy in education of every Bengal district—these are clamant, insistent, reasonable.

The days of Calcutta Executive shaping the destiny of mofussil centres in any sphere of life are over : the days of the strong, Bismarckian type of Dictator are also numbered : what is needed is *decentralisation*, the releasing of suppressed forces throughout the country, regional education free and untrammelled by old-world conventions and the domination of mere 'culturism'.

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Indianism, pure and simple—to which Western Literature and Science and Art may be as secondary wheels as suppliers of stimulus and lubricators—education diffused by personal effort personal example, personal and collective initiative by autonomous teachers' guilds,—*culture-asramas* breeding healthy, efficient, Indian types of man and woman—sown broadcast over the the land without executive control and the inspection bogey these are what is needed. We demand an education of the People, by the People, for the People: the Bureaucracy may stand aside altogether from this effort of National Creation and Construction.

The congress : A principle of reconstruction.

The Indian National Congress poses as the rallying-ground of all varieties of Indian opinion today. For the last year and a half it organised itself into the status of a National Parliament for all India.

Today the Congress leaders are mostly shut up and the Congress appears to be losing its

prestige and power. Some of the leaders are making a bid for popularising it by declaring it open to all—co-operators, moderates—possibly also loyalists. The Congress creed, it is being said, is all-pervasive and all-embracing—it can swallow the camel and the ostrich all at once—the wolf and the lamb are equally at home here—the rankest revolutionary and the frankest loyalist can each find his nook in its sweeping airinesses—the sweating Capitalist and the sweated labourer and the social Reformer, the economic faddist—the religious *Yogi* and the practical *Grihi*—the believer in Love as the universal political solvent as much as the believers in Force, open or veiled—are all invited to rally to the Congress !

Meanwhile some of the cardinal points in human nature and the nature-ordained play and inter-play of the forces of self-preservation and class-cohesion in human society seem to be forgotten or brushed aside in this religious craze for a united front and platform :—

To us it is getting clearer day by day that the Congress ambition to engulf all Indian organisations of any shape or quality throughout the

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country—is for many a long day—bound to remain an idle dream. The only hope of such a realisation lies in the future, near or remote, when an effective organisation of Moral force ready to shoulder calls of physical suffering and sacrifice gets behind the Congress and acts as the final prop and buttress of the massy construction. 'Till then, those whose interests in life are bound up with the perpetuation of foreign rule and exploitation, those classes who have been created in India by the impact of the alien—the big capitalist and mill-owner, the landowner, the professional classes,—the large class of Government servants, civil and military, of the upper ranks—will lean even more anxiously for support on the Bureaucracy.

The only hope of an effective Congress opinion prevailing lies in the villages and among the masses—and also in the big centres of capitalist enterprise where Indian Labour, crushed and bleeding, is concentrated. And let the "Politicals" do what they will—spout phrases and scatter dust as much as they like—the real servants of the motherland must go on their recruiting

THE CONGRESS : A PRINCIPLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

missions and with their propaganda and service—to the illiterate peasant, and the down-trodden factory labourer.

Those who believe in the magic of Western Culture penetrating to the lowest strata of the mass-mind of India—those who believe in the capacity for constructive and risky patriotism of the merely Western-educated classes—those who still pin their faith upon rich landowners and capitalists—will have a rude awakening ere long—such people may combine for the preservation of their threatened interests and kiss hands with the masses for a time—they may have wary and wire-pulling politicians to keep up the game for their benefit for a while—but *the salvation of the country can only come from the large masses of the people themselves*—led by men and women of absolute sacrifice who will live and do and dare and die greatly—with no class or caucus or coterie interest to serve but with the emancipation of the common man and woman as their life-principle.

For this we require—for this the Congress needs—the sacrificing services of thousands of workers who will live a life of simplicity among

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the villagers, in even far-away nooks and corners—in the huts of the lowly and the humble, and *work among them in the spirit of wise passivity as much of learners as of teachers*—for it is this exclusive class-consciousness that saps the very basis of all useful endeavour and makes ‘intellectuals’ feel like aliens among their own people. *Humility, selflessness, courage, discipline—the identification of the Motherland with the Divine Mother*—these are the only recipes by which a more effective Congress could organise and function in this land.

The Near Future and the Patriots’ Duty.

Is the N. C. O. Movement practically dead? The first chapter has been closed by the incarceration for six long years of Mahatmaji on the 18th March last. The country has kept remarkably cool since then and we are told it is an index of discipline.

But practically very few workers have come out to sacrifice and suffer and help in fulfilling the Bardoli and Delhi programme. *Discipline there*

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is in the country—but the one thing needful seems to be lacking: Courage. The attempt at Chittagong to rally the different political parties under the Congress banner by throwing out the suggestion of a probable entry into the Reform Councils has failed, as it deserved—but mischief to the cause has materialised as a result, and there is growing up a definite party of advocates of the capture of the Councils and ancillary Bodies for obstructionist tactics—counterbalanced by a party which adheres blindly to the Khaddar-cum-untouchability programme. Meanwhile unseen by human eyes and in direct opposition to the Congress creed of absolute non-violence, the nucleus of a physical force party may, who knows?, somewhere be forming—the party of impatience and young impetuosity.

Meanwhile Non-co-operation as a political method has lost much of its effective sting during these months—and no wonder—for the Congress scheme is avowedly not political today, but socio-economic. For the attainment of quick and shiny result, this routine is certainly not the proper one—and political activity throughout the country languishes. The party of 'Responsive co-operation'

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will try to gather strength mostly in Bengal and Maharashtra and parts of Madras ;—and in the next Gaya Congress, this party will try to push its way to the front by the well-known tactical methods. For those who really and sincerely believe in the necessity of the British connection for many a decade this is possibly the only honest political programme for the near future—and as the present Congress is practically vowed to the demand for Dominion status within the Empire, the Congress may just have a chance of being run by the responsive co-operation party for a brief spell after the Gaya Session. Meanwhile, however, a steadily growing section throughout the country have ceased to believe in the catch-phrases of Dominion status and British connexion and more and more they will *organise and capture the Congress with absolute independence as the only political objective worth fighting for*. The callous irresponsiveness of the Parliament and the Indian Bureaucracy will stiffen this separatist mentality :—the vexed question of the status of Indian citizens in the Colonies and Dominions will make it daily worse ; the Akali incidents are stiffening, sending the hard iron into the Punjab !

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Complications 'at home' are daily growing more and more involved—the Bonar Law Cabinet promises to be a timid coalition—worse than Lloyd George's caucus—the Irish trouble grows intense—the unemployment problem serious—the Turkish question an almost unsettled Sphinx-riddle in spite of Lausanne (which conference is sure to satisfy nobody), comes as a bolt from the blue dashing for ever the prospects of a non-aggressive pact among European powers and making possible a second devastating European or Europeo-Asiatic war in the near future,—the problem of satisfying legitimate "coloured" aspirations grows acute in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Africa—and the struggle between white and Indian citizens beyond India has entered a phase of unprecedented bitterness and acrimony—the British Exchequer is unstable—as also the Indian —the 'British' election results are most uncertain —and the combined result of all this can only be a surrender of very large powers to the Indian politicals by way of conciliation in the near future —but though this may bring Provincial autonomy —even a sort of qualified Home Rule to our doors and that shortly—that would not mean an end of

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the struggle—rather the reverse—for the entire problem today in India is centred round the economic exploitation by the foreigner who may unloose the political fetters only to tighten and stiffen the economic grip. And so the destruction of the methodology of un-Indian industries—of the very spirit of Western Industrialism—ought to be our next move—and for this effective Labour organisation is the only requisite.

The question that is insistent to many minds to day is:—Is Mass Civil Disobedience feasible for India—in the near future? Our answer after long and careful deliberation is an *emphatic No.....* We can only go on burrowing and delivering side-attacks now at this point and now at that—but a frontal attack of the type involved in Mass Civil Disobedience involving super-human sacrifice and suffering on the part of millions—is, for many a day unthinkable; though Civil Disobedience by large numbers of trained *religious-minded* men and women may always be possible.—But that also is a side-attack and not a frontal one. Such a frontal attack may be possible to deliver only when world-complications involve Great

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Britain in a new embarrassing situation—then will be India's opportunity of winning her freedom by organised non-co-operation *en masse*.

Physical force methods can not succeed in India for reasons which are almost self-evident. The whole problem really resolves itself into getting the Army and Police on our side and when and if that materialises, we can be free without a blow !

The over-pampered and over-centralised system known as the British Empire is already dissolving. The independence of India and this dissolution of the Empire can only be parallel.

How then are we of the Congress to help in this work of dissolution ?

(a) By preaching the ideal of Indian independence all over the country, regardless of consequence ;

(b) By seeking to unify all sections and races under a common idea, a common dress (Khaddar), a common social work (through education and propaganda) ;

(c) By organising the Indian peasants in the

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village and the Indian labourers in the factories, mills and railways.

(d) By keeping up a continued agitation for effective resistance to official tyranny and European oppression wherever it turns up.

(e) By converting to our faith our countrymen in the defensive organisation of Government.

(f) By propaganda in countries abroad ; an organised—effective propaganda which can ensure moral and even financial support when necessary.

(g) and lastly *by seeking to keep matters smooth between different political parties by tolerance and sweet reasonableness.*

For this we require a *large body of men and women vowed to death in the service of the Motherland ;* the immediate programme for all sincere, selfless patriots will be the enrolling and training (through work) of such a body district by district.

Many of our men will succumb to the temptations of an easy life. Some will be bought over—we may expect a moderate camp in our midst very soon—our motto should be to give all such

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credit for what they have done and suffered and to leave them in peace—going resolutely on our mission, undaunted, undamped, heart within and God overhead !

Political parties in New India.

A survey of the different parties springing up in the arena of our political life within very recent times would not prove without interest. We may roughly classify them and indicate their general bearings.

The first and broadest divisions would be along the lines of natural cleavage as regards (a) ideals, (b) methods and (c) machinery.

As for (a) we have (1) those who want absolute freedom for India, stripped of any outside interference or entanglement of any degree or quality ; (2) those who aspire to a place for India *self-determined no doubt, but in a comity of Asiatic nations* ; (3) those whose ideal aspiration sees an India self-governing do doubt, yet not divorced from the co-partnership and comradeship of the British Commonwealth ; (4) those who aspire to

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a sort of qualified Home Rule for India in *the British Empire as it stands today* with guarantees for the equitable treatment of Indian nationals throughout the British Dominions and Colonies ; (5) those who would be satisfied with a provision guaranteeing substantial and effective autonomy to the provinces and much larger control of central affairs including the army and foreign policies to Indians ; (6) those who desire possibly for guarantees that the so-called *nation-building* subjects transferred *ostensibly* to Indian control and initiative may be *really* transferred and protected from any interference from the other half of Government ; (7) and lastly, those who sit on the fence, waiting to join that party which might ere long have the dispensing of the loaves and fishes of office in the hollow of its hands.

As for (b) methods :—

We have (i) those who believe that absolute non-resistance and non-violence—*Satyagraha*—in the face of the most tyrannous repression is the only method of action for India ; (ii) those who believe in *responsive non-violence* i. e. the inevitability of a qualified measure of violence being taken up

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however unwillingly as a last measure of national self-defence in extremity ;

(iii) those who believe in *responsive co-operation* i. e. co-operating with the foreign or the foreign-Indian Bureaucracy wherever possible in the councils and auxiliary bodies and resisting and non-co-operating whenever necessary—thus creating a *constitutional deadlock* in the agencies of Governmental Legislature ;

(iv) those who believe in a ‘rapid but bloody’ Revolution by open violence.

As for (c) machinery ;

(i), there is *the congress as at present constituted* whose creed and machinery opens the doors equally to all parties of patriots and which is seeking to engulf and swallow and absorb all shades of Indian opinion in its wide bosom—hitherto without much apparent success ;

(ii) *The Congress as it might be moulded in the near future* by the clash and conflict of different political bodies, all pledged however, to the cause of India’s freedom along the lines of rapid evolution ;

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(iii) An organisation which though not acknowledging the suzerain authority of Congress might strive as a parallel body to rouse all shades of Indian workers—the vast volume of *Indian Labour*—to *self-reliant and, if necessary, aggressive, economic activity*—a federated all-India Labour Congress, that is,—working parallel with the Congress but not by the same methods and not exactly for the identical ideals—

(iv) A physical force organisation which while obeying the Congress so far as socio-economic activity is concerned, may work as an effective resistant army of self-protection in times and cases of extreme national peril ;—

(v) A Foreign Propaganda organisation extending its operations to all countries in the world, defeating interested British propaganda wherever it exists, enlisting support, moral and financial—if necessary, even military for the Indian cause ;—

(vi) An extensive public education propaganda carried on throughout India, which would defeat Government anti-Congress propaganda and solidly enlist the active sympathy and support of

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the masses and classes for our cause by town and village work and lectures—as also by the printing and distribution of leaflets explaining political, social and economic questions in easy, clear language :—

(vii) A persistent, intelligently sedulous, organisation for effective work among all the servants, civil and military, of the foreign Exploiter and Bureaucrat—for bringing them quickly under the Congress fold ;—

This involves large funds, a big volunteer organisation, a large body of leading sacrificers all over India ; a much more tremendous effort throughout the country than has hitherto been attempted.

For names and labels we have (1) the absolute Swarajists miscalled the insane extremists, the extreme non-co-operators by evilly-disposed persons and bodies, these again include (a) believers in an *unspotted, Sattvic* India living its life of spiritual and moral purity without the taint of modern Industrialist—militarism :—an India setting the pace for a World-evolution along the lines of moral Government by intelligent discussion

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and negotiation—stripped of the nightmare horrors of standing armies and navies as much as of colossal machinery—driven mills and factories—possibly relapsing even into a distrust of the Machine in *every* walk of activity, including locomotion;—(b) believers in an India which would reconcile and re-marry the basic points of the cultures and civilisations of East and West and evolve an efficient India, self-acting, self-reliant, living its life full and entire in all the planes of activity material and spiritual—wedding machinery and its connected utilities to the moral beauty and spiritual progress of the *Man* in society—believing in the *Rajas—life—the life of Sakti, Energising*—though subsidiary to the life of Prema and Ahimsa, of Loving. Of these (a) possibly embraces the extreme followers of Gandhism—a strong, but absolutely honest minority wedded to Truth and Love and (b) includes a strong majority of western-educated persons. Both (a) and (b) of (1) are absolute non-co-operators.

(2) There are also absolute non-co-operators—a large body but possibly yet in the process of forming—including all Pan-Indians and Pan-

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Islamists—(3) the party whose spokesman in a certain qualified sense would be Mr. Malavya: 1 and 2 and 3 are all Congressmen and embrace millions upon millions of Indians of all sects and persuasions.

(4) *Home Rule Leagues* led by Mrs. Besant :—a small body.

(5) *Progressives* led by Mr. Sastri ; possibly also a small body. These include the so-called democrats led by Dr. Gour—

(6) National Liberals—a still smaller body.

(7) Independents(?)—whose independence hitherto has materialised only in wordy fight.

Of these (4), (5), (6) and (7) are almost moribund except in council debates and the reporting columns of a certain section of the Press.

The British people will have to deal with 1 and 2 and 3, all of whom are bound to keep together till real, effective Swarajya is achieved.

Their apparent discords are only the varying notes of the Swaraj gamut—to be resolved ere long into a compelling chorus and symphony.

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The Congress Khilafat Session At Gaya Thoughts and hints.

It is barely twelve weeks hence that the Congress and Khilafat would hold their annual session at Gaya. Floods and misery at our doors, the oscillating uncertainties of the Khilafat situation in the Near East, the agonised martyrdom of thousands of our Akali comrades in the Punjab, continued labour unrest, the by-play of Government certifications, resolutions and communiques set over against the intellectual rapier-thrusts of the so-called Democrats and Independants and Liberals fighting the time-worn fight of rusty constitutionalism, parrying hard autocratic blows with supra-thin, spectral weapons, sad fratricidal episodes like those at Telinipara and Multan, tragic stories of the ghastly doom meted out to heroic comrades in duress, the gloom of the dull, slow, weary days that appear to pass and repass over the aureoled heads of captains in the non-violent fight—all, all in respective measure have contributed to react somewhat unfavourably on the political atmosphere.

It is refreshing in the midst of the prevailing

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listlessness to come across rays of light, cheering and brightening the prospect for the wayfarer. The news is that the Central Khilafat Committee are inviting representatives from all Islamic states to attend the All-India Khilafat Conference that sits alongside of the All-India Congress, in Gaya. This is bound to pave the way for a much greater rapprochement and understanding between the leaders of Semitism and the leaders of Aryanism; this would be a clear demonstration of the unity of Islam and of Asia.

It would be very desirable if representatives from all oppressed Nationalities could be asked to attend the Congress also. That would be a splendid means of focussing the Indian demands on the attention of the civilised world. We press this suggestion on the organisers of the Congress.

India is an original member of the League of Nations; she has just been admitted into the charmed circle of the eight leading Industrial world states; she is represented by the Government of India and their prize-boys like Mr. Sastri as an equal partner in the Comity of Nations known as the British Empire; she is expected to play a

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leading part in the coming Empire Exhibition in London ; presently she will be expected to rally to a war-call as in '14—well, if she is all this and more, India ought to make headway in the Commonwealth of the World-Federation of which we hear such glib talk from day to day. India ought to press her claims to autonomy at the Tribunal of the League of Nations.

If the League of Nations can guarantee the freedom of the straits to all nations under proper safeguards, the same League ought to guarantee Indian autonomy also as much as the protection of Christian and Jewish minorities in far-off Syria, Palestine, and Turkey and the steady evolution along peaceful, non-aggressive lines of Islamic Civilisation and State-craft.

This is one aspect of the question. Let the country take note of its opportunities. Simla and Whitehall are hopelessly divided as regards the fundamental principles of governance in India ; conservative opinion in Great Britain is labouring mole-hills into mountains and is busy manufacturing seeds of incipient rebellion in a garden full of the promise of hope and fraternal goodwill between

THE CONGRESS KHILAFAT SESSION AT GAYA

Indian and Britisher; the Joint Parliamentary Committee and the Secretary of State's Council merely help to muddle imperial and, Indo-British affairs; the present advisers to His Majesty on Indian affairs in the British Cabinet are like unto the blind leading the blind.

The country's courage and sagacity and organising capacity have been accentuated a hundred-fold since 1920; the Nation stands today a united, unifying, organised, organising Body led by hard-headed intellectuals and stimulated by lion-hearted poet patriots, chastened by the soft, sweet Cordelia-voices, the tender, *Kunda*-white delicacy of our Sitas and Savitris—tugged by thousands of doughty youth, ardent fighters and zealots.

The Congress-Khilafat session of December 1922 at Gaya ought to make history; it ought to stiffen the National endeavour towards early Freedom; it ought to consolidate race—homogeneity; it ought to enlist Labour—sweated, exploited Labour—on its rolls; it ought to give the final quietus to the dead corpse of *Dynarchy*, mother of prolific evils, breeder of distrust and discontent throughout the vast continent,

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fomenter of departmental extravagance and administrative brutality.

The country calls for the necessary lead. We prophesy the lead will come, the Leader who will focus and concentrate in his ideals and Sadhana bright reflections caught from the rays of that soul of the world—our Generalissimo in this moral war—Mahatma Gandhi.

The “Black and White” Question.

Of late there has been some play of words and by-play of elusive sentiment over the greater social approximation of the Indian and European—otherwise styled the Black and White! The question is of enduring interest and may well repay thought.

And to start with, let us clear our mind of cant. The Dictionary of social Etiquette knows not of the white, or black, the brown or yellow: it knows only of the human species and of the two sexes. It knows of age, of talent, of education, of status, of privilege and of immemorial ‘sanctions’

THE "BLACK AND WHITE" QUESTION

—it steers clear of all party cries or political tickets. The question between Indian and European in India is thus one of relation between human brothers and sisters, between different groups of leisured culture, or busy commerce, or active social service—between coteries of the society lady and the fashionable woman clad in lustrous silk and trimmed lace and enjoying cinemas and parties and joy-rides,—and between groups of homely women in homespuns, shy of the street brawl and the motor-ride—types of sweet, coy, retiring femininity which ought to be a grace and an adornment to any nation. The question is between gentlemen and gentlemen, and gentlewomen and gentlewomen, of whatever colour or caste or creed or persuasion—the question is *not* between gentlemen and blackguards, between culture and snobbery, between the wealthy capitalist and the pauperised labourer.

If we can once rise to this level, to this sweet atmosphere of social relationship, freed from cant and prudery and hypocrisy, we can profitably discuss the chances of a nearer social approximation of the two races in the near future. Now what

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exactly are the barriers to a free social intercourse between the Indian lady and the Memsahib? What are the conditions that constitute a menace to the *mixing socially* of the Indian gentleman—the Bengali Babu and the European Sahib?

Comparative lack of the means of comfort lack of 'displayable' cash may be a reason—but it can never be a permanent barrier as between 'gentlemen.' Gentility never allied itself to *mere* wealth. The gentleman 'to the manner born' will make a cosy corner for himself in any parlour or drawing room, or Baitak-khana. The lady, who is lady-like, and not a mere walking parade of the milliners' and the jewellers' advertised goods—will know to impress herself any where. And there are thousands of this true type in both communities in India. Lack of language—incapacity to express oneself in the other's tongue—may be a good contributory factor—but to this the average European must in all fairness plead more guilty than the average Bengalee. Inexperience of each others' social habits may make matters a bit wrong now and then—but that is a hurdle easily scaled.

The reasons lie far deeper. The first—and it may be painful to recount it afresh and we do not

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want to cause anybody pain—is the old, deep rooted conviction in the average white man's mind, however unconscious, that he belongs to a superior race with a superior civilisation—because he has been for some decades, the politically dominating factor. The second is—the comparatively freer, easier and more comfortable life he lives down here—in a quarter protected almost effectively from non-European neighbourliness. The third is—the fear that amiability, an attitude of social "undress" with regard to the Indian comrade may make the latter inconveniently 'jumpy.' The fourth is the conservatism and exclusiveness of the ordinary Memsahib—who in her own ways is as wary and suspicious of social innovations and artificially bolstered friendships as the ordinary Indian lady.

Add to this, the memories of cruel insult and humiliation to which the bully European has subjected the patient and cultured Indian for years—in the street, in the tram-car, on the railways—and the resulting hauteur and dogged unfriendliness of many of our new 'bloods' in Bengal—and add yet again, the feeling of hopelessness, helplessness, generated by years of stand-offish surliness

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on one side, cringing slavishness on the other—and you get at the result now achieved. A growing estrangement, a terribly mistrustful intransigence on the part of the cultivated, self-respecting Indian youth—and a feeling of partly ‘amused’ and partly ‘mystified’ surprise on the part of the old Sahib and a feeling of antagonism, of a rising choler in the part of the new Sahib—these are the complex by-products of this social laboratory.

The Black and White Club—where black gentlemen and ladies aping Sahibs and Memsa-hibs in dress and manners used whilom to meet whites of both sexes—has produced more evil than good. the occasional meetings of the Rotary Club where black politicians and intellectuals harangue patronising white friends simply serve to prolong the crazed, blindfolding effort. The proposed visits to students’ messes will only increase the students’ suspicion. The suggested spectacular enjoyments as onlookers in Indian festivities may make newspaper copy but will hardly serve any other purpose. The purdah parties have become an unmixed nuisance—*parties and purdah* are irreconcilable propositions. What is needed is an immediate

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change of heart in both the communities—more so in the Indo-European—an immediate organised effort to learn the "native's" tongue with care and reverence, so as to taste at first-hand of the delectable fruits of black culture and intellect,—an immediate opening of all European clubs to any Indian gentleman and lady who may choose to be a member, subject to certain reservations from which the question of dress should be excluded—and last though not least, an attempt on the part of the European Memsahib to throw off her insular reserve and throw in her lot with real, genuine types of Indian ladyhood.

The British Mission of help is arriving soon. May we expect this evangelical body to impress the urgency of a larger humane toleration in the social relations of Indians and Indo-Europeans?

One thing is clear: till Indians become masters in their own house, till we attain Swarajya, all efforts will only be tentative—merely preparatory. Still preparation is good—against the brighter day of inevitable equality that is coming—and it behoves those who are Indians by adoption to be Indians by approximation—no longer to play the exasperating

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role of stranger-master but the soothing and softening role of domiciled Indo-Europeans, friendly co-operators with those who are of the soil and gradually coming to feel India as their own country.

The European Defence Association.

The general Secretary of the European Defence Association has issued a manifesto. He sets forth the revised programme and policy of the Association and calls for members.

Among the avowed objects of the Association which is *European* and for *European Defence* are:—

(1) The maintenance of British rights in India by all constitutional means ; (2) The protection of European minorities throughout India from aggression—be it racial or otherwise ; (3) The more practical recognition of kinship with the Anglo-Indian and Domiciled Community and the *fostering of a relationship of cordiality and co-operation with those Indians who are working constructively for the good of India.*

In this connexion 'British rights' are defined as "rights enjoyed" by the great family of the

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British Empire—"rights framed in accordance with the ideals of citizenship which are held by the Anglo-Saxon race.

Then follows a rather lengthy list of certain "attitudes" of the Association towards some of the big questions of the day—of which the following may be of interest to our readers:—"the maintenance of the British garrison at a strength sufficient to guarantee India from internal and external aggression": also the support and stimulation of Government in dealing firmly with individual and collective forces threatening the social and economic life of the community: also the encouragement of education in Indian affairs at Home through the efforts of individual members by means of dissemination of articles from the *responsible* Indian Press also the orderly development of the Reform Scheme, each step forward being taken as the success of the previous steps is demonstrated.

This is a very excellent "feeler" thrown out to our 'progressives,' 'moderates,' 'responsive co-operators' and all kinds of co-operators and loyalists, open or disguised; we hope they may swallow the bait easy.

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We compliment the European Defence Association on its defensive tactics. Every community specially a minority community has the moral right to conserve and safeguard its interest, so long as it do not encroach on the rights of other communities. We quite realise the moral insecurity of the European alien's position in India.

The definition of British rights makes us pause; are these rights synchronous and homogeneous with the rights of all other communities in India,—do they run on parallel lines with purely Indian rights or have they a tangential proclivity—a fly-off gradient and rather luring curve towards the preservation of “superior” “white” rights in a “white” Empire? Have the rights the Christian sanction of “so much right—so much duty”—or are they based on the domination of a first-class, fully-equipped Navy and Air Force?

These are questions which the European Association should do well as a Christian body of intelligent, responsible opinion to ponder over.

Then as regards the fixing up of Indians “who are working constructively for the good of India” who is to set the standard of constructive work

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and by what rule and compass? Is speechifying and hectoring in the Councils also 'constructive work'? Is charka-cum-khaddar-cum-untouchability work not 'constructive'? Is 'flood relief' constructive? Is suffering and voluntary penance for higher saner, and manlier patriotism not 'constructive'?

Mr. Bonar Law pleads for co-operation: Lord Reading pleads for co-operation: The Body styling itself the European Defence Association is willing to co-operate with Indians of a certain type and mentality. These are good signs, provided the *real stuff* shakes hands with the *real stuff* there is so much that is mere tinsel and artificial glamour stalking about!

The British garrison is to be maintained at 'sufficient strength' i.e. with adequate 'striking force,' sufficient 'to make an impression.' If the Europeans or for the matter of that, Britishers in India require the protection of British units down here, they are quite welcome to the luxury, but they must find the money and pay for expenses. The Indian Treasury is tottering to a fall and could not conceivably keep up the old costly luxury of a British garrison.

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If any individuals or collective bodies seek to threaten the social and economic life of the community, the Defence Association would not only support but *stimulate* Government in dealing with them. The object is extremely laudable and demands the co-operation of all parties interested in the preservation of communal health; our only suspicion is that there is more in this tall talk than appears on the surface and the word 'stimulation' sets us on a track of conjectures and guesses which we need not unravel just at present. Will there be an enlarged *Civil Guard* movement to help the military to keep down popular expressions of resentment of Bureaucratic actions? If so, the Indian community will know to take caution betimes and such European 'stimulation' meant for 'strangling' opinion will only poison and irritate the Body politic.

There is talk of enlightening 'Home' opinion about Indian affairs through the *responsible* Indian Press may we ask the Secretary of the Defence Association what in the confidential dictionary of his Association may be the connotation of the word 'responsible.'

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The magniloquent phrase 'the orderly development of the Reform Scheme etc.' leaves us cold. The Reform Scheme is in itself such a disorderly document, full of so many blunders and bluffs so many absurdities and pitfalls that any orderly evolution out of such a pit of Disorder is to any lover of India inconceivable. We wish the Defence Association and its Indian helpers and advisers (of which there may be just *a few*) joy of this constitution of 1919 and of its order, and of its progressive character !

We urge nothing against the Association itself. We welcome healthy signs of activity in all communities ; we welcome them still more in these days of the near advent of Swaraj, for our ideal of Swaraj rejects none, accepts and assimilates every race and community domiciled in India. We shall be looking forward with interest to the future activities of the Defence Association and we shall hope for greater toleration, less aggressiveness, and more of the humane, Christian spirit and of the spirit that constructs and builds in sympathy and love and forbearance and refuses to merely cavil, criticise and destroy !

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The British Mission of Help.

The British Mission of Help have arrived and received a formal welcome in Bombay. The missionaries have been sent out from 'home' with prayers, admonitions and blessings. They are out on a mission of *help*. They will evidently be distributed over the areas most requiring their services—the tea-districts and the mill-areas.

Englishmen, political and non-political, are slaves to an inveterate habit e.g. of speaking of India as a 'trust.' It is a large moral claim to make and we can only trust under God that they may be worthy of that 'trust.'

We know from interior knowledge that the 'tea-cum-jute-walla' Christians very much need the saving gospel to be brought to their doors early: they often live in tracts far away from the amenities and restraining influences of civilisation, most of them come out young and single, they find vice cheap and it is not surprising some of them succumb to the temptations of an unchristian life. We hope the mission of help *may re-christianise these strayed revellers.*

Then there are members of the ruling classes,

THE BRITISH MISSION OF HELP

who by the unconscious force of tradition and acquired habit gradually lose their early freshness and elasticity of temper and outlook and grow into a frigid, rigid, narrow intolerance. They grow hyper-sensitive and a trifle 'oriental' and 'dictatorial.' Then they strike against 'uncanny' types of the New and the Neo-Indians and heat and smoke are the result. The missionaries might infuse a larger spirit of tolerance and humility and Christian service, into these sections.

Then there are the poor neglected Anglo-Indian and Indian Christians—drivelling, grovelling, drifting—homeless, occupation-less, shifty livers. They have to keep up a false deception of a high standard of living and dressing—without adequate training or opportunity. They have hardly any Christian teaching worth the name. Here the mission of help have a splendid opportunity before them.

But the most useful thing they could strive to do would be to study and approach in a spirit of sympathetic reverence various religious sects and creeds in India—the Hindus, Vaishnavas and Saivas, Saktas and Souras, Lingayets and Ganapatyas, the Moslems, Shia and Shunni, Shufi and

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Ahmedia, the Buddhists of the North and the East, the Jainas and the Parsis—to seek a basis of that fundamental accord which lies at the bottom of all religious seeking and to realise afresh Christ's beautiful saying: "In my Father's House are many mansions." "To dwell together in goodwill and amity, to live and let live, believe in and live by Charity which beareth all things, endureth all things"—this is the key-stone of Christian thought and endeavour. We invite the Missioners to reread the beautiful sermon of that illustrious Bengali—the late Keshab Chandra Sen—which has not lost any of its old force after the lapse of a quarter century—on "the Asiatic Christ." If India is to realise Christ, she must do it Indian fashion: the true Hindu Indian rejects not Christ: to him Christ is as dear as Buddha and Chaitanya, Kavir and Nanaka. It is in this spirit we bid the Missioners welcome. The future relation of India and England appears dark and stormy: may these servants of God and Christ contribute their offering to the altar of racial good-will and may clouds—thickening and growing—of mutual distrust and suspicion vanish, leaving a bright sun-streaked sky! Peace and brotherhood of races! Unity of culture: fusion of

SIR HARCOURT BUTLER AT LUCKNOW

ideals—the claims of social service towering above mere political cries—let that be the work before the Mission of Help!

Sir Harcourt Butler at Lucknow.

Sir Harcourt Butler has all along been a lover of India according to his light and the limitation of office: he is a scholarly man and shone out far better at the helm of Education than he has since done as head of a Provincial Administration. His address to the recipients of degrees as Chancellor of the new Lucknow University is pleasant reading. It is able, scholarly, singularly free from pedantry and affectation. The charm of outspoken sincerity, the elegance of cultured refinement, the refreshing breath of the 'humanities' are there: but the learned Governor-Chancellor cannot get out of his skin, and in speaking of the English language and its future in India, in discharging his 'duty and privilege' as Chancellor "to offer the students advice," he plainly overshoots his mark. Nay more, he speaks fallacious jargon in the dulcet tones of a highbred, high-paced British imperialist. This

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British Imperial polemical attitude vitiates his entire outlook and makes him indulge in rhetorical balderdash. We proceed to expose some of this old-world fustian and point out some of its inherent fallacies.

And the first academic fallacy is in the 'quasi-axiomatic' theory that India's eternal destiny is to be "a constituent part of the British Empire"—to which as a tug hangs the corollary that "English has now become a classical language of India" and that India must continue to "adopt English for its principal language of administration and public intercourse." Also that it is not too much to hope that India's *individuality* will maintain its *vitality* notwithstanding the advances of the English language—to the great advantage of India and of human civilisation as a whole.

Self-respecting, awakened India refuses to be a tug by the side of the British Liner for ever. India's individuality will know other ways of conservation and progress than that reflected culture which comes of an alien language and culture dominating her essential self. Indian civic life may presently steer clear of a foreign tongue as the

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medium of public intercourse and administrative machinery. India will not *eschew* the English tongue as a tongue, as a vehicle of a new order of ideas, as a medium of commercial intercourse—but she will relegate English to a secondary, subsidiary place in any scheme of Education. The days of cultural conquest are gone, never to return.

Sir Harcourt Butler poses as an academic admirer of 'progress'—the key-note to which lies in the belief of the younger generation that it has superseded the order by virtue of superior wisdom and excellence. He makes a large admission: *The awakening of India has come*. He makes a larger blunder when he waxes pessimistic over "forces that you can never discover nor direct"! Well, if that is his idea of the prevision and capacity for direction bred in the product of his Universities which "are the power-house of Freedom," the sooner such power-houses are demolished, the better for all parties. He speaks of a "movement which seeks to discredit progress on Western lines, to decry Western civilisation—a movement which is clearly and inevitably heading for *reaction*." He warns, expostulates and harangues: "*The freedom*

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which you cherish is a western product" And he winds up with the following *doctrinaire doctoring*: '*Stick to reality. Always connect words with things. Keep the issues clear. Remember that it is not really possible for the same thing to be and not to be*' Very precious advice, reminiscent of the Eton Head-Master!

We take the learned Doctor-Satrap at his word. We advise him and men of his persuasion and "privilege" to *stick to reality, to keep the issues clear, always to connect words with things.*

And if our friendly advice is followed and if really Thucydides' definition of *History as Philosophy teaching by examples* still holds water, the learned Lucknow Doctor may yet wake up to the revelation and realisation that the movement which holds all India under its spell today is not a movement of reaction at all, but a movement that *acts and reacts, 'by comparison, by analysis, by synthesis.'* It is a movement that moves quick and buoyant to the march of ideas that are as much Aryan as they are Semitic, as much Eastern as Western—for it is a movement of free impulse towards a larger, richer, manlier, wider, fuller, life—a movement

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pointed out by the never-failing compass of Truth. It is not a reversion: it is not a retrogression, it is not even a secession,—it is an assimilation and a progression, a cumulative synthesis; and if perchance the sea-men of the uncharted seas of this new Exploration take their soundings ever and anon by the plumb-line of India's own '*quasi-axiomatic* notions of philosophy, of moral conception, of social organisation—they may not be lectured into an abandonment and a surrender by the analysis-groping, amateurish, rule-of-thumb sea-men of another cline and other seas.

The Gandhites are quite clear in their minds: they are singularly able to stick to reality, to connect words with things. It is only the Reformists and Dyarchists who are heading blindly for anarchy by their loss of hold on realities—the realities of the national demand, of the grudging sham concessions, of the bloated estimates and depleted revenues—of 63 crores for a bogus un-Indian army—of 64 thousands a year for third-rate stump-orator politicians—of large promises and smooth or rough excuses and brow-beatings!

Physician heal thyself! Doctor, swallow thy own physic!

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Freedom—the longing for Freedom is God-implemented, nature-given: it need not be produced, manufactured, quoted and advertised. There is a bye-product type of Anglo-phile Freedom which we all know for what it is worth: that is the waste-product of the Universities down here which have produced for the Indian market over a space of six decades. These Universities are power-houses for the Bureaucracy, no doubt, but veritable dead-letter offices for the befogged native of the soil !

British ideas of freedom might have made the older ossified generation what they are today—a mass of blinded drift-wood material; *but they no longer rise and call.* The new call is from across the chasms of India's beckoning Past—it is a call out of the submerged deeps of the Indian consciousness-continent—it is a call that vibrates to the melodies and rhythms of the spirit-soul of Ind—a call resonant with entrancing echoes and vibrant to a wild, weird, music of the soul, the mind, the senses. The call is from Divinity's own chambers—given out in tones that bring back the old world chivalries and martyrdoms, the scriptural divinations of a *Gargi* and a *Maitreyi*, the moral purity of a Sita and Savitri,

THE FAILURE OF LORD READING

the self-immolation of a Dadhichi, the romantic story of Padmini and Ahalyabai !

The academician of the Western shores and the Doctor of Lucknow will yet have to take many a lesson at reality-hunting before he can convincingly perorate to charmed Indian alumni.

The Failure of Lord Reading.

Bankruptcy stares the British statesman in the face everywhere. Mr. Lloyd George has failed ; Mr. Montagu has failed ; the Indian Viceroy on whom the Georgian government fastened such expectations has failed. Much water has flowed down both the Ganges and the Thames since the Lawyer-Viceroy took office ; many promises have since been made to the ear and broken to the heart ; many flattering unctions laid to the agonised soul of India have turned out hot blisters ; parleys and alarums and excursions—have continued to no purpose ; discussion and argument, conciliation and soft speech have succeeded to wholesale proclamations and arrests and imprisonments ; the insults hurled at the intelligence of august councillors has

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found withering echoes and sensational repetitions in the bodily insults inflicted on suffering patriots; commissions have sat and reported and agreed and differed, the imprimatur of Simla and Delhi has been effaced by the blind soothsayers of Whitehall; the Indian Secretary and Foreign Secretary have quarrelled and fumbled to India's eternal joy; the Foreign Secretary and Colonial Secretary have been at loggerheads to India's infinite amusement; the Coalition has driven out a prominent member and kept in office a subordinate who has been the real culprit; the Montagu spirit has hovered over the devoted head of Lloyd George and exorcised the Georgian ghost out of office; the Indian Viceroy, wedged between the welter of parties at 'home,' the I. C. S. revolt here, the false blandishments of the timid co-operator, the fierce invective of the aggressive Non-co-operator, the luring siren-song the progressive Liberals, and the hectoring drum-blast of the fiery Khilafatist—pressed between the clamour of commercial interests and the piteous wail of Lancashire cottonwallas—wrung by the Army headquarters and the Dominion imperialists—the, poor, drifting Viceroy has been drifting, drifting—drifting—"drift" is the word—drift aimless, joyless,

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helpless, hopeless, that has been Lord Reading's lot ever since his assumption of the Satrapy. And today with perfect chaos in politics and party—groups at 'home' and diehard, insular, conservatives yelling and vociferating for a pull-up, rein-up policy in India, the grey-headed law-inured, diplomat-statesman at the helm of Indian affairs, finds himself in a most perplexing situation!

We have nothing against Lord Reading the man. His life-record is in itself an inspiring story; from the cabin-boy to the Lord Chief Justice and from that to the Viceroy is a regular romantic progress—quite "American," very much stiff and stubborn, quite a poetico—financial adventure. India—a section of India—expected a lot from such a wary, sky-scraping pilgrim; the Georgian Cabinet sent him down here almost as a last resource—hoping to pit diplomatic finesse against moral finesse! Reading versus Gandhi! What a beautiful tug-of-war!

The Viceroy was to come and see and conquer. He came—'saw' India's moral Leader—'saw' him for six days—cajoled and connived—hectored and threatened—lectured in and lectured out—hurled

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counter-propaganda — sought a loyalist-rally—brought the Jolly Prince out—made him speak fine and away from the issue—came out to Calcutta to pacify Bengal—received a memorable Deputation of “Centre politicians” or no politicians—held out the diplomats’ olive branch—was refused—followed up by wholesale repression—gave *carte blanche* to Provincial Satrapies—put almost everybody that was anybody in confinement—and patted and petted the loyalists—manufactured commission after commission—repealed the dead thunders of the obsolete unflashing Rowlatt Act—“queer-repealed” the Press Act—placed the Criminal Procedure under review—promised Racial Equality in Law’s Equity and was foiled—half promised fiscal autonomy and came to grief—truckled to the Assembly over the Budget curtailments and tricked it over the Prince’s Protection Bill—sent out the ticketed, testimonial-ridden, sedulously advertised, schoolmaster-imperialist, Mr. Srinivas to the Dominions as advocate—lulled the Constitutionalists, soothed the fury to which even they were lashed by the Georgian whip—kept the peace in rebellious Malabar, committing unintelligent malapropism in politics, kept on restoring devastated, court-marti-

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alled Malabar—kept on sniping at the Frontier Raiders and kept out the Red Bolshevi—well why prolong the long-drawn-out tale ?

Wary Pilgrim of the uncharted wastes of the Indian Misery-Desert, whither wendest thou ?—to the abysmal deeps of Disaster, of Recoil, of Distrust, of Despair ? Thou couldst not have chosen a better, worthier road. Take heed betimes, wary politician, lest thy over-wariness, thy hooking and netting tactics, thy feebleness lead thee to thy fall—and the sundering of century-old ties !

Lest We Forget:

SWARAJIST IRELAND AND SWARAJIST INDIA.

The latest advices to hand supply us with a gruesome picture of Irish Swaraj under the British heel ! The so-called Irish Free State has clapped into prison over five thousand souls and the most interesting case is that of an ex-Justice under the Dail who because of the obtuse perverseness of his judicial decrees against the Irish Executive found himself suddenly in prison and had to be let out because he forced the hands of the Free State by

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threats of a hunger strike. A debate on the shamelessness of these methods and on the urgency, for the sake of the reputation of the Free State, for establishing regular courts of law to try political offenders moved by the ex-minister Duffy was recently lost by a large majority of votes! Over against this picture of fellow-countrymen impaling each other and shooting each other down, over against this picture of a lurid Swaraj effort of violence, stands the story of Indian efforts at Swaraj, marked by bloodlessness, and passivity of suffering, by non-retaliation, non-violence, non-resistance non-contact with the arrayed forces of Evil! But the record of the Bureaucrat is the same in both countries: unimaginative forcing down of measures in the interests of so-called "law and order," star-chamber trials, *lettres de cachet*, *carte blanche* to the Police and Magistracy!

The Swaraj Government in Bengal has gloated in repressive methods, though here, the spirit of non-retaliation has been kept in the face of tremendous odds! By a heroic use of the Criminal Amendment Act and Sections 144, 107, 108, 109, 110 and in certain instances sections 124A and 153A, this Government professing to bestow a

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large measure of concrete freedom to the country easily succeeded in taking away from useful public life no less than twelve thousand of the gritty, intensely patriotic among Bengal's sons whose only fault has been that they have loved their native land not "wisely" but too well !

Wisdom in this country belongs only to the ostrich type. He only is deemed wise who after a life of easy and goody-goody subserviency to the powers that be, the social and the political and the domestic gods, white and brown and black, can pass into seedy nothings. Of such stuff have many of our lip-deep loyalists been compounded by a Providence of sardonic humour and these are the great pillars of the novel Indian Swaraj, which is a swaraj where the Criminal Procedure Code is the reigning sovereign ! And yet, when hundreds of our patriot-heroes are rotting in the British jails and being subjected to the jailor's rod and the jail warden's baton and eating draff and offal fit for beasts (we speak with certain knowledge) the tourist-trains are full, the holiday-makers take holiday, the motorists have their joy-rides, men and women move out dressed in English hats and bonnets ! Woe for a people fallen so low !

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But lest we forget—let us again remind our readers that the movement led by Mahatma Gandhi is a movement by the people and for the people, that the masses are solidly with us, large numbers of heroic youth are with us undaunted and high-paced, and last though not least, hundreds of our sisters have joined the fray !

Smyrna and the European Repercussion.

The fall of Smyrna opens a new phase of Europo-Asiatic politics. The much-maligned Turk is coming to his own, thanks to Kemal Pasha and his supporters in Asia Minor and beyond ; the Franco-British relations appear to be getting very strained ; German militarism might swoop at this opportunity of opening a fresh campaign and Soviet Russia may join hands. The future plight of Constantinople, that apple of European discord—and the problem of the control of the Straits, is a question the solution of which presents vexed problems of 'nationality', 'spheres of influence' and of 'economic exploitation' of the East : this is the real bone of contention and if by any irony of fate, the

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'turbaned Turk' manages to create an imbroglio in the Constantinople situation, then, woe for European diplomacy in the near future! The jubilant acclamation of Kemalist victories in the French Press followed by Allied testimonials to the gallantry and good behaviour of victorious Kemalists in Smyrna furnishes one side of the picture;—the other side is presented by hurried consultations in the British Admiralty coupled with rather 'loud' advertisement of unity of policy on the part of Great Britain, France and Italy regarding the Near East question.

When with acute differences between England and France regarding German reparations, and differences of outlook regarding Turkish Nationalist aspiration in the Turk's original homeland—to which may be added the possible defection of the "Little Entente" and a cool walk-over by them to the victorious party—the outlook in Europe is one of unrelieved pessimism. The four years' toil and trouble, the currents and cross-currents and under-currents, the triumphs and lapse of Allied manouevring since the Armistice may all come to airy nothing and we may have a volcano-outburst any day. Pro-Hellenism and Pro-Zionism are going to give very

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uncertain returns and a new orientation of policy coloured by a clamant vociferous Pro-Islamism may soon come into being. For round Constantinople hangs the whole balance of power of Europe and Asia—and the Straits are the key to the domination, political and economic, by the West, of Egypt, and Mespot and Arabia, the whole of Turkestan and the unsettled areas thereabouts—and once this balance is shaken, there may be another race for the homelands of Islamic and brown Aryanism—a race which while giving the ‘*coup de grace*’ to the dying West may plunge the whole of Asia into blazing turmoil! We belong to the blessed tribe of metaphysical lotusland and are fain to watch the doings of that “Aristophanes of Heaven” as Heine calls Him, untouched, unstirred, unskinned. Glory to the rosedreams of Lotusland.!

Mudania.

Recent cables show that Mudania has not effected anything else but a very temporary armistice. The conditional permission to Angora to gradually establish civil control over Eastern Thrace,

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the renewed emphasis on the sanctity of the 'neutral zone', the massing of French battalions alongside of British forces, all this does not seem to lead any nearer to a solution of the tangle. Meanwhile the Russian Soviet threatens Angora with retaliatory measures in case the question of the Dardenelles is settled by Angora without Russia's participation. The Italians are going one better: they take advantage of the Greek debacle to scrap certain clauses in the Sevres Treaty and quietly refuse to fulfil certain obligations with regard to the Dodecanes (a group of 12 islands). There is consternation at Athens over the advice sent out by Greek Venizelos re urgency of evacuating East Thrace. The poor Greeks are in a bad way deserted by their old helpers, left floundering in an abyss of despair, to cover up their discomfiture with what face they may.

The proposed representative Conference (at Smyrna or elsewhere), the venue of which is not yet fixed, holds many startling surprises, for which we advise our readers to wait. Till then everything is uncertain: what has been achieved up till now is the pushing back of a prospect of war.

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India's part in these international transactions is not inconsiderable. The President of the General Khilafat Committee has already threatened the Premier with a *hijrat*, an exodus of a million Mussalmans of India to Turkey, in case Angora's demands are not satisfied to the full. We can well realise that this is not an empty vaunt.

The Near East Muddle has already produced a tension in 'Home politics'. A certain section of public men and and journalists are trying to make poor Mr. Lloyd George a scape-goat for the follies of the Coalition Cabinet and even clamouring for his resignation. Some go to the length of prophesying a December Election. There have been so many of these forecasts in these days that we are inclined to take these for what they are worth. In any case, the Empire is shaking in its very foundations, and the day England is inveigled into another war over the Dardanelles and the control of the keys of the Eastern strongbox, that day will see the effete and overgrown British Imperialism reel. Till then, Lloyd George or no Lloyd George, the shop-keeping *bania* Junkers and Jingoos of the isolated island in Europe (a queer amalgam of mixed menta-

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lity and a queer lot of tricky, slippery statesmen bluffing today and huckstering the day after) will go on making a mess of things, at home as well as abroad. The fall of Lloyd George and Georgian tactics will be synchronous with the resurgence of a new world, made really safe for Democracy.

Till then we wait, and watch, and work.

Mudania—Again.

The Great Mudania Conference has after all ended. All the European powers were eagerly following the proceedings of the Conference with feelings. The Cabinet ministers lost their sleep of nights; one single cable from General Harrington necessitated an emergency meeting even at dead of night, for European nationalities have now realised that Kemal would not brook any of old-time-injustice and bluff. While the other European nations were all exhausted both in men and money and are now only trying to recoup their strength, Kemal has been able to gather around him a large battalion which could cope with the biggest principalities of Europe in righting the wrong; the much dreaded *Bolshe* have allied with him and are always pre-

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pared to help him in the war against these Imperialistic nations.

But alas ! has the danger lessened in any way? Is the fear of a severe struggle over? Reuter is flooding the papers with messages of 'The Mudania Agreement,' how Ismet Pasha signed the convention, how Harrington shook hands with the Turkish representative and so forth, but the Greek delegate has refused to sign without direction from Athens. At the query of Ismet as to 'whether the powers would see the agreement carried on if the Greeks were unable to sign', General Harrington replied that it was understood that the powers had agreed to this at Paris.' But what would a Paris or London or Berlin agreement do if the power concerned is unbending? It has been proved more than once how the European nations are ready to respect the provisions of a treaty when self-interest is at stake.

So the crisis is not over. Both the parties may be only taking time to prepare for a severe struggle. Our Hare Street contemporary seems to be jubilant over the expected breakup of the Russo-Turkish agreement. But "in a despatch from the Berlin correspondent of the Times, published in mail week,

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it was stated that Kemal Pasha, in a telegram addressed by him to the Soviet Government of Russia, informed the Bolsheviks that he considered himself bound by the agreement between Moscow and Angora of March 6, 1921. This agreement, it was added, contained the important provision that, in any negotiations carried on by Kemal with the allied powers, Moscow should take part."

Time only will show how far the Russo-Turkish breach is real. Kemal Pasha is a friend of the Bolsheviks. It is an open secret how the Imperialistic nations of Europe and America were trying to break this friendship. There are agencies paid to spread lies about Bolshevik failures. We have to take them with a grain of salt.

Let there be no premature jubilation.

Mustafa Kemal who comes not only as the Saviour of Islam, but as the blessed instrument of the Genius of History whose pleasure it has been to be just writing a new page for the sun-burnt Africa and Yellow-Brown Asia, may yet be trusted to keep the game well in hand.

Mr. Lloyd George.

For want of a better occupation, the British Premier is now busy upon a book of memoirs. In these days of the free press in a mud-bespattering Democracy, the Chiefs of Government are not immune from hard and nasty knocks and side-hits. Some of the hits to which Mr. Lloyd George has of late been subjected have told, to wit, those on the distribution of honours.

The Northcliffe Press has been as a thorn in the side of the Premier and the French and Kemalist Press has often hit hard at him. From one point of view Mr. Lloyd George is one of the most unlucky of mortals—all his well-drilled astuteness and India-rubber elasticity have not saved him from suspicion, distrust, calamity.

The Empire and Imperialism of which the Premier is the high-priest, is a dissolving phase of world-construction: it has been reared on the shifting sands of opportunity and circumstance—it had never any high idealism or enduring principle behind it—and this vamped-up system is fast dissolving under the stress of a newer, higher, ideology.

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The centre of gravity of European politics is shifting: the world-war gave it the first push—the Treaty of Versailles and the Treaty of Sevres with auxiliary settlements hurried the process—the defection of Russia and the victorious emergence into power of Islamic states in different parts of the world produced greater complications—the questions of German reparation and inter-allied indebtedness continue to hasten this dissolution by an ever-widening series of discussions which, leading nowhere, have intensified mutual distrust and stiffened acute 'national' differences. The new menace of a resurgent Asia, of a struggling Africa, of a puissant and wealthy America able to dictate to Europe brings ever new eddies into this World-Maelstrom.

Europe—Continental Europe—is crumbling—Austria starving, Russia famished, Germany inexorable even in adversity, France hectoring, Italy sulking, Greece smashed, the buffer states of Poland and the Little Entente living a spectral life of diluted thinness—England playing a hide-and-seek game of rank opportunism, straining at everything and gaining ever so little—the Age presents

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the spectacle of an Industrial Civilisation in its last throes. The international credits of the European markets reared on certain economic fictions and buttressed on certain political opportunities have all been shaken by the world-war; the German mark and the Austrian krone and the Russian rouble represent hardly any values—and added to this economic ruin is the incipient loss of power and prestige in the heretofore exploited regions of the Near East and the Far East.

The only power that still stands on its legs in a certain measure is England—because of her comparative isolation from continental Europe and of her far-flung Empire. But the isolation no longer exists—the ruin of Continental Europe, the loss of credit, the fall in exchange there, are bound to have far-reaching effects in England too; and the Empire idea is today undergoing a vast transfiguration—the British ‘mandate’ and ‘protectorate’ are beginning to lose fascination—Egypt wants freedom from her shackles, Mesopotamia shakes herself up—Afghanistan is an independent power already—and the demand for Indian independence has been sounded in no uncertain voice by Mahatma Gandhi and his vast array of followers throughout India

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till today the Swaraj cry brings throbs into the heart-beats of every Indian.

Mr. Lloyd George is finding his imperial responsibilities rather thankless business. His old friends are fast deserting him—he has thrown the mask of Liberalism aside and is engaged at the game of organising the 'Die-hards' and 'Unionists' into a party which he will know how to lead into power at the right moment.

Meanwhile, the rest of Europe has begun in right earnest to look askance at the Premier and his shifting policy—and as for the Islamic world, there is very serious distrust of the whole foreign policy of the Cabinet dominated by the Premier—and as for India even moderate i.e. loyalist opinion has veered round against the gallant *sang froid* with which Mr. Lloyd George gave away the entire Swaraj show under the Reforms only the other day. Poor Mr. George !

Every wizard has his day.

Mr. Lloyd George Again.

Poor Mr. George ! The tempest is gathering round his devoted head. His Near East policy with its bunglings and half-defeats is costing him a good deal. He made his first blunder in the fighting pro-Greek and anti-Turkish speech he made in Parliament some time ago ; he followed up this blunder by his now notoriously blatant manifesto—the call to arms to the Dominions across the seas ; he made his third blunder when he sought to explain this second maladroitness away. He will, we prophesy, make a fourth in his Manchester speech of to-day.

The greatest blunderer and the aptest bungler of the age is Mr. Lloyd George ; his pose is a blunder ; his bluff is a blunder ; his recantations are a blunder—the whole stock-in-trade of his wizardry is a bungle—and yet in the eyes of a large section he is the wonder-worker, the man who is indispensable, the Saviour of the Empire, the protector of small nations. The reasons for such a judgment are not far to seek. Mr. George has all the brilliance and astute slipperiness, all the nonchalance and *sang froid* of a middle-age corsair : he knows how

MR LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN

to hold his cards and how to show the trump and just at the right moment; he is a wonderful coiner of phrases that hit and tell; he knows how to cover defeat by a specious phrase, a delicate by-play of words; he will not simply be fooled into foolhardiness except on rare occasions when a singular irony of fate leads him on a false scent. And what is more, Mr. George is a man of impulse, however much he may appear to the outsider to be a bargainer; he throws himself into the current of affairs and swims along and across. He is not a heavy-weighted champion and does not sink under the pressure of extra seriousness or solidity. He is an eerie, weird genius with a talent at improvisation and impromptu—which carries him over the shoals.

He is the Ariel of modern capitalist-cum-middle-class-talent Administration; he spins the fine cobwebs of alert diplomacy shot with deceit, humbug, white falsehood and "the eye for the main chance"—"the cash-nexus"—and never himself gets entangled in the web. That is his distinction. That is his claim to the role of the Dictator he has been playing for these long six years.

But Ariel of Elf-land is finding that the sea-

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tossed island is getting too hot for him at last. There are the Calibans—there are the Sycoraxes of rank, stinking Imperialism and they begin to rake up trouble. The Labour-Caliban is really using his language rather “cussedly”, the Liberal Sycorax grows querulous. The Miranda of the Coalition refuses to be further lulled by Ariel’s charming symphony. There is a Ferdinand—there may be quite a number of that ilk—to court her now—and Prospero, the old Prospero may bury his wand and cast away his spells—the Prospero of Party Government, which has had its day and is fast getting out of date.

Lloyd George may have a fall—and if he falls, the entire, corrupt, honours-selling, procrastinating, bungling Party Government of the Coalition brand may also find a speedy end. .

Exit Lloyd ‘George.

The curtain has been rung down at last. Mr. Lloyd George has resigned and the Coalition Government fallen to pieces.

The Dictator and autocrat who reduced the House of Commons all these long years to a mere

EXIT LLOYD GEORGE

nonentity—the man who elevated mere ‘cleverness’ into a creed and divorced British politics from its old moorings of justice, honesty, and above all, *character*—the man who began as an ultra-Radical and ended as an ultra-Opportunist—is fallen. No amount of phrase-coining and honours-bribing has served any longer to keep him in power. The Coalition was an alliance of all manner of principles and no principles—an unholy combine of Intellect-Capital and finance-Capital—of Labour and Press-man,—of Manufacturer and Shipper,—of blue-blooded aristocracy and thin blooded upstartishness ; it was a veritable witches’ cauldron where unsavoury samples were brewed in the vats of rank opportunism and blatant deceit.

Result : bankruptcy—Result : paralysis. Result : asphixia. Result : dissolving ruin.

Mr. Lloyd George has gone into liquidation and with him the whole policy or no-policy for which he and his Ministry stood.

The break-up of the Coalition Ministry and the disappearance of Mr. Lloyd George opens up so many new possibilities. *Character may now have a chance against cleverness ; principle against mere*

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expediency ; honesty against deceit ; a sane Empire-idea against an insane, over-grown, bloated, red imperialism ; tough John-bullishness against soft 'tadpoalishness' ; bluff and cant against practical common sense.

We are gallant enough not to gloat over a fallen adversary ; man wars not with the dead—even with the politically dead. We would not croak over Lloyd George's inevitable fall. We prophesied it long ago. Yet the interests of Truth are far more urgent than any canon of mere chivalry and we would not be truthful if we did not express our honest conviction that Mr. Lloyd George has not been a clean adversary. He has put so-called "Imperial and British" interests above the claims of fair-play and just dealing and his means and methods of party manipulation, his elastic pronouncements and counterpronouncements, his "playing to the gallery," his abuse of his manifest powers of elocution, his use of the personal equation, his "all things to all men" tactics—have done the greatest disservice to the British Power and Prestige and thus to the Empire so long held and knit together by Power and Prestige.

EXIT LLOYD GEORGE

He has not got the Kaiser *hanged*—he has not made the Germans ‘pay’—he has not redeemed his pledges to Ireland, Egypt, Mesopotamia and India—he has not yet extirpated the Russian ‘Reds’—he has not been of use to his Hellenic friends—he has not kept faith with unemployed Labour at ‘home’—his administration has miserably failed—and why? because he never ‘meant’ anything he ‘promised’—because he made use of diplomatic language to stave off the imminent crisis and took up every specious cry to soothe popular clamour. He has failed to give peace to England, Ireland, Europe and the Near East: he has bungled about the Indian question and over the Mussalman problem; he has not been able to keep the world-peace by his glue-coating of philosophic maxims and juggling economics. He promised the British electorate a *via media* between Extreme Socialism and Extreme Capitalism: he has miserably misadventured. He promised to give Home Rule to India: he patted, petted, tricked, fussed, went the whole gamut of wire-pulling and procrastinating, of bluffing and cozening, of declaration and retraction—and he leaves a simmering, broiling, castigated, infuriated India. He has for ever destroyed the chances of the Britisher on

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Indian soil. In Egypt, his policy of declaring the Protectorate off, and declaring Martial Law on, fast leads to inevitable disaster. Ireland he has embroiled in a chaos and confusion, a blood-welter and a civil war by a policy which no remedies can ever soothe into loyal co-partnership on Ireland's part with Britain. The Mussalman world he has sought to divide and rule and has been instrumental in *unifying in spite of himself*. A resurgent Arab nation refuses to be cajoled or coerced into dangerous co-operation: a revived, puissant Turkey shakes off its strangulation and gives the call to the world's Moslems to rally under one banner.

In Europe, he has spent millions in opening and re-shuffling 'spheres' of influence—he spent millions in Russia, starved, blockaded the Bolsheviks, fitted out anti-Red expeditions—all to no purpose: he had to come back discomfited, he had to shake hands with these very bloody Reds at Genoa and elsewhere. He has tried to pit German cleverness against French greed and Italian expediency; he has tried to bolster up a mis-arranged, misled Greek conflict against the Nationalist Turk's legitimate aspirations; he has tried hard to deceive America into European and extra-European en-

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tanglements; he has tried to cajole Japan into unsavoury promises of immoral assistance—all to no purpose or rather to contrary purpose.

British Prestige was never so high as during the first two years of the Georgian administration—from '16 to '18; it never fell so irretrievably low as between '19 and '22.

World forces, the moral order have been too powerful for poor Mr. George. He has been the worthiest exponent of an Imperialistic, shop-keeping prudery lined with meretricious cunning and semi-transparent ugliness; Providence gave him allies fit for the pilotage of his God-appointed mission viz., the speedy dismemberment of the British Empire. This purpose accomplished, far-seeing Destiny lays him low. Verily has this Emissary of Fate ridden the Empire to a fall!

The Conservatives may or may not come into effective, prolonged power; the Liberals may find the old recipes of Liberalism rather obsolete now-a-days; Labour may be a House divided against itself for the present. Mr. Bonar Law may or may not form an efficient Ministry—one thing is certain, *the British character will have to reassert itself in the*

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interests of the reputation of Great Britain and that early—or there will be no chance for the isolated islanders to influence world-politics.

Exit: Lloyd George and cleverness. Enter: Gandhi and Character.

The See-saw of 'Home' Politics.

We are informed by *Reuter* that different parties at 'home' are busy electioneering already. Several parties appear in prominence:—The Conservatives led by Mr. Bonar Law, the Independent Liberals under Mr. Asquith, the 'die-hards' under Mr. Chamberlain, Labour under accredited bosses, and the Lloyd George party which is pledged to no definite policy or programme yet, but sails, colours flying and trumpets blowing, to the no-man's land of will o'-the-wisp and the mirage!

Meanwhile Lloyd George plays political mountebank to perfection. The Leeds speech is simply amazing—so beautifully brazen it is! He sings his praises—he rests placidly on his laurels—he labels and tickets his glorious performances e.g. the securing of a charter of liberty for millions by

THE SEE-SAW OF 'HOME' POLITICS

the Treaty of Versailles(?), the establishment of the League of Nations, of the Peace Pact, better conditions for Labour, the consolidation of Irish Peace, grant of greater liberty to India (!) obtaining of the freedom of the Straits etc. etc. !

He hurls his thunder at a certain West End Club and speaks witheringly of 'Belgravia' ! He threatens the Electorate that if the 'Die-hards' carry out their programme, they would simply provoke Bolshevik forces. He prats of his 'democratic and progressive' sympathies. He vaunts that he had established the British currency and recaptured for Great Britain the money-market of the World. He talks of Nation before Party—and his friends manufacture for him brass bands, cheering huzzas, street and wayside crowds !

He is clever enough not to present any definite, cut-and-dried programme : he who saw the war through must be trusted to see the Peace through also—that is his specious argument. He does not attack or decry any party—all his venom is directed against the Split at Carlton Club which cost him so dear ! Slow, silent forces have been, however, long at work to undermine Lloyd George's dictatorship.

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His Welsh compatriots have thrown him overboard and supported the Carlton Club resolution—even ex-Liberals like Mr. McKenna are going over to the Conservatives—Lord Derby puts in a plea for Conservative reunion, a plea echoed by two ex-members of the late Government and powerful business interests are rallying to Mr. Bonar Law's support.

The ex-Premier has larger party funds: his platform, personality and unbeaten tenacity as well as political sagacity are wonderful assets—but he lacks in able lieutenants and cannot put forward a supply of suitable candidates. Then there is the menace of Labour, increased tenfold by the financial uncertainty, the acute distresses brought on by unemployment and repeated collisions between Labour and Capital, the crass stupidity of handling of Indian, Egyptian, Irish and Moslem problems—and heartened up by the growing power and prestige of Workers in Russia, Italy, Greece, Germany, America.

The Chamberlainites and the Asquithians seem to have a meagre chance of polling. Labour owing to inherent structural defects may not succeed.

HOME PROBLEMS

The real tussle will be so far as we can visualise the tangled puzzle, between honest Conservatives with a policy of Governmental Economy, reduced taxation, greater Labour employment and greater "firmness" in dealing with "foreign" affairs through a policy of approximation with France and Italy, and a policy of intelligent give-and-take with Turkey, Germany and Russia—and a coterie of clever opportunists and progress-cum-democracy-faddists bossed by that prince among political mountebanks and adventurers—Mr. Lloyd George.

We believe the Conservatives will win and have a Ministry—narrow, insular, unprogressive, but tolerably honest. Honesty may yet be the best policy—even in British Politics!

Home problems.

In the tussle and tangle of party-conflict and the blinding smoke of party-cry fires, we may lose sight altogether of British problems, which never were so hopelessly complicated as they are today. Whatever party comes into power, the legacy of past sins of omission and commission will remain, old commit-

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ments will be difficult to shoulder off, new angles of vision difficult to project.

Peel, Winterton (if he remains in office), Curzon & Co., may find the Indian Knot too much of the Gordian type to untie—unless by drastic surgery, this way or that; and we may be sure that between the clamour of unemployed and starved Labour at Home the halting and feeble policy of the Indian Reformed or Deformed Government, the false cries raised by interested aliens, official and non-official, the false lead given by “Moderate Liberals” and “Independents” and the jog-trot of *jo-hukums* in India—and lastly the Imperialistic greed, the rice-and-wheat consuming the oil-and-cotton and coal-exploiting mania—and the appalling poverty and ignorance and squalid misery of the Indian masses—this new Government will drift as hopelessly and helplessly as any of its predecessors. The result will be increasing dissociation and disintegration in India. The Egyptian and Arabian problem with the key of the Suez in question, Mesopot with its oil and opening to the Persian Gulf, Turkey with Constantinople and the Dardanelles—the key to the East, Ireland with its aggressive anti-British fury,—will be tough problems and

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will continue to resist amateurish rule-of-thumb treatment.

The Franco-German question is a troublesome thorn by England's side and presents a hopeless issue: no amount of tack and turn, ahead and astern full stop and half can competently extricate England from this maze of contradictory issues and settlements.

Turkey, Russia, Germany—the new combination: Britain, France, Italy the crippled Entente—buffer-states remaking the map of Europe on a plan of convenient huckstering and cross purposes since '18 now gradually breaking down—lost credit, moral enfeeblement, famine and unemployment—the rise of new Asiatic Nation-states—the new consciousness of Power that has been coming over World-Labour—all these project a new march and a new clash of races and cultures.

Then there is the question of the British Empire and old-World Imperialism fast crumbling down: the days of a rabid Industrial Imperialism exploiting weaker peoples and races, of the Empires' trade necessarily following the Flag are vanishing: a new idea of a commonwealth of

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Nations knit by common interest and mutual service is being insistently voiced forth. Will British Statesmanship rise to the orbit of this saving Idea, as old as Burke? Very soon England must make up her differences with India over the treatment of Indian citizens in the Dominions: the Dominions are practically independent: India yet is not free of old shackles—England will have to choose early between an England-cum-Dominion partnership and an England-cum-India alliance and on her ability to choose well lies the future chance of her self-preservation in the coming race.

How will England employ her unemployed and where? The fetish of white superiority is vanished: the chance of slave-driving anywhere is no more. Henceforth British coolie and Indian or Egyptian or Arabian Labourer must work on increasingly assimilated and approximated wages: the shibboleth of higher pay for men with a higher standard of living will have perforce to go. This means a simpler, harder life for the average Britisher—will he rise equal to the occasion and make the best of his limited opportunity?

Reply to such questions lies on the knees of

GANDHI OR LLOYD GEORGE ?

the Gods—no Lloyd George, no Bonar Law, no Curzon, no Asquith can solve them. It is just along these tracks of the future that intelligent prevision will like to forecast and study and examine British 'home' problems and their chances of solution.

Gandhi or Lloyd George ?

Lloyd George, the Dictator of the Empire and Gandhi the convict! What an arresting, blasphemous, scandalising parallel! Mr. George is orating and perorating at Manchester; Mahatma Gandhi is communing with God and his conscience at Yerravada jail! One man bluffs and blusters, switches back and lumps forward, massacres human reputations by the score and bullies millions into massacre and cajoles thousands out of it—makes and unmakes paper treaties, makes and unmakes alliances, creates and miscreates situations—today hugs the Greek, tomorrow throws himself on the neck of the Turk—dallies with the Red Bolshevi and flirts with the lurid Hun—plays fiddler, junker, and buffoon under the shadow of one revolving moon—prates of non-party patriotism, talks big of humanity's interest—

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gives a malice-thrust to this opponent and kills that bungler with pitying kindness—*this is Lloyd George*. Another man in another clime, small, dwarfish in stature, with no physical advantages, with hardly any claims to oration or peroration—totally innocent of the game of parry-and-thrust—humble in mien, modest in demeanour, and withal strong and puissant like the Rock-Eagle, sweet and sane and serious like an old hermit of old, gives unto an enslaved, blinded people the call of strength, of hope, of prestige, of self-realisation—*atmanubhuti* ! And lo! the miracle ! A sleeping Nation wakes, revives, throws up hands and feet—and begins to march—to the freshening, heartening bugle of a faith sweetened by Love and fortified by Hope. It seeks to scale the heights, to soar the dizzy skies—it dares, it aspires—it suffers—it sings—it writes—it achieves—because it has *believed*. Yea, because it has believed—believed in a gospel, an Evangel, a new Religion, a new socio-politics, a new Morality and a new Economics, an altogether novel philosophy of life ; believed not in mere abstract principles but believed in a Personality realising actively and in the broad light of open day all these sweet, saving principles of collective being ! The Nation

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

has drunk deep of this Elixir—this *sanjivani-sudha*, this life-conserving and life-giving ambrosia!

And the Nation today is in mourning—mourning because the Helm, the Guide, the Prop has been taken away. Lloyd George and his satellites have taken Mahatma Gandhi into prison. But who is the *Jailer* and who the *Jailee*! Let Posterity answer; whose lead does a blood-stained, diplomacy-hunted, lie-perverted World want?—George's or Gandhi's? Who is to win?—The muscular, fire-vomiting, fire-eating lip-Christian or the thin, sweet, soul-Christian? What is it to be—Gentle Peace or Violent War? Humanity awaits the answer. The answer will out—God alone knows how or where or when!

