



डॉ. मुल्कराज आनंद, जिन्हें साहित्य अकादेमी आज अपना सर्वोच्च सम्मान, महत्तर सदस्यता, प्रदान कर रही है, अंग्रेजी के जाने-माने उपन्यासकार और कला-समीक्षक हैं।

डॉ. आनंद का जन्म 12 दिसम्बर 1905 को पेशावर में हुआ। आपका परिवार खानदानी शिल्पियों का था। अपने पिता से आपने शिल्प के प्रति श्रद्धा और माँ से पुराणों की समृद्ध परम्परा ग्रहण की। आप अपने समकालीनों की तरह बढ़ते रहे, जैसा आप ने खुद लिखा है, 'एक अत्यंत सतही, अल्पशिक्षित युवा, जिसे दिशा का कोई ज्ञान नहीं था।' पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय से स्नातक परीक्षा उत्तीर्ण करने के पश्चात् आपने दर्शन शास्त्र में पी-एच.डी. शोध के लिए वृत्ति प्राप्त कर लंदन विश्वविद्यालय में दाखिला लिया। 1928 में आपको पी-एच.डी. की उपाधि मिली। मार्क्सवादी द्वान्द्विक पद्धति का प्रभाव स्पेन में फासिस्तविरोधी संघर्ष में हिस्सेदारी और भारतीय राष्ट्रीय पुनरुत्थान आंदोलन में सक्रियता—इनका परिणाम हुआ समाजवाद और लोकतंत्र के प्रति आपकी वचनबद्धता।

कथा विधा, जिसे वे सर्जनात्मक लेखन की सभी विधाओं में अधिक मानवीय मानते हैं, की ओर मुड़ने से पहले आपकी चार पुस्तकें प्रकाशित हो चुकी थीं, जिनकी विषय-वस्तु अलग-अलग थी—भारतीय कढ़ी से लेकर कला की हिन्दू दृष्टि तक। आपकी एक कहानी को, जो प्रतीक-कथा है और जिसके लिए कला समीक्षक एरिक गिल ने एक नक्काशी तैयार की थी, ओडेम्स द्वारा 1934 में प्रकाशित ग्रेट शॉर्ट स्टोरीज ऑफ द वर्ल्ड में स्थान मिला। लेखकीय प्रतिभा की आगे क्या दिशा होगी, अब तक तय हो चुका था और डॉ. आनंद ने उपन्यासों की एक शृंखला शुरू की, जिसमें ऐतिहासिक दबाव के तहत भारतीय जीवन-पद्धति और नयी जटिलताओं में इसकी प्रवृत्तियों को उद्घाटित किया गया। औरों के साथ-साथ डिक्सेन्स, बाल्ज़क, शारत् और प्रेमचंद से कथा के प्रारूप उद्देश्य की समझ उन्हें मिली।

आपका पहला उपन्यास अनटचेबल 1935 में प्रकाशित हुआ। यह 1926 में लिखा गया था और साबरमती आश्रम में गांधी जी की प्रेरणा से इसे आपने पूरी तरह संशोधित किया। इसमें पतन के गर्त में ढकेली गई लोगों की एक समूची दुनिया के प्रति लेखक की चिंता परिलक्षित होती है। यह पुस्तक प्रकाशित होने के पहले उन्नीस बार अस्वीकृत हो चुकी थी और अब आज इसे 'क्लासिक' का दर्जा मिला हुआ है। पददलित लोगों के प्रति यह चिंता पुनः कुली (1936) और टू लीव्स एंड ए बड (1937) में दिखायी पड़ती है। विषय-वस्तु का क्षेत्र भी यहाँ व्यापक होता दिखायी पड़ता है। एक तरफ गँवई और शहरी जिंदगी के ताने-बाने और दूसरी तरफ भारतीय तथा विदेशी जातियों के पारस्परिक तनाव को यहाँ देखा जा सकता है।

उपर्युक्त शृंखला ने एक त्रयी के लिए मार्ग प्रशस्त किया, जिसमें द विलेज (1939), एक्रॉस द ब्लैक वॉटर्स (1940) और द स्वोर्ड एंड द सिक्ल् (1942) शामिल हैं। यह उत्तर भारत के किसानों की जिन्दगी का इतिवृत्त है। जिंदगी, मृत प्रथाओं के बोझ के तले जिसका दम घुट रहा है, घर से विश्व युद्ध के नरक की और नायक का मोड़, और अंततः उसकी बापसी तथा राजनीतिक संघर्ष में हिस्सेदारी। लेखन का यह चरण द बिग हार्ट (1945) में खत्म होता है, जिसमें नायक जो एक कसारी है, पारम्परिक शिल्प और मशीन के अंधे संघर्ष में कुचलकर मारा जाता है।

डॉ. आनंद के बाद के उपन्यासों में उनकी दृष्टि और परिप्रेक्ष्य में परिवर्तन परिलक्षित होता है। पहले के उपन्यासों में जहाँ नायक कुल मिलाकर इस उत्पीड़न-तंत्र को चुपचाप स्वीकार करते प्रतीत होते हैं, वहाँ बाद के उपन्यासों में वे अपने अधिकार पर दृढ़ होते दिखायी देते हैं और अपने भाग्य को खुद निर्धारित करने का प्रयत्न करते हैं। यह परिवर्तन द बिग हार्ट में भी है, लेकिन यह द ओल्ड वीमेन एंड द काउ, द रोड और डेथ ऑफ ए हीरो में प्रखरता से दिखायी पड़ता है, जो छठे दशक में लिखे गये। इनमें से प्रथम उपन्यास सीता की अग्निपरीक्षा की कथा और नेब्रासोव के द पेजेन्ट वीमेन से उत्प्रेरित है। यह एक औरत के अथक परिश्रम और यंत्रणा की कथा है, क्योंकि वह अंततः विद्रोह करती है और अपने पति को त्याग देती है क्योंकि वह उसकी पवित्रता पर उंगली उठाता है। द रोड की विषय-वस्तु अनटचेबल से थोड़ी अलग है और अधिक नाटकीय भी। डेथ ऑफ ए हीरो नायक के प्रचण्ड आदर्शवाद के साथ एक निर्मम युद्ध के मध्य एक ज्वाला की तरह प्रज्वलित रहता है। ये सभी उपन्यास, जहाँ न्याय के लिए दृढ़ संकल्प दिखाते हैं, वहीं रूपक, प्रतीक, विडम्बना और व्यंग्य के स्रोतों की खोज करते हुए एक अधिक जटिल और विविधतापूर्ण प्रस्तुति का रास्ता उद्घाटित करते हैं।

द प्राइवेट लाइफ ऑफ एन इण्डियन प्रिंस (1953) उपर्युक्त प्रतिरूप से अलग खड़ा दिखायी पड़ता है। उत्पीड़ित आवेग और मोन्माद की कथा, जिसके जरिए संभवतः लेखक एक तरह का व्यक्तिगत विरेचन करना चाहता है।

डॉ. आनंद ने अपनी कहानियों के माध्यम से साहित्य को बहुमूल्य योगदान किया है। उनकी कहानियाँ आठ खंडों में प्रकाशित हैं। ये मिज़ाज तथा लहज के विस्तृत आयाम को रेखांकित करती हैं। उनमें जिंदगी की छोटी विडम्बनाओं के हास्यकर मूल्यांकन से लेकर इसकी गहरी त्रासदी का बोध है। ये आधुनिक जीवन की समस्याओं को लोक-शैली के साथ जोड़ती हैं और चरित्र चित्रण तथा देशकाल के अंकन में डिक्सेन्स का स्मरण कराती हैं।

सात खण्डों में आत्मकथात्मक उपन्यास डॉ. आनंद का महत्वाकांक्षी प्रयोग है। इनमें से चार खण्ड अब तक प्रकाशित हो चुके हैं: सेवेन सॉमर्स, मॉर्निंग फेस, जिसे साहित्य अकादेमी का 1969 का पुरस्कार मिला, कनफेशन ऑफ ए लवर, जिस पर उन्हें ई.एम. फॉर्स्टर पुरस्कार और द बबल। यह आप की लेखकीय प्रविधि है, जिसके माध्यम से आपकी देश के इतिहास के एक महत्त्वपूर्ण काल खण्ड में समूची भारतीय युवा पीढ़ी की आकांक्षाओं को चित्रित करना चाहते हैं।

डॉ. आनंद कथाकार होने के अलावा एक विशाल बहुमुखी संस्कृति के धनी हैं। आपने देश के सुदूरवर्ती क्षेत्रों और विश्व के कई देशों का भ्रमण किया है तथा उत्साहपूर्वक स्थापत्य, चित्रकला और मूर्तिकला के बारे में लिखते रहे हैं, जिन्हें अब तक नज़रअंदाज़ किया जाता रहा है। आपने कई महत्त्वपूर्ण पदों पर कार्य किया है। आप जेनेवा में इंटरनेशनल रिलेशन्स के प्रोफेसर पंजाब विश्वविद्यालय में कला के टैगोर प्रोफेसर भारतीय उच्च अध्ययन संस्थान, शिमला में अतिथि-प्रोफेसर, ललित कला अकादेमी के अध्यक्ष और बाद में महत्तर सदस्य और प्रतिष्ठित कला पत्रिका मार्ग के संस्थापक-संपादक रहे हैं।

मनुष्य की गरिमा की उत्कट चिंता करने वाले कथाकार, भारतीय-अंग्रेजी लेखन के अगुआ, एक ऐसे लेखक जो देश-विदेश में खूब अनूदित हुए हैं, अंग्रेजी के ऐसे उत्कृष्ट साहित्यकार जिनमें भारतीय शब्दों और महावरों की धड़कन है और जो अनेक पुरस्कारों से सम्मानित हैं, अंतर्राष्ट्रीय शांति पुरस्कार (1952) से प्रतिष्ठित, 1972 में भारत के राष्ट्रपति द्वारा 'पद्मभूषण' से सम्मानित डॉ. आनंद निश्चित ही महत् उपलब्धियों के लेखक हैं।

एक उपन्यासकार और लेखक के रूप में आपके उत्कर्ष के लिए साहित्य अकादेमी अपना सर्वोच्च सम्मान, महत्तर सदस्यता, डॉ. मुल्कराज आनंद को प्रदान करती है।

Dr Mulk Raj Anand, on whom the Sahitya Akademi is conferring its highest honour of Fellowship today, is a distinguished novelist and art critic in English.

Born on 12 December 1905 at Peshawar, Dr Anand comes of a family of hereditary craftsmen. He inherited from his father the pieties of craft and from his mother the rich tradition of mythology. He grew up, as he himself wrote, like most of his contemporaries, 'a very superficial, ill-educated young man, without any bearings'. After graduating from the Panjab University, he joined the University of London, on fellowship, for research in philosophy and obtained his Ph. D. degree in 1928. An exposure to the influence of Marxist dialectics, participation in the antifascist struggle in Spain, and involvement in the movement for national resurgence in India resulted in his commitment to socialism and democracy.

Before he moved to fiction which he considered the most human of all forms of creative writing, Dr Anand had already published four books, varying in themes from Indian curries to the Hindu view of art. An attempt at a story, 'The Lost Child', an allegory for which the art critic, Eric Gill, did an engraving, found its way in *Great Short Stories of the World*, published by Odhams in 1934. The course the author's genius was to take was now charted, and Dr Anand started off on a series of novels that would reveal the pattern of Indian life and its movement into new complexities under the pressure of history. Dickens and Balzac, Sharat and Premchand, amongst others, gave him a sense of form as well as of purpose.

The first of his novels to appear was *Untouchable* (1935), drafted in 1926 and revised substantially under Gandhi's inspiration at Sabarmati Ashram. It shows the writer's concern for a whole sub-world of men sunk to depths of degradation. The book which went through nineteen rejections before finding a publisher is now acclaimed a classic. The concern for the underdog was carried further in *Coolie* (1936) and *Two Leaves and a Bud* (1937), the range of themes still widening with the juxtaposing of rural and urban lives in one and race relations in the other.

The series paved the way for a trilogy, comprising *The Village* (1939), *Across the Black Waters* (1940) and *The Sword and the Sickle* (1942). It presents a chronicle of a peasant's life in north India—a life choked by a dead mass of customs; the protagonist's flight from home to the inferno of the World War; and finally his return and involvement in political struggle. This phase of writing is brought to a close with *The Big Heart* (1945) in which the hero, a copper-smith, is crushed to death in a blind clash between traditional craft and machine.

The later novels of Dr Anand mark a shift in his vision and perspective. While in the earlier novels the protagonists seemed to acquiesce, by and large, in the system of oppression, in the later novels they begin to assert themselves and try to determine their own destiny. The shift is already there in *The Big Heart*, but is focused sharply in *The Old Woman and the Cow*, *The Road*, and *Death of a Hero*, all written in the sixties. The first of these novels, inspired by Sita's epic ordeal and Nekrasov's *The Peasant Woman*, is the tale of a woman's unremitting toil and suffering, who ultimately rebels and walks on her husband who questions her purity. *The Road*, a variation on the theme of *Untouchable*, is more dramatic, and *Death of a Hero* burns like a flame with the protagonist's fiery idealism in the midst of a cruel war. All these novels, while they retain their passion for justice, reveal a more complex and varied mode of presentation, exploring the resources of metaphor and symbol, irony and satire.

Outside this pattern stands *The Private Life of an Indian Prince* (1953), a story of tortured passion and insanity through which, perhaps, the author sought to achieve a kind of personal catharsis.

The short stories of Dr Anand are by themselves an impressive contribution. They run into eight volumes, illustrating a wide range of mood and tone, from a humorous appreciation of life's little ironies to an awareness of its deeper tragedies. They link the folk forms with issues of modern life and are written with a Dickensian feeling for character and environment.

An ambitious experiment is Dr Anand's autobiographical fiction in seven volumes. Of these four have so far been published: *Seven Summers*, *Morning Face* which won him the Sahitya Akademi Award for 1969, *Confession of a Lover* which brought him the E. M. Forster Award, and *The Bubble*. Here is a design of writing through which the writer aims to visualize the aspirations of a whole generation of Indian youth in a momentous period of the country's history.

Dr Anand, apart from being a writer of fiction, is a man of wide culture. He has travelled into the interiors of India and several countries of the world, writing with zeal about architecture, painting and sculpture, hitherto ignored. He has also held numerous offices of distinction: he has been Professor of International Relations in Geneva; Tagore Professor of Art, Panjab University; Visiting Professor, Indian Institute of Advanced Studies, Simla; Chairman, and later Fellow, Lalit Kala Akademi; and founder-editor of the prestigious art journal, *Marg*.

A novelist with a passionate concern for the dignity of man, a pioneer in Indo-Anglian writing, an author translated widely at home and abroad, a master of English that throbs with the resources of Indian vocabulary and idiom, winner of several awards, Laureate of the International Peace Prize (1952), honoured by the President of India with 'Padmabhushan' in 1972, Dr Anand is, indeed, a writer of great achievement.

For his eminence as a novelist and writer, the Sahitya Akademi confers its highest honour, the Fellowship, on Dr Mulk Raj Anand.

# Sahitya Akademi Fellowship

1989

## Acceptance Speech by

Mulk Raj Anand

On this occasion of my elevation to the Fellowship of the Akademi of Literature, the first word that comes to me as I speak to brother writers is 'Love! Are not our words from urges to seek communion? which is, as the poet Shelley said : To connect...

Looking back on how the words I have written came through in my fiction, I feel that the deeper urgings were from the wish to communicate and be understood, which is, essentially, the desire to be loved.

And if affection is the motive force behind the poems one writes, even in prose, then it is from the heart, which feels empathies for those who are in pain, often not knowing why they suffer. Those of us who bear the yoke of pity seen catharsis in compassion.

In the *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad*, a devotee asks the sage: 'What may I do with my life?' The sage answers: 'Ask yourself who am I? Where have I come from? And where am I going?'

Allama Iqbal told me he had written his long poem *Asrar-i-Khudi* with this maxim in mind. 'One cannot grow into wholeness', he said, 'unless one understands Realities, exorcises all falsities, lies, hypocrisies from one's person'.

The quest for Realities took me to the West. I tried to understand the systems. Plutinus, Kant, Hegel, Descartes seemed to have put down masses of facts, fancies and ideas, but they had not touched the human condition. Goethe's Faust was ready to sell his soul to the Devil if he could conquer the world, and became the prototype of the self-centred intellectual. I did not wish to love myself, indulge in abstractions or be an egoist. Nor be systematized into daily pragmatic routine.

Confused, confounded, in existentialist despair, I wrote the story *Lost Child*.

Lostness, then, I felt, may show the ways to find myself. Memories may help to actualise the egos in the growth from innocence to experience.

I recalled the advice of Upanishadic sage to his pupil. And I began to write a confessional to ask myself 'Who am I? Where I came from? And where I am going?'

The answer was Mother-Father, who had brought me into the world and nourished me, through Seven Summers and Seven Winters.

My earliest memory was of clinging to my mother's breast, from the child's ego, wanting to be pampered, against father's don'ts?

Pushed away, I adventured into the garden of the Sahabs and plucked a rose, and cried because the thorn bled my fingers. The Mali uncle of the cantonment garden gave me carrot for consolation.

The older children refused to let me play with them as I may be hurt in their quarrels about who had won the game. So I became the Raja Rasalu of mother's folk-tale about the boy prince, who went out to conquer the world on his white horse. Only I rode a stick horse.

The urge to be bigger than myself was further baulked by the terror of the sound of guns going off on the range where the sepoys practised shooting enemies. My mother told me of the ghosts of dead men and witches of dead women, who prowled around, to punish the cruel white who had let them die of neglect. Fear of demons, the ghostly Goras, whom mother called Rakshas, and their dead victims filled me. I cowered about in the dark and felt frightened even in the stillness of noon time.

At five years young, I was the 'shining morning face' reluctantly going to school. Our primary school Master used the cane to instill words into 'thick heads' of poor men's sons. As little me, the Babu's son, had already learnt to recite the poem 'Suverey jo kal ankh meri khuli'. I was asked to cane the duffers. I did it feebly. The Master showed me how to do it by caning my hand. The boys waylaid me in the compound and swooped down on me until I fell unconscious. As the older boys of the follower's lane also brushed me aside when I wanted to join their play, I sensed the cruelty from revenge of the poor against the not so poor.

I sought the company of the other rejected ones. There was Bakha, the sweeper boy, untouchable, only admitted in the boys team, if he promised not to touch anyone, and then he was allowed to lead the team to victory. I went fishing with him on the river. I received the mangoes in my lap when he felled them from trees in groves in nearby villages. I learnt folk-songs of Punjab which he had learnt from his mother. And when in a quarrel between the boys, I was hit on the head by a sharp stone and bled, he bore me home. My mother abused him for touching me, and bathed me the polluted one. He went away with tears in his eyes. The injustice of this rejection seeped into me. Bakha was to become the hero-anti hero of my first novel *Untouchable*.

Sensing the contempt of the superior whites for the inferior browns, hearing the big officers abuse the recruits, the literates ignoring the illiterates my learned father turning away from the villager brothers of my mother and also from the soiled clothed copper-smiths of our hometown Amritsar, I became a rebel against the heavy voices, the heavy hands and the cocked heads.

As I saw corpses of men carried in carts to the graveyard after the Jarnel Saheb of the cantonment had ordered the sepoys to shoot on a Jirja of Pathans in Hoti Mardan, and my mother said their ghosts would come to throttle us because father was servant of the Sahabs, there began an inner stress in me.

This was to become a permanent stress, after I got seven stripes of the cane from the police in Amritsar in 1919, as I had wandered out of home to see what the 'curfoo' was about.

A mentor of my youth, Lala Kedar Nath, follower of Lala Lajpat Rai, initiated me into the school of treason and I learnt to make a bomb. But my learned adopted uncle Dev Dutt, told me about Gandhi: that the Mahatma said one must not hit back.

I was not non-violent, however. We students went on strike after the dismissal of our English Principal, who had called Mrs. Annie Besant to lecture in our college and she had talked of Home Rule and Gandhi's Non-violence. I went to jail for a month with other rebels. When I came out my father raised his hand on my mother for indulging me.

I left home and sought the advice of the poet Iqbal. He asked me what I wanted to do. I said: 'I want to follow in your footsteps and study philosophy in Germany.' He said: 'My footsteps will take you to Germany.' 'You don't know German' he said. Go to London. I will give you letters to friends. And he gave me the gift of a hundred rupees. My mother wept as she gave 300 rupees stolen from the housekeeping. I left home without telling my father and caught an Italian boat from Bombay.

In the very first seminar, when someone mentioned that the scientist Heisenburg had said: 'Certain atoms fly off on their own!' I realised I did not know physics, nor higher mathematics. And philosophy seemed then to be criticism of the sciences.

I began, while persisting in research into systems, to write a confessional, for direct apprehension of all experience, from my child's faculty of wonder about existence.

I had wanted to put the whole world into myself. So the narrative became a thousand pages. Someone advised me: 'Write a short novel out of this!' I began to write a day in the life of an untouchable about Bakha.

In Virginia Woolf's drawing room to which I had access through E. M. Forster, a critic, Edward Sackville West, asked me what I was writing. I said: 'A novel about an outcaste'. The snobbish critic said: 'There can be no tragic novel about the poor! One can only laugh at the cockney; as Dickens does!'

I mentioned this to the poet A. E. (George Russell), when I went to Ireland. He said: 'There is no room for poor outcastes in Bloomsbury. You go to Gandhi who equates the struggle against untouchability with the struggle for freedom. I wrote to Gandhiji whether I could come to him. He sent a postcard: 'Come in spring 1927'.

In Sabarmati Ashram, I was converted from a pseudo Brown Sahab Bloomsbury intellectual to some sincerity, truthfulness and sense of non-violence, which I could never quite practice. I showed the Mahatma my novel. He read some pages and found that I had used big words and puns. He said: 'Harijans sigh, moan, groan, and say a few words! You have put such big words in their mouths!' I confessed I was influenced by James Joyce. And I rewrote the novel.

Nineteen publishers in London turned down the novel during the next four years. I thought of committing suicide but lacked the courage. Or rather loved life too much to do away with it. A poet friend took my novel to E. M. Forster. This gracious writer was moved by the rejection of a young man, from the other side of the street, when he, Morgan Forster, had never strayed there during his stay in middle India. A small publisher issued the novel. It was warmly received.

All my novels, then, have come from the self-actualising in the confessional, which is the source book of my protests religion reduced to ritual, against *lakir ka fakir* to *dasturs* or customs, against the impositions of the 'superiors' on the 'inferiors', against cruelty to the new young, against bondage—and for the many freedoms implicit in political freedom.

Like Hamlet I have asked the question: 'To be or not to be!'

The conversion to non-violence, though not lived up to, may have brought some sincerity in confronting man's condition, to the pain extracted by the privileged from the weaker humans, humiliation through rejection by the Pundits of the so called impure, through the ignominy and shame of relegation of whole peoples to death in life.

Living in action, as Gandhi taught us to do, means the cultivation of the courage to be human with other humans: it means involvement with all earth citizens, it entails acceptance of the heroism of defeat as Jawaharlal showed it because defeat involves persistence in struggle, which makes us more than ourselves to face the monsters, which sustains us in compassion, affection and devotion inspite of obstacles.

In our old books, the Puranas, man submits to the unexpressed will of the Gods, to the unknown Fate. In our time we have to transform fate into freedom through striving.

Literature releases men and women from pre-ordained fate. It humanises the world. When Gandhi said 'God comes to the poor in the form of bread,' he brought culture from the divine provenance down to earth. Metaphysics became ethics, without God.

I believe this new view of destiny is in our intensest writings.

Poetry today has to become courage.