

Modernity, Globalization and Nativism

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Modernity is to be understood as the living end of a tradition, not on appendage. However subversive it may prove itself, it has to grow in the womb of the tradition. Modernization does provide an occasion to shed the deadwood of age-old tradition in the process of renewal. There is a marked difference between modern Russia and modern Japan and modern Britain. Hence, it would not be totally absurd to visualize a distinctively Indian modernity.

Modernization of India, having been concomitant with colonization and westernization, a sort of modernity was abruptly imposed on us when most intellectual leaders of the nineteenth century were quite eager to have speedy changes in the country. India had to serve as a farmyard of the industrial revolution of England; hence followed numerous expedient colonial reforms, such as the railway for speedy transport of raw material, and the English education system to transform Indians into *desi sahibs* and to establish "the imperishable empire of English arts and morals, English literature and English laws" in India. The colonizers were so busy in replacing the India-centric economy by England-centered one, that they made Indian modernity literally eccentric, especially for literature.

In human history there are no answers to such naïve questions as: What are the justifications of such a plunder and such a cruel exploitation of an impoverished people? And what is the cost of such humiliation as to be ruled by a less civilized but militarily superior people? On our part the greatest price of all this was a kind of modernization that repudiated our traditions in several domains, including literature.

Talking about "modernism" in the Western sense of the term, has been a routine exercise in all the curricula of our educational institutions, and it has been carried out indefatigably until there is a strong reaction to it in most of our academic circles now. As the price of tolerating "modernism" is increasing rapidly, our writers, critics, environmentalists, town planners and generally

all our intellectuals have started asking more boring questions: How do you define modernity? How long would the modernization process continue in our country? When would it end, or would it end at all? In the West the "Postmodern" phase had begun before they understood it. Should we also launch that kind of understanding in our country? The Western thinkers have made "modernism" an evaluative term; if it is so, aren't we doomed to catch up with their yesterdays for ever?

In short many years after we had made a tryst with "modernism", we seem to have fallen into a trap of questions and doubts. The crux of the problem is that we still perceive modernity as a universal commodity, and not a culture-specific phase of history.

Fifty years ago when my generation started modernizing themselves, we were deeply disturbed to realize the low-value status of the traditional patterns of living—the age-old kinship bonds, the joint family, rigidity of caste, irrational religious beliefs, degradation of women and untouchables, economically unprofitable agricultural methods and habits of growing a hundred traditional varieties of crop, low literacy, few roads and almost negligible communication with the outside world.

Today as we know, in Maharashtra, modernism has transformed the whole scene with a vengeance. The material quality of life has improved considerably. Yet I find myself more disturbed by what has been lost in the process. Now one observes nuclear families, selfish individualism, proliferating sugar factories, bankrupt farming, English medium education, scores of newspapers mostly supported by advertisements, overcrowded towns and nightmarish cities, film culture and deleterious television and pollution of all kind everywhere.

Yes, progress entails more problems, and their solutions produce more problems, which mean a new tunnel at the end of the existing tunnel. That we know. But the modern has become synonymous with the ugly,

and there is nothing uglier than the ultra-modern today. The atmosphere of dignity is felt only where the modern has not made any impact. Truly, we have to reconcile with the two worlds—the old and the new, the beautiful and the ugly, the 'traditional native' and the 'Western modern.'

The truth is that the borrowed elements of "modernism" have not been thoughtfully chosen by us, and some of them have not been properly nativised. Now we all know that our forests are not denuded by the *adivasis* and religious illiterates but by print journalism—one acre forest per Sunday edition, paper industry, government agencies and other secular forces associated with "modernism". We realize now that having an old parent in the house is better than hiring baby-sitters, both psychologically and economically. After digging up the history of census reports, we understand that caste was not so abominable before the British ethnologists imposed their conceptual categories on the fluid endogamous groups. By giving them numerical weight, they created the majority-minority categories, which ultimately led to the partition of the country. And individualism, a typical Western concept associated with extremism and brinkmanship, could not be encouraged beyond a limit if we wanted to preserve our historically stable institution of family.

After all, many elements of Western "modernism" like secularism and tolerance were not unknown to us. The Indian civilization has a fair record of developing cities, rationality, freedom of expression and the sciences—most of these are blown up to a high pitch in Western "modernism" to be converted into urbanism, rationalism, journalism, scientific and industrial revolution and so on. Such historical phenomena could not be accelerated in our society in the past for obvious lack of stress generated in industrial mega cities. Now we have them with their delinquents and criminals in Mumbai, Delhi and in other cities.

Such a feeling of misjudgement about "modernism" is prevalent in most other colonized countries in Asia, Latin America, and Africa and even in Europe where the native cultures were forced to abandon several beautiful elements of their respective traditions for which there was no justification. Apart from superficial gains, *Swaraj* does not seem to have improved the moral and aesthetic qualities of our society. On the other hand, the foremost concern of our intellectuals is how to salvage and preserve the vestigial values and native ways of life: tolerance, pluralism, spiritual point of view, beauty and grace of individual traditions from garment styles and food habits to customs, ritual observances, folklore, art and architecture, language and literature; for all such native

elements were evolved naturally through generations of experimentation. It is a welcome sign therefore that "modernism" should become a *passÉ* in our thinking as it has failed to protect the best in our native traditions.

What kind of modernity would have evolved in India without the Western colonial intervention? The question has the danger of being labelled as purely hypothetical and futile. However, considering the different ways of modernization various countries in the world have adopted, the question becomes cogent. Russia, a free country, was speedily modernized. China, a partially colonized country took a longer time whereas Japan, not colonized, took a short span of time to modernize itself. India, the most completely colonized country, may require centuries to emerge as a modern society. However, history may not allow us to wait for so long!

But our contention is whether we are able to create our own modernity that suits our ancient heritage. Mahatma Gandhi, nearly a century ago, had set aside his characteristic humility to assert in *Hind Swaraj* that Indian civilization is far superior to the Western. For a civilization which is called "a wonder" by eminent historians, has a past of several millennia and has assimilated the best from other cultures cannot precipitate us into more of such modernity by sacrificing so much of its valuable heritage. Put simply, it is with this consciousness that the awareness of nativism begins, and a possibility of a distinct Indian modernity, different from its ugly Western face, can be visualized.

Originally the concept of *Désivad* (Nativism) was used in literary criticism after the realization of the perils of submitting the products of one literary culture to another culture's theories. It was observed that modern Indian literature had been basking in the glory of Western "modernism", always locating the centre of creativity outside the native tradition. Ignorance of one's own tradition is a sure sign of perpetuating colonization and intellectual slavery. The continuous dominance of English language in all our intellectual life has eroded our magnificent native system—aesthetic, cultural and social. The political system has been particularly dysfunctional ever since it was adopted on the model of British parliamentary system (Mahatma Gandhi called it "a whore"), particularly because it has overlooked and suppressed our traditional structure of autonomy and decentralization. Judicature is another sad story. Being slaves, we were not in a position to decide for ourselves which native elements needed to be modernized or which Western elements needed to be borrowed and nativised for efficient functioning of traditional systems.

Notwithstanding the problematic role colonization has played in modernization of India, it has continuously

preoccupied our minds till today. Nearly all our intellectuals in some way or other were concerned with reconstructing the state of society before India became a colonial construct. Thus the parallel process of the "discovery" of India by Indians themselves has been on in the form of several movements—social, political, extremist, religious revivalist and so on. However, as bewildered victims, most of the intellectuals were obliged to take to the rulers' definition of modernity.

Gradually it was felt that reconstructing pre-colonial India meant how to decolonize Western knowledge of India. With little hope of political freedom and dumbfounded by industrial technological adventures from the West, a small number of leaders continued the great debate by reframing the same question: How to decolonize the native understanding of the West? And finally appeared Gandhian nativism with all its purity and force of our traditional spiritualism. This kind of nativism not only exposed the ugly face of Western "modernism", but also demolished the very foundation of colonial imperialism of the West once and for all. But the question remained: How to decolonize our own understanding of India?

Unfortunately after Independence the growing number of rootless half-baked modernists and secularist zealots, encouraged by Nehruvian cosmopolitanism created a situation by which nativism was clubbed with retrograde nationalism or chauvinism or even with separatism. As a consequence, today we have found ourselves in a real fix with the Hindu revivalists laying claim to all the glory of our tradition. That nativism should become tinder for fundamentalism is its worst distortion.

Let us return to the question of reconstructing a baseline of nativistic norms to structure a characteristically Indian modernity, a modernity of Indian growth. Here the problems of interpretation and evaluation of native material deserves serious attention, involving the choice of standards. The Indian academics, a true progeny of Lord Macaulay have forever sponged on English sources to discuss anything in English, thus making Indian knowledge an extension of British and American linguistic culture. How can we use the standards laid down by aliens for reconstructing our knowledge of India, if we could not decolonize it till today? Until we prove that the western intellectual standards do not have a significance that goes beyond their own particular tradition, we have no reason to adopt them.

Again, do we need native standards to interpret and evaluate native tradition or the so-called "universal" standards used for this purpose? It demands more serious

attention. There can be no agreement on this issue unless we convince ourselves that in effect the so-called "universal standards" do not exist. Cultural similarities do exist, but differences which are more fecund and important, also exist. The term "culture" is an abstraction of several specific cultures of specific human groups. Certain areas of material culture and some areas of knowledge including the sciences do favour a universal approach because scientific outlook is neither Occidental nor Oriental, neither Western nor Indian. The disagreement on the question of standards is therefore of great importance.

Here we have to take into consideration the Whorfian thesis of how language decides the speakers' worldview. Cultural differences are also attributed to psychological differences between people, which in turn are attributed to geographical and environmental causes. Population groups have been geographically and genetically isolated for millions of years. Different ethnic groups thus acquired characteristics designated by our location and lifestyle. Both environment and choice are active in strengthening a variety of traditions which make a culture distinct from another. Each population group evolves out of such compulsions and acquires its own characteristic sets of gene frequencies. Thus psychologists and geneticists explain how environmental conditions, chance survival of neutral or hormonal mutation and reproductive isolation created distinct native styles of living.

How hollow is the basis of the concept of the so-called 'universal standards', can be understood by a little scrutiny. It takes into its ken only European knowledge and conveniently ignores others'. Having ruled over most peoples of the world for generations, they have imposed upon the subject cultures the rules based on their understanding of the universe. Now accepting such irrational standards as 'universal' would mean we ourselves lack the power of investigating truth. Nuruddin Faraha, Somalian author said in a seminar at Nimrana that unless all the customs, traditions and knowledge-systems of all the peoples of the world are taken into consideration, where is the basis of deciding what is universal? Standards differ from people to people whose lifestyles differ owing to various ecological and genetic factors. It is only the difference that is the same, but difference is there. Farah quoted an example of how his Yoruba and other African tribes celebrate the death of a member by dance and fanfare and rowdy shouting because it is understood as an occasion to express joy over the dead member joining the ancestor—a happy occasion. The spectacle of the European people, dressed in black, with long faces walking like in a military

discipline is not universal type of mourning. Even in India, different types of mourning exist. If those who defend 'universality' of standards try to understand Nuruddin Farah's point of view, enlightenment would follow.

In the modern cosmetic style, to take another example, looking 'white' under white face-creams is an insult to the black brown-almond Indian skin, so bewitchingly felt in the descriptions of our gods, heroines of old literature, epics, and in Ajanta frescos. Can there be a universal standard in the pigment and sense of beauty too is a question of cultural self-confidence.

Since all cultures are self-justifying, we should be prepared for an obvious antagonism between the others' standards and our own about the evaluation of culture. Moreover it can be safely asserted that it is the concern for native tradition which prevents the surrender of intellectual aims to alien interests. In any case no intellectual of worth should be allowed to enjoy the licence to ignore the knowledge of the native tradition while addressing himself to it. Such a test may look ridiculous elsewhere, but it is a litmus test for intellectually colonized Indians of which we have plenty.

Yet another source of ambiguity in our way is that we do not have a recorded history. However, we do have living traditions in all spheres of life and a considerable body of semi-historical records. Languages and dialects, legacies and customs, religious practices and rituals, beliefs, myths, conventions, code languages and folklore abound the cultural space of our people. Such a pluralistic expression cannot possibly be confined to a single theory.

At least we should be able to expose the dangers of monoculture by reasoned supposition that our pluralism is quite compatible with modernity. Thus, if we can establish the value of diversity and heterogeneity in our concept of modernity, it would be a unique achievement. Inspired by the western theories, we have started disdaining at our tradition for not being monolithic, consistent and for not showing signs of progressing in a single direction. We will have no regrets if we believed that it is only the fanatics who believe that their tradition has no dissent, that it is unified, and therefore, contains no antithesis within. A nativist on the other hand would take pride in our multiplicity, freedom of dissenting thought, contrariety of views and open-minded borrowings from alien traditions adjusted to the existing structures from time to time.

Several Vedic tenets were negated by the Upanishads which were repudiated in the early Brahmanical cults; these in turn were renounced by Jain and Buddhist systems. The classical Brahmanism made a comeback by absorbing major Buddhist and Jain values including

ahimsa and vegetarianism with a vengeance, so that even the purely Kshatriya documents such as the *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, obviously in their revised forms, began to flaunt *Ahimsa*. Rama, after killing Ravana, says, *Ahimsa paramo dharma*; and another warrior hero Yudhisthira at the end of mass destruction of life, deliberates with the *Rishis* in 'Shantiparva' on *shanti*. Then in the second millennium all over the subcontinent, numerous Bhakti cults in succeeding centuries rebelliously continue to reinforce Jain, Buddhist and several other *Nastika* ways of life suppressed by Brahmanism. Although the new middle-class view of history has been ungratefully hostile to Islam under European-Christian education system, many Hindu saints had Sufi gurus and radical social reformers like Jotirao Phule jubilantly praised Mohammed of Ghazni for destroying the Somnath Temple, a symbol of Brahmanical oppression of the masses, and now the Dalits have denounced Hinduism to embrace the almost extinct Buddhism in Maharashtra. The list will be unending. Tradition flourishes.

Indeed a nativistic base of modernity would provide alternate solutions to our problems of stagnation. New centres of creativity could always be discovered in the diverse antithetical material of our tradition. The western model of monocultural and monolingual nature in which all the "other" culture and languages are ruthlessly eliminated is antagonistic to our perception of modernity.

Most of us would be familiar with the long debate on India's modernity in which nearly all the thinkers of the world, great and small, have participated—from Nietzsche and Marx to Paz and Huntington - this debate may come to an end in a few decades from now, because the process of modernization is taking unprecedented momentum, and all languages and cultures of the world are dying or becoming marginalized. If we believe that modernity is a value system explicit in theory and practice of a people, we should individually and institutionally initiate a process of critical reconstruction of our existing material culture and practice it with confidence. Each new creative action requires reconstruction of a pre-acculturation base from the traditional elements to combat a new situation. Fortunately they are still there, waiting for resurrection. The real strength of Indian modernity will be tried on our indomitable nativistic values—pluralism, the numerous cultural elements still preserved in the multitudinous strands of our traditions—tribal, classical, borrowed and assimilated, on the strength of our rootedness in geography and history, and our diversity and heterogeneity. There is an abysmal want of these values in the postmodern world today, and nativist values are capable of filling that vacuum.

This question of reconstruction of the traditional material is the most challenging creative undertaking at present. It requires confidence in the primacy of the nativist values over all other luring considerations—transnational, cosmopolitan, universalist and so on. This is obviously swimming against the current of our “modernism”.

Now it looks quite paradoxical that new knowledge should come from our study of the past. The modernist symbols like libraries and museums in monumental forms are in fact related to looking backward. The community's whole cultural capital is invested in some kind of habitus within a specific field. There is nothing of derogation in the artist's looking backward for sources in order to discover the collective wisdom stored in various forms of culture which evoke his mind. Perhaps the great lesson that future is implicit in looking backwards can be learnt from the sciences: by going back to Big Bang and beyond on the one hand and entering into the research of molecules and genes on the other, scientific research could build a new world.

A few Indian artists of vision tried to establish continuity with the unknown artists of the past: Rukminidevi Arundel's reconstruction of Bh (Bhava) Ra (Rasa) and Ta (Tala) in the magnificent Bharata Natyam, Kerucharan Mahopatra's Odissi dance, Balmukund Guru's revival of the folk farms *dharadhari* into a powerful new theatre—are some of the great examples of the Indian genius' going back to nativist consciousness. Similar experiments in other arts including painting are extremely encouraging. They have not only revived the past, deriving sustenance from it, but also relived it in practice. It will be the test of the new generation how they salvage and strengthen our numerous native styles, which modernization has assigned to the past and which globalization is now threatening extinction.

This is not taking place in language-based arts, because our languages have been marginalized ever since the noble vernacularists were outdone by the wily Anglicists in the 1850s and as G.R. Potter has commented on Macaulay's infamous Minute:

The higher education of the Indian people ceased to be traditional and Oriental, and was made merely English, not even European. . . . It proved to be an irrevocable decision of tremendous import. The path to success lay through the mechanical repetition of text books written in English.

The suffocation under English is still on.

Now an example or rather a pathetic case of globalization of literature and how it has affected the very existence of gifted writer, Salman Rushdie. He is a Muslim expatriate of Indian origin and lives in hiding because of

a prize of more than 30 lakh dollars on his head; still his presence is too frequently felt in the newspapers, sometimes for his ignorant statements on Indian literatures being too poor except what is written in English, or on Islamic values and so on. Writing entails choosing a language for literary production and implies most importantly affiliating oneself with a particular socio-cultural community in the world. This is a social act with specific political and geo-cultural determinants. Had he preferred to live in India as a Muslim Indian citizen, it would have been a different story altogether. He would have certainly become an eminent Urdu writer, anyway. But by his own choice he opted to become an English writer and eventually, like other expatriates, acquired British citizenship. His first major novel *Midnight's Children*, a masterpiece of great merit, with its Indian backdrop won the applause from the English-speaking, i.e. world-wide, i.e. 'international' readership—a pleasant suggestion to all colonized Indians who want to write in English, which is not their mother tongue. After all, what is the use of writing in Urdu with miserable royalties and faint applause? That apart, to sit in the rank of the great Indian English novelists like Kipling and G.V. Desani is indeed an outstanding achievement. However, here was the turn of the global screw.

A writer primarily writing for an English readership spread in different parts of the globe, earning billion of pounds/dollars by way of royalties (was it because the subject-matter was funny India? Perhaps because of its intrinsic merit) started receiving wrong signals—that a writer being a transnational, trans-civilizational angel, he should write mainly or only for his nebulous 'global' audience. So in a year's time Rushdie wrote *Shame*, his second allegorical novelette, repeating himself stylistically with the same gimmicks, presenting a comic picture of the Pakistani society. Let us say, it was his birthright again to make fun of his own cultural past. By literary standards, *Shame* lacks profundity, although it is an entertaining work. And then came his *Satanic Verses* by which he invited the ire of Islamic fundamentalists; so much so that it was immediately banned even in India, demographically the second largest Muslim country in the world. The furious Iranian religious head Ayatollah Khomeini announced a reward of millions of dollars for anyone killing him.

Now it would be a waste if we debate about the fanaticism of Islamic bigots. We are more concerned here about a literary fact—why should a genuine writer create such a situation of amateurish enthusiasm and lose his freedom of living like other citizens? To quote Ghalib, our first great modern poet:

*Garmi sahi kalam mein lekin na is qadar,
Kee jisse bat usne shikayat zaroor kee.*

Just as a clown is obliged to entertain his entire audience by consistently demonstrating more and more somersaults, the writers of Indian origin who have chosen to writing in English are badly given up to the habit of "Third World Masala" a successful trade strategy already initiated by R.K. Narayan, Mulk Raj Anand and others and fully stretched, to suit the taste of English readers, by Nirad Chaudhuri and V.S. Naipaul (both dutifully honoured by the Imperialist masters). Most of the writings of these expatriate Indians of former colonies contain certain codes to please the 'First World' English speakers in particular. No African writer has done this, which needs to be noted. The point is Rushdie was so blindly addicted to cook for this global English taste that he thought he did not owe anything to any country or tradition and belonged only to an autonomous world of his own conception—rootless, internationalist of a sort, nevertheless he stuck to third-world teasing all through. Assuming that such a world of unrestrained freedom alone brings him success, fame, money and career, he floated in the air, kicking around (did he kick even English, Christian or western beliefs? That is his 'global' choice) and thus found himself inside the cage of his own making.

Perverse religious fanaticism has struck many like Mahatma Gandhi, but in the literary world such an issue has made history. A writer may not respect a country, a religion, a tradition or a language, the identities so sacred to millions, but by what right could he take the liberty to vulgarize the faith of so many people? May a poor man, who does not get even a mouthful to eat day-long, prays to Allah or God and gets to sleep, assured that tomorrow will bring some hope. In this hopeless world not everybody gets huge royalties, brand new assignments such as editing, without deserving, *Vintage Book of Indian Writing* and new citizenships of wealthy countries. Sweating blood, people endure. Most do not know how to make a living. To millions of such people of poor countries their age-old faith offers refuge and security and dignity. Therefore, their faith is dearer to them than their life. Even if somebody wanted to pull the poor folk out of this 'miry' faith, what has the globalization theory, which dominates the literary system, to offer to them? It talks of 'world economy' only, never of 'world community'.

A writer could bring some change in the life of such people if he lives among them, partakes of their suffering, shares their concerns, and above all, writes in *their* language, like Saadat Hasan Manto, for example. This is

how civilizations have been raised. To live in one society and ridicule the faith of others in order to win recognition of that society is unethical for a writer. The value of such tricks does not go beyond amateurish entertainment. This stereotype is ubiquitous in nearly all the Indian writing in English. It therefore, does not add a bit to the seriousness of literature; leave alone its human commitment. Writers like Rushdie would not be regarded as martyrs in the history of the freedom of expression—a tradition of Dhnyaneshwar, Dante, Tukaram, Puskin and others.

In general, literature seems to have been averse to globalization in all its forms. It is only after colonization that a native work of literature or a native writer is artificially transferred to alien groups for non-literary reason. Literature was never produced for 'external' consumption. In the past, *Panchatantra* and *Jataka Tales*, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* spread all over Eurasia away from their places of origin, yet there was no 'internationalism' involved in that. Chaucer and Shakespeare freely borrowed Indian tales that migrated in a natural way from place to place, language to language in serial translation or adaptation on their intrinsic merit. In contrast to this natural dissemination of ideas, we suddenly came across school and college boys and girls in millions, all over the 'Third World', reciting the 'First World's' models: Shakespeare's *Othello* as a tragedy of colour discrimination or *The Tempest* as a comedy of half-civilized natives of colonies. Not only was this sufficient as a colonial language and literature undertaking, but John Milton was taught as an epic poet of grand style and his *Paradise Lost*, an average narrative poem, was studied as a great epic in the land of *Mahabharata*. Such second rate works became models of perfection. Just because somebody happens to be an English writer, he automatically became a part of world literature.

The English language was 'cultivated in this country as the classical languages of Greece and Rome were in the European universities'—the citizens of Bombay wrote to an English educationist. Thus the humiliation of the great Indian literary traditions was complete with the beginning of English education. Our generation is quite familiar with several British publishers' catalogues of 'world classics' in literature, which contained even Boswell and Dickens. None of our Eastern great works were mentioned and even to think of *Gatha Saptashati* or *Tukaram* or *Leelacharithra* as world classics was beyond imagination. Such crass courage is nothing but a sign of gross ignorance.

If the colonizers have realized that it is no longer possible to humiliate the 'natives', there comes now an immigrant generation of writers of Indian origin who

“spit on their ancestral land” in order to please their former masters. For a discriminating journalist like V.S. Naipaul touring in the ‘Third World’ of Hindus and Muslims, brings immense success. It took three books for him to understand even a fragment of what Indian civilization is. In 1964 it was all ‘dark’, there was no future for these damned people who come habitually late to office, they defecate everywhere, as if Naipaul came only to sniff at this all the time. Thus a ‘successful’ travelogue follows. Then the second turn of understanding the ancestral land in 1977 to find after thirteen years’ interval, that it is a ‘wounded civilization’. Again ten years after that, India is ‘a million mutinies’.

What can be done to this kind of journalism that passes as literature? Compare it with just one visit by E.M. Forster and know the essential difference between journalism and literature, between an abrasive sensationalism and an artist’s sensibility. What is

disturbing is that a ranting kind of journalistic writing peripheral to genuine literary creation is becoming central to our literary culture. What Naipaul’s or Rushdie’s ‘Third World’ baiting is to Tory taste in England, is Taslima Nasreen’s Bangladesh bashing to conservative Hindus in India—a post-cold war culture clash. Nothing of these gives the ennobling feeling of aesthetic fulfillment, let alone enrichment. They not only devalue their own self but also undervalue a whole culture. This is nothing but trivializing existence of literature.

The foregoing examples of the consequences of Faustian deal between the trans-nativist or non-nativist or anti-nativist writers and the global or transnational powers of our time, speak for themselves. I would like to conclude by repeating what I have said earlier: Any human being or literature can stand tall only in its own native linguistic group. It has really no need of international dimensions.

DECLARATION
Registered with the Registrar of Newspapers for India
Regd. No. HP ENG 00123/25/AA/TC/94

Title of the Publication	Summerhill: IAS Review
Periodicity	Biannual
Name of the Publisher	Debarshi Sen
Nationality	Indian
Address	Indian Institute of Advanced Study Rashtrapati Nivas, Shimla-171005
Place of Publication	Indian Institute of Advanced Study Rashtrapati Nivas, Shimla-171005
Printer's Name	Debarshi Sen
Nationality	Indian
Address	Indian Institute of Advanced Study Rashtrapati Nivas, Shimla-171005
Name of the Printing Press where printing is conducted	Pearl Offset Press Pvt. Ltd. 5/33, Kirti Nagar Industrial Area, New Delhi.
Editor's Name	Satish C. Aikant
Nationality	Indian
Address	Indian Institute of Advanced Study Rashtrapati Nivas, Shimla-171005
Owner's Name	Indian Institute of Advanced Study Rashtrapati Nivas, Shimla-171005

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