

MANKIND OCCASIONAL PAPER 5

A LIFE OF SURFEIT AND OVERFLOW 1927 - 2005

**Chapter 1 :
AN INITIAL SUMMING UP OF
A LIFELONG EFFERVESCENCE**

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Vinayak Purohit

PROLOGUE

I am seventy eight years old. Almost seventy nine, nearest birthday.

I have no time left to complete the two tomes which I am frantically hurrying to finish. They have to be big. I cannot carry conviction with my readers, unless I argue my case, vigorously, in depth and comprehensively.

I can no longer wait to complete the two planned volumes, to submit them to some courageous publisher, and hold out till they are edited and printed.

My experience of comprador Indian publishers has been most unhappy.

The one who published my doctoral dissertation, *The Arts of Transitional India, 20th Century*, in 2 vols, 1980-86/88, was one Ramdas Bhatkal of Popular Prakashan, Mumbai. He believed in plain and forthright cheating. He would occasionally send me a statement showing "the amount credited to my account." Since he never sent any cheque to cover this double entry book-keeping item, I asked him once or twice to remit the money. He dilly-dallied and forgot about the squaring up.

Bhatkal's was a hardened ploy. He had practised the tactic upon many other authors, as I was informed by my old Elphinstone College professor of English, M. V. Rajadhyaksha, whom I happened to consult. My own solicitor, D. D. Damodar of M/s. Kanga & Co. in Mumbai, told me that he had once acted on behalf of Prof. G. S. Ghurye's daughter who happened to be married to a sitting judge of the Mumbai High Court. Bhatkal reluctantly appeared in Damodar's chambers, and settled the matter with the daughter, years after Ghurye's passing away, the accumulated arrears to be paid in easy instalments. Ghurye had been Prof. Emeritus of Sociology. Bhatkal had published about 25 books by this author.

I have no judge of any high court in my corner to pressurise such a confirmed crook. There are also no legatees who will wait to receive justice after due process of a neo-colonial judicial system which has already accumulated, at the time of writing in end-2005, a backlog of over 25 million cases.

The second and only other problematic effort made by me was in 2000-01, when I proceeded through an old Elphinstonian of my days, Shri. Homi J. Vakeel, who had himself invested a fair amount in M/s. Orient Longmans India Ltd, a colonial brain-washing publisher of school text-books, with its headquarters in Hyderabad. The person in charge was one Ms. Nandini Rao who had inherited a dominant share in the concern from her father, J. Rameshwar Rao, an old Andhra Congress warhorse.

In the period immediately following the comprador takeover from the colonial administration in 1946-47 (The English historians have always characterised the events of as 'Transfer of Power', whilst the INC leaders from Gandhi-Nehru-Patel to the *Chaprasi* in the diverse secretariats have boastfully termed the same event as "Independence." [See Nicholas Manstragh (ed.), *Transfer of Power, 1942-47*, vols. 1 to 12, HMSO, London 1970-82]. Then, a large number of jute mills, tea gardens, lawyers', architects', and accountants' firms and managing agencies and publishing houses changed hands, Congress *Naukarshah* brown underlings neatly displacing the old white masters.

We will refer to the Dalmia takeover of Mumbai's *Times of India* in a later section of this memoir.

To pick up the earlier story of Transfer of Power, the principal beneficiaries of the new wine -within-old-bottles, were naturally Congressman like T. T. Krishnamachari, and C. D. Deshmukh, Nehru's one time Finance Ministers; Ramakrishna Dalmia and Shanti Prasad Jain in Mumbai & Delhi, Goenkas, Khemkas and Khaitans in Kolkata; and various Iyengars, Menons, Panikkars, Iyers and Chettys in the nooks and corners of India, particularly those seconded from the territories of the Native Princelings. Nandini Rao's father, according to Puneite P. Patwardhan followed the same squeezing proclivities of the White predecessors. So long as there were other partners like the Patwardhans and the Vakeels, Orient Longmans declared nil/or small dividends. No sooner they had been squeezed out, hefty share-outs were declared. Sharp business practices invariably go together with cheating of authors.

This Nandini became such a lioness amongst the *dalals*, brokers and pimps of the jetset ruling elite of the country that she found it embarrassing to even retain the bound volumes of my proclaimed atheist, rationalist, socialist and nationalist journal the revived *Mankind* in her library.

That is why I have decided to adopt the simple and direct

samizdat course of Mankind Occasional Papers.

You might say that the first volume *Era of Darkness : 1098-2005, From Crusades, Columbus and Colonialism to Holocaust, Hiroshima and Ozane Hole*, is a macro-cultural study of the larger socio-economic and politico-cultural trends of our times, the second volume of which the present two chapters are a part, *A Life of Surfeit and Overflow : 1927-2005*, i.e. my autobiography, is a micro illustration of the same rhythm and dynamics.

That is how my mind works : Macro and Micro, the larger ideological vision telescoped with the minute, microscopic slide-smear examination of an individual life, which is but a moment, a link in the chain of conditioned causation, or *pratitya-samudpada*, of an origination by dependence, of *sparsa* (contact) leading to *karuna* (compassion) and *trishna* (thirst), causing *vedana* (sentience), *upadana* (grasping), and *namarupa* (attribution of identity), calling into being the triadic grouping of *bhava* (coming into being), *sthiti-astitva* (transient state), and *vilaya* (ceasing to be or dissolution).

This is how I interpret *bhavachakra* (the cycle of existence), formulated by the dialectical and atheistic *adipurusha*, the *sakyamuni*, Gautama the Buddha. This is how Indian historical materialists should have and could have absorbed atheism, rationalism and dialectics, instead of the convoluted path taken by some of us through Hegel, Marx and Trotsky.

Chapter 1

AN INITIAL SUMMING UP OF A LIFELONG EFFERVESCENCE

A SEARCH FOR ROOTS :
KAILASHNATH PUROHIT (1887-1938)

Let us begin at the beginning.

Against the normal quota of one, I found it necessary to have three fathers.

My biological father was Kailashnath Jagannath Purohit¹, who was a polymath, with a magnificent library of over 2,000 volumes, ranging from Trotsky's original Victor Gollanz edition of 1929-31 of the three volumes of *The History of the Russian Revolution*; Arthur Koestler edited single volume *Encyclopaedia of Sex*; Vatsyayana's *Kamasutra*; the *Anangaranga* and many illustrated volumes with pictures of naked men and women; also several scores of studies of the Irish, Turkish, Persian and Chinese nationalist movements and their leaders; E. B. Havell's three volumes on the Art, Sculpture and Architecture of India; Percy Brown's two volume study of Buddhist, Hindu and Islamic architecture; and many similar wide ranging, almost encyclopaedic works.

There were scores of small booklets in Hindi and Marathi devoted to the theory and practice of classical music of North India. My father had a very rich and deep bass voice, and accompanied himself on the harmonium while he rendered a splendid repertoire of *cheezas*. He taught my mother to sing lullabies and *bhajans*, set in raga matrices. I can still recollect with nostalgic evocation and tears in my eyes, the magnificent rendering in *raga* Desh :

**"Ma, houn jo abhlano taro,
to zagwani kevi majha"**

("Mother, I wish I were a star in the sky
It would be great fun to twinkle")

There were many other *mukhadās* (opening phrases) and

1. My grandmother, Gulabbahen, used to make us commit to memory and recite the long, geneological line of male descent of the Purohits, "Kailashnath Jagannath, Jagannath Ichchharam, Ichchharam Suryaram", ...I have no recollection of the rest; save that I know there were several more, at least half a dozan.

antaras (the middle substantive extensions) in the great ragas Desi, Malkauns, Bhairavi, Chandranandan and Darbari Kanada which even today have not ceased to ring and reverberate in my ears. (I will presently write about my stint as the classical music critic of *Times of India*, Mumbai, as well as about the few years that I was associated as Vice-President with the Indian Musicological Society.)

There was much that I imbibed, absorbed, by a process akin to osmosis, so much of hereditary culture, that is known as *sanskara*, from my father that I am even today discovering new strands that extend from today's existence into my past being and becoming.

Kailashnath, or Bachubhai as he was called by a few intimates, had developed a large literary circle of acquaintances. Bhawanipore was the cradle of nationalist Gujarati enterprise in Calcutta, as it was called in those days, being the capital of England's Indian Empire from about 1765/95 to almost 1911/31.

Kailashnath was a foreign i.e. England-trained accountant and auditor. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society of that profession. I believe, he journeyed to England at the beginning of the so-called First World War of 1913-9 and returned to India towards the end of it. His fellow student in London had been one Parsi, Jamshed Batliboi, who was a lover of Indian classical music. In fact, at one time, a rumour circulated amongst the cognoscenti that Batliboi and Purohit selected junior partners of the firm on the basis, not of their auditing skills, but of their knowledge of classical music. Birdy, who became Batliboi's son-in-law and junior partner of the firm, was as great an *afficianado*, as was one Jhunjhunwala of the Mumbai office.

Be that as it may, my father returned to India after his studies with a Belgian Minerva Convertible. It was a lovely limousine in which I often rode to the Victoria Memorial grounds in the evenings.

Ours was a three car household when I was born. My uncle had his own American model, and there was a little Austin or Morris for my mother's morning shopping trips. My father was a mechanical genius who could take apart our tiny fleet and re-assemble the scattered gears, rods, nuts and bolts into the finished models once again. I saw this magic performance, in which my uncle, Bhupendranath, was my father's principal assistant, many times during those wonderful years, 1927-1938.

My father was the Founder-President of the Bhawanipore Gujarati Shala which has become a gigantic affair with many multi-storied buildings held together in a compact area.

Let me make it clear that I did not inherit from my father his manipulative mechanical skills. Leave aside such huge affairs as cars, I cannot repair or restore the simplest wooden or metal assemblages.

Kailashnath was also a well-known wildlife hunter. He became a friend of Dhangopal Mukherjee whose twenty-odd books on Indian wildlife lore were a valuable part of our library.

But my father's forte was his financial acumen. All his close friends became multimillionaires as a result of his timely guidance. I can cite a few examples.

Goverdhandas Dutia acquired the National Insurance Company with my father's help. It has now been nationalised but its Fire and General Insurance remains a separate living entity. Goverdhankaka made his pile long before its nationalisation. I was ill-fated to join the concern as a lowly clerk on a magnificent monthly salary of Rs. 100 plus Rs. 45 as dearness allowance in the years 1952-53 in my darkest days of political isolation and abject destitution as these annals will reveal.

Another person who benefitted from my father's financial acumen was Indra Singh, the father of Nehru's Defence Minister, Baldev Singh. Indra Singh was a transport operator whom my father helped to purchase the Indian Steel and Wire Products Ltd., which is today a sprawling complex at Jamshedpur.

The younger son, Ajaib Singh, had his differences with the family and was often a guest at our 23, Ray Street residence. Dalal kaka became Indra Singh's Western India distributor as a result of my father's recommendation. Dalal kaka was the grandfather of Hiten Dalal who was jailed for some years in the notorious Harshad Mehta Stock Exchange scam of the early 1990's. Jayantilal Dalal's son and Hiten's father, Prasanna was my classmate and benchmate in the Pupil's Own School where I frolicked in the years 1939-42.

Another person who was obligated to the financial genius of my father was the Khoja Agakhani tea merchant of Kolkata whom we fondly recollect as Faizullakaka. His daughters, Amina and Sakina used to fondle me whenever we entered the *Zanana* section of their *Kothi*. They became the heroine and soubrette of my play, *Amina ane Teno Zamano* which I read for the Indian National Theatre many years later in the mid-seventies.

I would not be able to enumerate all those who profited out of my father's financial genius, but suffice it to note that there were many, who did not move their little fingers to help me in 1952, when I was looking for a job.

There was another less known side to my father's many-sided personality. The school, Bhawanipore Shala, which he and my mother founded, used to be a small three room affair with two wide verandahs at the front and back of a tiny outhouse type of structure in the midst of several acres of playground. The teachers of the school were recruited through the well-known institution of Saurashtra, Dakshinamurti. It used to be run by Nanabhai Bhatt and Gijubhai Badheka and often sheltered young nationalist-terrorists of those days. The Kolkata outpost was also a refuge for the young Gujarati nationalist, militant runaways. These teachers of our primary school, Prabhubhai, Laljibhai and Jethabhai, were my favourites and they were great story-tellers, trained by Dakshinamurti into their craft. In those days, story-telling was taught as a propaganda device, much as radio-plays and teleserials are today.

Another little known facet of Kailashnath's activities was the financial support he extended to the Bengal terrorists, so-called, of the *Jugantar* and *Anushilan* underground organisations. Once, outside my father's little ground floor office room, I was playing around a seated young Bengali stalwart and had dipped my hand into his ample *kolti* kurta pocket. I brought out the revolver or pistol just as my father moved the curtain to call the visitor in. He saw me playing with the firearm and soundly berated the young Bengali hothead. But the silken touch that I then felt from the skin contact with the revolver or pistol thrills my being till today.

It is a memory trace that is ineradicable, as is the scent of carnation beds in which I often lay sucking my thumbs and toes after running away from the clutches of my mother and sundry nursemaids and servants.

Oh, how wonderfully thrilling, pleasurable were those days! The *Nishigandha* plant that was made to climb the front corner of our 23, Ray Street bungalow, the same corner where were located my father's little office on the ground floor, and the master bedroom was on the first floor, still wafts its cloying scent, across seven decades.

My father was a pillar of rectitude. I recollect that my mother had probably pressurised the Bhawanipore Shala teachers to include me in the cast of several playlets that we performed on our Annual Year End School Day. One of the plays involved my dialogues whilst stuffing my mouth with *moodi*, puffed rice. I still remember the laughter that I evoked with my fluffed attempts at speechifying. My father called the teachers to our residence and told them in my mother's presence that they should not play favourites. Such

attempted flattery will get them nowhere. My mother on one side was totally silenced.

I suppose I can go on and on reminiscing about my father's personality and deeds, which to my infant eyes have assumed the shape and contours of great achievements. My readers will forgive me for this indulgence, for after all, he chose to disappear via a coronary thrombosis attack, the first and the last, when I was just eleven or twelve.

That was in 1938. That scene was Kolkata. I had to wait another five years to discover my next father, Philip Gunewardene.

Summing up, and looking back, I feel that I received my intense love for my country from my father along with a number of character traits : the love for Khadi, gardening, simplicity, moral rectitude, an inclination towards anarchism and terrorism, a love for learning and books, a fondness for classical music, a tendency towards extravagance and reckless spendthriftiness, an acceptance of hedonism, a feeling of lifelong adventure, and an endless curiosity about the world.

As stated above, I did not inherit his meticulous mechanical facility nor his general affability. I am told that he was almost as quick-tempered as I am, and that he did not suffer fools gladly, as I have noticed within myself.

IDEOLOGICAL MOORINGS : REVOLUTIONARY TROTSKYISM AND PHILIP GUNEWARDENE. (1901-1972)

The *mise-en-scene* shifts to Shivaji Park in Central Mumbai and Vile Parle in then North Mumbai. (North Mumbai now extends in 2005 on the Western side to Dahisar, 61 Kilometers from the Asiatic Library in the Town Hall, which is the place from where all Mumbai distances are counted.

Philip was one of my three or four Trotskyist study class teachers.

He had escaped from Kandy Prison in Sri Lanka in March or April 1942 to join the nationalist uprising that was impending in India. The entire atmosphere was threatening. An outbreak was expected at any moment.

In fact, Gandhi's Individual Satyagraha Tokenism was an attempt to divert and distract. Gandhi was foolishly trying to urge total freedom of speech in the midst of a war which the Britishers considered to be a life and death struggle.

The man was totally non-compos. Whatever we may say about the merits of imperialist strategy and tactics, where in India they were outperforming both Nazi and fascist methods, to insist that freedom of speech should be made available to the oppressed and exploited Indians, was an obviously foolhardy endeavour. There were many other 'more valid, truthful grounds for non-support to the imperialist war of 1939-45. But freedom of speech was not an issue. The terrible inflationary situation, the enormous rise in prices of all essentials, the forced accumulation of Sterling Balances, the draconian anti-working class measures, the countrywide famine and the reckless speculation in foodgrains, and in general, the horrible concomitants of the World War, offered an immense array of demands that could have been raised.

Gandhi had lost his balance, even comprador balance. He had accepted Jinnah's demand for Partition as early as in 1943, when he and Rajgopalachari held long meetings with Jinnah at Juhu, just opposite Vile Parle on the Western coast. We went almost every evening to his comical prayer meetings at Janki Kutir, Juhu. These daily meetings repulsed me more and more. I became a confirmed anti-Gandhian and opponent of the politics of "inner voice", "soul force" and such cant.

By mid-1942, I was an elemental atheist.

One other incident may be recollected. Rajgopalachari dared to hold a public meeting defending his pro-Pakistani and anti-August 1942 Movement stand at Tilak Mandir in East Vile Parle. I was amongst the few young firebrands who blackened and tarred his goggled face and white clothes. We escaped and successfully melted into the crowd without being apprehended by the posse of police which the then colonialists had provided to this wretched traitor who was father-in-law of Gandhi's son, Devdas, co-owner of *Hindustan Times*, who later sold the paper to the Birlas²

2 *Hindustan Times* was till recently the leading morning daily of metropolitan Delhi, till the *Times of India* challenged it, in the last few years with a Delhi edition. The Birlas have just now in 2005 attempted retaliation against the Dalmia-Jains, by sponsoring a Mumbai edition the *Hindustan Times*. Both the Dalmia-Jains and the Birlas were amongst the 49 monopoly houses covered by the MRTP Act. Such internecine feuds are a characteristic of Indian compradors as they are of the Anglo-American monopoly houses. For a study of the Indian MRTP houses, see Vinayak Purohit, "India's Place in the Sun : Assets of the Comprador Capitalist Gang" in *Mankind*, May 1996, p.65; also "Caravan of Colonial and Neo-Colonial ...Agents of MNCs" in *Mankind*, July-August 1997, p-43. For American cartels, See Ferdinand Lundberg, *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, Bantam, N. Y. 1969.

Gandhi's treacherous comprador role vis-a-vis the birth of Pakistan has been fully documented in R. C. Majumdar (ed.) *The History and Culture of the Indian People*, Vol. XI, Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan, 1969, pp. 697-7.

Since my biological father's passing away in 1938, my search for a father figure who would affectionately guide, restrain, educate and encourage me, had intensified. I found my second father towards the end of 1942. I had by then joined the sabotage cell formed by Yusuf Meherally, the socialist ex-Mayor of Mumbai. (For my adventures of August 9, 1942, see the next Chapter, being published as *Mankind Occasional Paper 6.*) This brought me to the notice of a member of the Royist party, Dr. Venkat Vora, later Chief Radiologist of the Tata Cancer Hospital at Parel in Mumbai.

This Venkat Vora belonged to the Tyeb Shaikh faction of the Royist party which had broken away from the parent body precisely on the issue of opposition to the imperialist war of 1939-45, and support to the nationalist outbreak of August 1942.

The Trotskyists of the Fourth International who had formed the ambitious Bolshevik - Leninist Party of India, Burma and Ceylon (BLPIBC) in early 1942, had settled down to a prolonged underground existence. They were frantically trying to establish contact with J P (Jayprakash Narayan), Rammanohar Lohia and other socialist leaders in Mumbai.

Venkat Vora invited four of us Meherallyites in half pants and pyjama-shirts to his private x-ray clinic in Santacruz, there we met Philip Gunewardene, introduced to us as Roop Singh and Colvin R. DeSilva, calling himself Dias, both escapees from Kandy prison, though not known to us as such at that time. We were all bowled over by the duo and their felicitous use of English language. We took them to be South Indian Christians.

Our subsequent meetings grew by leaps and bounds.

I was in particular singled out for hothouse treatment, like the chrysanthemum flowers which are made to bloom under controlled, prolonged exposure to the light, of revolutionary nationalism and Marxism.

All this was absolutely new to me. I was thrilled and overwhelmed.

The BLPI leadership was almost equally elated. They lined up an array of study class teachers, who tutored me for about two-

three hours a day over the next few months. Amongst my teachers were, of course, Philip who took me through an intensive course on the history of the left movement of the world. I did not then know, that he had himself been a part of the International Left Opposition in USA, England and Europe. (see C. W. Ervin, *Philip Gunawardena : The Making of a Revolutionary*, Social Scientists Association, Colombo, 2001)

The trouble with autobiographies is the chronic pitfall of perpetual anachronism. One is constantly including subsequent knowledge into preceding events. I will try to steer clear of this pitfall, even though this circumvention may cause some apparent roundabout phrasing.

Of course, I was not given all this information at that time except that Philip had been a fellow student with Jayaprakash Narayan in an American university. Mumbai had become the headquarters of the August outbreak. But such were the strange and confused happenings, and so primitive were our organisational networks of those days, that Philip and Jayaprakash never did meet between August 1942 and July 1943, when Philip and several other Mumbai comrades were picked up by the police. Jayaprakash himself had broken out of Hazaribagh Jail just as Philip had out of Kandy Jail. To arrange a meeting between two escapees became a Herculean task, especially as several intermediaries were interested in keeping the two alumni apart.

Lots of intrigues in those days, back-biting, back-stabbing and puffed-up chests monopolising dark secrets.

Lohia, too, was a frequent visitor to Mumbai, and spoke over the underground radio station-cum-mobile van organised for a few weeks by Usha Mehta and some INT friends who will appear later in these pages.

I was too young and lowly in hierarchy to even dream of meeting these great guys.

I could have then met Lohia, my third father. But the time was not yet ripe for that. I had to live through the second stage of my personal evolution.

So Philip took me through the History of the International Left Movement. Colvin or Dias gave me a crash course in the third part of Engels' *Anti Duhring* which has often been reprinted as *Socialism : Scientific and Utopain*.

Leslie Gunewardene, then called Tilak, taught me an outline History of the Chinese Revolution based on Harold R. Isaacs' *Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution*.³

My fourth tutor in the theory and practice of revolutionary Marxism was Dr. N. M. Perera who we used to know as Oliver. I believe he gave me a course in some aspect of economic theory and history.

Apart from these four⁴, others took their turn to hot press and mould me. Among them, I remember Bernard Soysa known to us as Peter, V. Karalsingham ("Carlo"), Selina Parera, wife of N M, "Margie" to us; who permanently settled down in Kolkata and died there; and Hector Abhaywardene, who based his tutorials to me on John Strachey's works whose titles I have now forgotten, but they were very well known in the 1930s and 1940s. Strachey's family and fortune had a long-standing connection with India, spanning three or four generations. John was brother of Lytton Strachey whose *The Eminent Victorians* was a textbook in Indian colleges and schools for some 50 years. If I remember right, Bernard / Peter based his

3. The original edition was of 1935, when Harold was probably a Trotskyist revolutionary. Later, the author himself degenerated into a pro-American neocolonial and made substantial textual alterations. I was taken through the Chinese developments by Tilak, who was Leslie following the original 1935 edition. I would also like to point out the reactionary alterations made in the second edition of OHK Spate and ATA Learmonth's *India and Pakistan : A General and Regional Geography*, 1968; and the same work republished as *India, Pakistan and Ceylon : The Regions*, 1972. I am not questioning the author's right to make alterations in successive editions of his own published writings. But he must annotate the changes. For who can take away the author's birthright to degenerate ? Only, he should mark the changes in his views and explain them. For a work once published is public property, and the readers have a right to know why and where the writer has changed course.

4. All four subsequently became important cabinet ministers of various coalition governments of Sri Lanka. Philip was Industries Minister in S. W. R. D. Bhandarnayake's first LSSP government. After Banda's assassination in 1959, his wife Sirimavo took over. Colvin also became a Cabinet Minister in a Sri Lanka coalition. N. M. actually was Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister in Sirimavo's team (1960-65 and 1970-77). Leslie / Tilak was General Secretary of the BLPI and wrote its Transitional Programme. He was also an important coalition partner in Sri-Lankan Parliament. So was Bernard/ Peter, Hector, too, landed a plum posting in the shape of Chairmanship of the People's Bank of Ceylon, the second largest bank of the island nation. From this vantage point, I presume, he assisted his wife's multi comprador concerns, as franchisee of MNC's.

tutorials on Leo Huberman's *Man's Worldly Goods*, Left Book Club, London.

When I met Philip, his wife Kusuma was in an advanced stage of pregnancy⁵. I believe, I became her surrogate son during those exciting days. Whenever I went to Philip's place for my study classes, I was given platefuls of dainty dishes. My polite demurrings were smilingly brushed aside by Kusuma, and I think I made my first acquaintance with roasted beef served to me with great deal of affection by Kusuma.

Just as I had imbibed my nationalist core with terrorist / anarchist leanings from my first father, I absorbed from the second, my orientation towards revolutionary Marxism and militant activism.

The most memorable lesson that I learnt from Philip was his description of the comprador bourgeoisie as "a squad of Tuppiahs". This is the Sinhala term meaning the trained monkeys used by coconut growers to climb the tall trees and harvest the monthly crop of coconuts. I have seen these creatures, both animals and humans on my numerous visits to the island.

The first, Kailashnath, had acted upon my mind from birth to about 1938. Then there was a hiatus of about five years. Philip took over in 1942-43, and I confess that to a substantial extent, I became West - oriented. I learnt to smoke, to drink and to eat meat and beef in the pleasant and exciting company of the Ceylon Trotskyists. In fact, with me all the three things - alcohol, tobacco and meat - were political choices and an emphatic repudiation of Gandhism, spiritualism and gradualism.

Another twelve years were to pass before I encountered my third father, Rammanohar Lohia.

THIRD AND FINAL STAGE OF MY IDEOLOGICAL APPRENTICESHIP : REVOLUTIONARY SOCIALIST NATIONALISM : RAMMANOHAR LOHIA (1910-1967)

I had first met Lohia in 1952 at Patna where a national convention of the Socialist Party had taken place, but that was a fleeting encounter. Also in 1952, Lohia's 'leftism' was just incipient and barely perceptible. He and top leadership of the Socialist Party had joined hands with a breakaway group of radical Congressmen

5. Her child, a boy was born around the time of our arrest and was appropriately named Indika (India + Lanka).

centred around J. B. Kripalani, former General Secretary of the Congress; Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, a close associate of Jawahar Nehru; H. D. Malaviya, also briefly a Central Minister of Food and Agriculture in Nehru's cabinet; Raj Bahadur, Ex-Minister of Communications, P. C. Sen, who later became Chief Minister of West Bengal, H. K. Mahtab and Biju Patnaik from Orissa, and several other luminaries. These radicals had for a few months called themselves the Krishak Mazdoor Praja Party (Workers and Peasants People's Party.)

The Socialist Party which had emerged out of the Congress in 1948, and had been badly mauled in the first General Elections that had taken place between November 1951 and February 1952, decided to link themselves with the KMPP, and thus was born the Praja Socialist Party (PSP).

The left Socialists in Mumbai, amongst whom I counted myself, were essentially split into two. The majority gravitated towards the Communist Party of India, and this faction was led at the national level, by Aruna Asaf Ali who was a pretty, Bengali wife of a nationalist Muslim Congress leader Asaf Ali, who was a member of the Congress Working Committee in the Nehru cabinet before he passed away as Governor of Orissa. Aruna, nee Bannerjee, had in the last days of direct British rule, consciously or unconsciously, worked as a British agent, conveying to Mountbatten and Wavell the inner confabulations and divisions amongst Congress leaders, thanks to Asaf Ali's pre-eminence. She had been shaken to the roots by the defeat of the Socialists in the 1951-52 First General Elections despite the so-called "aura of August." Aruna had bravely and personally led the Augusters, and was shocked by the rejection at the hustings. She was in dire need of a Progressivist image, and naturally gravitated to the Stalinist CPI which had systematically acted as British *agent-provocateurs*, and imperialist spies during the later war years (1941-45)

The Bombay Left Socialists who had accepted Aruna's leadership and turned towards CPI, were re-inforced by the old ex-communist group of Baburao Jagtap and others who had left the CPI in 1942 to join the Augusters.

It was a very confused scenario. I could not keep pace with it. One Dattu Nargolkar was a joint secretary of the Bombay Party as well as a Vice-President of Bombay Press Employees' Union of which I had been the General Secretary from 1948 onwards. Thus, a struggle with the Socialists who in their majority had joined hands with the KMPP, to form the PSP as aforesaid, and the left socialists

of Bombay led by Nargolkar and Jagtap who had decided to join the CPI, had created a situation wherein I was a dissident amongst the dissidents (More details will appear in the next chapter.)

Anyway, being a minority within a minority, unable to countenance a vertical split within the Press Employees Union, I decided not to take the Lohia path into the PSP.

Very soon, and predictably, Lohia could not get along with the Congress dissidents of the Kripalani-Kidwani ilk, and came out of the PSP at the end of 1955 to form his own Socialist Party in January 1956. Almost immediately, I joined his party and I recollect with a degree of nostalgic pride, my first contribution in the No. 1, Volume 1 issue of old *Mankind*. (It must have been sometime around July or August 1956.)

I do not wish to assert any prescient political rectitude. But the fact remains that I did not discover my third father, Rammanohar Lohia in 1952 when he joined the PSP, and preferred to wait out the dark period of political isolation till 1955-56, when Lohia re-formed the Socialist Party that I promptly joined.

In all probability, I was right and Lohia wrong in the matter of the character of the PSP. Since the taste of the pudding is determined by its eating, the abandonment of the PSP by Lohia proves my point though I do not wish to gloat over it or over-emphasise the issue⁶.

For long I have known that my revolutionary Marxism and Trotskyism was too much for the average Socialist to digest, and my revolutionary nationalism and Lohiaism was too much for the Communists or the Stalinist / Progressivists to stomach. Thus my isolation from both the main currents of leftist ideology in the country was ingrained in the situation.

I would occasionally feel and suffer acutely from this sense of separation and isolation, but on the other hand, I was so

6. Pattam Thanu Pillai became the Chief Minister of Travancor-Cochin in 1954 with Congress support though his party, the PSP, had only 19 members in the assembly. In the typical Congress fashion, his police fired upon an unarmed demonstration of workers and peasants. There were loud protests over this incident all over the country. The PSP appointed a one-man commission of Lohia to proceed to Trivandrum, the state capital and to inquire into the matter. Lohia categorically condemned the police firing, calling upon Pattam to resign. The PSP expelled Lohia from the party in mid-1955, whereupon a large number of Lohiaites from all over the country seceded and a new entity consisting of all the radicals within the PSP, formed a new SP at the end of 1955 and the beginning of 1956 (December 55 - January 56).

absorbed and was in such a headlong rush to develop all sorts of other capabilities and occupations that I hardly had the time to dwell on this loneliness.

I do not know whether I am absolutely right in thinking that I had a birthright to strike out in all directions. I used to compare myself to a child stumbling and running, learning languages, scanning the horizon at 360°, and painting graffiti, playing *ghar-ghar* (housie-housie), singing, reciting, wearing costumes and dramatising, building sand castles, dancing and so on. My studies of the capitalist system had convinced me that education was designed to constrict and force narrow specialisations. I always felt that man is capable to much more than a narrow, singular occupational niche. By the mid - 1950s, I had begun to flex my muscles and throw my hands about in all directions. This overflow and effervescence will be covered in the remaining pages of this memoir.

THEORY AND PRACTICE : MUSIC

The year 1956 was a breakthrough year for me in another respect too. I became the North Indian Classical Music critic for the *Times of India* in August of that year. The politics of this event will be dealt with in the next chapter. Here, we will confine ourselves to the exhilaration and joyous fun part of the event.

Let me fill in the background using the technique of *reculer pour mieux sauter*. We will step back a little, and find our bearings.

From my biological father, Kailashnath Purohit, I have already mentioned, I inherited a fondness nay ardent love, for classical music. He had the deepest bass voice that I ever heard till I discovered Omkarnath Thakur, who had been, for a while our neighbour in Wadi Falia in Surat, just a few houses away on the same street.

It was a glorious childhood with all the great Indian *ragas* reverberating in a nostalgic setting. The beautiful blue floral Persian carpet with big white bolsters scattered about; on all sides, magnificent cupboards with glassed shelves full of wonderful books, my father playing with one hand the harmonium, and gesturing rhythmically with the other, a *paan-dan* of Burmese lacquer bright red with design in black, centrally placed, and I lying on my back with probably my thumb in the mouth, Oh ! it was as near to heaven as I will ever get to !

When the Transfer of Power was effected from the imperialist to the comprador in 1947, the new state followed Nehru's dictum : "I

have become a queer mixture of East and West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere." (*EB*, 83, *macro* vol. 12, p. 944).

The new state proceeded merrily in the quintessential self-contradictory, comprador style, following Nehru's dictum.

After Sardar Patel's death in 1950, B. V. Keskar became the Minister of Information and Broadcasting. Keskar banished the harmonium from the All India Radio, and promoted the formation of the *Vadya-Vrinda* under Ravi Shankar. At the same time, the Defence Ministry was in urgent need of re-organising the various regimental military bands which had been fully westernised on the lines borrowed from the original Ottoman Turkish military bands with a predominance of brass, trumpets and trombones, bag pipes, horns, bassoons, oboes, flutes and other wind instruments along with bold rhythm devices of snare drums, cymbals, triangles and timpani. The regimental bands were trained to play written scores.

I will make a small detour here. The Western diatonic Bilawal raga scale based on equal temperament i.e. between two Cs doubling from the bottom to the top, all the twelve notes are arranged at equal distances, and are not harmonically related as in the basic series : 1, 1/2, 1/3, 1/4, 1/5, 1/6, 1/7 etc. Thus the basic Western scale is not harmonic and sounds foreign and false to the Indian ear trained to hear 22 *shrutis* or precise macro-tones in harmonic order. This is especially true of *dhaivat* or the sixth full tone, known as A in the West, but equally false sounding through the entire gamut of C D E F G A B or Do Re Mi Fa So La Ti Do i.e. Sa Re Ga Ma Pa Dha Ni (Sa).

Perhaps, the West needed the equal temperament for an orchestral ensemble of upto 108 musicians playing in unison under the command of a conductor following a written score provided by a composer. Indian tradition is completely different. The musician is the lead player or singer who improvises as he performs, supported by a small group of accompanists. Usually the singer has one or two *tanpura* players sitting behind him, and on one side *sarangi*, a string instrument of the *rabab* class, and optionally a violin, and on the other side, a percussion exponent or two playing *tabla*, *mridangam*, *pakhavaj*, *ghatam*, *khanjiri*, small cymbals called *manjira*, *dukkad* etc.

No two performances can be exactly alike. Improvisation, spontaneity and creativity are of the essence. There is no "commanding officer" or conductor in Indian music and no written rigid score.

Strictly speaking, an Indian ensemble can play and sing without equal temperament scale or rigid written score. But that

requires an outlook steeped in national tradition which was alien to the comprador setup organised by Nehru, Patel, Gandhi, Keskar and such other elements.

In the event, Keskar opted for classicism of the Bhatkhande School which was of a particularly dessicated academic variety whose leading lights were V. N. Bhatkhande, S. M. Ratanjankar, R. C. Mehta, Sumati Mutatkar and their ilk. These advisors proceeded to divide Indian musicians of dozens of courts or feudal gharanas into rigid, bureaucratic/*naukarshahi* categories and into grades A, B, C, with prescribed emoluments or fees and associated perks. The older Indian classical musicians were up in arms against this categorisation and gradation and some like Vilayat Khan *sitariya* ceased to perform over the radio, refusing to be examined by any bureaucratic panel. Most of the others indigent and in need, were cajoled into A and Super A categorisation. They succumbed and accepted radio and later TV slots.

When I started writing music criticism for the *Times*, this controversy and its ramifications were very much in the air. The music circles, *sabhas* and *kutcheris* were an alternative source of income, distinct from the old style princeling court support, and the regular feudal *gharana* or *guru-shishya parampara* monthly fees from select pupils. The AIR programmes were also a regular income source as were the so-called recitals in music conferences. Keskar and gang put a blight upon the Indian musical scene because of their choice of a dry and dull *gharana* of Bhatkhande.

But the whole feudal *gharana* system which was designed to preserve and promote specific musical styles (see Vamanrao Deshpande, *Gharandaj Gayaki* and V. N. Bhatkhande, *Hindustani Sangeet Paddhati*, Parts 1 to 4), began to lose its *raison d'etre* as universities and colleges of music proliferated and pupils changed gurus and mixed the *gharana* styles that they heard from different masters at music conferences. Naturally the old feudal order was incapable of surviving unchanged in the bourgeois times even if heavily compradorised.

Antsher Lobo, attached to the Pachmarhi military music establishment gave a series of lectures at the Jehangir Art Gallery auditorium and went into the minute differences and fractional wave lengths of shrutis and musical scales which created quite a stir. He was President of the Indian Musicological Society for many years and after his passing away, Vamanrao Deshpande took over. (Vamanrao Deshpande had been a junior partner in my father's auditing firm, Batliboi and Purohit, as noted above.) When I became Vice-President of the Society, my wife Dr. Sharayu Mhatre Purohit

translated Vamanrao's article on Ibrahim Adilshah and this was published in some journals.

Another controversy that was agitating musical circles in the country was the rivalry between the Allauddin - Ravi Shankar - Ali Akbar - Annapurna *gharana* with its emphasis on *gayaki* style and the Inayat and Vilayat Khan style of sitar playing with its stress on the *thumri ang*.

I was strongly supportive of the *gayaki ang* breakthrough achieved by the Allauddin *gharana*, though not enthusiastic about Ravi Shankar's orchestral or individual presentations. By 23 instruments playing the same *tarz* (tune or musical phrase) nothing worthwhile is achieved. This is what Ravi Shankar made them perform. True orchestration is a different kettle of fish. The mixing of different instrumental (and occasionally choral) timbres and the mingling suitably unified *tarzs* is of the essence, which was not completely, but was predominantly lacking in Ravi Shankar's orchestral arrangements.

The *gayaki ang* broke away from the older desiccated, mechanical, noisy styles called Razakhani and Masitkhani *gats*. It opened up a vast horizon of folk tunes, light *ragas* like Pahadi, Mand, etc. and light classical forms like Kajri, Purvi, Chaiti and so on.

Thumri was a blind alley, a degenerative discordant remix, (see my *Sociology of Thumri*, 1987, referred to elsewhere.) and was rendered almost invariably in just 10 or 12 *raga* bases. These bases of ten called *ang* were restricted to Bhairavi, Kafi, Khamaj, Piloo, Tilang, Tilak Kamod, Jhinhoti, Desh etc.

In the same manner, Fusion which is being attempted on a large scale these days is a *cul-de-sac*. There is nothing to be gained by mechanically enmeshing phrases from Indian classical sphere and the vast variety of Western popular music represented by various genres. (Jazz, blues, pop, rock, rap, reggae and soul music of thousands of young performing groups in eating houses, open air gatherings, night clubs, cafes, casinos and holiday resorts.)

In which case, one may ask if the Vilayat Khani *thumri ang* leads nowhere and the Ravi Shankar type of infantile orchestration and the Fusion exponents are equally non-productive, what is to be the future? Is Indian classical music to remain an unchanging stagnant entity? I think progress lies in the direction which I suggested through the *raees* connoisseur Lakshmilal Pittie and Jasraj and his group. Such a concert was held in Sunderbai Hall some years ago on a Virendra Kumar Mathur anniversary.

I had suggested that two artists, using the same keynote,

each with his own group of accompanists, could render two ragas simultaneously, and gradually integrate, enmesh and merge them. For instance, Bhimpalās which is a merger of two raga matrices, Bhim and Palās, or any of the well-known combinations, Miya ki Malhar, Nayaki Kanada, Suha Sughrai and so on, can be similarly interlaced. Secondly, in the same manner, as can be heard from the very popular HMV recording of yester-year Agra gharana of Darbari when Faiyyaz Khan, Vilayat Khan, Khadim Husain, Sharafat Husain and Latafat Husain unleashed a torrent of *taans*, each taking off from where the other left it, creating an amazing cascade of streams rushing down a precipice like a broken up waterfall. Some such experiments will appear as part of the Indian musical scene. The central raga form with its divisions of *alap*, *jod*, *jhala* or *antara*, *vilambit* and *drut* tempos, adjusted to varied tala measures, like Trital, Ektal, Ada Chautal etc. will remain the central feature, embellishments like the one suggested above will be carried out on the margins.

I have defined the raga structure and form in my *Social Aspects of Indian Music* 1989, pp. 7-9.

In the field of mensuration, "Hindu" numbers have retained their centrality, though binary calculations have entered the area in a big way through computers, digitals and the like. Similarly, "Hindu" ragas of the Indian classical system, dating from Matanga (6th century AD), will remain at the centre for the foreseeable future.

Thus, whilst *gayaki ang* was a breakthrough towards wider folk, light classical, regional, seasonal forms incorporating all such variations including Thumri itself in the mainstream of Indian classical raga system and form; the *Thumri ang* was a blind alley, highly restrictive, unnecessarily erotic and artificially sentimental. Vilayat Khan took to singing bits and snatches of tunes whilst performing in a serious concert. Naturally, he had no pretensions to being a great vocalist and the vocal instrumental dual concert by him often became a jarring parody. Ustad Vilayat and Pandit Arvind became my determined detractors. I think they still harbour ill-feelings towards me. But I have never cared for such petty opposition, and have always marched on.

Arvind Parikh had been one of my Elphinstone College classmates. He began to learn *Sitar* playing under Vilayat Khan. At an early stage, Arvind got interested in business and commerce, probably because he hailed from a trader community of Ahmedabad. He was much encouraged by Vilayat Khan whose financial affairs Arvind began to manage from our college days. I believe, he handled

all the cash transactions on behalf of Vilayat quite honestly and efficiently. Thus he was made much of by the Vilayat entourage and naturally he has now begun to call himself Pandit Arvind Parikh. (Generally, Hindu classical musicians called themselves *pandits* and their Muslim counterparts are designated *ustads*.)

Probably, this *pandit* appellation has gone to Arvind's head. Recently, I was made a member of the selection committees, probably on Vice-Chancellor Jyoti Trivedi's recommendation, for appointment of various teachers of the Music Department of the SNDT University in Mumbai. In one of them, Arvind was my colleague. An applicant was being interrogated and cross-examined by us. There were several other members too, apart from myself and Arvind. Suddenly, Arvind confronted the young lady candidate with a series of questions about Abhinavgupta and his famous theory of *dhwani*. The young lady was quite proficient in her rendering of the *ragas* self-selected by her, and she was eventually selected on my preferential suggestion. Thus, no harm came to the young applicant despite Arvind's major *faux pas*. I had to tell Arvind within the hearing of a few other persons that Abhinavgupta's *dhwani* did not deal with musical sound at all. It was a literary ornament (*alankar*) suggesting that a word has, apart from its primary literal sense, another a secondary, implied or ironical, sense which, according to Abhinavgupta was of the essence. I hope that my gentle admonition to Arvind has not been resented and that his panditary or pedantry will be able to bear my little correction⁷.

Having retired hurt from politics in 1952, I had sought and found a small clerical post in an insurance company, at that time not nationalised, through the good offices of Gordhandas Dutia. He made a grand gesture of generosity and paid me the colossal monthly salary of Rs. 100 Basic plus Rs. 45 Dearness Allowance ! The pretensions of our comprador bourgeoisie have to be experienced to be believed. My father, who was a spendthrift, had spent thousands on Gordhan and Madhavlal Sindhu as they attended music conferences in Kolkata in those days. Every winter used to be a prolonged mehfil with mother, father, Gordhan, Madhavlal sailing forth in silk kurtas and *dhotis*, scented with exotic *ittars*, small silver *paan* boxes in hand.

When I transferred myself from Mumbai to Kolkata and from

7. Arvind married Damu Jhavri's sister, Kishori, who occasionally sang in *mehfils*. More about Damu will appear in the sections on Dance and Theatre.

Asian Assurance to National Insurance, without any change in emoluments, I felt still more lonely. I used to remit Rs. 40-50 back to Mumbai. I stayed with my uncle, Bhupendranath, in his flat near the Dhakuria Lakes in south Kolkata. My food and shelter was more or less taken care of, but towards the end of the month, I often had to walk home about six miles, not having the bus fare in my pocket. It was alright. I was only 25, and as a socialist trade unionist, had been associated intimately with the down-and-out proletarians of Mumbai. I then took a momentous decision to learn the *sarod* which had been my favourite, since I had heard Timir Baran and Ali Akbar Khan on the radio, then called, as now, AIR or All India Radio.

Radhikamohan Moitra, whom I chose as my guru, was a rare phenomenon. He was a post graduate and had been an MLA from East Bengal in the old colonial assembly. He, with a great deal of understanding, stipulated for one hour per week a grand fee of Rs. 20/- a month. He must have shrewdly judged the depth of my pocket and charitably quoted a figure appropriate to my lean means.

I dutifully purchased a *sarod* with a loan of Rs. 200/- from my *langotiya* friend, Labhu Oza, who was a coal-mine owner worth many millions.

I never advanced much in *sarod* technique. I was yet playing *sarparada*, the most basic of the *raga* firmament having the same simple, fundamental seven *shuddha* notes in both ascending and descending orders : *Sa re ga ma pa dha ni sa ni dha pa ma ga re sa*.

It was not many months before poor nutrition, overall hardship, long lonely walks through crowded unclean streets and concomitants, laid me low. And by April 1956, I was back in Mumbai riding in an ambulance from the Dadar station to the Nanavati Hospital in Vile Parle stricken by pleurisy and incipient tuberculosis.

Luckily, the combination streptomycin and isoniazid had been discovered by then, and I did not pass away as my step-sister, Renuka / Bakuben had, a few years earlier from Panchgani's famous Billimoria Sanitorium.

This was the second major medical calamity of my young life after the compound fracture of the skull suffered through a police lathi on exactly 9th August, 1942 at Shivaji Park in Mumbai. This occurrence had major political overtones and will therefore, be dealt with in the next chapter, "When Personal Biography Merges into National Social History."

There is a natural resilience of the young body which tides

us over serious crises like compound fracture of the skull and attack of pleurisy/TB, at the ages of 15 and 28 respectively. Perhaps, even a greater contribution is made by the state of mind by some hidden font of exuberant vitality and mental stamina. I who have by now survived four strokes and a heart attack leading to an insertion of a pace-maker that contributes one heartbeat in five, should know intimately the factors of wild joy and effervescent fun which I seem to have been born with. This sense of zany delight has been sustained by me, ever since the early forties when I first became a separate, distinct individual entity.

Thus, after childhood nurture and adolescence, I arrived in 1956 as the *Times* music critic. The first concert that I covered was Gangubai Hangal's for the Suburban Music Circle. Her unforgettable *cheeza*, *Rasiya Ao Na* in Maru Bihag, still rings in my ears.

I covered all the early sessions of the Sur Singar Samsad where Bhimsen Joshi, Shivkumar Sharma, Kishori Amonkar, Shivkumar Shukla were yet utilised as curtain raisers. They are now *maestros*, and would disdain any slot other than that of "The last of the *baithak*⁸.

Since the payment by the *Times* for Indian classical music reviews was then at the magnificent rate of Rs. 2.50 per column inch, the greatest benefit which I enjoyed as *Times* critic was that of the free entry passes that came to me for the recitals and "music conferences". In some months, there were as many as 17 that I reviewed.

I had a great time. I read during the day musicology and music lore, and till two or three at night was regaled by the finest classical musicians of India : Kesarbai Kerkar, Mogubai, Omkarnath Thakur, D. V. Paluskar, Bismillah Khan, Ali Akbar, Bade Ghulam Ali, Jasraj, Salamat & Nazakat Ali, Rahimuddin Dagar, Gangubai Hangal, Siddheshwari, Girija Devi, Roshan Ara Begum, Amir Khan, Laxmanprasad Jaipurwale, Vilayat Hussain Khan, Faiyyaz Khan, Mallikarjun Mansoor, Vilayat Khan, Ravi Shankar, Pannalal Ghosh, Hariprasad Chourasia and so many more that I could easily fill many pages of this memoir with their names. (see 6-2 Discography in my *Arts of Transitional India*, quoted elsewhere vol-2, pp.1187 - 91, especially for the great musicians of the Carnatic system.)

8. It is customary for the greatest Indian classicists to be featured as the concluding concertist, since it is usually assumed that the tyros and the young talents would not be able to manage the *jamavat* after a master has ended his performance. This is, of course, just a convention and not an iron law.

It must be 1957-58, when I wrote number 9 in the over 1,200 series Parichay Pustica Pravritti. My little contribution was appropriately titled *Sangeet Sambhalvano Anand* (The Joy of Listening to Music.)

Before we pan away from the field of music, let me list a few quick takes :

A comical sidelight was thrown upon a morning concert organised by the Ullal brothers for Suburban Music Circle. We gathered in the Stree Mandal Hall at Santa Cruz and patiently waited for the proceedings to commence. Gradually, the murmurings almost became a roar. I tried to find out, as a journalist, what was happening. I thought Kesarbai had been unavoidably delayed, but later learnt in a confidential whisper, she had already arrived and was in the greenroom. An "objectionable" lady was present amongst the audience, who had probably paid the admission fee. This individual was one Lakshmibai Jadhav of Kolhapur who was a fellow pupil of Alladiya Khan along with Kesarbai. Kesarbai refused to sing if the audience contained Lakshmibai. I do not know even today the precise reasons for Kesarbai's refusal. Ultimately, Lakshmibai was requested by the organisers to leave and Kesarbai came on with a magnificent series of unforgettable renderings. There was a mellifluous Alhaiya Bilawal, a thrilling Nat Malhar, and above all, a superb Desi. The entire audience was completely captivated, bowled over and the *wah-wahs*, *bahut khubs* and *ahas* from every corner flowed in an endless stream. I never heard a better Desi than the one on that morning.

I later learnt from Bhatkhande's book or perhaps Govindrao Tembe's reminiscences, or possibly from Isak Mujawar's brief study, that Alladiya was a very clever man. He would teach the same *ragas* to the two ladies, Kesarbai and Lakshmibai and give the *raga* two different names one to each illustrious pupil !

Also in the secretive, semi-feudal ambience of those days, many maestros prohibited their students from giving away the secrets of their *gharana* to all and sundry. They even discouraged their star pupils from attending *mehfils* of rival masters.

I do not know till today the precise reason for Kesarbai's objection to Lakshmibai's presence in the audience. All I can say is that the Alladiya *gharana* was extremely fond of mixing intricate *raga* patterns. At some point, such was the intermingling of complicated *taan* patterns, especially in the *drut laya* (fast tempo) that it was impossible to discern any *raga* core in the sounds

impinging on one's ear. It could be anything, Nat + Kanada + Bhairav, just about anything. A fellow critic, Madanlal Vyas, once observed to me that with Alladiya and his *gharana*, after the concert has proceeded for about half an hour or so, *sab ek hi kisam ka gana ho jata hai !* (it all sounds the same !) With some exaggeration, I believe, this could be true !

Overlapping with my work as critic for the *Times of India*, I became Vice-President for five or six years of the Vile Parle Music circle, which is, I believe, active till today. I acted as its Programme Director for a long time and patronised my favourite musicians like Amir Khan, Ali Akbar Khan, Bismillah Khan and many more. This was a suburban music circle whose members belonged to the lower middle class. In South Mumbai in the Malabar Hill and adjacent areas, I took up the Secretaryship of Noopur, at the request of the Ghias who had been known to my family from our Surat days.

My activities to promote knowledge and performance of classical North Indian music naturally included a lot of writing, apart from day-to-day coverage in the *Times*, I wrote music criticism in many other journals, of which I may mention the contributions in Umashankar Joshi's *Sanskriti* (Gujarati), and Dharmaveer Bharati's *Dharmaying* (Hindi).

My doctoral dissertation, *The Arts of Transitional India : 20th Century*, was focussed principally on three media; music, an ancient art which had in its classical form undergone very few changes from its pasto-feudal moorings; painting, which also boasted of millenia-old continuity, but which had been transformed radically by neocolonial and comprador influences: and film which was a completely new art form that had pure comprador structure and form that could be precisely dated from 1896, when the Lumiere brothers presented their animated shorts at Watson Hotel in Mumbai. In Chapter 6 titled "Medieval Modernity of Indian Music" spread over some 125 pages of my voluminous thesis I projected my theoretical views. That was in the years 1975 to 1988.

I presented a paper "Thumri-Traditions and Trends" organised by the Indian Musicological Society in association with the Mumbai University Department of Music at Mumbai, 16-18 January, 1987; and "The Social Aspects of Indian Music", keynote paper for a Round Table on Sociology of Indian Music, organised by the Indian Musicological Society, the Department of Music, University of Mumbai and the Indian Institute of Social Research, on December 10, 1988 at the Department of Music Auditorium, Mumbai.

The last two papers have been published by the Indian Institute of Social Research, Mumbai in 1987 and 1989, respectively and formed part of the collection of 10 booklets titled *Sociology of Art and Politics*.

I almost forgot to mention that I became the Vice-President of the Indian Musicological Society, I believe from around 1985 to 1992.

One of two last music concerts that I covered was for *Mankind*, June 1996, pp. 44-46. "The Glory of Indian Music", which was a Dadar Matunga Cultural Centre concert featuring rising stars. The other contribution in *Mankind* was in March 1998, p.14, in which I utilised the musical traditions of India to define its geographical frontiers : "Omkarnath Thakur Defines India's North-West Frontiers."

THEORY AND PRACTICE : DANCE

We can now zoom to and focus upon dance as the next medium in which I was active in both theory and practice.

As Secretary of *Noopur*, we presented many classic dance concerts in all the major Indian dance styles. I particularly remember Yamini Krishnamurthy's Bharat Natyam and Roshan Kumari's Kathak.

I also wrote about Uday Shankar and Shanti Bardhan in "The Sociology of Indian Ballet" read at a seminar organised by Ranga-Sri at Bhopal in September 1989.

My personal participation as a dancer was confined to the school years spent at the Pupil's Own School, during the years 1939-42.

I danced on the old Excelsior and New Empire stages in Mumbai (before their renovations), and received a terrific 'once more' as a member of Mara's devils sent to frighten Buddha, in the song and dance presentation of *Varadan* by R. Tagore.

Shanti Bardhan, Prabhat Ganguly, Narendra Sharma, Sachin Shankar and Abani Dasgupta were all involved in the presentation of the ballet, *Discovery of India*, at the Asian Relations Conference organised by Jawaharlal Nehru at Delhi in early 1947.

I was closely involved with the *Discovery of India* troupe which broke up after a whirlwind, lucrative Indian tour on the issue of the shares of various parties in the proceeds. Till recently, Ravi Shankar carried the impression that I had instigated Prabhat and Shanti to get him arrested on a Saturday from their collective residence at Borivali in Mumbai. He could be bailed out only on

Monday morning, and considered me responsible for his arrest and stay in the police lock-up⁹. The three Shankar brothers - Rajendra, Devendra and Ravi - had joined together to appropriate most of the earnings from the ballet's all India tour. I, of course, was known as the fighting firebrand amongst my friends and had helped Shanti and Prabhat in every possible way from my Press Employees' Union office within the Socialist Party premises at Bhai Jivanji Lane, Girgaum, Mumbai.

This reputation of a fighting firebrand stayed with me all through the late forties upto 1952. Men and women much older than me somehow gravitated towards me whenever they were in trouble, and wanted to put up a fight. I had led about a dozen strikes of the press workers and of course, engaged in major labour and industrial court litigations on at least 19 occasions. I had won all my cases and had been responsible for obtaining for the press workers of Mumbai in 1948-52 the first major revision in wages and benefits after their last fixation in 1927-29.

Let me conclude this section on my activities to help promote Indian classical traditions in music and dance with the note that my basic theoretical contribution on the subject may be found in "Bharata's Natyashastra, Indian Feudalism and Classical Dance." which was read at a seminar organised by Sonal Mansingh's Centre of Indian Classical Dance, N-Delhi, at India International Centre, Lodi Gardens, on 6 May 1980¹⁰. (This paper was reprinted by R.

9. This is what he complained with anguish to Mrs. Kamala Ghia of Noopur. I heard of it as recently as early 1990s.

10. India International Centre at Lodi Gardens, New Delhi is the nerve centre of neo-colonial intrigues and comprador capitulations. It was built out of funds provided by the Ford Foundation, as per Californian (Bhatt & Scriver *After the Masters*, Mapin, Ahmedabad, 1990, p.68) architect Stein's design, to Nehru's one-time Finance Minister, Chintaman Deshmukh who had proved his servile credentials by selling out Indian interests in the liquidation of India's Sterling Balances which had accumulated in London against IOUs issued by British imperialists against purchase of war materials in India. The settlement of this \$4.7 billion accumulation was made against purchase of annuities to cover emoluments of the white civilian and military oppressors of India during colonial times; against sale of immovable properties and equipments in 60 odd British cantonments in India; and such other dubious items. The balance was released in dribbles over the decade 1947-58 and was used for mainly imports of British manufactures (See Overseas Economic Survey, India, Sept 1952, HMSO, London 1953, pp.399-400, and Purohit, A *Non-Comprador Account of British Conquest*etc. quoted above, p.28)

C. Mehta's *Journal of the Indian Musicological Society*.)

As an interesting sidelight, I might add that this seminar and its extensive coverage by the *Statesman* Delhi led to A Rahman's invitation to me to join the CSIR as a visiting scientist at NISTADS, Delhi.

It is quite funny when I think that I became a scientist because of a scholarly study of Bharata's *Natyashastra* !

Such turns and twists have happened to me time and again. Some of these convolutions will be related in the next chapter, *When Personal Biography Merges into National Social History*.

Before I proceed further, I would like to emphasise that I could not have jampacked a dozen lives into one, if I had been self-conscious and far-sighted about each task that I undertook. One thing led to another, and each time, each occasion, I delved deep, viewed each challenge comprehensively, bringing to bear upon the subject my cumulative grasp of every topic that had preceded. One might say that it was an encyclopaedic technique of apprehending reality. I remember that I had begun to read the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in the Mumbai University Library from 1944 as though they were set of novels, from cover to cover. In my library today, I have the 24 volumes of 1973 edition of this *Encyclopaedia Britannica* as well as the 19 volumes (macro) of its 1983 edition together the 10 volumes of *Micro* and one volume of *Propaedia*. All the 53 volumes, I have read with the pencil in hand, marking passages and sentences with marginal annotations as well as covering all blank spaces and marginal areas with innumerable comments and cross references. I

(Cond. from last page)

All pro-western Page Three luminaries congregate around its lawns and fountains including Manmohan Singh, present PM, Montek Singh and his wife Ishar Ahluwalia, who are in charge of the current Planning Commission; P. Chidambaram present Finance Minister, V. H. Pai - Panandikar former P M Morarji Desai's secretary and now commanding a prestigious think tank; I. K. Gujral, former Prime Minister, Bhabani Sengupta whose pro-Americanism was so notorious that this appointment by the gang leader Gujral had to be cancelled within hours; and many more highly respectable rats.

11. I was advised to acquire a new set of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* after every ten years. I dutifully obtained the 1983 edition following the first purchase of 1973 edition. But the 1993 edition was even worse than the 1983 one. Both were far cries from the excellent 1973 set. Therefore, I picked up distinctive one volume affairs during the nineties. The *Macmillan*, the *Concise Columbia* and the *New Webster International*, all three of 1994, the *Hutchinson* of 1998; *Philips*, and *Timelines of World History* 2002. I consider all of them to be invaluable, though all have been written from the Euro-centric, White man's point of view. But invariably, they contradict themselves, and gradually the truth emerges.

have discovered scores of proof-reading errors, which I may send to the EB editors one day, if I can find the time¹¹.

One more fact may be noted. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is itself born out of British imperialist loot of India. Its monogram bears the legend on both sides of the central bud motif, the figures 17 on the left and 68 on the right. The year 1765 is the year when the Mughal emperor in Delhi granted the East India Company the right to collect land revenue (*diwani*) of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa and Northern Sircars.

These were the decisive dates, you might say, along with the Defeat of Plassey, 1757; the elimination of France from contention at the end of the Seven Years' War (1756-63), the Maratha defeat at the Third Battle of Panipat in 1761, and the defeat of Mir Kasim at the Battle of Buxar in 1764.

These four events marked an epoch in world history, as with them the Drain of Wealth from India began, which led to :

(i) the de-industrialition, ruralisation and pauperisation of India;

(ii) the first Industrial Revolution (1760-1860) in Great Britain; and

(iii) the devastating famines of purchasing power that carried off at least 85 million poor Indians in the years 1760-1947. (I have dealt thoroughly with the subject in *Mankind Occasional Paper 2 : A Non-Comprador Account of British Conquest, Subjugation and Loot of India*, Nov. 2004 (especially page 14 thereof a summary.)

THEORY AND PRACTICE : THEATRE

We will take up the third member of the triad of performing arts. Theatre, Music & Dance.

My activity followed the same pattern : small / humble reviews / criticisms, intensive study and in-depth analysis; knowledge-in-praxis, and finally theoretical and philosophical overview of the field or medium as a whole.

I began my contact with theatre as a critic for *Free Press Bulletin* for Gujarati theatre in Mumbai. I also surveyed the Mumbai scene for the All India Radio in a weekly broadcast for an year or two in the late 1950s or early 60s.

I was associated with the well-known theatre group *Rangabhoomi* and also with Ayaz Peerbhoy's *Contemporary Theatre Group* of those days.

I, of course, wrote about the Mumbai experimental and

commercial stage performances in several languages in all the journals and newspapers with which I was then associated : *Sanskriti*, *Evening News of India*, *Dharmayug*, and so on.

The Gujarati-Parsi theatre was dominated by Adi Marzban's *double entendre* English type comedies, rather farces, almost pornographic. The INT's Gujarati wing was specialising in adaptations of Neil Simon and Noel Coward. Alkazi, Alyque Padamsee and such other lovers of Western theatre were adapting Moliere, Ibsen, Shaw, Sartre, Anouilh, Tennessee Williams, Ionesco, Beckett, Brecht, Lorca and other Existential Absurdists. (see *Contemporary Indian Theatre*, Sangeet Natak Akademi, Delhi 1989, p.41)

I wrote my first play, *Steel Frame* in Gujarati in 1971. It was translated into Hindi by Dharmaveer Bharti. It was performed all over India, in Delhi, Kolkata, Mumbai and Chennai (in the last place without my permission and knowledge.)

It was performed in Mumbai by Satyadev Dubey's Theatre Unit, a breakaway from Alkazi's Theatre Group. It had a star-studded cast which later achieved fame in Bollywood (Amrish Puri, Anuya Palekar, Lalan Sarang etc.)

The *Steel Frame* indicting our corrupt bureaucracy was conceived as part of a trilogy consisting of the three elements ruling our society. My third play *Tribheto* took up the theme of the criminal bourgeois and *Amina* the fourth play, that of the criminalised politician.

The next play to be performed was *Byalis*, dealing with the 1942 movement.

Byalis as the name suggests, was an extended parable of the August 1942 movement as a re-vivification of the famous *Mahabharata* tale. I had outlined this project to my Austrian friend, Reinhardt Federman, in 1965, when I was in Vienna as a guest of the Austrian Socialist Party, then the ruling Party. But, I wrote the play some twelve years later, in 1977-78. It was performed at Chhabildas Hall in Mumbai, which had become the centre for experimental theatre.

The other two plays were *Amina* and *Teno Zamano* and *Tribheto*. The former was read for the INT in 1976 and the latter, for Arvind Thakkar's group in 1980.

THEORY AND PRACTICE : THE VISUAL ARTS

Let me now shift the focus upon the visual arts. They also form a triad : painting, sculpture and architecture.

As usual, I began as an humble critic for newspapers and

journals, then proceeded to practice and finally to theoretical summations. I will just note down the outstanding features as far as I can recollect.

My review in *Design* of a Francis Newton Souza exhibition at the Taj Gallery in Mumbai, which I concluded with a simple analogy of the onion being peeled of layers of commercialism, sensationalism, *avant-gardism* etc., and finally "being left with nothing more than an acrid smell", was violently resented by the artist. He almost succeeded in physically assaulting me as I entered the gallery. This was my first experience of such a hostile reception. Friends separated us, but I remember the incident with amusement.

On a more serious level, I was responsible for first identifying a bunch of artists, disciples of N. S. Bendre, as "the Baroda School", which later became quite well-known and consisted of Bendre and his first, second and subsequent tier students, including Jyoti Bhatt, Shanti Dave, G. R. Santosh, Kishori Kaul, Trilok Kaul, Raghav Kaneria, G. M. Sheikh, Bhupen Khakhar, Himmat Shah, Firoz Katpitia, Vinod Rai Patel, Vinod Shah, Ramesh Pateria, Piraji Sagara, V. R. Khajuria, Nalini Malani, Vivan Sundaram and many others.

The Baroda School was the most celebrated grouping of artists of the twentieth century India, after the sequence of Ravi Varma and his ilk, the Bengal School, Amrita Sher-Gil and her followers, and the Progressive Artists Group of Mumbai. Thus, it forms the fifth layer of the modern art strands of the twentieth century. We may be still located within that layer, or possibly are just emerging out of it to enter the sixth globalised, comprador, NRI layer which loudly proclaims its Westernised neocolonial outlook calling it "post - modern."

The above mentioned first four layers of the visual arts geology were analysed and studied in chapter 5 "Modern Indian Painting" of about 200 pages in vol.-2 of my *Arts of Transitional India : 20th Century*, Popular Prakashan, 1986-88.

The same material was re-worked in two books I wrote for India Book House : *Ravi Varma and Abanindranath Tagore* in their 50 Indian Artists series.

I wrote quite a few blurbs and intros for artist friends who exhibited in various Indian cities. One incident I remember in particular. Suddenly, one morning, whilst I was breakfasting in the Great Eastern or the Grand in Kolkata, one Mrs. Khanna contacted me to write a short note on M. F. Husain's exhibition planned for her gallery. Mrs. Khanna was a daughter-in-law of Meherchand Khanna, a

Cabinet Minister at the centre in Nehru's time. How they could trace me to Kolkata and to the Grand or Great Eastern surprised me, but I did the unpaid job quite willingly, wonder-struck by their ability to track me down.

After the Sino-Indian Border conflict of 1962, all sorts of organisations and individuals were lifted up by a tidal wave of patriotic fervour. The Bhulabhai Complex on Warden Road organised an auction of paintings donated by painters and bid by citizens of Mumbai. In those days, Christies and Sothebays were not active as art auction houses, and the affair organised by Soli Batliwala at Bhulabhai was quite an amateurish affair. One of the paintings was by M. F. Husain, a fairly medium size painting of some 4.5ft. x 2.5ft. It was Arjuna with an arrow. Today it would be priced at a few lakhs. But then Husain was unknown or little known and was busy painting single, double and multiple horses to decorate the living and drawing rooms of the Parsis and such other rich comprador elite of Mumbai, who were patrons of the Mumbai, Pune and Bangalore race courses. There was no horse in the Arjuna painting, but so hard up was Husain of those days that he also tried his hand at carpentry and toy-making with wooden cut-outs.

The auction began with Rs. 200, and I bid Rs. 50 more as I also wanted to donate my mite to the anti-China campaign. (I had already stopped going into Chinese restaurants !) Anyway, Dilip Kumar, the well-known Bollywood movie star, started bidding against me, and every time I bid a figure, he would raise it by Rs. 25. The bids reached the Rs. 800 level, and a bit fed up, I suddenly jumped to Rs. 1200 which was my limit. Astoundingly Dilip Kumar decided to pass. All others had stopped bidding at the 600-700 level, and lo and behold ! I had succeeded in snapping up the painting ! It is an almost unbelievable story of Dilip Kumar's pusillanimity and hesitation. After I had collected the painting from Soli, some of us cognoscenti stood on the kerb and chatted. I learnt that Bal Chhabda, a film distributor, had agreed to match the total amount collected at the auction. I told him that I would have jumped to a higher figure, had I known of his matching commitment. I believe Soli, Maqbool, Bal, Gaitonde and a few friends were also present.

I consider this incident as throwing light upon the socio cultural and politico - economic circumstances of those days. It is a perfect period cameo !

On another occasion, it was Shanti Dave's opening at Dhoomimal's in Delhi. I had carried Rammanohar Lohia, Raj Narain,

Ram Sevek Yadav, Madhu Limaye, Gauri Murahari and I believe Kishan Patnayak with me to the evening show. Glasses filled with Coca-Cola and laced with Whisky, Rum, Gin, Champagne etc. were being handed to us as we sat down for a chat. It was Rammanohar's firm rule not to touch alcohol within India's frontiers, though he was not a teetotaler outside them. But, since he did not know that the Coco-Cola filled glasses were laced with other ingredients, one can say that he observed technically his strict code of conduct. But the hilarity of the evening is unforgettable, and is etched firmly in memory.

I had become Art Advisor to the Bajaj Group (1957-67) and had designed advertisement campaigns, calendars, annual reports, souvenirs and similar material for them. It was mainly graphics, typography and lay-out. I now remember for Mukand Iron and Steel, one annual campaign which appeared in the bottom right hand corner on the front page of the *Times of India* : bold semi-abstract visuals accompanied by the couplet "Two plus two is four and Mukand is steel", and similar variations upon the theme. Someone from the Tatas took umbrage and persuaded the Indian Standards Organisation, Bangalore, to write to me at Mukand that the word IS was being used, violating the norms and suggesting certification by the Indian Standards Organisation. A fairly lengthy correspondence ensued and my friend, Farrokh Mulla, PRO of Tatas told me that "if Mukand in steel, then what is TISCO ?" I told him that "I did not know what was Tata's." With Indian Standards Institute, I insisted that the plain meaning IS can never be banned just because the Indian Standards Organisation felt that the verb necessarily directed attention to them. I won my point.

Similarly, I had conceived of a symbolic campaign for the Punjab National Bank for its Diamond Jubilee Year in 1966. It was a series of symbols, and it went something like this : "An inclined line with a large black dot underneath and the letters SAFE on top, followed by a bold square with a dot in the centre topped by SECURE next came a short, bold sign of a vertical line topped with a dot, like an inverted exclamation mark with the word SKILLED, sequentially followed by a curved half-moon line with the dot in the centre titled SERVICEABLE; followed by a bold, matching 60". This was much appreciated in Delhi social circles. Especially the Vigyan Bhavan celebrations when I decorated the hall with 6ft. x 12ft. thick partitions made of dry straw with the same symbols series individually projected as encrustations of fruits. N. Dandekar, who was an ex-ICS

officer and a member of the Board of Directors of PNB, (Kamalnayan Bajaj was the Chairman) wrote to me officially questioning my choice of the word 'SERVICEABLE'. I wrote back defending my choice that the PNB as an institution can only be safe, secure, skilled and serviceable, and in banking, service was an important aspect. He thought over the matter and sportingly wrote back to me, approving of my choice.

Two of my calendar designs for Mukand and other Bajaj group companies won the annual prizes awarded by the Directorate of Advertising and Visual Publicity of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting.

Whilst on the subject of prizes, I may mention that the Indian Institute of Chartered Accountants, Delhi, the central body of the CA's of the country, gave me the prize for the best Annual Report continuously for some five years : twice for Mukand, once for Bajaj Electricals, once for Batala Engineering and once for Bajaj Auto between 1958 and 1963. I proceeded farthest in logical simplification in the Bajaj Auto AR, when in a single central fold, I was able to present the Profit and Loss Account on one side and the Balance Sheet on the other, all the details being relegated to a series of schedules.

I accidentally met Mr. Minoos Mody of the Tata Group at Shanti Dave's place in Delhi several years later. He told me that for those five years for which I received the awards, he had been a member of the judging committee on behalf of the institute. I was gratified that a discerning CA of the Tata Group had found my AR designs to be prize-worthy.

For the graphics of the advertisement campaigns, though there was much jealousy from the ad agency professionals, I believe I received one or two small prizes.

The only sculptural or three-dimensional design which I attempted in those days was that of the annual trophy for the Bajaj Institute of Management for their Best Student. I based my design on the spinning wheel motif, and it was executed by a Mumbai silversmith as heavy trellis work in silver. My design may be dated to 1963 or 1964. It was much admired by the people concerned as the design harked back to Gandhi's *charkha*.

We may now take up my architectural and landscaping assignments.

The first task which I carried out was the landscaping of the Kurla works of Mukand Iron and Steel. There were several other

designing jobs which I executed at Kurla. The Canteen, the Pattern Shop, the Open Air Gallery for Castings, the Emergency Engineers Quarters, and so on.

For the Kalve Complex of Mukand near Thane, I had greater scope for landscaping as well as the designs for Watchmen's and Officer's Quarters. In those days, professional architect's signature was not mandatory at Kalve and my signature sufficed for our Drawing Office and Civil Engineering Staff.

I thoroughly enjoyed the wide range of assignments which I had to tackle for the Bajaj Group, whose factories were spread out all over the country from Batala in Punjab on the Indo-Pak border to Ayurved Sevashram units in Hyderabad and Udaipur, Bajaj Electricals factories in Pune and Mumbai, Mukand Works in Kurla and Thane and various Gandhian *Ashrams* all over the country. Perhaps, I was not paid as much as I ought to have been. But I had always been indifferent to the quantity of emoluments. I enjoyed the thrill of encountering unexpected problems and working out solutions in graphic design, architectural work, landscaping, wedding decorations, and a thousand and one assignments. As they say, constant variations in focus of attention keeps one refreshed and alert. Some critics may say that my talents were being exploited by a group of Indian industrialists. Actually, I had a very happy time. I was being given an opportunity to exercise my abilities in a dozen different fields. And at a young age, what more does one want ?

Needless to add, I carried out interior decoration for Viren Shah's flats as well as those belonging to Kamalnayan Bajaj.

I now come to the biggest architectural assignment which was given to me. I was to conceive of a monumental structure at Wardha in Gopuri next to Gandhi's Sewagram. The *asthi* (remains) of Jamnalal Bajaj, of Janakidevi, his wife, of Kishorelal Mashruwala and possibly, Vinoba Bhave were to be placed within this monument. The last named changed his mind and his remains were finally scattered elsewhere; but those of Jamnalalji, Jankidevi, Kishorelal and Kamalnayan were placed at the foot of several typically Indian trees like peepul (*ficus religiosa*), bakul (*mimusops elengi*) etc.

Vinoba's *Gitai* was a Marathi rendering of the *Gita* from the *Mahabharata* in 18 *adhyayas* or cantos and 700 *shlokas* or couplets. I decided that the unity of India may be reflected by large free-standing stone slabs brought from 18 different parts of the country ranging from the red sandstone of Mathura, the yellow marble of Jaisalmer, the white marble of Makrana, the black slate from Cuddappa,

the pink granite of Mehboobnagar, and so on. Each couplet of the *Gitai* would be inscribed in relief upon the 700 slabs arranged in a manner which would appear like the horned cow with udders from one side, the shape of the *charkha* and its diagonal sloping strings on the other, and on the whole like a cloud to which any shape and name may be ascribed. Each *adhyaya* or canto would be in stones of a particular colour from a specific regional quarry. There would be clear space between two adjoining slabs and air would move freely within the structure "that had no roof". The sun would cast shadows as it moved from morning to evening. The stars would form a canopy at night. (see illustration in *Mankind*, Sept. 1999, pp. 34-35).

I also intended that the monument should depict the utter desolation wrought by Gandhism and the religious sentiment incorporated in the *Gitai*.

I think I have succeeded in projecting both the superficial message of Gandhian simplicity, unity of the nation, *charkha*, cow veneration, the intermingling of the elements - air, light, wind, water etc. as well as the underlying message of utter ruin and desolation caused by Gandhian ideology based upon popular religiosity.

It may be contended that the Bajaj family which claimed to have spent Rs. 18 Lakhs on the erection of the *Gitai Mandir* at Wardha was not aware of the underlying ideological message. But that is not my concern. I was given an assignment and I executed it to the best of my ability and knowledge. If the concept underlying the monumental design was not to the taste and predilections of the Bajaj family, how can I be held responsible ?

I believe that the ideological projection was almost faultless. I had projected a vision which incorporated both the ostensible tenets of Gandhism as also the inner hollowness of the comprador "great soul" or *mahatma*, who was been posthumously elevated as the Father of the Nation. India is in harsh reality not free from the neocolonial straitjacket. There can be no father to a nation unborn!

Before I move on, I would like to mention one or two more features related to my architectural activity.

After I received my doctorate in 1976 from the Mumbai University, I did two stints with the ICSSR as Senior Fellow in 1977-78 and 1979-81.

The subject for my post doctoral study was "Sociology of Twentieth Century Architecture."

I was invited by the Arts Council of Great Britain to visit the London, Cambridge and Oxford Universities as well as Lutyens

Exhibition of 1981 in London. I was then invited by the Chalmers Technical Institute, Gottenberg and the Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm, Sweden as a Visiting Faculty.

I also did a stint as Visiting Professor at Punjab University, Chandigarh, 1979-81 and as Visiting Scientist at NISTADS, CSIR in Delhi, 1982-83.

Let us now turn to writing or Literature.

I practised journalism, playwriting, art criticism as well as research essays and monographs. I have edited for about five years an opinion-making political journal that projects my nationalist, socialist revolutionary vision and programme.

THEORY AND PRACTICE : FILM

Finally, let us consider the composite medium of film which represents an amalgam of the visual, the performing and the literary arts.

There were several industrial documentaries which I made as the Kalve plant of Mukand, and the twin factories at Chinchwad of Bajaj Auto and Bajaj Tempo, came up.

I do not think that these industrial documentaries were particularly distinguished.

There was a documentary of the Shikohabad glass bulb making facility of Bajaj Electricals which I might as well mention. Anyway this craft work was a stepping stone for my becoming a guest faculty member at the Film and Television Institute of India. I lectured in this premier cinematic training centre of the country located at Pune not far from where I am now writing these lines. I was a visiting professor at the FTII for about a decade from 1976 to 1985 or thereabouts. On one or two occasions, I also lectured to the classes held in the Television Wing of the institute as well as one or two Film Appreciation courses organised during the vacation breaks at FTII.

A large number of students passed through these classes. I cannot recollect their names except that some of them won some national and international awards. I believe Sai Paranjape of *Chashme Baddoor* fame was a student at one of the Film Appreciation courses.

My sole, ambitious film project was for a prestige publicity film for Ayurved Sevashram which was a Bajaj Group Company. I attempted the six cantos of *Ritusamhara* (Cycle of Seasons) by Kalidasa. I could only complete the *Varsha* (monsoon) canto shooting

at Ambarnath, near Thane and at Mahabaleshwar and Lonavala. Sukhdev Singh was my assistant. He was an alcoholic and difficult-to-discipline, wayward fellow. Before we could complete the six cantos of Varsha, Sharad, Shishir, Hemant, Vasant and Grishma (respectively rains, fall, frost, winter, spring and summer), Sukhdev passed away at a very young age from cirrhosis of the liver. Anyway, *Ritusamhara*, the film was aborted.

In 1971, I returned to the Mumbai University after having quitted it in 1948 with a BA(Hons.) degree.

One of my old Socialist Party trade union wing friends was Appu Nair. He met me in the Coffee House and suggested that I should come and see Akshay Desai, whom I had briefly encountered in the course of the 1942 movement.

Akshay suggested that I take a Ph.D. study. He was willing to accept me as a doctoral student within his quota of 10 to which he was entitled as a guide by university regulations. I took it up almost as a lark. I was trying to run a small advertisement agency, Akar, but had found it very difficult to forge ahead because of all sorts of petty hazards. It appeared that of the 15 percent commission allowed to ad agencies by the media, 5 to 10 percent had to be given away as kickbacks to the managers and/or directors of the companies concerned. I did not know about this for many months, and in any case, I would not have entered into such shady deals.

I ultimately settled on the title : *The Arts of Transitional India : 20th Century*. I completed my thesis by the middle of 1975 and the adjudication report on my dissertaton was given by Dr. Niharranjan Ray, the then Director of the Indian Institute of Advanced Study at Shimla. The same is reproduced as an appendix.

All the while, apart from my multi-layered activity on the literary and artistic fronts, I had resumed my political life as well from 1956. I wrote fairly regularly for *Mankind*, and on its behalf, covered an Asian Socialist Conference in Mumbai and an AICC session in Jaipur. One article on Indira Gandhi captioned "A Little Liar Rules the Land," created a stir in Delhi political circles. Raj Narain, Socialist MP, took me to dinner at Rashtrapati Bhavan, where our host was President Zakir Hussain. When I presented him with a copy of *Mankind* which carried my little contribution, he made me autograph the copy given to him. When I returned home that evening (I was Lohia's guest) he asked me about the evening. I told him about the strange request that Zakir Hussain had made. I made a joke of self-deprecation and said that I was such a famous writer that my

autograph was sought by the President of India. Lohia and Rama Mitra, Lakshaman Misra whom all of us used to fondly address as 'Maithil', as well as one or two others who were gathered round the usual nightly coffee mugs, joined in my apparently witty summation. Lohia turned to me and sharply rebuked me "Binayak, you have not understood the significance of this simple incident. Indira keeps tabs on Zakir Hussainji's activities, and he has taken the precaution of letting her know that you as a young enthusiastic Socialist, presented him with a copy that hit out at Indira".

I had to agree because I knew that I was too little known, too small a writer, to merit an autograph sought for by the President of India.

Perhaps, I should have more fittingly placed this incident in the next chapter *Where Personal Biography Merges with National Social History*. Anyway, it does not matter. There is so much that is welling up within me. Most of which will be placed there.

The Mumbai unit of the Socialist Party had become an adjunct to George Fernandes' trade union front. In those days, just about the time when the rains began - June, July - the municipal workers, the public sector BEST bus drivers and conductors, and the taxi drivers used to threaten the city administration and the Maharashtra government with *Bombay bandh*. Once Madhu Limaye and George Fernandes were arrested and Lohia sent Raj Narain to resolve the deadlock. He stayed at my place, and I mobilised Pilo Mody and Madhu Mehta, Swatantra Party leaders, to intercede. I think I will take up this interesting episode in the next chapter.

Apart from the two grand *Bombay bandhs* that I actively participated in, we also presented Lohia with a small purse in the early 60s, if I remember a purse of something like Rs. 50-60 thousand. I know that we exceeded our target by a small amount. But in those days, a few thousands was all that we could muster. Lohia was extremely unpopular amongst the comprador ruling circles and in the metropolitan middle classes. Today, George declares his personal wealth as Rs. 2.90 crores, and Laloo evaluates his assets at Rs. 67 lakhs. (The Election Commission requires all candidates to declare their assets whilst filling their nomination forms, and the particulars about George and Laloo have been taken from *India Today* June 7, 2004, pp. 16-17)

I do feel that the world has changed for the worse, especially after the 1991 Narasimha Rao-Manmohan Singh government's implementation of the policies of Liberalisation, Privatisation and

Globalisation.

Everything is devalued, degraded, and demeaned. Comparatively in early comprador times, under the premierships of Nehru, Shastri and Indira's first term, there used to be far more masking and camouflaging.

Today, money is being swallowed left, right and centre. Tens, hundreds and thousands of crores are being defalcated shamelessly, almost defiantly. Nobody cares. Lal Bahadur Shastri resigned when a small railway accident resulted in the deaths of less than a score. After Indira's Emergency (1975-77), the dams have burst open. There are industrialists who loot public sector and little cooperative credit societies, and scoot. Criminals steal printing presses from the govt-owned Security Press, and print tens of thousands of rupees worth of official stamp paper. Crores of rupees of stamp paper are despatched by railway parcels from Nasik to thousand and one destinations in the country. These packets are unreceived and declared lost in transit. Nobody cares a jot. Works supposedly carried out under the Employment Guarantee Schemes (EGS), are attributed to individuals whose names are extracted from voters' lists. Money is encashed by the bureaucrats administering the EGS, or flood relief, or earthquake relief. The Patna District Chief, Gautam Goswami, provides Laloo Yadav's brothers-in-law with luxury limousines, each worth a crore or more, and he is declared by the American newsmagazine *Time* as one of the most dynamic leaders of Indian society. Within a few weeks of earning this honour, the man is arrested, and lodged in jail where he is in the company of several Members of Parliament and members of state assemblies, Shahbuddin, Taslimuddin, Pappu Yadav, Ranjit Don and so on, each more infamous and notorious than the other. And several of our newly privatised 24 hour cable TV channels run serials like *Gustakhi Maaf* and *Smile* which treat all these open scandals as occasions for evocations of laughter.

What can one say about the perspicacity of our rulers ! Manmohan Singh goes to Oxford and thanks the English for having given India a sound administration, a free press, a wonderful system of education, a rule of law, and what not, in fact, thanks Britain for conquering and looting India. According to him, it was for India's own good that the British arrived and ruled the country. It was disgracefully mean and childish on the part of the country and its patriots to object to being blown from the cannon mouths after the 1857 revolt; to being starved to death in famines of purchasing

power; to suffer indignities as indentured labour; to being kicked and stamped upon as brown vermin. It was simply abominable that Indians sought freedom from such cultured White English benefactors of humanity!

I went on living a varied and exuberantly exciting life. I wrote, made artifacts, thought long and intensely about the world around me, participated in the struggles of the poor and the underprivileged to the best of my extremely limited ability, and carried on an all-sided effort to comprehend, to apprehend and to be.

SUMMING UP

Glancing back, one can see that I became a thinking individual, a separate sentient being, in my own right, as a distinct entity, around the year 1942.

The lathi blow by the imperialist police on August 9, 1942 at Shivaji Park, acted as a *zen satori*. As I was fond of saying, the hole in the skull allowed my brain scope for expansion; and after August 9, 1942, I went on to explore the entire ideological universe.

The predisposing factors were provided by my biological father, Kailashnath, whose household name was Bachubhai. From him, I am sure, I inherited my nationalist ardour, tinged with a dash of sympathy for anarchism/terrorism. He also gave me my love for simplicity, meticulousness, forthrightness, Khadi, North-Indian classical music, books, encyclopaedic outlook and a bold ethical stance.

In 1943, I came across Philip Gunewardene or Roop Singh, who instilled into me the basic principles of Revolutionary Trotskyism, which may be summarised as: "Unevenness is the law of life in motion. The succession of changes does not observe a mechanical, repetitive sequence. A telescoping of the backward and the advanced inevitably occurs. This. interpenetration sets in motion a whole chain of events. Socialist revolution first occurs not in the most advanced capitalist societies, but in backward Russia and China, where revolutions took place in 1917 and 1949. (Chinese Civil war extended from 1917 to 1949) PRA¹¹, India, West Asia, Sub-Saharan Africa, Caribbean Islands and Latin America, may precede the proletarian breakthrough in the developed industrialized countries of the world, viz. Europe, white British Commonwealth and USA".

11. PRA, Pacific Rim of Asia, consists of some 15 nations abutting on the Pacific Rim of Asia. They included North and South Korea, China, Taiwan, Japan and the ten countries of the ASEAN, viz. Philippines, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, Myanmar, Malaysia, Singapore, Brunei and Indonesia.

Philip outlined to me the degeneration of Lenin and Trotsky's revolutionary workers state into Stalin's Russia, that divided the international working class movement under the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact, also called the Hitler-Stalin Pact. Russia occupied the three Baltic countries of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania (1939-40), and invaded Finland in 1940. The same barbaric state formed a Gulag Archipelago in Siberia from 1938, and killed over 20 million political dissidents and ordinary peasants. Stalin decimated a whole generation of old Bolsheviks. Ultimately, in a series of counter-revolutionary moves, Stalin (1924-53), Khrushchev (1956-62), Brezhnev (1962-85), Gorbachev (1985-89) and Yeltsin (1989-91), cleared the way for the restoration of private capitalism in the USSR.¹²

My search for moorings and anchorage culminated with Rammanohar Lohia who reinforced my nationalism to embrace promotion of Hindi, *Vishesh Avasar* or special opportunity for the doubly down-trodden, and Mass Action to build a Revolutionary Party.

My study of the world situation through histories and encyclopaedias led to the formulation of the theory of the Emergence of the Tri-Polar World after 1975.

After 1956, I remained attached to Lohia till his passing away in 1967, but mainly relied upon encyclopaedias and histories for intellectual sustenance.

In 1967, coincidentally, also ceased my connection with the Bajaj - Shah Group of industries where I had been employed since 1967. There, my employers had been my former school chums, Viren Shah and Kamalnayan Bajaj. It is while working as Art Advisor to the group that I had been encouraged to try out all my technical experiments in the eight arts.

From 1971 began the effort at summation. *The Arts of Transitional India: 20th Century* (2 Vols.), was the first approximation, which I had written as my Ph.D. Submission in 1975. (See Niharranjan Ray's adjudication report in Appendix.)

The search for comprehensive vision continued with the editing of *Mankind* over some five years. This may be taken as the second approximation.

Mankind Occasional Papers 1 to 6 are in themselves, the third approximation.

12. The old USSR consisted of 15 constituent republics;

Three on the Baltic-Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania; three in the Caucasus-Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan; and five in central Asia-Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan, Uzbekistan, Tadjikistan, Kyrgyzstan, apart from Russia itself.

Very briefly, I have been in turn and simultaneously a socialist-activist or "full-timer", trade unionist, strike leader, labour court lawyer, insurance clerk, shipping company executive, maritime law researcher, sarod student, music critic, drama critic, playwright, dancer, dance critic, sociologist, author, scientist, professor, literary critic, journalist, radio and television commentator, whirlwind round-the world traveller, architectural critic and lecturer, research worker, educationist, musicologist, archivist, film critic and film teacher, documentary maker, painter, graphic artist, ad copywriter, revolutionary nationalist, ideologue, publicity and public relations manager, editor, scholar, art collector and economist.

Sorry, it was not possible to be anything more! After all, I have had only seventy eight years!

I have certainly enjoyed myself. Perhaps a bit too much.

In these days of narrow bourgeois specialisations, my life has been an anomaly. I am happy that I chose to be an anomaly very early in my career. It was not that I had a blueprint ready at the outset for a variegated existence. In fact, there was no plan. I tackled each problem or medium as I went along. I need not apologise for having a problem-solving mind!

All that I can say is I enjoyed myself every minute of my seventy-eight years! And the joy continues ! Of course, there are and have been ups and downs. I am not a monster encyclopaedist, always on an even keel. But I have enjoyed even my sorrows, my pains and my frustrations. Not just then, but in retrospect, with good humor. Sometimes, even uproariously.

All that I wanted was a full life. I couldn't have had a fuller.

I have constantly explored every avenue that opened up. Boldly, comprehensively, sensitively.

It is not that I have had no enemies. Actually, perhaps for too many. But I have learnt to deal with them, quite satisfactorily.

Now as I look back, I wouldn't want to change anything! I am often impatient with myself and feel that I could have speeded up my discoveries and findings. My reaction time has not always been prompt. But that is a failing of my generation. India is a neocolony recently compradorised. It suffers from a double backwardness, the British and the Indian.

But now I must stop. There are many more chapters, bubbling up to be written. The effervescence remains.

POST-SCRIPT

Going over the above pages, I would like to file a caveat. Some malevolent detractors might feel that I attempted too much in too many directions, adding cliches like "I had been jack of all trades" or that "a rolling stone gathers no moss". The brilliance and wit of such phrases apart, these characterizations would not be true. I left an objective mark of distinction in every direction that I attempted. Let us take an overview:

Architecture: I do not think that many professional architects would be able to boast of a Monumental Design equivalent to my *Wardha Gitai Mandir* visualization, localization, orientation, conceptualization and overall projection. My post-doctoral work for the ICSSR was about modern Indian architecture. I was invited by the Arts Council of Great Britain for the International Lutyens Exhibition in 1981, and lectured at Royal Institute of Technology, Stockholm and Chalmers' Institute of Technology, Gottenberg. I wrote for Patwant Singh's *Design*, when it was published from Mumbai. I also did a lot of architectural work for Mukand at Kurla and at Kalve, and quite a bit of landscape gardening at both places, also interior and marriage decorations for Viren Shah, Kamalnayan Bajaj and Rahul Bajaj.

Sculpture: Comparatively fewer assignments, the best being the silver trophy of the Jamnalal Bajaj Management Institute, Mumbai.

Painting and Graphics: I won two calendar awards from the Directorate of Audio Visual Publicity and five awards from the Chartered Accountants Institute of India, Delhi. I was the first to identify the Baroda School. Painting was covered in a 200-page chapter in my *Arts of Transitional India* and I wrote two small books in the India Book House series on Ravi Varma and Abani Tagore.

Music: was covered in a similarly lengthy chapter in *Arts of Transitional India* and in *Sociology of Music* and *Thumri* in the *Art and Politics* set referred to above. I presented papers at several seminars organized by the Indian Musicological Society and the Department of Music, Mumbai University. I was the Vice-President of the Indian Musicological Society for five years or so.

Dance: I received accolades for my dance at Excelsior and New Empire theatres in the Tagore dance drama *Varadan*. I was Secretary of Noopur and Vice-President of the Vile Parle Music Circle. My participation in the Sonal Mansingh seminar at India International Center was extensively covered by the *Statesman*, Delhi.

Theatre: I was the theatre critic for *Free Press Bulletin* and other journals and AIR reporter. I wrote *Steel Frame* which was translated by Raja Ram and Dharmaveer Bharti, and performed all over Mumbai,

and Maharashtra, Delhi, Kolkata and Chennai. I received the Gujarat State award for this play for the best playwright in c.1982.

Film: I lectured on sociology of Indian Film at the Film and Television Institute of India, Pune for about ten years. Film was also covered in a lengthy chapter in my *Arts of Transitional India*:

Literature : My most prestigious achievement was to write for Umashankar Joshi's *Sanskriti* in the mid-fifties. I also wrote for many journals in Mumbai and Kolkata. I spoke over the radio from RIAS and Radio Sender, Freis Berlin, from Brussels, BBC, Cairo, Lagos, Chicago, etc.

Politics: I was the General Secretary of the Bombay Press Employees Union from 1948 to 1952; and was responsible for the revision of wage scales in the press industry through my work in the Industrial Court. I appeared in 19 important cases, and this was the major revision of wages and conditions after 1927-29. I helped George Fernandes, Madhu Limaye and Raj Narain during several Bombay Bandhs (see next *Occasional Paper*) . I started writing for Lohia's *Mankind* right from its beginning in 1956 in Hyderabad. I revived *Mankind* with my associate, Dr. Sharayu Mhatre Purohit from 1995 to 2000. The most significant writing that I did as an ideologue for *Mankind* will be covered in a separate *Occasional Paper*.

In our comprador set-up, it is not at all surprising that I found several malevolent elements. After all, as an atheist in a religion-obsessed Indian society, as a revolutionary nationalist and socialist who derived his philosophy not from Hegel and Marx, but from Buddha and Charvaka; as a Lohiaite attacking Nehru fiercely and fearlessly; as an opponent of Ambedkar's careerism and opportunism; as an ideologue who has identified USA and its lapdog Britain as India's main enemies; as a proponent of the theory of the Emergence of Tri-Polar World after 1975, and all the concomitants of the above set of concepts, I had challenged the entire neocolonial comprador ruling elite of India, and I cannot expect anything except hostility from the same.

APPENDIX

Report of Adjudication on the Dissertation on THE ARTS OF TRANSITIONAL INDIA : 1905-1975

submitted by Shri. Vinayak Purohit for the degree of Ph.D of
the University of Bombay in Sociology.

Size-wise, content-wise, coverage-wise it is a stupendous doctoral dissertation which consists of more than 1600 typed pages bound in three heavy volumes and tables and a long comprehensive select bibliography. If therefore the physical aspect is all but frightening, the content and coverage is all but breath-taking. The period formally covered is practically the entire twentieth century to date but frequently referring back to the whole or the nineteenth and the arts dealt with include the non-performing arts of painting, sculpture and architecture; the performing arts of music, dance and the theatre; the literary arts of poetry, drama, short story and novel and finally the composite art of film. The intellectual disciplines involved in the analysis and interpretation of the huge mass of facts drawn into the discussion include history, history of art, aesthetics, philosophy with special reference to political philosophy, sociology and economics. Indeed it is a massive dissertation, massive in quantity and comprehensive and breath-taking in its sweep and back-breaking in its solid weight. One must confess that it is not easy to chew far less to digest, even in two close readings that one may give to it which I did. Even so, I have not been able to comprehend all that the author has put forward, I must admit.

One cannot but notice that this massive and stupendous dissertation has been built up on a committed ideological base which is frankly Marxist in a general sense, it follows therefore that the methodology which has been followed has also been, by and large Marxian, in other words, in terms of Marxian dialectics. I believe, this is the first comprehensive attempt which I have come across so far, to explain and interpret Indian activities in the field of the creative arts in terms of the Marxian *weltanschauung* and Marxian methodology as applicable to the social sciences. The dissertation is thus not merely a study of the creative arts of India in the twentieth century but a study of the entire Indian super-structure of culture, which explains why the author has taken so much trouble to analyse the data relating to the socio-economic base on which the super-structure has been raised.

Even a casual paging through this dissertation would convince anybody of the tremendous, patient, steady and devoted work spread over years, which must have gone into the making of this dissertation, nothing to speak of the intellectual exercise involved in the marshalling of facts of diverse nature and arguments of a sophisticated character. That the author has an alert and mature mind, there can be no doubt, that he is extra ordinarily well read and knowledgeable too, is also equally manifest. Indeed, I cannot but admire the physical and intellectual vitality that could produce a dissertation of this kind.

In regard to a massive intellectual effort of this kind the question of one's acceptance or non-acceptance, of validity or otherwise of the findings of the author, does not arise I believe, especially when an effort is in respect of an academic dissertation. Frankly, the dissertation may prove to be a controversial one, but the controversy would be on a high, complex and sharply sophisticated level of intellectual approach, methodological niceties and ideological inclinations. This, by itself, I should consider, is one of the great merits of this dissertation which is most competent one and worthwhile having.

Unhesitatingly and without any reservation do *I recommend that the thesis be accepted for the degree of Ph.D. of the University of Bombay. It is more than suitable for the award of the degree.*

New Delhi 25, November, 1975.

Sd/-
Niharranjan Ray

Concurring
A. R. Desai

Vinayak Purohit

* b. 1927, Kolkata

*Freedom fighter, 1942 August Movement; compound fracture of the skull due to police lathi, 9.9.42 at Shivaji Park, Mumbai; thrice arrested : once on charge of attempting to burn a policeman alive; again for production, distribution and possession of illegal literature; third time detention without trial, Worli Jail, Mumbai. Trade unionist, 1948-52, as General Secretary, Bombay Press Employees' Union; rejoined Socialist Party, 1956, as Lohia founded the party in Dec. 1956.

*Graduation in B.A. (Hons.) with History, Economics and Politics, Mumbai University, 1948; Ph.D for *Arts of Transitional India, 20th Century*, published by Popular Prakashan, in 2 Vols, 1986-88; Senior Fellow, ICSSR and UGC 1976-80; Visiting Professor, Film and Television Institute of India, Pune, 1976-85; Visiting Professor, Punjab University, Chandigarh, 1980-82; Visitor, Arts Council of Great Britain, 1981-82; Visiting Professor, Chalmers Institute, Gottenberg, and Royal Technical Institute, Stockholm, 1982; Visiting Scientist, CSIR 1980-82; Consultant, ILO Project, Maharashtra, 1983-85.

*Art, Architectural, Music, Dance, Drama, Film and Literary critic from mid-fifties for *Sanskriti, Design, Times of India, Free Press Journal, Hindustan Standard, Dharmayug, Samakaleen*, etc.

*Designed monumental *Gitai Mandir*, Wardha, 1965-75

*Revived Lohia's *Mankind*, 1995-2000

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MANKIND

was founded by Rammanohar Lohia
in 1956 from Hyderabad
and edited by him from there.
A shift to Delhi occurred in 1963 on his
election to the Lok Sabha,
and the journal continued till his death in 1967.

It was revived by
Dr. Vinayak Purohit and
Dr. Sharayu Mhatre-Purohit
as Executive Editors
from Pune
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The Arts of Transitional India, 20th Century, 2 vols,
Popular Prakashan, Mumbai, 1986-88

Steel Frame (a play in Gujarati), 1981

Tribheto (a play in Gujarati), 1994

Sociology of Art and Politics : a set of 10 booklets, 1989-92

Sociology of Indian Film, 1990