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KAISHER BAHADUR K C

NEPAL AFTER THE REVOLUTION OF 1950



Nepal After the Revolution of 1950

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by

Kaisher Bahadur K. C.



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and 25th National Democracy Day**

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**To the memory of
my friend Mr. Peter Aufschneider
as a grateful homage**

Introduction

Many people have written books on Nepal and her neighbours and on political innovations in Nepal after the revolution of 1950 from their own point of view. I have gone through most of those books, which present a record of newspapers and speeches delivered by prominent people under particular situations. As such they give a distorted view of Nepal and her multi-ethnic peoples with a jaundiced view. On the other hand, my hobby since the last decade of the Rana Prime Minister Maharaja Chandra Shumshere was to collect “materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture” and of keeping a diary of events as I experienced them. When Maharaja Chandra Shumshere appointed me as an apprentice in the Department of Education in 1929 on a pittance of Rs 60 per month I did not know what I wanted to do in life.

But the death of Maharaja Chandra Shumshere in the winter of 1929 brought a revolutionary change in the status of the A., B. and C. Class Ranas contained in Mr Perceval Landon's *Nepal* in two volumes, which I had read in 1928. There were very few graduates at the time and Maharaja Chandra Shumshere's successor Maharaja Bhim Shumshere picked me up for important jobs in the Department of Education as the Officer-in-charge of the Gorkha-Bhasa-Prakasini Samiti-cum-Assistant Director of Public Instruction in place of Maharaja Chandra's favourites who were thrown out to my amazement. This brought me into touch with the intellectual circle of Nepal as well as Professor G. Tucci of Italy who encouraged me in my hobby of collecting stampings of ancient inscriptions and of keeping a record of dated sculptures and historical monuments for the study of Nepalese history and culture. There was a sudden change in the tide of my fortune in the matter of 33 months when Maharaja Bhim Shumshere passed away so that his successor Maharaja Juddha Shumshere kicked me up to the Judicial Court of Bharadari with the assignment of compiling a sociological work on the *Countries and Peoples of the World* in Nepali language. But this was followed by a chain of bad-luck, which upset me till Maharaja Juddha resigned his job after World War II.

In the meantime there was the Great Earthquake of Nepal which brought me into touch with His Majesty King Tribhuvana and of working with the common people who comprised our Great Samyak Society. But the A. Class Ranas took advantage of the calamity to throw off their C. Class rivals, which foretold their doom in the foreseeable future.

The administration of Maharaja Juddha witnessed the risings of the peoples of Nepal with the help of King Tribhuvana, who tried to restore the Samyak Society of Nepal in the context of the changing world. He was the first King in modern history who showed that revolution could come from the palace rather than from the gutter. In anticipation of great changes in the feudal system after the end of World War II Maharaja Juddha resigned his job in favour of Maharaja Padma Shumshere who picked me up for the assignment of Nepalese Resident Representative in Tibet on and from 1946. This gave me the opportunity of seeing the Lama feudalism in Tibet in the overall context of heaving China and India. I availed myself of the opportunity in Tibet to write a faithful record of all the events of Rana and Lama feudalism in my *Nepal and Her Neighbours* which is in the press.

This book namely *Nepal After the Revolution of 1950* records my experiences after my return to Nepal from Tibet on and from September

28, 1950 to the last days and death of King Tribhuvana, who could not realise his profound vision of developing our ancient nation on the broad base of Samyak ideals as a bridge, rather than as a bone of contention, between China and India after he assumed the sacrament of what the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal understand as *Huk um*.

History is a record of the beginnings, and I have reinterpreted our ancient history from the Kirāta and Buddhistic period down to the 6th century A. D. in *The Judicial Customs of Nepal* in the face of severe criticisms and vituperations. In that process I was happy to discover that our immortal poet Bhāravi had, as a harvester, gathered in the Sanskritic classic of *The Kirātārjunīye* the finest points of Nepal's heroic state with the developing concept of a Samyak Society as it developed from the Samyak thinking (correct thinking) of Śākyamuni Buddha Gautama, whose Eight-fold Āryan paths and Five Principles have been accepted as the basis of coexistence of states with different social systems in the 1955 Conference of Bandung. But even as I am writing *My Four Years and Three Months in People's Republic of China and South East Asia* I feel two generations' gap between what I felt in my young days and men and women who are growing around me. The world is dynamic and I am writing in earnest to bridge this 'communication gap' between me and the great generations to come.

I am deeply grateful to Mr Madhav Lal Karmacharya, who has worked with me for many years and who read the manuscript with the care and attention he previously gave to my English edition of *The Kirātārjunīye*.

Thank you.

–Kaisher Bahadur K. C.

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NEPAL AFTER THE REVOLUTION OF 1950

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King Tribhuvan Bir Bikram Shah Dev

Chapter I

CURRENT OF EVENTS

September 28, 1949—November 15, 1951

As a petty officer working behind the censorship after my tour of office in Tibet, I had the unique opportunity of playing my part as an intermediary between Maharaja Mohun Shumshere and the rulers of the Himalayan States on the one hand, and the Indian Political Officer Mr Harisvar Dayal and Mr H. E. Richardson on the other with varying political views. This was the period when the self-assurance of the A. Class Ranas in power was shaken by the shooting of the Nepali police in the Tarai by the Nepali Congress leaders and the arrest of several of them on September 24, 1949, who had been organising an armed insurrection at Kathmandu. Unable to anticipate the effects of long-range political upheaval in China, the Government of India had supported a sort of People's wars in the Himalayan States and Tibet in the palmy days of 'Hindi Chini Bhai Bhai' (Indians and Chinese are brothers, brothers). On the other hand, the Ranas with the tradition of defending India by the Gorkha troops thought of saving their role of succession by claiming to defend India against the rise of communist power in Tibet. Seeing how the People's Republic of China was developing her traditional institutions and cultivating international contacts step by step, both the Ranas of Nepal and the leaders of India seemed to be wrong if they failed to understand what Samyak Society was.

Fortunately Fate and even 'metaphysical aid' protected me against misunderstandings of Mr Harisvar Dayal, General Bijaya Shumshere and their ilk. The mushrooming leaders appeared to have confidence in me as an intellectual simply because they had read my sociological work on the

'Peoples and Countries of the World' in their gaol. The Koirala family and the C. Class Ranas understood me and tried to use me to their advantage to the chagrin of the intellectuals of the A. Class Ranas and their retainers. Caught between the Devil and the Deep Sea, I did not know where I stood, though the Rana rulers and the revolutionaries tried to use me to their own advantage.

Motivations

After my meeting with Mr Harisvar Dayal, Mr H. E. Richardson, Himalayan Maharajas, Congress leaders, C. Class Ranas, Chinese externees and officers of the American Consulate at Calcutta, Kalimpong, Sikkim and Bhutan, I returned to report my findings on December 16, 1949 to the effect that the Government of India seemed to be preoccupied with the problems of Pakistan, that they were trying to divide the Himalayan rulers and peoples by supporting insurrectionary movements from the Roof of the World down to the Himalayan States in the name of democracy, that the Panchen Lama of Kumbum had already appealed to Chairman Mao Tse-tung to liberate Tibet from the yoke of the reactionary Dalai Lama and that the entire question of Tibet was fraught with grave possibilities. Under the circumstances, I told the Foreign Secretary Mr Narendra Mani A. D. that our Government should not listen to Mr J. L. Nehru's advice tendered through General Bijaya Shumshere that Nepal should appeal to the U. N. O. and the world all by herself against Communist aggression in Tibet. In reply to Mr Nehru's advice I dictated the following note to the Secretary of Foreign Affairs:

'We presume that the Government of India are taking such a step themselves and we would be grateful for information on what lines they are doing so, so that the Government of Nepal may know how we ourselves could proceed.'

In the present context of developments in Tibet I advised my Government to work out the solution of our domestic problems on the lines suggested by General Krishna Shumshere, who had shunned his role of succession and made a gift of his palace for the welfare of the public. It was time that our authorities should iron out all their differences with His Majesty the King and work along the Samyak line to make Nepal strong as in the days of King Māna-deva. However, the Foreign Secretary did not allow me to keep a full record of the report I submitted to him.

On Saturday, December 17, 1949 I called on General Krishna Shumshere, whose sacrifices had been highly appreciated by the King and peoples of Nepal. He dropped a hint to caution me that the Rana authorities had been viewing my contacts with Mr L.R. Josse with grave concern. The more so because the Rana authorities had taken my own nephew Mr Shanker Bahadur K. C. into custody. General Krishna was a dependable man with whom I could open my heart and discuss national and international matters frankly. Then I told him how I had returned to Nepal after my tour of office in Tibet and my present mission from Calcutta to the Himalayan States with the thought that my experiences had been formidable, but the Rana authorities in Kathmandu had been parochial and unimpressed, except for their own narrow self-interests when our country was on the verge of conflagration.

From my in-depth study of the ancient inscriptions of Nepal and its impact of the history, religion and culture on Tibet and on the Himalayan States, I had gathered that Nepal could be a great country in the present context of things if we could restore the ideals of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society and recover those human values which have distinguished the important and invisible poor men in all their spheres of human activities. During the long period of isolation and insulation of Nepal from world contacts under the overall scheme of Pax Britannica, our people had lost their moorings and tossed about in the sea of turmoil like a ship without the rudder or compass. It was a pity that none had been able, except General Krishna, to read the writing on the wall and act before it was too late. My aptitude and study had equipped me to present Nepal and her peoples from a long view of things though destiny had impelled me to deal with short-sighted people who did not look beyond their noses at a time when the sword of Damocles hung over their heads. In any case, General Krishna very kindly advised me to move with caution in this world of petty men where it was difficult to tell a friend from the foe at the present juncture. Reminding General Krishna of our gruelling history after the reign of the reactionary King Jaya Yaksa Malla, I told him of my growing conviction that the crazy incidents of the period of the Pandeys, Thapas and Ranas could not repeat themselves. Reading what I had of the political developments in China and India during my tour of office in Tibet against the background of our history, I believed in the singular destiny of the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal, who had survived the test of independence within the infrastructure of a Society from the period of the Kirātas and the Śākya who were living with us even to our own day. Despite 'the spurns of our society and time's contumely' I had no alternative but to pass along, like, for example, Robert Browning's Pippa,

with my own swan song of our Samyak Society till such time as the swiftly changing events in the world made our ideas acceptable. As the first step to achieve the goal of Nepal and her peoples I had been providing Professor G. Tucci with the stampings of the Licchavi inscriptions of Nepal and had also the opportunity of helping his great work while I was in Tibet.

As luck would have it I was commanded by Maharaja Mohun Shumshere to meet him on December 25 and I was asked to wait for the interview till such time as all the Ranas including the Minister and Commander-in-Chief had left Singha Durbar. Round 9-30 P. M. I was called up for the meeting where I was surprised to find the Maharaja with His Majesty King Tribhuvana Bir Bikram Shah Dev. Then I was asked to give my report about the current events, which I did to the best of my ability. This was the period when Chairman Mao Tse-tung had gone to Moscow in order to meet Marshal Stalin and conclude a Sino-Soviet treaty of alliance. Under the circumstances it was useless for Nepal to be guided by the advice of Mr J. L. Nehru to appeal to the world against Communist aggression in Tibet unless the Government of India showed their own cards. On the other hand, it would be useful for everybody to forget their differences and overhaul our present society to bring it on the traditional line of Samyak Society. I pleaded with Maharaja Mohun that he as an elder statesman of Asia should give a lead to the mushrooming leaders of the continent by noble examples and precepts. Nepal had touch with her history and cultural heritages, which needed to be restored to its pristine purity in order to accept the challenge of the changing world. India's politics of helping our political leaders and the C. Class Ranas to rub shoulders with the A. Class Ranas had been gathering momentum and it was time that we put our own house in order before we proceed to accept the challenge.

But I could make nothing out of the faces of King Tribhuvana and his Prime-minister both of whom I knew to be the worst opponents of each other. Had the leopard changed its spots ? The entire situation baffled me by its contradictions.

Then the Three-Pillars of State (Maharaja Mohun), who was mightier than our handsome Five Pillar Figurehead of State (King Tribhuvana), surveyed me carefully from head to foot through his thick glasses and handled his moustaches thoughtfully while I made my report with a bowed head and folded palms. As Prime-minister, Marshal and Supreme Commander-in-Chief, whose forefathers had appropriated from the King the use of Lal Mohur (Red

Seal of State) at the point of sword, Maharaja Mohun Shumshere's words were laws though he held a dual sovereignty with the titular king. I was wondering how the King and his Prime-minister reacted to my reports as both of them did not betray any feeling on their sphinx-like countenances. Finally, the Maharaja ordered me to make another facts-finding tour of Bengal and the Himalayan States and report on the situation before His Highness's State visit to Delhi to meet the Indian Prime-minister and receive his 21 gunsalute.

Finally, I took leave with the words that Nepal was a small country where the rulers and the revolutionaries knew each other. I had already heard that my opponents in Durbar were saying that I was playing a double game to serve my own interests. Everybody seemed to be confused in Nepal and India. From my studies and experiences in Tibet, I made my assessment of the situation in my own particular way while those, who had the ears of the Authority in New Delhi, had been going about with the story that I was wrong. We were selfish men and everybody in such a changing situation could be right or wrong. History is a stern task-mistress and she could record the correct thing when things settled down to normal.

I left for Calcutta on December 26. I had high fever and toximia and felt awful on the journey till I reached Calcutta on December 29. The Consul General Colonel Daman Shumshere called a conference of doctors who diagnosed my disease as hepatitis and prescribed a course of 400,000 units of pencillin and six courses of emetin for ten days on and from December 31st. The sirens whistled the knell of the year 1949 and I had pandemonium of noises when I lay becalmed with the deep pain of my liver in Alipore Park Road.

On his arrival from England Mr H. E. Richardson met me on January 3rd to say that the Government and people of England were more sympathetic to the cause of Nepal than ever before, though the case of Tibet was given up for lost except within the infrastructure of Chinese suzerainty. Then I told Mr Richardson how my reports had brought the King and the Prime-minister together where India was claiming to help the peoples and the C. Class Ranas to rub their shoulders with the A. Class Ranas as the first step to democracy. Whereas India had received the benefits of British rule, Nepal was left to be crushed under the heels of the feudal Rana regime for more than a century. The people wanted that the entire feudal set-up of the Ranas had to be overhauled before Nepal could be allowed to work on mo-

dern lines. The Government of India had taken advantage of the feudal system in Nepal, Tibet, Sikkim and Bhutan to exploit the situation. But the Sino-Soviet alliance imparted a different look to the entire canvas. The ideals of democracy, which are differently interpreted by India and China, were not going to solve the problems of the multi-ethnic Samyak Society of the Himalayan peoples. But in the words of Mr. Wordsworth 'we are selfish men'. I thanked the British people for having preserved the 'fighting qualities' of the invisible but important Gorkhas. We had only a short time at our disposal for preparation. On the last analysis Mr Richardson advised me to call the attention of Mr Harisvar Dayal to the important points of history.

I felt considerably better on January 5, 1950 and called on the American Consul Mr Solomon to discuss the Point-four aid programme to Nepal. Then the American Consul asked my opinion about the future of Tibet, in which Peking had designs. Talking about the visit of Mr Mao Tse-tung to Moscow he was of the opinion that the Russians would be interested in the semi-independence of Tibet in view of the Russian frontiers with Turkistan. One party or the other would raise the question of outer-Mongolia in the light of the Russian treaty obligations to that country for a friendly co-operation. In reply I told Mr Solomon whether the concept of People's wars recognised any frontier if they could combine the Peoples of the World under their Proletarian Dictatorship. However, I told them that China had her annals if that could have any meaning in their new scheme of Marxism and Leninism.

On January 9th, I called on General Bahadur Shumshere to hear from him that his meeting with the American Ambassador reported in the Indian Press was done deliberately by India to divert the attention of China. This was a ruse to strike Nepal by helping the rebels with arms through the back-door of Darjeeling and Sukiapokhari. Then I told the General how I had heard of meeting at the residence of General Mahabir Shumshere where the rebels had taken oath to liberate Nepal from A. Class Rana yoke by the aid of India. General Bahadur seemed to hold the pious hope that General Mahabir may not survive his fast life to 'feed fat the ancient grudge.' I replied that it was good to hope while it lasted. Finally, he admitted the fault of his forefathers but opined that the solution of the basic needs of food and clothing would avert revolution against the A. Class Rana regime. I told the General that the crusade against poverty was a moral responsibility with every Government. Sandwiched between China and India, the enlightened national self-interest of Nepal demanded that we must be united to secure our country's

security and survival and that I was happy to meet His Majesty and His Highness together when I took leave.

On January 10, 1950 Mr M. P. Koirala called on me. We had been friends since our childhood. Our family had been familiar with the gifted Koirala family for generations. He was now playing a leading role in the overthrow of the Rana Government while I was a Nepal Government servant fresh from my new experiences in Tibet. At the outset he told me how he had a talk with Mr J. L. Nehru as well as with the Nepalese Ambassador General Singha Shumshere and how he had been advised to organise non-violent opposition against the Ranas. As a Government servant I told him very frankly that I was disturbed by the ideas of overthrowing the Rana regime with the aid of liberation army at the cost of the traditional loyalty to the King and the country. Most fortunately I had taken leave of the King and the Prime-minister and I was interested to study the situation in Bengal and the Himalayan states, which seemed to bode ill for everybody concerned. I had been reading his 'Nepal Pukar' in Lhasa, which gave a jaundiced view of the political scene. In reply Mr M. P. Koirala told me that the feudal set-up of the Ranas could not last and that I should convey to them the message of the writing on the wall and why they should not mend themselves before it was too late. I then told my friend how everybody seemed to be inspired by the idea of rubbing shoulders with the Ranas as the first step to democracy but they seemed to be fighting the battle with the money of General Subarna Shumshere and General Mahabir Shumshere. Under the present circumstances, I told Mr Koirala how the King was a key to the whole situation and an armed revolution was fraught with grave possibilities as long as the King and the Prime-minister stood shoulder to shoulder. I then acquainted him with the situation in Tibet and how the Indians were bungling in the affairs of the Himalayan States. Discussing the food situation in Nepal, I told him how the Nepalese people were not living by bread alone. Of all the peoples of Asia the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal had preserved their Samyak ideals which could stand Nepal in good stead against the surging tides of democratic movements from the south and communistic movements from the north. Mr M. P. Koirala appreciated all the fine points of my argument with the qualification that all the Himalayan problems were capable of solution if the Ranas at this time displayed their statesmanship by giving the people their due. Finally, I also reminded Mr M. P. Koirala of the designs of India on the Himalayan States and Tibet, which might rebound on themselves in the not too distant future if the Indians did not address themselves to the problem historically. Except for building the most dedicated army of India in the image of Britain, the British had also

taught the aristocrats of India how to acquire honour and riches by means fair or foul. It was difficult to know what our prospective congress leaders were till the Indians helped them to 'rub shoulders with the A. Class Ranas' by placing them in authority vis-a-vis the British-backed Ranas. Then I proceeded to Kalimpong and Sikkim to meet the leaders with the presents from Maharaja Mohun Shumshere to gather, broadly from my contacts how the Government of India was trying to play the role of *arbiter mundi* in the political affairs of Nepal, Tibet, Sikkim and Bhutan. Arbitration pre-supposed India's strength to stand a major war. But the history of India had been a history of her conquerors whereas Nepal had shown her stamina to survive as an independent entity from the period of the Kirāta kings down to our times and preserve our religion, country and culture.

On January 23, I had appointment with Mr Harisvar Dayal to meet him at Gangtok and tell him that India's attempt to divide the peoples of the Himalayas by playing on the sentiments of the Himalayan peoples against the traditional Samyak ideals were fraught with grave dangers until they knew the intents, purposes and strength of the emerging People's Republic of China. Their respectable looking ideology of helping democratic Nepalese leaders to rub their shoulders with the A. Class Ranas, though good in itself as a temporary expedient, would be a mighty bloodless substitute for the traditional Samyak Society unless India was able to secure the sympathy of H. M. the King of Nepal whom I saw together with Maharaja Mohun when I took leave to see him. The advice tendered by Mr Nehru through General Bijaya Shumshere to Maharaja Mohun to appeal to the world all by himself against Communist aggression in Tibet appeared to me most dangerous and I had counselled our Prime-minister to act against Mr Nehru's advice on his forthcoming visit to New Delhi. In the three useful hours with Mr Dayal and Mr Richardson at the Residency of Gangtok, I discussed the ins and outs of my findings against the impending armed revolution in Nepal and Tibet helped furtively by the Government of India. Then Mr Dayal told me in a nasal voice that Nepal was not prepared democratically to meet the challenge of the developing situation. I admitted that the wrong men were in power but insisted that the King of Nepal was a key to the entire situation. On the other hand, Nepal was better prepared than India with 300,000 unknown soldiers of God, who were defending the newly emerging states of South and South East Asia, who were being branded as mercenaries by Mr Nehru and his ilk. Seeing how the Indian Congress and the Kuomintang had been using the cloaks of democracy, the princes of poverty born and

brought up in Samyak discipline would not accept those ideals unless their great countries could show what human values they have been able to produce. Whereas China had her annals to guide her, I pointed out to Mr H. Dayal that India was a world without history. Mr Dayal laughed at me and I laughed at Mr Dayal waiting for the testimony of history to see who was right and who was wrong. Finally, we discussed the implication of the news broadcast by the Peking Radio on the 22nd of January refuting the news of the arrival of the Kuomintang troops on the northern borders of Tibet after making a forced march of nine hundred miles across some of the world's roughest terrain. Then, too, we discussed the 'Tass' Agency report saying that a Chinese spokesman had questioned the legality of the Tibetan Mission to Nepal, India, Great Britain and the United States.

Leper Asylum in Kalimpong

On my way back to Kalimpong I became a prey to the pale cast of thought when on January 27th I visited the leprosarium put by some enterprising Scot people, where I found a number of Nepalese patients. Dr Craig and the sisters appeared completely dedicated to the heart-rending job and had contributed what they earned in the way of fees to help the dwindling funds of the leper-asylum. There was no Indian doctor among the staff, except for a few nurses of Nepalese origin. No Nepali, except for the solitary instance of General Ekraj, or Indian had made any contribution to the Hospital. Patients slowly began to gather for a clinic, whose hands and feet were so mutilated by the disease that they could only shuffle about on their knees. Dr Craig told me how leprosy attacked the nerves, so fingers and toes lost feeling, became injured and eventually rotted and fell off; large, indolent ulcers developed on the limbs; faces became scarred and puckered, giving the characteristic lion-like appearance; eye-lids became paralysed, no longer able to blink, ulcers developed on the cornea and blindness ensued. I felt myself thrice-cursed that I should be travelling between Kathmandu and Gangtok discussing communism and democracy from our arm-chairs when there was such a panorama of human misery in Nepal and India that could barely be imagined by Maharaja Mohun, Mr Nehru and Mr Harisvar Dayal who had not seen it. No Government money had been sent to buy medicine or stores for these derelicts of fate whom the benevolent Scots came to serve from their far-away home. However, I was gratified to learn that Rani Chunni Dorji of Bhutan was working with real zeal for the relief of the patients. Finally, I promised Dr Craig to bring the matter to the notice of Maharaja Mohun to see if he

could make any contribution to help the Mission in their great task of helping the suffering humanity.

Back to Arcadia in Kalimpong I received a telegram from for Mr R. B. Gurung saying that he would be arriving at Kalimpong on the 2nd proximo with the Bhutanese refugees. I rushed with the telegram to Rani Chunni Dorji to inform her how a Bhutanese refugee of Nepalese origin by the name of Lt. Ratna Bahadur Bista had informed the Rana Durbar that the Bhutanese authorities had been oppressing the Nepalese and that Nepal should take the matter up with the Government of Bhutan in order to alleviate their sufferings. On the other hand, the Bhutan and Sikkim Governments were suspicious that the Nepal Durbar was exporting insurrectionary movements in the Himalayan countries to gain their own ends. If men of Nepalese origin in India showed their concern over the stipulated provision of the extradition of the Nepalese people from India in the new treaty between the two countries, I had already told the Nepal Durbar that there was no reason why we should be poking our noses into the affairs of Bhutan specially at a time when the Himalayan states had reasons to stand shoulder to shoulder. The Rani told me that the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepalese origin in Bhutan were controlled by their Panchayats, but that the Government of Bhutan had resorted to forest reservation laws in order to protect the country from erosion and floods. In view of the concessions already made to the Bhutanese subjects, the complaints of the refugees may have been done by the interested parties to embroil the good relationship between Nepal and Bhutan. The D. I. G. Mr La Tsering told me that the Bengali communists had been inciting the Himalayan peoples to revolt against the ruling authorities. Finally, I assuaged the worst fears of the Rani and the D. I. G. by telling that these people had got a lot of money from the Nepal Durbar on compassionate grounds and that I would report the matter accordingly after seeing the refugees.

Then I sent a telegram asking Mr R. B. Gurung to come with the refugees on January 30th at Siligury and produce concrete evidences to show what they had done with the money provided by Maharaja Mohun Shumshere for the relief of the refugees. Of the sixty six Dhuris (houses) of refugees, for which Maharaja Mohun had provided adequate funds, Mr R. B. Gurung and Kaji M. Dhoj produced before me a long list of thumb-impressions of the recipients, which could not be verified without recourse to the respective Panchayats and finger-print experts. They had also brought two refugees in Messrs Dhana Bahadur Tamang and Jagannath Jaishi, who looked much

too prosperous and garrulous to be refugees. It was now clear to me that the entire plot was a ruse to cheat Maharaja Mohun of the money at the cost of the existing good relationship between Nepal and Bhutan to the suspicion of India. Then I put them on the spot by telling them to accompany me to the various Panchayats in Bhutan so that I may verify the thumb impression of the recipients by the aid of the finger-print experts. This move totally unmasked the thugs who disappeared from the scene never to appear with their burden of complaints against the Bhutanese Government. More interesting than the problem of the refugees was my brief meeting and talk with Prince George of Greece, who was touring the Himalayas with his Russian wife in a big way to study the religion of Tibet to the great suspicion of the Government of India.

When I returned from my mission on the 1st of February I was disillusioned to find that Maharaja Mohun's inaugural speech as well as his detente with King Tribhuvana were facades to cheat me and the peoples of Nepal. Evidently, he was counting more on diplomatic support from abroad and intrigues in Tibet and the Himalayan states to save the Rana regime than on the tradition and will of the peoples of Nepal to survive as a Sovereign State between two giants of Asia. Under the circumstances, I submitted my report most carefully against the background of my encounters with the Congress leaders, foreign diplomats including Mr. H. Dayal and Mr Richardson, and the Kings of the Himalayan states.

Visit of Maharaja Mohun to New Delhi

The Prime-minister left Kathmandu on February 7th through the Tarai and reached the Indian Capital on February 17th, where he was received with twenty-one gun salute and great honour. Flattered by the most hospitable reception Maharaja Mohun appeared to have played completely into the hands of Mr J. L. Nehru in his talks and speeches by claiming to be a bulwark against the Communist power of China, which was entirely against the spirit and content of my report. It was clear to me that Maharaja had compromised the traditional historical interests of Nepal by seeking refuge in temporary expedients to save his regime. On February 19th the British and the American Governments reacted to the Nepal-India parleys in New Delhi by declaring that they had received the application of Tibet to the United Nations rather too late to be useful. At this our Foreign Secretary from New Delhi asked my opinion about the Anglo-American reaction to the Nepal-India parleys in New Delhi. I replied that the two great leaders of

Nepal and India had been most successful in cultivating comforting political fancies in their own particular way. Then, too, Mr Harisvar Dayal had given most unfavourable report about my meeting and talks with him at Gangtok. With the feeling that my political fortune was on the wane, I noted with interest that our Prime-minister had gone to meet the Royal saint (Maharaj Juddha) at Dehradun and discuss the effects of his visit to New Delhi. The Prime-minister returned to Nepal on March 5th with wild west wind when the peaches were in full bloom after the blight of winter. From his hunting paradise of the Tarai on March 13th Maharaja Mohun ordered the confiscation of the property of the C. Class Ranas who had flouted his authority by not calling on him in his state visit to India.

After his return Maharaja Mohun was profusely decorated by foreign powers when Nehru tried to gather Nepal into his net by declaring that India would go to the aid of Nepal if she were attacked. I wondered what country was going to attack Nepal at a time when the affairs of Tibet were in a melting pot and when the Nepali Congress was preparing for a revolution in Nepal from the soil of India. Both Maharaja Mohun and Mr Nehru in their temporary expedients did not seem to understand Nepal's traditional principle of coexistence between China and India which Nepal practised for thousands of years when empires rose and fell beside her. Persons like Mr H. Dayal, General Bijaya Shumshere, General Mrigendra Shumshere, Subba Medini and Mr B. B. Pandey with different perspectives and motivations interpreted my report differently. I was under an eclipse and was not taken into confidence when the treaty of peace and friendship with India was drafted. Events moved fast and on April 5th General Bijaya, Mr N. A. Dixit, Sirdar Gunja Man Singh and Mr B. B. Pandey emplaned for New Delhi to discuss the controversial draft treaty between Nepal and India.

Back from New Delhi Sirdar Gunja Man Singh confided in me that I was now out of the woods. From my friend's report I got the impression that Mr J. L. Nehru was playing the new game of not lining up with the Anglo-American powers with his strategy of showing his cold shoulder to Messrs Mao Tse-tung and Stalin when the two leaders concluded the Sino-Soviet treaty of alliance. By the last week of June we heard that the Korean war had broken out to the satisfaction of Indians, whose ambassadors and diplomats in all the countries of the world went about saying that India was going to emerge as a Third Force. Then, too, we heard that Mr Liaquat Ali Khan, the then Prime-minister of Pakistan, was said to be very happy over the development in Korea as a factor in contributing to the cause of the smaller nations of Asia.

Attempt at Abdication of King

With the first week of July we learnt that the war in Korea was going contrary to the expectations of the Americans to win a swift victory while King Tribhuvana feigned illness and cancelled his periodic interviews with the Rana Durbar in order to avoid interrogations on the question of those arrested in the Congress plan of overthrowing the Ranas. On July 23rd we were ordered to attend the birthday ceremony at the Royal Palace at 4.30 P. M. where I found the King worried and sullen with beads of perspiration forming over His Majesty's handsome face. We were sad to learn that the Ranas had now failed to secure the Lal Mohur (Red Seal of State) to execute all the persons implicated in the September 24, 1949 plot, so that a major political crisis was brewing in Kathmandu. Maharaja Mohun Shumshere showed his combative mood by coming to the Palace fully guarded. He had brought terrible troubles on himself by trying to force the abdication of the King. But Crown-Prince Mahendra had foiled Mohun's plan to depose his father by resolutely refusing to occupy the throne. The best that Maharaja could now hope was to banish the Royal family to the village of Gorkha and limp along if India allowed them to carry on in the teeth of popular opposition. That was an unhappy prospect for Mohun and for all Nepalese, which made me recapitulate Shakespeare's King Richard II, Act III, Scene 2, which read:

'O that I were as great as is my grief,
Or lesser than my name !
Or that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now !'

Treaty of Peace and Friendship with India

In an atmosphere heavy with internecine strife Maharaja Mohun and Mr Chandresvar Narayan signed the treaty of peace and friendship on July 31st, 1950. The peoples of Nepal violently attacked Articles II and VII of the treaty, which sacrificed the larger interests of our country in foreign affairs and of giving equal treatment to nationals of either country at the cost of our tradition of giving special position to the pilgrims, traders and peoples from the north. The Tibetans seemed to be extremely disturbed when they confided in me that the Government of Nepal had been playing to the hands of the Government of India who were influenced by the advice of Mr K. M. Pannikar to barter away Tibet with the People's Republic of China for Nepal notwithstanding the Sino-Nepalese treaty of 1792 and the

1856 Treaty of Peace between Nepal and Tibet. Evidently Maharaja Mohun was gambling for survival in his internecine strife with the King and the Congress on any terms.

On August 11th Mr Winston Churchill declared in Strasbourg (Austria) that Tibet was going to be Russia's next victim and that the Soviets by these diversions were able to preach peace while improving their atomic stock-pile and planning war. Then Mr Trigvy Lie, the Secretary General of the U. N. O. declared in Oslo (Norway) that the question of Tibet was still a problem for him. At this time I received letters from my Tibetan friends saying that they were being thoroughly searched, questioned and roughly handled by the Indian Customs on their pilgrimages to the holy sites of India, so that they did not like the idea of touching the soil of the subcontinent. Because most of the places of their pilgrimages lay in the heart of Nepal they enquired if we were going to treat them as badly after the treaty of peace and friendship between Nepal and India. I replied to them that Nepal's chief purpose through the ages was the creation and preservation of Samyak values; and that was what had given meaning to our civilisation. Though the great powers had been using us as dummies in the absence of good leadership yet I had reason to hope that our common people would be sticking to those values which have given significance to the individual life of our multi-ethnic peoples.

With the second week of August the Peking Radio announced that China was now determined to attack Tibet in order to break the Anglo-American blockade in the east. The important changes in the wake of this announcement was the replacement of Mr H. E. Richardson by Mr S. Sinha in Lhasa and of Mr H. Dayal by Mr Chopra as the Political Officer in Gangtok by the Government of India. As the chief Indian expert in Tibet Mr H. Dayal joined the Department of External Affairs in New Delhi.

With the success of the United Nations troops in Korea, Mr Mao Tse-tung sent an invitation to Mr J. L. Nehru on the eve of Chinese intervention in Korea with her volunteers. This was also the time when the Radio Peking had announced that 'the tasks of the People's Liberation Army for 1950 were to liberate Taiwan, Hainan and Tibet'. On August 24th, 1950 Mr J. L. Nehru gave a press-conference in New Delhi attributing the source of the above information to Pakistan to prove that the Indo-Chinese negotiations to settle the fate of Tibet by peace-

ful means had failed. After this the Indians played up the news that Chairman Mao was still heeding to Mr Nehru and that the Indian leader would be successful in bringing about Sino-Tibetan settlement between the Chinese Ambassador and the head of the Tibetan Delegation Mr Shakabpa under the overall supervision of the Government of India. On August 30th the AIR broadcast the news that the Tibetan Mission had arrived at Calcutta on their way to New Delhi for a free and frank discussion with the Ambassador of China whereas on August 31st the Pakistan Radio broadcast the news that their Government had finalised the arrangement for the establishment of diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China. Most unfortunately the Ranas had missed the bus by sailing in the same boat with the Government of India contrary to the tradition of Nepal.

The Showdown

On September 1st Major General Bijaya, the Director of Foreign Affairs, sent words asking me to see him at 10-30 A.M. at his parlour in Singha Durbar. He confided in me that an I. N. A. member, Mohun Singh had betrayed the Congress revolution of importing arms from abroad to attack Nepal and that I should haul it in the Indian soil to attract the notice of the Government of India to the problem. Then he asked me to meet Mr Mohun Singh at the Guest House, where he produced a letter signed by Mr Mahendra Bickram Shah containing the directives to attack Nepal from seven points, and rescue the King from the clutches of the Ranas to establish a constitutional Government under His Majesty. After meeting him I discussed the matter with Captain Khadga Bahadur Singh to the effect that Mohun Singh's mission could be a ruse to draw the attention of the Ranas away from the real fact while they struck at home.

This was a dangerous mission. The hauling of the arms could be done very easily if the Ambassador of India in Nepal helped the Rana Government with the report of Mr Mohun Singh. I, therefore, requested Mr Khadga Bahadur Singh to tell our Director General to get a letter of introduction from the Indian Ambassador before we embarked on the dangerous mission. Then I discussed the entire scene with Major Padam Bahadur K. C. saying how the unwillingness of the Ranas to face the unpalatable fact of making it up with His Majesty the King and of playing into the hands of the Government of India on the question of Tibet was going to harm Nepal's national interest in the long run, and also how the Government of Pakistan had acted wisely in deciding to exchange Ambassadors with the

People's Republic of China. The Ranas for their own family interests and the Indian leaders in the absence of their history of independence seemed to be misled by their parasitic followers and narrow vision of the Congress movement. It was impossible under the present circumstances to awaken the Indian leaders and the Ranas from their world of make-believe. I firmly believed that a violent revolution in Nepal, which had already produced princes of poverty in a Samyak Society, would be destructive of human values though the terrible troubles the Ranas had brought on themselves by their cupidity could no more be washed than by revolution. As a pawn in this game I had no alternative but to plan a strategy which would defend Nepal's national security out of this tangle of national and international strife.

On September 3rd I was extremely worried to hear that King Tribhuvana was ill. At the very moment when the Ranas had decided to strike back the Congress, the King had taken ill. I wondered how many restless nights His Majesty had to pass as a prisoner of the palace when the news of the Royal illness sent a ripple round Kathmandu at this most delicate juncture of Nepal's history. But bar an act of God, King Tribhuvana was going to survive as a king. I felt nervous when I left Kathmandu early on September 4, 1950 amid clouds and rains, which drenched me to my skin. From Bhimphedi I was travelling in the same car with General Bijaya with the nightmare of Mr Mohun Singh. On the way a message was handed over to the General saying that General Mahabir had joined the rebels actively, and that the Nepali Congress was quickly preparing for the revolution with Mr M. P. Koirala as the President. Their new game plan was to abduct the King and establish a Constitutional Government under him which put my boss off. At this Mr Mohun Singh changed his plan with evident pleasure, which proved once again that he was playing a double game. Shady characters flourish when men in power do not recognise the signs of the times and are loath to surrender their power. This was the true tragedy of the darkest periods of the history of Nepal when the Thapas, Pandeys and the Ranas devoted themselves to a feverish selfish little clod of ailments and grievances quite oblivious of the Samyak tradition of the invisible but important Princes of poverty who had kept Nepal's fish-tail banner flying through milleniums represented by our eras. In this strange jigsaw puzzle of personal intrigues there was but one categorical imperative of acting on that maxim of Samyak society that had become a universal law though my position seemed to be getting desperate.

While a major crisis was seemed to be brewing in Kathmandu with its bloodcurdling history, our tour through Patna and New Delhi proved conclu-

sively that the Nepali Congress leaders had prepared themselves for an armed revolution against the Ranas. In the meantime General Bijaya had appointed Mr Kuladhārma Ratna to deal with the delegates of Tibet vis a-vis India and China. An odd man out of diplomacy I followed under the guardianship of Captain Khadga Bahadur Singh the wild goose-chase of Mr Mohun Singh to Bombay on September 15, where we put up in Hotel Delamar in Marine Drive. Mr Mohun Singh was putting the matter off till tomorrow which never dawned. Reading the newspapers of Bombay I gathered that Mr Mao Tse-tung had played out Mr J. L. Nehru in his game of Tibet though the Government of India did not admit the fact. Some of the newspapers described Mr J. L. Nehru and Sirdar Patel as the henchmen of Anglo-American powers while other newspapers described Russian Communism as the enemy of Asian nationalism. All the newspapers made light of Maharaja Mohun Shumshere's reforms in Nepal while they made headlines of the affairs of Tibet.

Disgusted with Mr Mohun Singh's procrastinations we called at the office of Mr Bilmoria, who happened to be the Deputy Inspector General of Police, on October 20th and told him that Mr Mohun Singh, a member of the I. N.A. had informed the Government of Nepal that they were landing arms and ammunitions in India in order to attack our country from several points. At this Mr Bilmoria gave Mr Mohun Singh a searching look, took down his statements and assured us to take the case up sympathetically in view of friendship between Nepal and India. This brought us into touch with the Bombay CID who claimed to provide security with their pistols dangling behind their *dhotis*. One of these days I saw the Prime-minister of India driving through Marine Drive escorted by only one Police officer receiving greetings from a crowd that had gathered in Chowpaty with folded palms. Mr J. L. Nehru seemed to me less protected than our Rana Prime-minister at home and moved about freely as if he had no problem.

Mr Bilmoria turned sour after he got into touch with the Centre and told us casually that the report of Mr Mohun Singh could not be true so far as the attack of Nepal from Indian soil was concerned though it may be perfectly so under the present political conditions of Nepal. Then he asked us to produce identity cards, which were not needed so far. In the alternative the C. I. Ds accompanied us to the Police Headquarters of Bombay to sign a document containing a detailed account of the purpose of our present visit and quit Bombay as soon as possible.

On September 28th, the Bombay newspapers splashed the news that a deep plot to murder the Rana rulers was uncovered at Kathmandu and

that the entire machinery of the Government of India was alerted to see that the situation did not go out of control at a time when the Communist troops seemed to be planning to liberate Tibet. Under the delicate circumstances we wrote our report to the Government of Nepal saying that the Congress leaders had gathered on all the sensitive points of the borders of Nepal while Mr Mohun Singh had been diverting our attention from home.

On hearing from our Embassy at New Delhi on the 1st of October we entrained for Delhi and reported the facts of the situation to the Nepalese Ambassador who appeared to be unable to help us. Then we sent a wireless message to General Bijaya asking permission to return home as we had nothing else to do. There was no response from him, who had worked himself to be a favourite of Mr J. L. Nehru to mislead his father on the latter's State Visit to New Delhi. One of these days the Nepalese Ambassador and Mr Kuladharma Ratna asked me to go through the papers of the negotiations in Simla on the question of Nepal and Tibet saying that the reaction of Mr J. L. Nehru had been most unfavourable to the cause of the Ranas. I told them that Maharaja Mohun had played into the net of Mr Nehru by claiming during his last visit to India that the Rana System was a bulwark against communist subversion from the north. As 'a stunted yam sandwiched between two cold stones' Maharaja Mohun should have taken note of what I had advised before he spoke in Delhi. In any case General Singha asked me to go through the papers of the negotiations that took place between the Representatives of Nepal, Tibet and India between September 12 and 20, when the political situation in Nepal and Tibet were growing serious. The entire discussion appeared to be a candy-floss of suggestions for negotiations in the present maze of the world, where everybody seemed to be baffled in a bi-polar world. As to Mr Nehru's advice to negotiate with the Ambassador of China, I told our Ambassador very frankly that the Ambassador of the People's Republic of China would not be inclined to discuss the problem of Tibet with Nepal and India, which they claimed to be a part of the province of China. The Government of China had already made it plain that they would not discuss the question of Tibet with India under imperialist domination even in those palmy days of 'Hindi Chini Bhai, Bhai' (Indians and Chinese are brothers, brothers).

I then recommended the two diplomats to read the *Red Star Over China* and my reports on Mr Tsung-lien Shen's diplomatic Mission to Nepal and on the expulsion of the Chinese Mission to Lhasa before we proceeded further

in the matter. I told General Singha very frankly that history in the making was always censored and that the time had come for all of us to get on with the business of our nation by writing to Maharaja Mohun and General Bijaya that they should come to terms with His Majesty the King and the Congress leaders before we proceed to meet the challenge of the new situation. We could not let the obsession of the Rana-past destroy the hope of the future of Nepal. A divided house rent by internal feuds and personal vendettas could not meet the challenge of democracy and communism. National solidarity at the cost of personal interests was the only way through. Come what may we had to face it ! 'Weep not that the world changeth—did it keep a stable changeless state, it were cause, indeed, to weep.' I noticed the change in the faces of General Singha and Mr Kuladharna Ratna when I concluded my harangue with a quotation from Lord Tennyson saying that 'Progress was the law of life and man's self was not yet man.'

Liberation of the Local Government of Tibet

On October 9, 1950 I received an important cable from my friends in Lhasa saying that the Communists had attacked the Tibetan frontier at six places simultaneously. While the Tibetan solidiers were dying in the eastern frontiers and the holy Lamas begging the State Oracle to save Tibet by a miracle, they desperately appealed to me to pull the chestnut out of the fire by referring the matter to the Governments of Nepal and India. I cabled back to the effect that I was touring India on the most delicate mission of averting revolution in Nepal while General Bijaya and Mr Kuladharna Ratna had taken up the question of Tibet with Mr J. L. Nehru at Simla. The Government of Nepal had totally ignored my advice and there was nothing I could do at this critical juncture.

I suddenly felt lonely during the next few days when General Singha subjected me to petty insults and injuries to show what gulf of social status yawned between me and His Excellency and why the King and the peoples of Nepal were struggling for liberation from the Rana yoke as the first step to 'rub our shoulders' with the hierarchy of the Ranas in this strange feudal system which could not justify its existence in the modern world. In my sorrow I wandered lonely amid the ruins of Indraprastha and Kutub Minar, which struck me as the grave of human ambitions amid the tombs of the Mogul Kings. Suddenly it struck me that the valley of Nepal had no ruins and that the Nepalese peoples had worshipped the stupas of the historical Buddhas by erecting images of the Celestial Buddhas and also built temples round the Holy Walk to bear witness to the varying doctrines of the

changing time so that they may survive with the slogan of 'Ajā Jaya' (victory to my traditions). This was the difference between Kathmandu and New Delhi though I could not speak the truth to the Brahmannic Ranas and the Buddhistic Lamas. I returned to our Embassy with the feeling that General Singha and his ilk appeared to be strange cases of pathology rather than subjects of history. As the leopards did not change their spots voluntarily, Mr Nehru was, perhaps, right in helping to work out the downfall of the Ranas in Nepal in his own particular way of democracy.

On October 16, I dropped mindlessly into a picture house, where I met Surkhang Depon, Seykuseo Yuthok and Mr Kuladharmā Ratna. The Tibetan Delegates were very happy to meet me and requested that I should meet the other members of their delegation, Messrs Shakabpa, Taring and Cheycha for which I had to take the necessary permission from the Nepalese Ambassador in New Delhi. They told me that the Foreign Office of Nepal and the Ministry of the External Affairs of India had been harping on restoring the Chinese Ambans and had advised the Tibetan Delegates to negotiate with the Chinese Ambassador in New Delhi to that effect. In reply, I asked Mr Kuladharmā Ratna why he did not take up Maharaja Mohun Shumshere's plea of defending Tibet against the Communist forces, who were advancing to liberate Tibet. Then I asked my Tibetan friends if they raised the question of the expulsion of the Chinese Representatives of Tibet, when I had brought about the Mission of Mr Tsung-lien Shen to Nepal. Contrary to my advice Maharaja Mohun had made fear of communism the basis of his survival in a bipolar world where Mr J. L. Nehru was trying to emerge as a third force with his own scheme of democracy borrowed from Great Britain. Under the many contradictions of the present situation, the right thing for Nepal and Tibet was to take up the matter with the Government of the People's Republic of China directly on the basis of the 1856 treaty of peace between Nepal and Tibet.

Happily I got permission from the Nepalese Ambassador to meet the heads of the Tibetan Delegation and entertained them in Hotel Nirula on October 18. The Tibetan Delegation had, so far, refused the invitation of the Government of the People's Republic of China to go to Peking, and their object was to negotiate a non-aggression treaty with the Communist Government of China recognising Tibets's autonomy, in the neutral country of India on the basis of the 1856 treaty of peace between Nepal and Tibet and the Simla Convention. By the way I told the Tibetan Delegates that the Representatives of China in the United Nations had practically validated the treaty of 1856 by supporting Nepal despite Russian opposition. Then, the Tibetan

Delegation requested me to use my influence with the Governments of Nepal and India to see that the *status quo* of Tibet may be preserved, as Tibet was paying ten thousand rupees annually to Nepal for defending Tibet as a hermit kingdom. In reply I told my Tibetan friends that Nepal, like Tibet, was on the verge of a revolution. Both the Ranas and the Lamas were trying to defend a feudal system, which was indefensible. Against the background of the rising tide of communism and democracy on either side of our frontiers, a break with the Rana and the Lama traditions did not appear to be a freak of chance. The revolution in Nepal and Tibet was outcome of the resolve of the Nepalese and the Tibetan peoples to turn their lives to good account. The art of progress was to preserve order amid changes and preserve change amid order by harping back to the ideals of our Samyak Society. I looked upon the present scene of Nepal and Tibet as a passing phase, after which I hoped to use my pen with better effect than my weapon of *Khukri* if I survived the present ordeal to write the truth about the lost horizon of our Samyak Society. My last act in this particular drama was to arrange a meeting between the Ambassador of Nepal and the Tibetan Delegation on October 22, 1950 when I was impressed by the acuteness of the Tibetan Delegation in seeing real points while both the parties seemed to be manifestly gambling for survival on any terms.

My Visit to Agra and Mathura

I left the same evening for Agra, which for long periods in the 16th century was the capital of India under the Mohammadan conquerors, who founded it to check the turbulent Marahattas, Jats and Scindias from the south till Lord Lake captured it in 1803. Although my object was to see the Taj Mahal under a moonlit autumnal sky, I was impressed by several other magnificent specimens of Mogul architecture like, for example, the Fort with its lofty walls of red-sandstone containing such gems of architecture as the Pearl Mosque and the Jahangiri Mahal separated from each other by the main block of such buildings as Dewani Khas and Dewani Am, where Akbar the Great and Shah Jehan held their magnificent courts. The history of Agra told us that Babur captured the city from Sikandar Lodi in 1526 along with the famous Kohinur diamond which presently formed apart of the British Crown. It was Babur's grandson Akbar who began to build the fort in its present form, ruled India from within its walls, died in it and was buried at Sikandra few miles beyond the city gates, though his remains were desecrated by Jat freebooters in later times. Agra fell from its pride of place when Aurangzeb moved to Delhi. Far exceeding all the virile mounments of Akbar was poetic beauty of the Taj Mahal, which has been described by Fergusson as

the most beautiful mausoleum in the world after Persian style. Looking on the ephemeral and elegant beauty of the Taj Mahal where Shah Jehan lay with his empress Mumtaz Mahal I was reminded of the vanity of the human wishes to live in the luxury of death. Built of pure white marble, it stood on a vast marble terrace, crowned by a great dome in the centre and smaller domes at each of its four cardinal compass corners. From the angles of the terrace rose four slender minarets, which reflected double with its shadow in the pond. The magnificent exterior was covered with arabesques and passages from the holy Koran in inlays of precious stones, which reminded me of how the Nepalese artists had captured some of its beauty in the temple of Radha-Krishna erected in the Durbar Square of Lalitpur under religious perspective and motivation of the epic of the Māhābhārata in Nepal's own scheme of timelessness. But the Taj Mahal and the monuments of Agra had nothing of the outline of the Nepalese stupas dedicated to the historical Buddhas with the supplementary temples and Gompas lavished prodigally by exquisite articles of worship by the Austric, Dravidian, Indo-Aryan and Tibeto-Burman worshippers from the very dawn of history. There was no country in the world that could have the tragedy of Moheñjodaro and could have survived with the temple of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess along with the Kirātas except Nepal. Notwithstanding the clouds of revolution, I was happy to feel that, unlike Agra and Delhi, our institutions of religion were alive, dynamic and continued to work so that everybody could see God through his own eyes and discharge himself in a most fundamental way without the Faustian dream or fear for desecration.

Visit to Mathura—the Birthplace of Lord Krishna

On my way back I stopped at Mathura to pay my homage to the birthplace of Lord Krishna who was believed to be descended from the lunar dynasty of Yadavas in the Brahmannic epic of the Māhābhārata. Except for the inscriptions of Kadamvakas and the images of the Kushāna Yaksas I found nothing exciting in the city of Mathura. I had my bath in the tortoise-infested water of river Jamuna. Seeing how Lumbini had preserved the basrelief of the birth of Buddha by Kanishka I, I felt inclined to reject the theory that the sculptures of Kichakas (Atlantids) on the socles of our water-conduits and ancient statues in Nepal were borrowed from the style of Mathura. The forest of Brindāvana famous for the sports of Lord Krishna presented a gloomy picture of desolation. It appeared to me that Nepal was more impressive in the past with her living and working monuments than the ruins of Mathura and Indraprastha, which were associated with the fictions of the Hindu epic of the Māhābhārata. On the other hand, Nepal had preserved

the past glory of India with her Mogul-style temple of Lord Krishna and also the great heritage of the celestial song of Bhagavad-gītā by celebrating the birth of Krishna in the month of Bhadra (August-September) every year. It was a matter of pride to all Nepalese that Nepal had remained the classic bastion of tolerance and religious liberty despite the Islamic invasion and the spoliation of our temples and monasteries by the iconoclastic army of Sultan Shamsud-din Iliias in the middle of the 14th century A. D. But we allowed the Moslems to build their own mosque and pray as we did though we prohibited them from proselytizing our multi-ethnic peoples, who saw God through their own eyes. There could be few countries which could have absorbed the great mixture of nationalities with so much tolerance and so little friction to our own day despite palace revolutions and civil wars which stared Nepal in the face.

On October 25th there was great excitement in New Delhi when the newspapers headlined the report that the Ambassador of the People's Republic of China had refused to discuss the question of Tibet under imperialistic domination contrary to the expectation of the Indian leaders to settle the matter by negotiations. At this I called on the Tibetan Delegation to say 'Good-bye' with the advice that they should directly take up the question of Tibetan autonomy to preserve the religion and culture of Tibet with Peking, rather than depend upon India, whose leaders seemed to be trying to emerge as a 'Third Force' in a bi-polar world. The cruelties of the present situation in the Himalayan countries had sprung from the weakness of our rulers to stick to power at the cost of the common people. There was no way out for us till we put our houses in order. On October 26, the Ambassador of the United States of America called on General Singha to discuss the Four-point aid programme in the teeth of Indian opposition, whose leaders thought that Nepal formed part of their sphere of influence. They feigned ignorance of the conflagration in Tibet while Indian ladies landed on the dancing floor to wrestle with their partners at the glittering Charity Ball organised by Rajkumari Amrit Kaur at the Gymkhana Club in their Saturday best on October 28th. My experience of conflict in Nepal and Tibet had now shocked me out of sheeplike passivity and my conscience led me to Room No 40 of the Marina Hotel where Godsey had conceived the heinous crime of shooting Mahatma Gandhi. This stirred my observation and memory of the great movement of the Mahatma in the cause of his country and the mindless nature of the crime of the assassin at the end of his career.

King Tribhuvana Takes Refuge in the Indian Embassy

We received order to return home and entrained for Kathmandu on the night of November 2nd and travelled across the endless Gangetic

plain through Lucknow, Ayodhya and Muzaffarpur to reach Raxaul in the evening of November 4th. On November 5th I met the Bada-Hakim (the district officer), who appeared to be confident to hold out against the insurrectionary movement with the reported reconciliation of King Tribhuvana and Maharaja Mohun on the previous day. On the other hand, the people in the street told me that the King had already established contacts with the anti-Rana political elements in India through General Suvarna Shumshere, and that the Nepali Congress leaders had been gathering at the border town of Bairgania for an armed struggle against the Ranas. We pulled out of Birgunj through the familiar scene and put up for the night at Sisa-gadi where the officers seemed to be ignorant of the passing events whereas the people in the Bazar were discussing openly that they would be 'rubbing shoulders with Babar Shumshere' in the matter of a few days.

On the fateful day of November 6th, 1950 we walked all the miles between Sisa-gadi and the summit of Chandragiri mountain, from where the valley of Kathmandu looked as timeless as it was during the time of our celebrated poet Bhāravi when he saw it from the saddle of Mount Siloccha (Jāmācho) way back in the middle of the sixth century. A Government car was waiting for us at Thankot, where the driver told us that King Tribhuvana accompanied by his entire family had taken refuge in the grounds of Indian Embassy at Sital-niwas to the surprise and consternation of the Ranas. While we sat talking about our latest experiences in India I was amused to learn from some of my friends that Subbas Medini and Bhim Bahadur Pandey and the Foreign Secretary had been jokeying for power by telling people at home that I had played tennis, held glittering parties and taken bribes in Lhasa and had become the worst casualty in my diplomatic career, with the result that Mr Kuladharna Ratna had replaced me in their negotiations with the leaders of New Delhi on the question of Tibet. It hurt my mind to feel that the defeat of Nepal lay in the self-interest, petty bickerings, dissensions and nefarious activities of the officers and men in the Rana-Durbar, who were prompted by desire for self-advancement even at the most critical juncture of their country's history. Some of the officers were interrogating the officers and men of the Royal Palace who pleaded that they knew nothing about the motives of the King and that His Majesty's parlour had to be searched for the clue. The Indian Ambassador, Mr Chandresvar Narayan arrived at 8. P. M. to explain the situation and seemed to be having a hot discussion with the A. Class Ranas in the role of succession for the best part of two hours. The podgy portly Indian Ambassador in his Gandhi cap and Sherwani appeared to be angry and muttering that the Ranas had insulted him. After the Amba-

ssador returned I was called to the Conference Room and told by Maharaja Mohun that my assessment of the national and international scene was most correct and that I had discharged my duty most unflinchingly and courageously under the most difficult circumstances.

The Ranas seemed to be stunned by the Royal flight into the Indian Embassy. I was interested to hear that Colonel Katoch, military attache of the Indian Embassy had asked General Bijaya Shumshere and General Ananda Shumshere to lay down their arms and return to Singha Durbar without seeing the King. The Generals, who commanded us to undertake the most difficult adventures seemed to be unable to tackle such a simple situation. I had the feeling that the hierarchy of the Ranas had totally lost their common sense and sleep judging by their sorry confounded looks.

Early on the 7th of September I had a brief discussion with Colonel Padam Bahadur K. C. about the political situation in Nepal, Tibet, China and India before he left for Malaya as a liason officer. After seeing him off I repaired to Singha Durbar where the Ranas had convened an emergency meeting to their Parliament to discuss the deposition of the King. A document was brought before us which we were asked to sign without being told about the nature of its contents. However, some opined that the deposition of His Majesty was a very serious affair without the instrument of abdication. We did not know till then that King Tribhuvana had left his four year old grandson Prince Jnanendra Bir Bikram Shah Dev with the Ranas at Singha Durbar. It was then decided to send a message through the Indian Ambassador that the throne of Nepal could not remain vacant in such a situation and that His Majesty should abdicate in favour of his grandson, who was with the Ranas. As the request was refused the Ranas decided to crown Prince Janendra. This was a serious matter and Nripa Jung Rana and I opined that in such a situation it was customary to place the Sword of State on the throne and carry on the administration. But the Ranas crowned Jnanendra King formally at the auspicious moment of 2.45 P. M. by hastily striking coins in his name.

Events moved fast when the AIR broadcast the news on November 9th that the Government of India was not in a position to accept the Coronation of King Jnanendra as the Rana Government of Nepal had refused to pay attention to the advice tendered by the Government of India to bring their Government on the line of the democratic forces that were moving in the world and that King Tribhuvana had decided to

democratise the Government. On the other hand, the Pakistan Radio broadcast the news that the Ambassador of India had kidnapped the King. Late in the same day Sirdar B. B. Patel went into the air with the remark that the fear of Communist infiltration as a result of so many developments in Nepal had impelled the Government of India to take the step. All these conflicting reports awakened the Ranas to seek diplomatic recognition for the new King from India, Great Britain and the United States, while they still shuddered at the idea of making representations to the People's Republic of China and Pakistan though Radio Pakistan was making caustic comments on the motives of the Government of India to fish in the troubled waters of Nepal.

On November 10th the airport-blocks were removed from the Gauchar Airport to make it possible for a special plane to land and fly the King and his family to New Delhi on the morrow. The Revolution had begun when an airplane of Himalayan Airways flew low dropping leaflets over Kathmandu. Thrilled by the prospect of bringing the plane down by one flying shot I rushed to the Prime-minister for the necessary permission. But the heavily moustached Maharaja, Marshal and Supreme Commander-in-Chief looked a picture of helplessness at the petty incident and retired to his parlour in torment while his female servants screeched frantically calling for the court physician Dr. Siddhi Mani to revive him from his swoon. On the day of 'Yama Panchaka' corresponding to Saturday, November 11th, 1950 when sisters worship their brothers in Nepal, special Indian air-force planes arrived at the Gauchar Airport at 10 A. M. to evacuate the King and his family from the Indian Embassy at Kathmandu to New Delhi while the Agnihotri-Brahmins were engaged in performing sacrifices in order to avert evils at Singha Durbar in favour of the Ranas. I returned from the airport when the plane took off followed by a vulture for a short distance, in which the *Purohits* (the Preceptors) read the presage of doom on that particular day on which the Nepalese looked with apprehension and dread. Quite oblivious of the fact that the Nepali Congress leaders had mobilised their volunteers to synchronise the event by a midnight raid and capture of the Bada-Hakim at Birgunj, I was interested at the Rana's and the Brahmin's lack of thought or evil intentions or both to have chosen the occasion to resort to such religious performances for their safety.

On Sunday, November 12th, the AIR broadcast the news that the Indian police had released the Bada-hakim of Birgunj from the custody of the *Mukti-sena* (Liberation Forces) while we received the information that the

army vehicles bearing the 'marking and number' of the Bihar State had been helping the rebels. Maharaja Mohun was shocked that millions of rupees from the Treasury of Birgunj was not deposited in the Bank of India in his account and thought of punishing the officers concerned while the peoples were in the fray and aircrafts from India were using the air-space of Nepal to drop insurrectionary leaflets in different parts of Nepal. It was a time for decision and we persuaded the Authorities to get one million round of ammunitions ready and prepare for the fight. Even at this crucial juncture Maharaja Mohun counted on the report of the Nepalese Ambassador General Shankar Shumshere to the effect that the Gorkha army from Malaya was going to rescue the Ranas from the debacle. Taking advantage of the dilemma of the Ranas, the Congress volunteers launched insurrectionary movements all along the Nepali border while Mr Nehru had been asking General Bijaya to restore order in his country before it was too late. I was sorry to find that Nepal, which could fight on all fronts during the resurgence of the Gorkhas, seemed to be so handicapped in the struggle against the Nepali Congress by inadequate communications with Kathmandu and by difficulties in obtaining supplies that she could not defend herself against a handful of insurgents.

Judging by newspapers and radio reports on the liberation of Nepal and Tibet I got the impression that the imperfection of means and confusion of goals characterised the recent phase of revolution. It was now clear that the ramshackle structure of the Brahmannic society of the Ranas and the Buddhistic society of the Lamas were so full of flaws and anachronisms that they could scarcely survive the ideological stresses to which they were being subjected from the democratic forces of New Delhi and Peking. While the battle of the Radio Pakistan, Peking, AIR and BBC gave conflicting reports about the fighting in Tibet and Nepal, the common people of Nepal went about their business as if all was well with the world. No matter what happened to the hierarchy of the Ranas, I was convinced that the revolution was not going to alter the basic character of the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal.

On November 16 the BBC broadcast the news that the Dalai Lama, who had stood above all cliques and intrigues, was assuming full powers from the Regent on and from November 17th in order to bolster the morale of the Tibetan troops fighting against the Chinese Communist forces who, unlike the invading Chinese in 1910, had shown themselves disciplined and tolerant. The gallant Tibetan fighters, who had been captured and then released, had been saying how well the Communist Chinese

had treated them in their captivity. On the other hand, the AIR told us how the Rana Government forces were melting before the three-pronged Congress attack, in which Radio Pakistan suspected direct Indian intervention.

Contrary to the declaration of the Government of India to the effect that they would settle the question of Tibet by negotiations, the Government of the People's Republic of China in her reply to New Delhi reiterated her claim that Tibet was part of the province of China and accused the Indian Government of interfering in the internal affairs of China. At this stage Mr J.L.Nehru declared that he would tighten the Indo-Tibet frontier by recognising the MacMohan Line, which China did not recognise. Afraid of the growing success of the Communists in Tibet the Government of India announced a formal restriction of anti-Rana activities on the India side of the border. The district officers of Biratnagar and Bhairahawa were putting up gallant defence while two American journalists, who had cycled to the fighting scene of the village of Parmanipur, told us that the Rana forces had been successful in reoccupying Birgunj to the consternation of the Indian Embassy.

But the Rana Generals had paid too heavy a price for the reoccupation of Birgunj by calling for reinforcements, which were badly needed in other beleaguered fronts. However, the Ranas took advantage of the fighting qualities of the Gorkhas to sell their silver, gold and furniture so that they may quit the country at the most opportune time.

Compared to the orderly liberation of Tibet the most demoralising thing during the last week of November was the growing defection of the Rana family and the massive demonstration in Kathmandu demanding the restoration of King Tribhuvana. Then, too, there were news of the revolt of the Nepalese peoples in Bhojpur, Dhankuta, Okhaldhunga, Biratnagar, Malangawa, Bhagawanpur, Narayanpur, Dhangadi and Kailali-Kanchanpur deluging the country in blood, looting, rape and murder of the innocent people. The heavy fighting flaring up in every part of the country exposed the falsity of the Rana claim that the rebellion in Nepal was manned and engineered by foreign forces. At this stage I requested the Rana Government to allow Mr H. E. Richardson to come to Nepal from Tibet, which was refused. On the other hand, the Rana's determination to meet force by force added fuel to the flame of revolution. Our analysis showed that the surge of fighting was going to lead to the destruction of the human values preserved by the Nepalese peoples while the King was in Delhi.

Due to the losing nature of the battle at the home front with the failure to secure recognition for baby King Jnanendra from foreign powers, we advised Maharaja Mohun to depute representatives to New Delhi in order to discuss the delicate question of the asylum of King Tribhuvana in the Indian Capital with the recommendation that the time was most opportune in view of the reported differences between Mr J. L. Nehru and Sirdar Patel. As a result General Kaiser and General Bijaya were sent to New Delhi on November 27, where they declared that all was quite in Kathmandu. The AIR gave glowing accounts of the successes of the Congress forces in all fronts and the BBC broadcast the news that the Communist inroad in Tibet had been halted with the deputation of Tibetan Delegates to Peking to negotiate settlement independently of the Government of India. At this stage Mr Shakabpa declared that he had received no information from the Tibetan Government about appealing to the UNO while the AIR refuted the news on November 30th that the Government of Tibet had sent delegates to negotiate settlement with China. While the Government of India had been having cordial talks with the Nepalese Delegates in New Delhi the Nepalese Ambassador in London, General Shankar Shumshere had met Mr Bevin at his own request to inform the latter that Mr J. L. Nehru was a communist and that they should send their own Delegates to find out the stubborn facts.

With the first week of December Sir M. E. Dening (British Roving Ambassador in the Far East) and Mr Frank Roberts (Deputy High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India) arrived to find out facts about the revolution in Nepal. We were sad to learn that the Rana Prime-minister had disappointed the British diplomats by saying that the Nepalese peoples were not yet fit to receive the boon of democracy.

On Tuesday, December 5th we learnt that the Government of India had signed a treaty with the Himalayan Kingdom of Sikkim, which was the next-door neighbour of Nepal. The Chinese volunteers were now meeting with increasing success in Korea. Indian leaders talked about liquidating the French pockets in India on the line of the liberation of Tibet by People's Republic of China, when Arobindu Ghosh, the revolutionary-cum-saint of Pondicherry, passed away after a most eventful career. It was reported that the American Ambassador Mr Loy Henderson had gone with the British Government to support the Rana family with whom the British had traditional ties. But after Sir Esler Dening's disappointing meeting with Maharaja Mohun, the visit of the American Ambassador was cancelled. Sir Esler Dening left Kathmandu for New

Delhi on the 6th of December accompanied by a number of Indian journalists with the impression of following India's leadership in refusing recognition to Rana-sponsored baby King Jnanendra. As a result of these feverish diplomatic activities we listened with interest the speech of Mr J. L. Nehru in the Indian Parliament on international situation and the policy of the Indian Government thereto. I quote the famous speech on my diary of international, national and personal affairs with my comments in brackets as follows.

Excerpts from the Speech of Mr Jawahar Lal Nehru

“The last fortnight there has been strange developments in this country (Nepal). Ever since I have been associated with this Government, I have taken a great deal of interest in Nepal. We have desired not only to continue our old friendship with the country but to put it on a firmer basis. We have been inheritors of many good things from the days of British rule, and many bad things also; and our relations with neighbouring countries grew up in an expansive phase of British policy, of British imperialism. And so they developed a kind of mixed relationship. Now, Nepal in the old days, that is to say, the British days of India, was an independent country, called so. But strictly speaking, it was not very independent, except internally. (Mr Nehru's Government forgot that Nepal and Tibet went to war in 1856 independent of the British Government of India, and the Government of China). The test of the independence of a country is, normally speaking, that it has relationship with other countries. Nepal was completely autonomous and independent internally. But her foreign relations were strictly limited to its relations with the Government of India. (Mr Nehru did not appear to have studied King Prithvi Narayana's remarks that Nepal was a stunted yam sandwiched between two cold stones). That was a very limited outlook or approach to international relations. (Mr Nehru had deliberately influenced Maharaja Mohun to declare himself as the defender of India against Communism where he tried to emerge as a non-aligned Third Force in the bi-polar world).

“Now, when we came into the picture, we assured Nepal that we would not only respect her independence, but we wanted to see Nepal develop into a strong and progressive country. We went further in this respect than the British Government had done; that is to say, Nepal began to develop other foreign relations. (Mr Nehru forgets that the independence of India was the result of Sino-Soviet alliance). We welcomed it. We did not come in the way, although that was something far in addition to what had been the position in the British times. (Did Mr Nehru think that India was as strong as Great Britain on whose Empire the sun never set ?) Naturally, and quite

frankly, we do not like, and we do not propose to like, any foreign interference in Nepal.

“We recognise Nepal as an independent country. We wish it well. But any child knows that you cannot go to Nepal without passing through India. (Mr Nehru forgets about the hundred gates of the Himalayas through which the Sino-Tibetan forces invaded Nepal in 1792, Nepal-Tibet war in 1856 and how the trans-Himalayan races visit the holy places in the heart of Nepal annually). So our relationship is intimate and no other country’s relationship with Nepal can be so intimate, and every other country must have to realise and appreciate this intimate, geographical, cultural and other relationship of India and Nepal. There is no way out except by realising this fact. (During the earliest phase of contact with China the *Life of the Buddha* and the works of the Hemavata school of Buddhism appear to have played a great part in making religion a vital and living force between the Himalayan nations and China precisely at the time when Brahmanism had banished Buddhism from India. Then, too, the eight Trade Corporations of Nepal, that had tremendous art and crafts tradition, are still alive in China and Tibet. Nepalese craftsmen absorbed the best of the Euro-north-African and Asiatic cultures, preserved them, then changed them into a Nepalese style that went on to influence tremendously the course of art and culture in Central Asia, China and Tibet. The Malla kings also imported the Sikhara, Mongol and European style of architecture to embellish Nepal. There was no way out for Nehru but to devise a better goal and *raison d’être* for Nepal’s progress by asking the gifted Nepalese peoples to look within themselves).

“So, three years ago or more, we assured Nepal of our desire that Nepal should be a strong country and an independent country; and we always added a prosperous country. We added, that because in the nature of things, we stood not only for progressive democracy in our country, but round about also. We talk about it not only in Nepal but also in distant quarters and we are not going to forget it when our neighbouring countries, when a country on our doorsteps was concerned.

“We wished to treat Nepal as an independent country and at the same time, we saw that unless something was done in the internal sphere there, difficulties might arise. This process was going on and the advice we gave in all friendship did not produce much result. Then, in the last fortnight or it may be three weeks, these sudden developments have taken place

there. And now our interest in the internal conditions of Nepal became still more acute and personal, if I may say so, because of the developments across our borders, because of the developments in China and Tibet, to be frank. And regardless of our feelings about Nepal, we were interested in our own country's security, in our country's borders. Now we have from immemorial times, a magnificent frontier, that is to say, the Himalayas. It is not so difficult as it used to be, still it is difficult, very difficult. (Mr Nehru's figment of the Himalayas as the barrier was contrary to his accounts in the *Glimpses of the World History*. He forgot that the tiger-men of the Himalayas have tremendous courage and strength. Particularly those living in the Himalayan highlands, who daily face and conquer obstacles in the course of their normal activities that would make Indians or comfort-loving westerners blanch and quake with fear.)

“Now as far as the Himalayas are concerned, they lie on the other side of Nepal and we are not going to tolerate any person coming over that barrier. Therefore, much as we appreciate the independence of Nepal, we cannot risk our own security by anything going wrong in Nepal which permits either that barrier to be crossed or otherwise weakens our frontier. (Mr Nehru forgets that regions like, for example, Mustang Bhatta, Charkha Bhatta, Manang-bhot lie far beyond the borders of the Himalayas inhabited by people of Tibetan origin). So that recent developments made us think even more furiously about this Nepal situation than previously we had done. Previously we had gone on in our own patient way, advising in a friendly way, pointing out the difficulties, pointing out what should be done and what should not be done with no result.

“Now the present position has arisen and as the House knows the King of Nepal is at the present moment in Delhi. Also two Ministers or members (General Kaiser and General Bijaya of the Nepalese Government) are in Delhi at present and we have been having certain talks with them. Those talks have thus far yielded no result. Again we pointed to the present Government of Nepal and to the Ministers (Generals) who have come here that we desire above all a strong and progressive, independent Nepal. In fact, if I may put it in order of priority, our chief need—not only our need but also the world's need—is peace and stability in Nepal at present. But having said that, I should also like to add that we are convinced that there can be no peace or stability in Nepal by going back to the old order completely. That is a matter of judgment, not of desire. Probably any Member who has any knowledge of the situation can realise it himself that there can be no going

back to the old order. We are anxious, as I said, to have peace and stability there. Therefore, we have tried, in so far as our advice is of any worth, to advise in a way so as to prevent any upset there; we have tried to find a middle way which ensures the progress of Nepal, the introduction of or some advance in the ways of democracy in Nepal and at the same time, a way which does not uproot the old completely. We want some way like that. Whether it is possible or not I do not know. We have suggested these things and that is the position in regard to Nepal.

“One thing more and that is in regard to the King of Nepal. There has been a good deal of talk and reference in the newspapers about the recognition of this King (Tribhuvana) and that King (Jnanendra). The fact of the matter is that the moment we came as Government, as soon as our Ambassador went there—we in common with other countries associated with Nepal—our Ambassador naturally went to the King, although the House will remember that the Constitution of Nepal—I use a strange phrase ‘Constitution of Nepal,’ for Nepal has no constitution. Nevertheless, the practice that has governed Nepal during the last nearly one hundred years or so has been the practice in which the King has no say—not little say but no say. (Jung Bahadur assumed to himself the King’s *Hukum* by placing His Majesty on a pinnacle of honour as a deity). Nevertheless, because of international conventions our Ambassador had to go to the King as the head of the State and so did our Ambassadors. So somehow or other, because of these factors and because of Nepal coming into contact in the diplomatic field with some other nations, a slight difference came in with regard to the position of the King in relation to other nations, regardless of the internal situation. To say that we recognise the King has no meaning. We went to the King and he was considered the head of the State: we recognise the King that way if you like.

“We continue to recognise the King and we have no reason why we should do anything else and we propose to continue doing so. So this question in the way or shape in which it has arisen does not arise at all so far as we are concerned.

“We are a patient Government, perhaps too patient occasionally; and we are trying hard to find a way out by friendly talk, by friendly counsel and we shall continue to do so. But I do feel that if this matter goes on being dragged along without some way out being found in the near future, it will not be good for Nepal and it might possibly become a little more difficult to find that middle way which we have been advising and advocating all the time.”

Memorandum of India and Royal Proclamation

With all its shortcomings in the long view of things the peoples of Nepal were happy that Mr Nehru tolled the knell of Rana regime. At the same time I was interested to hear from the Indian Prime-minister that he did not like any foreign intervention in Tibet saying that the Chinese troops had not made any advance in Tibet when Peking had declared the Panchen Lama of Kumbum as the incarnation of O-pame who was higher than the Dalai Lama spiritually.

On December 7th Mr Clement Attlee went along with President Truman in declaring that there would be no appeasement of Communist China despite the claim of Mr J. L. Nehru to settle the question of Tibet by negotiations. Whereas the Government of India was going ahead with the idea of democratising Nepal, Radio Peking was making a lot of propaganda in support of religious and temporal claims of the Panchen Lama of Kumbum vis-a-vis the Dalai Lama. In view of the international developments Mr Nehru declared that Tibet was an independent country and that the fate of Tibet must be decided by the Tibetan peoples. Against such an international background the Rana Generals appeared to have called on King Tribhuvana in New Delhi to enquire about his health on December 8th, 1950 and returned with a memorandum from the Government of India as follows:

“The Government of India’s primary objective was that Nepal should be independent, progressive and strong. For this purpose they regarded immediate constitutional changes which should satisfy popular opinion and be acceptable to important non-offical organisations of Nepalese nationals as urgent. They suggested the following measures: a) that a Constituent Assembly composed entirely of poperly relected members should be brought into being as soon as possible to draw up a Constitution for Nepal; b) pending the meeting of the Constituent Assembly mentioned above an interim Government, which will include persons representative of popular opinion and enjoying public confidence should be established. This body should also include members of the Rana family, one of whom should be Prime-minister. This body should act as a Cabinet on the principle of joint responsibility and should frame its own rule of business; and c) King Tribhuvana should continue as King in the interest of the realm.”

The delay of the Ranas in implementing this memoranda unlatched the People’s wars in all parts of the country. I saw under my own eyes how the most gallant army was ineffective against the united might of the peoples. I had never

realised till this period of my career how weak Nepal had become during the century of the Rana regime. On December 15 we were sad to hear about the demise of Sirdar Patel while Mr Bevin congratulated the Indian leaders for their contributions to peace in Asia. But while the Ranas quarrelled in Kathmandu and the Dalai Lama fled Lhasa, Nepal was aflame with revolution from one end of the country to the other. Then, too, we heard that the Communist forces of Lhasa in realisation of the upheavals in Nepal made a diversionary move towards our borders.

In view of the grave situation in Nepal King Tribhuvana issued a proclamation from New Delhi on December 22, 1950 to the effect that he wanted peace and prosperity in Nepal and also social, economic and political uplift of the peoples of Nepal based on public participation and representation. This could be achieved by a democratic and responsible Government elected by the people. The proclamation of the King came as balm to the afflicted peoples of Nepal though the A. Class Ranas still tried to by-pass the proclamation of King Tribhuvana and underplay the popular risings in the whole of Nepal by the subterfuges of calling a special meeting of the so-called Parliament on December 24th when harrowing tales of fighting from Biratnagar, Bhairahawa and all the sectors of the eastern and western Nepal reached the capital. The worst casualties everywhere were the high-caste Brahmins and Chettries, who had exploited the poor people.

Even at this stage the reaction of the ruling clique of the A. Class Ranas was the formation of a new Cabinet, but there was no mention of the return of King Tribhuvana to the throne nor was there any mention of the flame of revolution that had engulfed the country. There was vague mention of holding the elections to a Constituent Assembly in about three years. This did not appease the peoples and there were open clashes between the officers and men and the citizens of Kathmandu. Safely entrenched in Singha Durbar and their well-guarded palaces the Ranas had still the claws and talons in the loyalty of the Gorkhas to fight for them and wings in the shape of huge bank-balances in India in case of their defeat at home. The Indian Embassy seemed to know that the easiest way to capture the fortress was from within and set the spark among the B. and the C. Class Ranas by telling them that they would be winning position of power and pelf in the new set-up by revolting against the A. Class Ranas. The demoralised Ranas used their painted women to win favour from the Indian Embassy by *saris* where their sword had failed to stop the fury of the peoples who now broke the gaols and clashed with the Rana forces in the streets of Kathmandu.

It was shameful that we should be allowing the Ranas to continue the struggle for the sake of money which had been the cause of so many evil things for them. Under the desperate circumstances, some of us thought that the best way of avoiding the unnecessary bloodshed was by telling the A. Class Ranas that the Government of India were going to freeze all their financial assets in India if they did not heed to their memoranda. I knew that the greed of the Ranas for money was colossal by the way they talked about the power of the 'Silver bullets' to control the poor people of Nepal. 'Money, money, money: money was sweeter than honey and better than sunshine'.

This rumour of freezing their assets in India went home to the Ranas so that General Bijaya and Mr C. P. N. Singh immediately flew to New Delhi to carry the second round of negotiations, in which Maharaja Mohun Shumshere admitted the failure of his Government to obtain foreign recognition of King Jnanendra and that King Tribhuvana should continue as the King by accepting the memorandum of December 8, 1950 in toto. The other item of news of interest for me was the admission on December 29 by the AIR of the flight of the Dalai Lama from Lhasa and how he was received by the Indian garrison of Gyantse.

Delhi Compromise

After Maharaja Mohun Shumshere announced the new political order on January 8, King Tribhuvana issued a public statement on January 10 signifying his approval of his Prime-minister's proclamation by appealing to the liberation army of the Nepali Congress to lay down its arms. Mr M. P. Koirala reacted negatively to the Royal Proclamation by declaring that the peoples of Nepal could not accept the compromise with the feudal Rana regime unless there was effective transfer of power to the peoples of Nepal. In order to counteract the declaration of Mr M. P. Koirala Maharaja Mohun on January 13th invited officers and men of the Nepal army, Police officers and Civil servants to form parties of their own. I vehemently opposed the move by telling Maharaja Mohun that we were servants of the state and such subversions would harm the interests of the Kingdom. On the other hand, I advised the Maharaja to release such leaders as Tanka Prasad and others who were rotting in gaol in the cause of the people so that they may form parties to guide the people with their popular manifestoes. At the invitation of the Government of India Mr M. P. Koirala, Mr B. P. Koirala and General Subarna Shumshere flew to New Delhi for political consultations. On January 16th Mr M. P. Koirala issued an order for a cease-fire in Nepal. The 'Delhi

Compromise' failed to placate the local leaders like, for example, Dr K. I. Singh who refused to heed the ceasefire directive and continued the armed rebellion. Western Nepal seemed to be catching the conflagration but General Rudra Shumshere, who had the western army under his command stood firm to the basic formula proposed by the Indian Government and controlled the spark from spreading into a prairie fire.

There was a dramatic change in the political atmosphere of Kathmandu when the Ranas released 247 political prisoners on January 17 while negotiations on the composition of the future Nepali Government were underway in New Delhi. Planes took off from the Gauchar Airport dropping leaflets about the restoration of peace in Nepal while the army returned to Kathmandu under pitiful conditions from all fronts. Mushroom leaders in Gandhi-caps and Jawahar-vests appeared from the blue to lead processions and demonstrations in the three cities while the tri-partite talks between King Tribhuvana, the Nepali Congress and the Rana Government continued in New Delhi. With the third week of January Nepal and the USA concluded a treaty for the economic development of Nepal while the Indian Ambassador refuted the news that the Chinese liberation forces had been successful in Tibet and that the Indian trade agent was asked to quit Lhasa.

The Indian Ambassador told us that the Indian Government had asked the Dalai Lama to return to Lhasa as if he bossed the show as well in Tibet as in Nepal. At this juncture Mr Nehru declared in Paris that, however much he may have liked to help Tibet achieve her autonomy, he found it impossible to help the Tibetans directly. Against such a confused background the United Nations named People's Republic of China as aggressor in Korea by 44 votes to 7, when Chairman Mao Tse-tung had been stepping up resistance in Korea under Sino-Soviet treaty of alliance.

On February 8 Dr Rajendra Prasad, the President of India gave a farewell party to all the members, who took part in the tri-partite talks which had concluded successfully. We now heard that the King would be returning home on the 15th of February. We also learnt that General Subarna, Mr B. P. Koirala, Mr Ganesh Man Singh, Mr Bhadrakali Misra and Mr Bharat Mani were selected as Ministers from the Congress side while the Ranas were ready with Maharaja Mohun, General Babar and Mr Chudaraj Shumshere, Major Nripa Jung Rana and Colonel Yajna Bahadur Basnyat in the Rana Congress Coalition. The Congress leaders had launched an armed struggle to end not only the political monopoly of the Ranas but also they

wanted to upset the social and economic bases of their power but they did not have any policy and programme except for some vague ideas of socialism learnt from their school books. On the other hand, the Ranas represented reactionary ideas of Divine Rights borrowed from their Brahmannic scriptures. I wondered how the inexperienced revolutionaries and veteran reactionaries were going to pull together. In the absence of any plan and programme of reconstruction, the leaders of the Government of India had taken crucial decisions to bring about the Congress-Rana coalition independent of our will. Both the Congress and the Ranas wanted to have everything under their command and everybody at their disposal. I wondered whether the Government of India would succeed in making a colony of Nepal by this subterfuge.

February 11th happened to be the day of Vasanata-panchami (Spring festival), when Maharaja Mohun in Chinese costume placed the Sword of State on the throne of Nepal in Hanuman-dhoka Durbar with tears in his eyes amid the chanting of traditional songs of our Licchavi King Jaya-deva under the shadow of the historic nine-storied temple of Bhadrādhivāsabhavana where King Narendra-deva entertained the Chinese Ambassadors from Changan way back in the seventh century A. D. Sandwiched between India and China I wondered if history would repeat itself in years to come. However, I was happy that this event had ended the shackles of the Rana regime of more than one hundred years. Though brief, the revolution of 1950 was not a palace revolution. It had awakened the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal to a new consciousness of their rights and responsibilities. Though the odds were temporarily in favour of the Government of India, I had the feeling that the coming events in Tibet would be epoch-making for contemporary Nepal.

After the ceremony I proceeded with my children to the Gošringa-hill to worship Mañjusrī and Ajimā (the Great Mother Goddess). Finally, I surveyed the scene of the valley from the Swayambhunatha hill to find that there were no ruins in the three cities as in the case of Delhi to mark the rise and fall of empires. We had preserved everything by worshipping the composite image of Paśupati. The earthen stupa, according to our tradition, was dedicated to our first historical Buddha Vipassi, who cast the first seed of Lotus from the neighbouring Mount Siloccha (Jāmācho) which flowered into this stupa. The images round its Holy Walk with its forest of Chaityas marked definite periods of the pages of our history with all the philosophies and the varying doctrines of the changing times. From its earthen mound lavished prodigally by images of different periods this stupa of Swayambhunatha soared to its

glistening summit bearing the symbols of Aṣṭamaṅgala (eight auspicious signs) in its flexible tradition of three thousand years of recorded history. It gave me pleasure to think that the revolution had not interfered with the human values represented by our people in the continuity of the hoary tradition of our Samyak Society which made Nepal timeless within the framework of God's great infrastructure of Time.

At the same time the inscriptions in the Holy Walk, which kept a faithful record of the spoliation of its monasteries by the Islamic army of Sultan Shamsud-din Illias in the middle of the 14th century A. D. were there to raise doubts in my mind whether the revolution of going against the tide had brought retrogressive forces, who did not respect the human values represented by Nepalese religion and culture.

The Return of King Tribhuvana

The news of the great event of the return of King Tribhuvana had been circulated throughout the country by all the news media. Enthusiastic peoples had been constructing gates at important road junctions to welcome His Majesty the King. New four-star Congress flags fluttered over all the gates and the roofs. The British Ambassador, the Indian Ambassador, General Bijaya Shumshere and General Nara Shumshere arrived on February 12th. But I was a prey to the deepest depression, and felt none of the tingling expectation when I read the haughty note of the Indian Embassy, and gave up the idea of sticking to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Three days later the Congress leaders were due to arrive at 8.30 A. M. and King Tribhuvana at 2.30 A. M. to be received by reluctant Maharaja Mohun who had repudiated His Majesty.

The Red Letter Day of February 15th, 1951 (corresponding to the 4th of Falgun 2007) dawned upon Kathmandu. We were ordered to go to the Royal Palace. At no time had the King inspired so much confidence and hope. The multi-ethnic peoples were delirious with joy and danced and sang in a burst of happiness. Personally, I also forgot about the dismal future posed by the cantankerous letters of the Indian Embassy as I witnessed the scene of mass-hysteria which appears once in a century. The leaders stood in their cars to receive vermillion and flowers as they introduced themselves to the peoples as to their achievements. The procession of C. Class Ranas was headed by General Hiranya Shumshere, who was driven out of Nepal by the A. Class Ranas 17 years ago. There were scenes of happy re-union, when the Amazonian Kaji Muiya spat fire against the rule of the Ranas before us. She was the daughter of Maharaja Juddha, had written books eulogising

Mahatma Gandhi, Dr Rajendra Prasad and Mr J. L. Nehru and served in all the fronts of the Congress stalwarts with her youth and beauty. But she was already in her yellow leaf as she led the procession of youthful Rana ladies in their festive best to sing, drink and dance their newly found freedom. The freedom of the C. Class Ranas meant that they did not now salute the A. Class Ranas while General Babar still demanded his salute from the Guard of Honour, who had lined up to receive the King. His Majesty arrived at last to the booming of guns, and as the King entered the Western Gate I wondered whether he could stand high above all cliques and intrigues to give proofs of his clear-sightedness and resolution to preserve the national identity of Nepal at this critical juncture of world's history.

My First Call on Koirala Brothers

Our family had been on friendly terms with the Koiralas for generations; and good-luck favoured me in the new situation as I was a particular friend of Mr M. P. Koirala from my early years. I called on the Koiralas on February 17, 1951 to find out how they were going to make the Rana-Congress Coalition Government an effective instrument for the social, economic and political transformation of Nepal within the infrastructures of our traditional Samyak Society against the background of the Communistic concept of development in Tibet. Both the brothers were putting up in the house of Mr Thirbum Malla in the village of Naksal, which seemed to be very well-guarded by the Liberation forces armed to the teeth. Mr B. P. Koirala, who believed in Socialistic Utopia, wore a garland round his neck when he passed me without exchanging a word. I sent words to Mr M. P. Koirala but there was no response for the best part of an hour. This was the period of the crisis of national identity, when a lot of patience, brain and initiative was needed to pull order out of the suspicion and instability during this prismatic stage of transition. Interestingly the traditional continuity and stability of our Samyak Society bore a strange analogy with the instability during the brief storm of revolution. Our diffracted Kingdom had to be steered cleverly between the devil and the deep sea. I had my vision clear that the spectrum of development had to be found somewhere between the two extremes with all the colours and shades of our Samyak Society, which the invisible but important poor peoples had preserved through the ages in its infinite variety. As matters stood there was no alternative to the Coalition Government as the main organ and medium of development to accelerate the economic growth of our peoples through the process of politics imported from New Delhi.

At last I was taken to another room where Mr M. P. Koirala turned up to enquire of me whether the treacherous Ranas had hatched plots to harm them. I told Mr M. P. Koirala that in the present uneasy relationship between the Congress and the Ranas it was natural for the Ranas to organise the Bir-Gorkha-dal to subvert the army and try to overthrow the Government. Though defeated politically, the Ranas had not lost their lust for power. The Prime-minister had still his *Bijuli-garat* comprised by the Rifle regiment with adequate ammunitions, and the youthful Ranas in the role of succession had armed guards to protect them whereas the Finance Minister (General Subarna Shumshere) had been recruiting Rakshyā-dal to protect the Congress Ministers. With the Jangi Adda (the office in charge of the Nepal army) under the command of the Prime-minister, the common peoples apprehended bloodshed in the near future. For all I knew from my dealings with the Ranas I told the Koiralas that they were cowards. The entire situation could be controlled if they brought about the synthesis of the antithetical forces by working under the Fish-tail banner and by requesting His Majesty to deprive the A. Class Ranas of their “beaks and claws.” At this stage Mr B. P. Koirala appeared on the scene and told me how he had profited from the books he used to borrow from me. Then both the brothers told me about their adventure in gaol and about their armed struggle and how they were going to dine with the Ambassador of India that night. In reply I told them that their adventure in the jail or their dependence on the Indian Ambassador was not going to help them and recommended them to read the *Red Star Over China* by Edgar Snow. After my visit to Tibet my historical experiences led me to think that the hundred gates of the Himalayas and the religious, social and cultural institutions we had developed through the ages made Nepal that part of Asia, which had to deal with India and China as an independent entity. While the Ranas and the Congress quarrel led over the exact definition of development, our lost horizon of Samyak Society had been a complex of several facets of human life, and that an all-round development needed a certain balance of efforts made in different fields, so that it may be proportionate and symmetrical with the traditional objectives based on a Samyak framework. The balance of world-forces were most favourable to Nepal and that the Ranas and the Congress must combine to exploit the international situation to the advantage of Nepal by working for the economic, political, social and intellectual uplift of our multi-ethnic people. If the Ranas erred by subordinating the overall interest of our country to their personal interest, it was high time that the Congress leaders should mend matters by advising His Majesty to use the *Hukum* (command) to the advantage of Nepal.

Waning of the Spirit of Reconciliation

On February 10 King Tribhuvana proclaimed the appointment of new ministers. The spirit of reconciliation vanished from the day the Khukuri-dal (known wrongly as Gorkha-dal) went about defying the proclamation of the King on the ground that it was impossible for them to tolerate the rule of 10 men where they revolted against the dictatorial rule of Maharaja Mohun. On the other hand, the Praja Parishad went about with their slogan of "Long live the naked and the hungry people." The first clash appears to have occurred between the Rana and the Congress parties over the question of the fish-tail national flag and the four-star-Congress flag as well as in the seating arrangement in the swearing-in ceremony, where General Babar Shumshere took precedence over the Home-minister, Mr B. P. Koirala by the logic of age, power and money. The month of February appears to have been devoted in the corridor of the cabinet to the squabbles of the Congress and the Ranas over the organisations of the Khukuri-dal and the Raksyā-dal till General Babar left Kathmandu on February 28th for treatment of high blood-pressure and heart disease. He looked a picture of helplessness amid a bevy of shrivelled ladies who supported him on to the aeroplane. None of his colleagues went to see him off. In the mean time Mr B. P. Koirala showed his political immaturity by engaging himself in the game of "Kāney Kāney picchā" with the Rana girls by breaking bottles of Evening-in-Paris and whisky in parties, while Mr M. P. Koirala alienated the sympathy of all the freedom fighters by claiming that the Congress alone was responsible for bringing about the change. The young Ranas took advantage of the growing unpopularity of the Congress and the disorder in the country to organise the Khukuri-dal, which the Nepali Congress leaders characterised as a terrorist communal group. There were rumours that the 7th Gorkha Rifles had been disbanded and the Gorkha League of Darjeeling had been viewing with grave concern the interference of India in Nepali-politics. At this stage Colonel Katoch and Mr D. K. Krishnan wanted to have my views about the Nepal-Tibet border, over which they seemed to be very much worried. Talking about the development in Tibet, I told them that the mother and brother of the Dalai Lama along with Marila and Jigmy Taring were arriving shortly, from whom I would be also able to gather the correct information. Then, they told me about the gathering storm in Nepal, which appeared to me inevitable. I wondered why Mr D. K. Krishnan borrowed my camp-cot on his journey to Kyirong, which I had used on my way to Lhasa.

I was happy to receive the party of Tibetans on March 8th and accompany them to the various holy places of Nepal mentioned in the Tibetan religious Guide. While telling them about our glorious past with reference to the historic monuments, we also discussed about the dark clouds that were gathering over the political horizon of Nepal. On March 12 Mr Nehru gave a statement in the Indian Parliament that Indian troops had been used to suppress gangs of robbers and raiders in the territory of Nepal.

While the Ministers squabbled over the loaves and fishes of office in the corridor of power the victorious Congress forces clamoured for their rights without the corresponding sense of responsibilities by branding us as reactionaries. The shady characters took advantage of the confusion in the country to denude the forests, kill wild animals indiscriminately and plunder the villagers. The inhabitants of Kathmandu were paralysed by the fear of coming showdown between the Khukri-dal and the Raksyā-dal. On March 14th I gave my Tibetan friends a farewell party under the shadow of the showdown in Kathmandu and the Liberation of Tibet. My Tibetan friends told me that the Liberation forces had not yet entered Lhasa. Nevertheless, the persons, who had been captured and released by the Chinese Liberation forces, had returned to tell the Authorities that the Communist Chinese were disciplined and tolerant. Then we exchanged our views about the statesmanship of the Authorities in New-Delhi and Peking to conclude that the Indians were overplaying their cards in Nepal and Tibet without any knowledge of the historical background of the peoples concerned. In conclusion I told my Tibetan friends that Nepal and Tibet had their chronologies and China had her annals while the history of India was the history of her conquerors.

With the exit of my Tibetan friends Reverent Father Moran had arrived at Kathmandu to open a branch of St Xavier's High School. The Indian Ambassador opposed the idea because there was nothing in it for India. The Minister of Education Mr Nripa Jung Rana and I told the Indian Ambassador very frankly that an educational enterprise of the Xavarians based on true friendship would go on smoothly and leased him the vacant Bungalow of Godavari to open the school. We also saw that the opening of the United States Operation Mission would be first step to the process of international co-operation and development of Nepal along modern lines.

On Monday March 26th, I was happy to hear a lecture of Dr Toni-Hagen about the aerial survey of the Himalayan highlands of Nepal, which was illustrated by slides. I returned from the lecture with the feeling that

modernisation of ageless Nepal may be a corollary to development, in which such useful lectures may play a catalytic role. This was the time when the Rana and the Congress Coalition had put my name up as a member of the Public Service Commission of Nepal. On March 27th the Minister of Home Affairs, Mr B. P. Koirala sent for me to enquire whether I was going to accept the job of the officer-in-charge of Kuti or Kyirong. I asked the Home-minister whether he knew that I had recently returned from Lhasa as the Representative of the Government of Nepal and also how the Tibetan and Chinese Authorities were going to view the present political scene of Nepal if I were to accept the job as desired by him. Later I discussed the poor initiative and insincerity of the Ministers in the decision-making body with the mature Education Minister Nripa Jung to learn that it was a ploy of the Home-minister to draw me away from the Public Service Commission, for which my case was being considered in the coalition cabinet.

The Counter-Revolution of Khukri-dal

During the first week of April I had the pleasure of calling on Mr M. P. Koirala, who was known for his capacity of coordination, compromise, caution, accommodation and personal wisdom to discuss the political scene against the background of the clash of Rakshyā-dal and Khukri-dal, both of whom had lost the sense of long-term political perspective. The situation somewhat resembled that which prevailed during the unceasing intrigues between the families of the Thapas and the Pandes before the Kotmassacre. Under the circumstances I advised Mr M.P. Koirala that he should influence the King Tribhuvana to use his *Hukum* in such a way as to give priority to principles and programmes so that the Dharma-prone peoples of Nepal may not be pawns in the game of party politics or autocratic power. The multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal had been inheritors of spiritual values where the leader had to build the superstructure of development on the infrastructure of religious, social, cultural, political, economical and mechanical components by his noble examples like, for example, the King of the Kirātas in the classical work of the Kirātārjuniye. The contemporary India and China had been developing a paraphernalia of democratic and communistic trends that ominously threatened the very process of the evolution of our Samyak Society. The two world wars had placed in the hands of developed nations Pandora's boxes, which had eroded the growth of human values though the Gorkhas had survived the ordeals as one of the world's finest fighters. But while handful of nations had the major share of world's economy and privileges, we had

been suffering and starving amid the oases of the affluence of the Ranas with sad contours of exploitation and injustice among our masses. We have Himalayan problems which we have to match by our back. Seeing how the real dynamics of development had remained an enigma even with the developed nations, Nepal was not going to find her soul during this period of instability when the two armies were facing on the soil of Nepal with a vengeance. While the Rana-Congress Coalition had been discussing interim constitution with a Constitutional Monarch, an independent Judiciary, a Public Service Commission, an Election Commission and an Auditor General, the Congress and the Ranas were arming their respective armies, which might deluge the country in bloodshed. Already the Rana and the Congress Ministers had shunned the principles of collective responsibility by accusing each other. Both the Rana Prime-minister and the Home-minister had shown immaturity in dealing with human problems while the opposition political parties like, for example, Praja Parishad and Nepali National Congress, had been demanding an all party Government in public meetings. As the first step to deprive the Ranas of their beaks and claws, I advised Mr M. P. Koirala to man the Jangi-Adda with officers who owed allegiance to the King rather than to the Rana Prime-minister and also see that all the keys of the arsenals from the Rana-custodians of Singha Durbar be removed to the King's Durbar. Mr M. P. Koirala agreed with what I advised him. Finally I advised him to watch the recruitment of Rakshyā-dal carefully.

Things moved to a crisis when Home-minister B. P. Koirala on April 11 ordered the arrest of several members of Khukri-dal headed by its General Secretary Bharat Shumshere, who was the first Rana in the role of succession to be arrested after their rule of 104 years. As a Major in the Nepali army I was interested to witness the scene on April 12 when the *athparias* (personal guards) of the Ranas raided the Kathmandu prison, released Mr Bharat Shumshere and his associates, and then proceeded to attack Mr B. P. Koirala's residence when the triumphant Rana shouted, "Bring the head of Mr B. P. Koirala" repeatedly. I heard in Mr Bharat Shumshere's voice the familiar charade of the Ranas in precooked cases where the political leaders refused to bend their knees before them. There was a melee in the Home-minister's house followed by the report of rifle. The army was parading and drilling in the Tundikhel when a car appeared on the scene to carry Mr. Bharat triumphantly. Then, suddenly Rakshyā-dal appeared on the scene and pointed their rifles on the army to our growing temper. Everything came so quickly that a spark would have started the conflagrations had not Commander-in-Chief General

Kaiser Shumshere ordered the army to control themselves. Then the public pursued the car and set it on fire. Some Rana Generals frantically ordered us to go to the aid of Bharat Shumshere when we asked them to be guided by the sage advice of the Commander-in-Chief. They were too much of cowards to the rescue of their cousin personally. Then, Maharaja Mohun Shumshere sent words that he would send the *Bijuli-garat* to quell the Raksyā-dal revolt, to which General Kaiser replied that he would only listen to the *Hukum* of the King and therefore he had no need of the *Bijuli-garat* to quell the Raksyā-dal. By his capacity of supreme decision at this grave moment of civil war, the Commander-in-Chief had cured the psychopathic disorder of the Rana clan and saved Nepal from the nightmare of terror, which had been hanging on the political horizon of Nepal for some time. The bizarre affair ended quickly with the arrest of Mr Bharat Shumshere and the flight of his wife and maids, who were out to receive their victorious husband triumphantly. Then, we returned happily to learn that the Home-minister had escaped to the Royal Palace after shooting one of the assailants.

On April 12 Maharaja Mohun Shumshere was summoned to the Royal Palace where he and his Rana accomplices resembled the cowards who suffered from mental disturbance sustained in war. Characterised by overwhelming fright at the sight of the rope, the pale Prime-minister pleaded his 'Puja' as an alibi from his emotional chaos and the fear of imminent hanging. The hierarchy of the Ranas, who used us as pawns in their game of self-aggrandisement, wept and repented and asked for pardons, which King Tribhuvana granted readily.

But the Khukri-dal counter-revolution had far-reaching consequences. Immediately, King Tribhuvana issued a statement condemning Gorkha-dal fanaticism and praising Mr B. P. Koirala's behaviour during the attack whereas His Majesty had no word of praise for the exemplary behaviour and loyalty of the Commander-in-Chief and the Nepal army. The King took direct command of the army from the Prime-minister with the title of Supreme Commander-in-Chief. Lt Colonel Padam Bahadur Shaha was given charge of the Jangi-Adda in lieu of Col. Kula Bickram. The Gorkha-dal was declared illegal and the *athparias* of the Ranas were arrested. The attempted counter-revolution gave the Nepali Congress an excuse for retaining the Congress party's *Mukti-sena* (liberation army) as an auxiliary force under the name of Rakshyā-dal (protective force) contrary to our advice. I was told that King Tribhuvana questioned my sincerity for the outspoken criticism of the situation but I waited for the test of time to see who was right.

With the third week of April the Indian Ambassador put the entire Nepali nation under an interdiction by declaring in Allahabad that the Gorkha-dal comprised the entire nation of the Gorkhas without knowing that the Gorkhas were synonyms of defence in many countries. Indian advisers arrived to draft Nepal's constitution and carry out administrative reforms while the Tibetan Delegation travelled to Peking in order to make up with the People's Republic of China.

It was summer time in the rockies with the month of May when the Indian Embassy became the venue of political meetings and espionage so that Babar Shumshere, who had reprimanded me at one time for advising his government to have diplomatic relations with Pakistan, was being accused as the stooge of Pakistan in Nepal by the Congress Ministers. There was deadlock on May 2 when the Indian stooges of the Nepali Congress demanded General Babar's removal from the Cabinet as a pro-Pakistani Minister. As the Rana and the Congress could not see eye to eye they jointly decided that the crisis should be resolved in New Delhi under the supervision of Mr Nehru and the Minister of External Affairs by by-passing the King. I now had the feeling that Nepal had touched the nadir with her internal dissensions so that Colonel Katoch and Mr Keval Krishna frankly told me that Nepal was never independent. In reply I told my Indian friends very frankly that the Indian Government was not dealing with the invisible but important people of Nepal and that they could be optimistic as long as the confused situation in Nepal helped them to hold on to their illusion. In order to hold on to their seat in the cabinet, the Congress Ministers attacked Messrs Tanka Prasad Acharya, Khadga Man Singh and Dilliraman Regmi and left for New Delhi on May 9th.

We heard a joint statement of the Rana-Congress Coalition on May 16th from New Delhi, which announced that the Cabinet should function in a cooperative and progressive spirit "for the political development and economic prosperity of Nepal." Judging from the tone of the announcement the Ministers had decided to drop out General Babar Shumshere. Back from New Delhi Maharaja Mohun offered the resignation of the Coalition Cabinet to King Tribhuvana, who announced a reconstituted Cabinet on June 10 replacing General Babar Shumshere by General Singha Shumshere on the Rana's side and Mr Bharat Mani by Mr Surya Prasad Upadhyia on the side of the Congress. The worst casualty of the change, however, was the Cultural Association set up by me with the objective of collecting materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture. The Congress party put

up their own cultural Association with huge donations from the Government while I sought the cooperation of the Italian Institute of the Middle and the Far East of Rome to set my inscriptions published.

On June 15th, 1951 Sirdar Nagendraman Singh, Mr Devanath Prasad Burma and myself were administered the oath of office by Sirdar Gunjaman Singh to carry out our functions according to the norm of 'Imāna' (self-respect, pride and honour) and 'Dharma' (traditional laws) in the presence of the King, Prime-minister and the Home-minister. After the ceremony I proceeded to Gauchar and returned Kathmandu to see the houses festooned by four-star banners which gave the impression that the Congress party was firmly in the saddle of the chagrin of the mushrooming opposition.

First visit of Mr Nehru to Kathmandu

On June 15, 1951 Mr J. L. Nehru arrived at 7.45 A. M. at the Gauchar airport, where he was garlanded profusely by our Ministers. After shaking hands with us the Indian Prime-minister stood upon the car on his triumphal march over the bumpy rode of Kathmandu catching bunches of flowers with agility till the youths of Delhi-Bazar showed him Black-flags and the photo of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Immediately there was a scuffle and many young people were arrested on the spot.

We met the fair, fine-looking and cigarette-smoking Prime-minister of India with his daughter Indira, at the King's reception held in his honour at the Royal Palace.

On June 16th there was a Public Meeting at Tundikhel, where he exhorted in Hindi-language those assembled to build the bridge of democracy in Nepal. He said that the reception accorded to him by the Maharajādhiraj, the Government and the people of Nepal had been pleasant and continued, "I have come to Nepal for the first time. Nepal is a very ancient kingdom, and for a very long time has had very close ties with India. These ties could be traced back to the time of the Buddha and Asoka. Because of the ties, I have had no feeling so far that I have come to a foreign country. Today I have met a lot of people. Some of them I knew; others I did not; but all of them had a friendly look in their eyes.

"Nepal has been a free nation for a very long time, and it has been our desire that the country should continue as an independent nation. The disturbed conditions in the world have strengthened our resolve to help you maintain your freedom, because you have been our traditional friend. If

some of you feel that India wishes to interfere with your affairs, then that would be a wrong notion. Firstly because, this would be contrary to the fundamentals of our national policy, and secondly because, it is in our own interest to honour your independent status.

“You and your country are facing great problems. Our country is facing still greater problems. You will agree with me that the condition of the masses in India and Nepal is not satisfactory. We have got to bring about changes in these conditions. This would necessarily involve certain changes, but, if we try to bring about these changes through violent means, then human values will be destroyed; weakness will creep in and the independence of your nation will be endangered. What is the solution then ? We have got to forge forward; we have got to improve the lot of the masses; and yet we cannot afford to do it through violent means. The answer is, therefore, to take the middle course.”

This struck a responsive chord in my heart if our leaders were as sincere as Mr J. L. Nehru. But our gruelling history after the death of King Prithvi Narayana Shah and Bahadur Shah had made me sick in mind and body. Talking about leadership Mr Nehru continued: “Your progress and prosperity depends upon your leaders. I cannot do very much in the matter, except to give you advice not in the capacity of the Prime-minister of India, but as your comrade and friend. You cannot achieve anything great by criticizing others. If you wish to achieve anything great, you must plan it properly. But no plan can be successful, unless the Government has the support of their people, and there is peace in the country. The mere passing of new laws cannot and does not bring about improvement if people continue in evil activities. During the last six months, you have witnessed great changes in the administration of your country. This has been achieved by very little bloodshed. You must set an example for the world of a bloodless revolution, and you must keep it up. If you want our advice, help or experts, we shall give these to you; but we do not wish to interfere in your affairs.”

There was no mention of God or of Nepal's Samyak tradition or of our historical Buddhas though Mr Nehru had said rapturously on looking at the statue of the Buddha abroad that Sākyamuni symbolised the whole spirit of Indian thought and that Gautama's refusal to recognise the caste-system came like a breath of fresh wind to India. I was sorry that there was nobody in the galaxy of Rana-Congress Coalition to explain to Mr.

Nehru how the multi-ethnic Nepalese peoples had preserved ancient monuments and human values free from the pollution of caste in order to realise their deeply-rooted dream of Samyak Society by their day-to-day life in action. But this fine looking man in his white *Sherwani* with a rose in his button-hole was very much unlike the dhoti-clad, Gandhi-capped and shabbily dressed pan-chewing Congress-stalwarts, who made themselves the more funny by their earth-kissing obeisances and Namaskars. After about an hour of speech-making in his own free style Mr Nehru drove out in fine fettle with Maharaja Mohun to confide in him that Nepal was not fit for democracy for another 25 years.

Mr Nehru's Visit to the Temple of Paśupati

Paśupati (the Master of the Battle) is the Patron-God of Nepal, in whose name we go to battle with courage and virtue. The ancient Kirātas carried Him and the Great Mother Goddess all the way from the City of the Dead to instal Him and His Consort as Śākyavardhana and Śīri-mā-devī in the city of Kapilavastu and also founded Paśupati-ksetra in the sprawling village of the ancient race of the Kolis from time immemorial. With the founding of the Vyūha-literature the phallic symbol of Paśupati was sculptured into composite images comprising Atikāruṇika (Avalokiteśvara on the east), Ghorā-ghorā (Time and beyond Time on the south), Virūpaksa (Oedipus as Eros on the west) and Ardhanārisvara (Two-in-One on the north), which showed the quickening of human intelligence in our scheme of Samyak tradition from the period of Śākyamuni, who first preached the efficacy of the Eight Samyak Paths as the right way Nirvāṇa. As such I had gone to the temple on June 17th to offer my Thanks-giving-pūjā, when Mr J. L. Nehru appeared on the scene accompanied by his irreverent followers and our congress-leaders, who thought in terms of sending the images of Paśupati to the Museum. Then, the Pundit stood up defiantly without doffing his Gandhicap before the icon of Virūpaksa and shook his head violently with 'Kyā ham puja karte hai ?' (Do I ever offer my worship?) when the Bhaṭṭa (south-Indian priest) offered the sandal-wood paste from the the Third Eye and garland from the Crown of the Patron-God of Nepal. This distressing scene led me to think that this Harrow-cum-Cambridge educated scion of the Brahmannic race from Kashmir was, indeed 'out of place everywhere, at home nowhere'.

I looked on as his Congress Guides from the freshly established Cultural Association gave Mr Nehru and his party the most fantastic answers to their

querries about the rectangular Kuṣāna-socles, decorated with a pot-and-foilage motive resting on crouching Yaksas and the bas-relief depicting the trail of Śiva and Satī in the forecourt of the temple, which was sculptured during the hey-day of Brahmānīc revival in the reign of King Haridatta Varman. Then, too, the Guides could not explain the images of the Buddhistic and Lamaistic pantheons, which earned for our temple an honoured place in the Annals of China and Tibetan Religious Geography of Nepal.

Was this the man, who in his *Glimpses of World History* had written about the magnificent civilizations of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Crete, Greece, Rome, France and England to the neglect of the ancient Nepalese Chronologies and Tibetan and Chinese Geography of Nepal ? But where ignorance is bliss it was folly to be wise?

For the first time in my career I felt flattered to be elevated from the sal-leaf kitchen status, when I was invited by Maharaja Mohun to a dry dinner served in gold and silver plates at the glittering Gallery Baithak of Singha Durbar in honour of Mr J. L. Nehru. Seeing what I had of Mr Nehru at the temple of Paśupati I observed the scene from a distance when he entered at the Hall at about 8.30 P. M. accompanied by the galaxy of the Indian Embassy and intelligence staff and by our fawning Ministers, who tried to show their familiarity by whispering into the Indian Prime-minister's ears. The Indian visitors seemed to be much more interested on the thread-bare pictures of huntings painted on the panels than on the master-pieces of Nepalese architecture of Garudas and serpents done on the columns after the pattern of our world-famous artist Arniko. "So, Nepal is a jungle", carped General Singha Shumshere to some of the Indian celebrities he happened to know in New Delhi to my amusement. The dinner party appeared to me less glamorous than the all day and night parties of Lhasa, though we fell to the Nepalese and Indian delicacies like gluttons without the digestive drinks to raise us above boredom.

March-Past Parade in Honour of Mr J. L. Nehru

A March-past parade of the courageous, faithful and self-reliant army of the Gorkhas was organised on June 18. Veterans of the two world-wars, the special merits of the Gorkha as a soldier consisted in his inextinguishable devotion to the art of fighting for its own sake on and from the time of the Kirāta kings. Disciplined in the religious and social development through the great periods of revolutionary changes, the Gorkha did not fight for the tyranny of ideas when he fought for the Allies during the two world-wars. Ac-

According to the evidences of the Kirātārajuniye, war was the only sport in our world of flux as well as the only work worthy of a man's attention, though this non-complaining quality in his nature supported the leadership of the Ranas at the cost of his commercial needs. In matters of discipline the Nepali soldiers put up with any regulations and stared death in the face under the hardest conditions of life in war. Believing in "dharma" (norm of justice) an anatomy of religious and social development of the chequered history of Nepal had given me an insight into the great periods of revolutionary changes, which had transformed the very nature of man to create these unknown soldiers of God. These tiger-men of Nepal inherited these invaluable characteristics of the Princes of Poverty as men of action without ego and family members without Oedipian complexes, which Mr J. L. Nehru and his staff did not seem to appreciate from the background of their revolutionary experience.

As a pious apostle of peace and non-alignment between the Capitalistic and Communistic blocs Mr Nehru under-estimated the role of Nepal army as factors in the two world wars, who went to battle in the name of Paśupati. Judging by his speeches, the invisible but important Gorkha was an enigma to him while he consistently over-estimated the size and capabilities of the Indian army and its officers. Like all the revolutionary Rip-van winkles of the post-war period the Indian leaders seemed to think in terms of revolutionary state between the Haves and Have-nots without realising that the entire universe was in a state of flux. With a pugnacious look the Indian Prime-minister and his party members seemed to feel that such a large army was not needed to defend Nepal, which lay safely in the bosom of the Himalayas contrary to our historical experience, while the multi-ethnic battalions marched past in their unity in diversity under Samyak discipline. Knowing what I did of the military history of the Himalayan tribes on and from the period of the Kirāti-Kings, none had been more dramatic than the development of Nepal's military forces in King Māna-deva's overall scheme of Bhairavi-Chakra-pravartana. But we had to bridge the gap created by more than a century of stagnation of the Rana regime. However, under the present circumstances of party rivalry, it was idle to hark back to the lost horizon of our Samyak Society. As a man who had avoided dirty politics at the very outset of my new career, I found it advisable to practise a quiet and off the floor book diplomacy till such time as I could point out the original and essential interest of our history and culture as a factor of universal appeal when opportunity presented itself.

What saved me from the attacks of the rival factions of Nepal was my knowledge of Tibet and Tibetans after Mr Nehru left for New Delhi on June 19. This was the time when the Chinese Liberation Army in Tibet and the Chinese volunteers in Korea were achieving successes by fighting in the two fronts simultaneously. At this stage Colonel Katoch and Mr D. K. Krishnan discussed with me about the closing of the northern passes of Nepal. Seeing how the Himalayan people had been economically affected by the change on their part of the frontier. I advised them that it was not advisable to close the Nepalese passes to the Tibetans and other northern peoples, whose religious geography guided them to our country from time immemorial. Moreover, Nepal had independent relations with Tibet and China for thousands of years. As an entrepot of trade between India, Tibet and China, our historical experience had taught us that we could be friendly to India and China and also act as a bridge between the two populous countries of the world. I had read the Annals of China against the background of present development in that country and knew the Chinese fairly well to be misled by the orgiastic paranoia of the Indian press and politicians. If the Samyak Society of Nepal failed at this critical juncture of world history, it would be a failure of the entire structure of human and spiritual values, which Nepal had preserved through the ages.

King Tribhuvana's Visit to New Delhi

Symbolically swarms of locusts destroyed our crops while the insurrection of Dr K. I. Singh worried the Government of Nepal. With the national calamity and political confusion in Nepal there was a movement in the Tarai in favour of Hindi to add to the divisive Babel of dialects, where Nepali language was understood by everybody. At this time we received feelers from the People's Republic of China whether we were prepared to have diplomatic relations with them. The steady growth of anti-Indian sentiment in Nepal helped me to take up the question with Mr M. P. Koirala but the India Government advised our Ministers to delay it until New Delhi had placed its own relations with China on a legal basis. The Indians also stood in the way of our diplomatic relations with Pakistan and the Soviet Union as untimely. Whereas the United States of America and Great Britain were drawing up plans for education, economic, health and industrial uplift of Nepal, I was surprised that India ignored our suggestion to revise the 1950 trade-treaty. Whereas Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon drifted away from the Indian orbit, Nepal happened to be the only hapless country to fall a prey to Indian designs with no outlet to the sea. The only opening to us were

northern passes of Tibet. On July 29 General Thorat visited Kathmandu to discuss the closing of the northern passes between Nepal and Tibet. We advised the Nepalese Commander-in-chief to tell General Thorat that we could manage our own affairs. However, we were told that the Indian General's visit was a rebuff to Pakistan as troubles seemed to be brewing between the two newly independent countries.

Then Mr Lall arrived to reorganise the police forces in the month of August. We now learnt that the Liberation forces were in complete occupation of Tibet. After long negotiations treaty terms were formulated in Peking, which secured the internal administration of the country to the Dalai Lama and guaranteed that Buddhism would be respected and freedom of worship granted. In return for these concessions the Government of the People's Republic of China insisted on taking over the foreign relations of Tibet and being responsible for the defence of Tibet by sending as many soldiers as they wished for the defence of the country against Imperialists. At last the Dalai Lama accepted the conditions and returned to Lhasa. The Indians did not seem to attach any importance to these developments in Tibet.

On August 6th Mr B. P. Koirala said that Nepal should follow a policy of peace on the line of Mr Nehru's 'dynamic neutrality.' On the other hand, Mr Nehru with reference to the claims of China on the Indo-Tibetan frontier declared that his Government was prepared to meet any attack on the Indian frontier.

At a time when the Indian Ambassador had become the power behind the throne to direct the internal administration of Nepal as he liked, the Chinese Liberation forces were talking of driving the Imperialistic Indian Mission from Lhasa and also of occupying the forts of Gyantse and Yatung by negotiations if possible and by the use of military force if necessary. I further learnt that the Government of India had been disturbed by the contents of the Sino-Tibetan agreement. It was further reported that the Liberation forces had entered the Indian Mission to arrest two Indian nationals who were serving the Government of Tibet as spies. This upset the Apple-cart of the Government of India, who in 1946 thought in terms of securing the accession of the border kingdoms of Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim, which provoked China to send a political Mission to Nepal under the leadership of Mr Tsung-lien Shen after the ill-considered action of Maharaja Chandra Shumshere in severing diplomatic relations with the Republican China of Dr Sun Yat-sen way back in 1911 A. D. No Indian seemed to have studied

the history of Nepal's independence in depth to realise how a single small country had worked hard to preserve her architectural monuments, religion and culture and fought tooth and nail to defend our heritage through three thousand years of recorded history.

But personality cult, personal motives and Indian influence were so pervasive among our power hungry and greedy leaders that it was idle to think of our external relations at this transitional period. The Government by-passed the Public Service Commission, declared Sunday a holiday and jockeyed for power when the Ranas thought of quitting Nepal with all their property to the safe haven of India. On August 11th the Nepal-radio broadcast the news that Dr K. I. Singh was captured by the Indian army at the request of the Nepal Government to control the lawless activities of the Doctor and Mr Bhim Dutt Pant, who were branded as Communists. The Home-minister Mr B. P. Koirala and Mr Shree Nagesh left for the scene of disturbance, where Dr Singh had refused to meet them in prison. The peoples of Nepal widely criticized the Government of Nepal for inviting Indian soldiers to quell these disturbances while Dr Singh and Mr Pant were elevated to the position of national heroes.

On August 13th King Tribhuvana left for New Delhi accompanied by the Home-minister in the wake of the deterioration of the Indo-Chinese relations. I was interested to learn that the Chinese Liberation forces had strictly manned the Indo-Chinese frontiers while the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan were allowed to carry on their trade as heretofore. The peoples of Nepal made a big demonstration against the interference of India in the affairs of Nepal and appealed to Nepal-China friendship. While the Rana and the Congress-Coalition was tamely following the guidance of the Indian Ambassador the demonstrations of the peoples of Nepal seemed to have compelled new-thinking in the leaders of New Delhi, when the Indian President, Dr Rajendra Prasad speaking about the foreign relations of India in a banquet to honour King Tribhuvana and Mr B. P. Koirala on August 17th, showed his deep concern about the political disturbances, which, however, was followed by a compromise largely of Indian contriving with the declaration that the King had agreed to become a Constitutional monarch and that the Rana oligarchy was being tempered with democracy. Except for the mention of the coalition government, the Indian President and the Prime-minister had no word for the invisible but poor tiger-men of the Himalayas, who matched the mountains by their backs in liveried poverty. Could the Indians turn these tiger-men into cats by stroking

and petting them by the cheap ideas of the middle-way-democracy ? Unaware of the practical implications of the liberation of Tibet from the feudal Lama hierarchy by disciplined Chinese soldiers who were trained to work 18 hours a day and who were carefully trained to administer the poor Tibetan peoples in the villages, the Indian leaders under-estimated the fighting qualities and discipline of the Gorkhas as mercenaries and claimed to emerge as the Third Force by not accepting arms from either the Soviet Union or the United States. King Tribhuvana returned on August 19th with the new feather in his Crown of exchanging diplomatic relations with the U. S. A. at an ambassadorial level. The Nepalese army, militia and the police forces became eye-sores to the Indian advisers, General Thorat and Mr Lal, who advised high scales of pay for the officers and men on the line of India to the neglect of poor men in Government service.

While Mr Nehru out-Heroded Herod with his new stand on Japanese Peace Treaty, Major Padam was quietly promoted to Colonelship to take up his post as a liason officer in Malaya. Despite the private lectures of the Indian advisers to demoralise the Nepalese troops at home, we thought it advisable to see that the name of the Gorkha remained unsullied in the international field as a martial race and as factors of defence wheresoever he served in the name of duty that lay nearest to him. After seeing off Colonel Padam on the way to his new assignment I followed the gorgeous funeral procession of the father of our Home-minister, Mr Surya Prasad Upadhyaya, who happened to be the most influential man at the moment.

Move to Throw off the Rana Elements

With the first week of September we learnt that the National Assembly of Tibet had given official recognition to the Panchen Lama of Kumbum after the surrender of the Governor General Gna-bou, so that the goal of Tibet had become survival after the somersault of the Khampa levies. News came from all our northern passes that there was no panic or anxiety among the common peoples of Tibet with the arrival of the new faces, who were offering five *pathis* (about 50 pounds) of salt for one *pathi* (about 10 pounds) of foodgrains whereas the purchasing power was as heretofore. Contrary to what the world told us about the communist marauders and vandals, they were working feverishly to build roads and help the peasants in their field work so that the Tibetans may profit by their examples. The new-comers scrupulously paid for what they purchased and entertained all the border peoples with lambs roasted whole and Chinese delicacies, offered medical facilities and treated our people kindly and carefully and

even provided some of our *dokeys* (basket-bearers) in their 'liveried poverty' with new attire.

Everybody was now curious to know what kind of man was Mr Mao Tse-tung, who was branded as a Red Bandit. Peoples from Chilungkha and Maga-deorali had been coming to tell us that the Communists had thoroughly surveyed their own side of the border and they were getting ready to discuss the frontier problems with Nepal. Friends of India and Friends of China societies had been springing up among our peoples whereas nine months of Rana Congress-Coalition had produced no tangible result. In the midst of this confusion we heard that Mr Shipton and his party had arrived at Namche-bazar for a possible reconnaissance of the routes to the Mount Everest. Swiss Engineers had also arrived to survey the traditional alignment of the route between Bhainse and Kathmandu by putting a tunnel, but the Indian military Engineers had other ideas. With the last week of September the opposition leaders like Mr Tanka Prasad Acharya and others were arrested and Dr K. I. Singh was held in Singha Durbar under the surveillance of the Raksya-dal. While the Indian military attache Colonel Katoch and Keval Krishna had gone on their political survey of Kyirong, a significant article appeared in the *Statesman* saying that 'an old survey map included a section of the earth from Tibet to the Bay of Bengal showing the curvature of the earth and comparative insignificance of the Mount Everest. Yet the Mount Everest was the highest mountain on our planet'. Finally the editorial advised that the wrong spatial perspective should be shunned and that the time factor was of utmost importance in the assessment of statesmanship. On September 29 I called on Mr B. P. Koirala and Mr S. P. Upadhyaya to find them confident to throw off the Rana element from the Cabinet.

With the first week of October Mr M. P. Koirala was busy in composing a new ministry in the wake of the King's proclamation on October 3 that the progress of the Rana-Congress coalition in achieving social and economic results for Nepal had been slow. On October 3, I was touched to hear the last speech of the champion of female education, Mr Bodha Bickram Adhikari saying that the mystery behind the opening of the Girls' Schools was as profound as the Pacific Ocean. I congratulated him on the achievement for sponsoring the cause of Girls' education at this period, when everybody was busy lining their pockets.

Now the harvest festival of Dasain was in full swing when Mr P. M. Sundar and Mr Parasmani arrived to give their own version of the peoples

under the Rana-Congress Coalition Government and to put forward their own plan and programme for development.

On October 16 we were shocked to hear the news that Mr Liaquat Ali Khan, the Prime-minister of Pakistan was shot to death in Karachi and that there was no clue as to the mystery of the murder. On October 18 we heard the news that Mr Nehru had named communists as the aggressors in Korea while the American forces held positions at the Thirty-Eight Parallel as they were barred from carrying war into China by the United Nations and Allied policies. But while Mr Nehru was silent on the subject Sirdar K. M. Pannikar named Chinese communists as aggressors in Tibet.

Meeting with Maharaja Padma Shumshere

The nature of the opposition to the C. Class Rana rule had undergone a complete transformation with the return of Commander-in-Chief Rudra Shumshere, Subarna Shumshere and Mahabir Shumshere to power, who seemed to be determined to advance their relative positions as powers behind the throne. Then, too, the A. Class Rana Prime-minister Padma Shumshere who had ruled Nepal from November 1945 to February 1948, had returned from Ranchi. Beset with too many doubts and fears, he developed a strange complex of sobbing and shedding tears saying that nobody in India really cared for him, so that he had decided to return home. Disowned by his father, Maharaja Bhim Shumshere and rejected by his A. Class son, his affluence still enabled him to sire a C. Class son and hire a C. Class woman for his wife and own a number of maids. His penurious upbringing had made him so suspicious and pessimistic that he had declared to the Customs officials of India that he was carrying with him only two years' Prime-minister's pay, which worked to about rupees six hundred thousand, whereas he actually had more than ten million rupees in several Banks of India. The Indian Income Tax office had, therefore, held him for the profit he had made in India and that he had called on the Indian President and the Prime-minister for relief without any result, which was the reason why he had returned to Nepal. If he had the sense of investing the money in his own country, I told him that he would have avoided this embarrassment. But he told me very sincerely that he would have lost everything if he had invested in Nepal whereas he was going to lose part of the money in the way of income tax down in India. I advised Maharaja Padma to tell his affluent cousins Mahabir and Subarna about his interesting experience.

Then I called on General Rudra Shumshere, whom Maharaja Juddha Shumshere had banished in March 1934 to Palpa by stripping him of his

role of succession along with his affluent cousins. Early in 1951 he had organised a *coup d'etat* and seized control of the Government in Palpa in favour of the King. A C. Class Rana begotten by Maharaja Bir Shumshere, he had several wives and mistresses and sired many children, so that he was happy with King Tribhuvana's gift of one hundred thousand rupees with prospects of further gifts and promise of getting his free-hold lands and his palace restored.

Little Time for Foreign Policy

The Rana-Congress Coalition was so much involved in internal domestic affairs that it could spare little time for foreign policy when Chairman Mao Tse-tung declared on October 24, 1951 that the political situation in People's Republic of China had settled down to normal and the question of Tibet had been settled to the satisfaction of everybody concerned in the aftermath of 1949 Liberation of China. With the last week of October we got the information that the Chinese Liberation forces were in full control of the villages of Gyantse and Yatung and that they were biding time to take control of the forts and communications, though the Indian Mission in Lhasa supplied conflicting news on the actual situation.

In England the Conservatives won the General Election while the unpredictable Mr K. M. Pannikar was said to have advised the Government of India to barter away Tibet in exchange for Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan with People's Republic of China long after Mr Nehru's China policy, based upon the continuance of Tibet's role as an autonomous buffer-state between China and India, was in total disarray. Born in the far-sighted British liberal tradition of building up the Indian Congress Party, he was brought up to hate the British and survived by such ideas as Indian hegemony over the Indian ocean without the backing of the powerful British navy, which 'ruled the waves'. A goatee Mr K. M. Pannikar was considered for the job of Ambassador in Egypt to divert the sympathy of Arab countries from Pakistan to India after his assignment in China. He seemed to think in terms of Monroe doctrine for India with the republics of Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia as the arbiter between the echoes of the Voices of the USA and the USSR.

Police Firing on Students

While the sacred relics of the two Indian disciples of Śākyamuni namely, Śāriputra and Maudgalyāyana were flown into Nepal, the police fired on a procession of students on November 6, 1951, which touched off the long-expected crisis in the Rana-Congress Coalition Government. The Nepalese

People had forgotten that the statues of these two disciples were erected before every monastery in Nepal and were also honoured all over the world, which afforded us the opportunity of showing the universal character of our religion and culture, if our Government had taken advantage of the occasion to tell the world how and in what way these eminent men had received the world famous **Buddhistic Confessio-fide** of cause and effect and how the Nepalese people had honoured their memory by erecting their statues on the western hump of Go-śriṅga hill (Swayambhunātha) at the outset. But the Brahmannic preceptors manipulated the relics as Prétas (unholy ghosts) and influenced Mohun Shumshere and the Ministers to receive the relics with the derogatory spell of *Jh 'e Jh 'e Jh 'e*.

At the instigation of Mr Bhadrakali Mishra, who claimed to be the power behind Mr J. L. Nehru in New Delhi, Maharaja Mohun Shumshere issued a public statement on November 9th expressing sympathy with the bereaved family and sorrow over the tragic event of police firing. The Home-minister Mr B. P. Koirala interpreted these remarks as proof of the Prime-minister's repudiation of the principle of collective responsibility. On November 10 Mr B. P. Koirala spoke over Radio Nepal expressing his party's disillusionment with its bitter experience of collaborating with the Rana-group and demanded the formation of a politically homogenous and viable Cabinet. As a Socialist without any knowledge of Nepal's Samyak tradition, he called for a more comprehensive revolution to complete the task. With this purpose in mind he released all political detenus so that they participate in a maximum public consensus as the basis for a socialist revolution. Significantly, Mr Bhadrakali Mishra tendered his resignation from the Working Committee and the Socialist bloc of the Nepali Congress on November 12, so that His Majesty may make a fresh selection of Ministers on the basis of the recommendation of the Congress Working Committee, which was in full session. Gandhi-capped and khadi-clad Mr Khadga Man Singh and Mr B. K. Mishra attacked the Socialist programme of the Nepali Congress Working Committee ruthlessly. The firing on students by the police had aroused considerable antipathy in Nepal towards Mr B. P. Koirala and his Socialist party, so that the Praja Parishad and the Nepali National Congress clamoured for an all-party Government. Unacquainted with the intricacies of party politics and machinations of the C. Class Rana General Mahabir Shumshere to oust the A. Class Ranas from the position of power Maharaja Mohun Shumshere could not exploit the situation of firing on the students to his advantage and resigned on November 13, 1951 just when Mr B. P. Koirala was said to have assumed full responsibility for the tragedy and refused to meet the student leaders despite King Tribhuvana's command to do so. There was serious dissension in the ranks of the Nepali Congress when the King insisted

on nominating Mr M. P. Koirala to the utter disillusionment of the Nepali Congress Working Committee.

I was also interested to get the views of Mr Govinda Narayan on November 15th to the effect that the transitional phase of democratising Nepal had to be shortened. I agreed with Mr Govinda Narayan that the best choice under the situation was Mr M. P. Koirala provided he could steer clear of the power-hungry and greedy General Mahabir Shumshere who happened to be the power behind the throne. Then I returned to read Mr Tilman's report on his extensive explorations of the Annapurna, Machhapuchhre (Fish Tail) and Manaslu Himalayan giants and the scintillating record of the French conquerors of Annapurna I. Then, too, I was thrilled by the accounts of Colonel Sher Bahadur Malla about the fauna and flora of Nepal as a result of his accompanying the American and the British orithnological and botanical expeditions respectively. I was also happy to meet the Sherpas who gave me a true picture of the expeditions. Whereas the Indian Military Attache was advising the Authorities of Nepal to reduce the auxiliary force of Pipas from their present strength of 6,000 men to 600 in an age of motorised transports for the army, I received news from the other side of the Himalayas that three high-ranking officers with five-hundred cavalry, 1500 infantry and peasant guards had arrived at the Tibetan town of Gyantse to occupy the Indian fort. They had administrative, medical and engineering units. The officers and men of the Red Army were puritanical on their views on promiscuity and sexual license, and a vigorous daily routine kept the young troops occupied. Abstention from smoking and drinking was one of the Eight Principles of the Red Army, although no special punishment was provided for vices except for grave criticisms of the individuals by the writing on the wall in black-column. The officers proved their leadership by their examples of leading their army consisting of all the Tibetan tribes as well as of the border tribes of the Misos, Lolos and the Moslems. These widely travelled veteran cadres knew so much about Tibetan geography that the Red cartographers re-mapped the old Chinese maps specially on the western frontier of the Himalayas. There was very little difference in living quarters of commanders and men, and they all ate and dressed alike from the Field Marshal down to the rank and file.

In view of the topsy-turvy changes in Tibet I was amused to go through a book known as *Out of this World* by Lowell Thomas Junior about his exciting story of his dangerous journey he and his father had made over the Himalayas in 1949.

Chapter II

THE FIRST POPULAR GOVERNMENT OF MR M. P. KOIRALA November 16,1951—April 13,1952

There was a Royal Proclamation on November 16, 1951 saying that the Coalition Government had not succeeded in its tasks, and that the peoples had not been happy and contented with it. Seeing the need for a representative and broadly based government during the interim period to rule the kingdom and prepare for a general election to establish a fully democratic system functioning in accordance with a constitution prepared by the Constituent Assembly, His Majesty commanded Mr M.P. Koirala as the leader of the largest party to constitute the Cabinet by including the representatives of ethnic and territorial division of the country and rule the country by practising enlightened statemanship in the discharge of his duties so that he may supervise the function of the Cabinet in a manner that would ensure the continued good will, impartiality, and respect of the people toward the Government. The Proclamation directed the Prime-minister to clarify and precisely define the civic rights of the people without prejudicing public security and the existing legal system. The Cablnet was instructed to implement as speedily as possible measures to establish independent judiciary, ensure a proper functioning of the Public Service Commission and set up an Election Commission to arrange for a general election before the end of April, 1953 to the Constituent Assembly. In conclusion the King called upon the people to extend their full support to the new Government and cautioned civil servants to discharge their

duties loyally and competently without concern for political changes at the top.

However, there was no foreign policy directive by the King to the new Prime-minister. I have pointed out in *Nepal and Her Neighbours* how the Mission of Mr Tsung-lien Shen to Nepal had upset the Apple-cart of the Indian leaders, who had urged the accession of the border states of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan to the Indian Union on the same basis as the Indian native states. Though unable to press them for the restoration of our territory lost to the British in 1814--1816 war yet I had influenced Prime-minister Padma Shumshere and General Krishna Shumshere to receive the Chinese Mission in order to prove that the Indian thinking at the time was incorrect factually as well as questionable under international law. But this was the period of confusion, when our ten million largely illiterate, impoverished and discontented multi-ethnic people had no effective Government services to cope with the demands of the new times in the aftermath of the revolution. The Ranas in their own self-interest had introduced Brahmannic hegemony to destroy the Samyak tradition of our peoples by the divisive barriers of castes. Like all old nations the multi-ethnic Nepalese nation had a tendency to forget its Samyak-dharma to develop certain social taboos and complexes. The revolutionary Rip-van Winkles, who had foreseen the panacea for all the ills of Nepal in the overthrow of the Rana-regime were now split by personal ambitions, jealousies and ideologies without seeing the goal of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society, with the invisible but important members of which familiarity had bred contempt. Science was a common good, but the Capitalist and the Communist Powers had taken advantage of the horizontal dimension of science to bid their opponents 'stand and deliver' on the pyramid of their respective ideologies.

On the other hand, I was convinced as a result of researches that the principles and practices of our Samyak Society could be stronger than all the destructive weapons and armies at the command of the ideological fighters, if we could prove that Nepal's norm of Dharma with its dimension in depth of Sivadr̥ṣṭi (the Third Eye of Śiva) could be the greatest factor in controlling human behaviour at this critical juncture of world history when the tides of democracy from the south and Communism from the north were converging in the Himalayan highlands. The road was hard and long but I foresaw that the time for exposing the Great Idea of Samyak Society had come.

Against such a historical background I was happy to learn that the new Cabinet comprised by such representatives as, for example, Mr Narad-muni Thulung of Kirāta origin from the eastern district of Bhojpur, Mr Nara Bahadur Gurung from the Western Hills, Mr Bhagawati Prasad Singh from the Tarai and Mr Dharmaratna Yami from the community of Newars seemed to be more broad-based than the Rana Congress-Coalition. The A. and C. Class Ranas were represented by General Subarna Shumshere, General Mahabir Shumshere, General Kaiser Shumshere and General Sharada Shumshere. Mr Surya Prasad Upadhyaya, Mr Mahendra Bikram Shaha and Mr Ganesh Man Singh represented the Congress while Mr Khadga Man Singh represented the Prachanda-Gorkha. Except for one Gandhi-capped and Jawahar-vested Mr Bhadrakali Mishra there was no Minister holding doubtful and dual nationality. A sensible Brahmin from the revolutionary family of the Koiralas became the first Prime-minister from the people after the long Rana regime of 140 years.

The most significant feature of the new Cabinet was the creation of new Ministries for General Administration, Land Reform, Planning and Development, Parliamentary Affairs and Law and Justice on the line of India. The multi-ethnic composition of the Cabinet was relatively free from Rana--Congress rivalry and the general orientation of the members showed that they were free from ideological biases. The new Cabinet was a test of the capacity of the Nepali leaders to operate in a true coalition of national interests, if they could rise above the newly injected communal feeling and above their petty personal interests by sharing a common political, social, religious and cultural consensus of our traditional Samyak Society.

Of the ministers, the political background of General Mahabir Shumshere as a power behind the throne seemed to contrast with Maharaja Mohun Shumshere's role as a Prime-minister who had the King at his beck and call. His indoctrination and training during the rule of his grandfather, when Rana autocracy reached its peak, had made him a favourite of fortune, gambler, night-prowler, drunkard and business-minded without Mohun Shumshere's political and religious background of ruling as a dictator. His cousin brother General Subarna Shumshere formed a part of the Socialist triumvirate with Mr Ganesh Man Singh though they were chagrined at the exclusion of Mr B.P. Koirala from the Cabinet, who had aligned with the Socialist movement of the world to achieve material progress by overturning the

existing Society in and through revolutionary means without any plan and programme to equip development project of Himalayan dimensions for our Himalayan country. Sandwiched between the two most populous and powerful countries of Asia we had no alternative but to keep our country an area of peace between the two giants on our borders if we wanted to develop our country with their aid. I knew that our Samyak Society had reached its greatest period of instability during this prismatic stage of transition when we were facing the crisis of national identity in a multi-ethnic society. Seeing how the dynamics of development in People's Republic of China and India were still an enigma to our leaders I had the feeling on the basis of my study and experience that an all round social development needed a certain balance at this most critical juncture of world history. In such a scheme, the handful of Rana and independent ministers, who represented our three zoogeographical regions and multi-ethnic peoples, did not have ideological biases to disturb our two great neighbours. With their link in the Palace and their influence on the peoples, the A and C. Class Ranas dominated the attitudes and the policies of the new Government in their own particular way. None of the independent ministers, except Mr Bhadrakali Mishra, had strong political ties with India or China.

Social and Political Background of Mr M.P. Koirala

Born at Biratnagar on 1st January, 1912 and brought up in a revolutionary family of the Koiralas I appreciated him for his moderation, practical wisdom and caution in dealing with the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal in all their diversity. As a Subba in the Department of Forestry under General Kaiser Shumshere he was familiar with the idiosyncrasies of the still rich and powerful Ranas who had condescended to become his Ministers. His present elevation to Prime-ministership was attributed to his knowledge of the rules and protocols of the Royal Palace, his personal accommodation with King Tribhuvana and the majority of the heterogenous Nepali Congress party, who had no historical background, material, brain and initiative to give a lead to our nation sandwiched as a 'stunted yam between two big boulders'. In contrast to his ebullient and flamboyant step-brother Mr B.P. Koirala and his revolutionary followers, Mr M.P. Koirala. was the one most inclined to deal with the traditional institution of monarchy respectfully and listen to my idea of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society of Unity in Diversity as a way between Communism and Democracy..

Without as yet the long established and entrenched bureaucracies hidebound into traditional methods that existed in Imperial China, British India or the Czarist Russia, I felt that the new Prime-minister and his Cabinet colleagues could be more receptive than the Rana-Congress Coalition. Now that the Rana's prisoner of the Palace had emerged as our beloved sovereign, I saw no reason why the Ghaṇṭākarna (the Bell in the Ears of Pāsupatāchārya) should not lead the way with his basic thinking of a Samyak Society. For, this was a country where we had preserved everything by worshipping it from time immemorial. The problems before us were to rouse the revolutionary Rip-van Winkles from their Utopian dreams of cut-throat competition for their personal pelf and power to the realities of our spiritual Shangri-la of Samyak Society.

On November 18 the new Prime-minister called a meeting of all the officials at Singha Durbar to meet the members of the new Cabinet. When the band struck up the salute, some of the Rana-partisans tried to break the meeting by raising the false alarm of earthquake. However, there was no stampede.

On November 21 I was happy to learn from the Prime-minister to my relief that Mr Peter Aufschnaiter had now arrived at Kutu (Nyanam) and had referred to me in his letter for permission to visit Nepal. Seeing how such eminent explorers of the Himalayas as Professor Tucci, Mr Tilman and Mr Shipton were one in thinking that the Survey of India maps were pure guess works so far as details were concerned, I advised our Prime-minister that Mr P. Aufschnaiter thoroughly explored the highlands of Kutu, Tingri and Kyirong before he entered Nepal. Whereas the fate of the two Austrians in Tibet had been making headlines in Europe and America after Lowell Thomas wrote his chapter on their escape to Shangri-la, I was interested to find that Prince Peter of Greece, who was in Kathmandu at the time, knew everything about the present whereabouts of Mr Aufschnaiter to the chagrin of the Indian Embassy who suspected every foreigner a spy. Then, too, I advised Mr M.P. Koirala to facilitate the coming visit of Professor G. Tucci to Nepal, so that we may be able to bring out our 'materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture' as early as possible. On the following day the mortal relics of Śārīputra and Mogdalyāyana were flown to India with greater reverence than they were received under the superstitious Rana-Congress Coalition Government.

King Tribhuvana's Visit to Tarai

There was a march-past parade on December 5 in honour of new C. Class Rana Commander-in-Chief, who was heard to pick at his A. Class Rana cousins with 'I am C—in—C'. The Nepalese army was still spick and span, sizable and capable of delivering goods with their ramshackle looking but sturdy Pipa-auxiliaries, though they were without their boots in the cold month of December.

Reading what I had at the time of the efficiency of the Turkish soldiers in their fighting in Korea without the luxury of boots, I thought that our brave soldiers could discharge themselves as satisfactorily despite this handicap. On December 6, I gave a dinner to Professor Clark of London, with whom I had the pleasure of discussing the importance of Prakrit, Sanskrit, Nepali, Newari, Kirati, Bhojpuri, Maithili and other local dialects and also what part these languages had played at different periods of our linguistic history. The relations of Prakrit and Pali (the court language of Magadha) was no less interesting.

On December 10 King Tribhuvana went out on a tour of the Tarai districts of Nepal to study the position of Bhojpuri, Maithili and other local dialects vis--a-vis the growing clamour for Hindi by the Indian partisans. The greatest asset of China was that she had one Chinese language to provide unity for her people. Everybody in Nepal understood the official Nepali court language despite her Babel of local dialects. I wondered what the pro-Indians intended by clamouring for the introduction of Hindi in our Tarai, which nobody understood. On the other hand, price-rise of the necessaries of life had raised new problems. While the King was still on his tour, Maharaja Mohun left for his haven of Bombay for good with all he had possessed in the shape of gold bullion without let or hindrance by the Customs office of Nepal. On December 21 the King returned from his purposeful tour of the Tarai, which was undertaken with the concept of development rather than of big-game-hunting in its jungles.

The most interesting event of December 25th was the investiture of Professor Sir Ralph Turner with the order of Gorkha Dakshina-vahu (Right Hand of the Gorkhas) for his *Comparative and Etymological Dictionary of the Nepali Language* by tracing the roots of our language to Sanskrit. Then, Mr M. P. Koirala asked me whether I would be available for his official visit to New Delhi on the 6th

of January, 1952 to meet the Indian Prime-minister and the officials of the Government of India. Happy with the prospect I brought to the notice of our Prime-minister an article of Mr William C. Bullit, who had described India as an immense country containing 357 million people, with enormous resources and superb fighting men, but which neither could feed nor defend herself against serious attacks. Among other things Mr Bullit wrote that an Indian lived on average 27 years with an income of about 50 dollars, of whom 90 per cent could neither read or write. The revenue of about \$840 million was 7/10th of the amount spent each year by the Municipal Government of the city of New York. The peoples spoke 15 major languages and and 210 minor dialects with the result that the Indian Parliament carried on the debates in English, prepared state-papers in English and the orders in the army were given in the same language. Whereas the caste system had divided the Hindus, millions of Mohommadans had become islands in the secular state of India as a result of the partition.

Three major forces held India together namely, the old Civil service cadre consisting of 320 men trained by the British, the British trained officers and army and the Congress party. After 5 years of independence life had become no easier for the peoples, who suffered from shortage of food and famine, where the population multiplied by about four million each year as both the Hindus and the Moslems opposed the idea of family planning. About 4/9th of the total income was spent on national defence on troops deployed against Pakistan and 9% went to debt service leaving about four hundred million dollars for all the expenses involved in irrigating the arid lands of India, in governing and in representing abroad 357 million peoples, who were already taxed to their limits. Sacred monkeys, cows and peacocks consumed about 3 million tons of foodgrain each year, for which the Government of the United States had been supplying about two million tons of foodgrain at a cost of 190 million dollars. As there was a very poor accumulation of private capital due to the habit of hoarding by individuals, India needed foreign capital to finance her development schemes. Since the British and the Commonwealth of Nations had very little to spare at the present moment, India had no alternative but to depending upon the supply of capital from the U.S.A.

Another problem of India were Communists, who believed that her gigantic problems could not be sloved by recourse to reason and democracy but only by the force of Communist dictatorship. The Government was building roads and putting checkposts at every ten

miles into the Communist-held pockets in order to stop them. Under the circumstances, war would produce a threat to India's north and north-east frontier, if India did nothing to alleviate the economic condition of the northern races. Mr. Nehru's concept of 'land to the tiller' would create further problems of distributing poverty if he does not take effective measures to increase production according to the condition of the country in which those people lived.

Talking about the military power-structure of India, the army composed of 290,00 infantry men, and the navy consisting of one antiquated British cruiser, 4 old Destroyers and 16,000 naval men and the air-force consisting of 100 fighters and bombers and 60 C-47 transport planes were only sufficient to defend the country against its smaller neighbour including Pakistan whose armed forces were two third that of India. Indian steel production was one million ton as against American production of ten million tons a year. India produced some revolvers, rifles, maxim-guns and a few artillery pieces but no major weapons. Gone was magnificent fighting force of two million men of World War II, whose mechanised units received their supply of gasolene and petroleum products from foreign countries. India did not produce oil.

Supposed to be an expert on China Mr. Bullit believed that Mr. Mao Tse-tung's army was by far the stronger than the Indian army could ever hope to be, if she continued to rely on her resources. Mr. Bullit believed that it was only the heroic defence of the French soldier in Indo-China, however, that prevented the sweep of large Communist forces across Siam and Burma to India's north-east frontier. But the Chinese hand since occupied Tibet.

Concluding, Mr Bullit said that the white-domination neurosis and the envy of the American and the British power was translated by the upper-class Indians into a defense contempt for American vulgarity which could not rise to the heights of Indian spirituality despite its military potential. Mr Nehru's whole life and training was in opposition to power-neurosis against his father transferred to Britain and then to the United States of America. Mr Nehru thought that the Americans were vulgar and immature and took his decisions on his emotions rather than on facts. No trained socialist, he presumed to run a Socialist State. Mr Nehru was not a Communist, but a Marxian Socialist of Harold Lasky's school. He based his ambitions on one fact and illusion. The fact was that despite all the economic misery of her multi-ethnic peoples India was stronger than any other state in the area

except Communist China, and his illusion was that he could cooperate with China in dividing into Chinese and Indian spheres of influence that portion of Asia which was not controlled by the Soviet Union. Thus Mr Nehru dreamt of the day when the Sleeping Lion of Chinese Communism and the Lamb of Indian Socialism would lie down together as friends in an Asiatic meadow of tranquillity by gathering all the newly independent countries of the British Empire into his sphere of influence.

Finally, I thanked our Prime-minister for having given me this opportunity to meet Mr Nehru and all the prominent members of the Indian Government in their Capital with the blessings of our far-sighted King.

Our Visit to New Delhi

On January 6th we emplaned for New Delhi, by the C. V. C. Dakota, which gave me an opportunity of seeing the Gosain-kund, Ganesh Himal, Annapurna with its famous Macchapuchre (Fish tail), Dhaulagiri and the Himalayan ranges of Western Nepal till we reached our destination after about three and half hours. Our hosts had not arrived at the air-port, so that our pilot made us sick by his aerial displays till we touched down at the Palam Airport after about another half-hour. After a brief ceremony at the airport I was rushed to luxurious hotel, where the elegance and polite manners of the upper-class society of New Delhi stood in shocking contrast to the squalor and misery of the dwellers in Old Delhi. Back to my parlour I picked a copy of the *Discovery of India* by Mr J. L. Nehru, which said that the industrial revolution in Western Europe was the result of colonialism in Asia and Africa and that India could take pride in the fact that she greatly helped the Industrial revolution of England. Mr Nehru believed that the independence of India helped the cause of humanity as he surveyed the vast progress made by the United States in about 150 years after American War of Independence. He raked memories of the Indian Mutiny and attacked the Gorkhas for helping the British to quell the rebellion, which according to the author was calculated to put India on the path of progress.

For all the Indian hatred of the British Colonial power, I had the feeling that the enlightened English people had injected democratic vitality to the Indians through the medium of Mr Allan Octavian Hume, who had organised in 1885 the Indian National Congress. Whereas our Rana rulers had let Nepal down for more than a century, the British had introduced the tradition of a free press, unified India under one law

and put up transport and communication so that the high caste Hindus, Moslems and the low caste Bhangis and Chamars could travel in the same railway and ship, which levelled down the barriers of caste and creed by practical means. Compared with our latest revolution to remove the Ranas from power, I admired the British for their last noble act of quitting India in 1947.

I had great admiration for Mahatma Gandhi, whose dedicated life and teaching had offered hope to millions of Indians to dedicate themselves to the uplift of the downtrodden masses. When Mr Mao Tse-tung was on his Long March to Yenan, he was trying to build a classless society by unifying India in the bond of one language and script on the model of China. Apostle of non-violence and non-cooperation, he was opposed to Mr Subas Bose's idea of liberating India from the British by mounting the hay-horses of Japanese Imperialism. An opponent of the vivisection of India as anti-national, he had travelled in a third class compartment to Noakhali in Bengal in order to bring about Hindu-Moslem unity on the very day when Lord Louis Mountbatten had discovered the auspicious day to invest the Congress leaders with political power. Mr Gandhi admitted that he had learnt punctuality, reticence, public hygiene, independent thinking and exercise of judgment from the British people. A student of the Bhagavadgita, he did not know how the Samyak-dharma of Nepal had gone to influence the world with its wholesome principles. But unlike Lenin, this angel of peace met a violent end like Hitler and Mussolini who had deluged the world in blood. I had already seen something of Mr Nehru as the show-boy of Indian politics after Mahatma Gandhi at Kathmandu but I was thrilled by the prospect of meeting the Indian leaders in the capacity of an expert on Nepal's relations with Tibet and China.

On the 7th of January, 1952 I felt a little uneasy at the meeting, when the Prime-ministers of Nepal and India faced each other at the centre of the parlour, while our Home-minister read a report of Communist activity in our country, which had become the headaches of the Indian leaders with the insurrections of Dr K. I. Singh and Mr Bhim Dutt. Then Mr Nehru beat about the bush for half an hour telling us about the Congress Movement and his latest election campaigns on his Dakota which usually required 1800 yards to land, and how his expert pilot manouevred on narrow rural airstrips. Then he came to the point by telling us that he was going to send a military mission to Nepal in order to reorganise our army. Our Prime-minister asked our opinion, and we

told him that our public was already disturbed by the presence of Indian political advisers and that the peoples of Nepal would resent nothing so much as the idea of Indian officers being asked to teach our brave army how to soldier, specially because we had long taken pride in the reputation of the Gorkhas as fighters in favour of the Allies in all the theatres of the two world wars. Knowing what I had of the Chinese attitude towards Indian interference in Nepal way back in 1946, I was of the opinion that Indian presence in the independent army of Nepal may be interpreted by the People's Republic of China as organising our country for defence against our northern neighbour contrary to our tradition. Situated between two giants of Asia Mr Nehru's idea appeared topsy-turvy in the present context of the international situation. At this, our Prime-minister told the Indian Prime-minister that we would be sending our officers for training in India and abroad. But Mr Nehru seemed to have other ideas and persisted in deputing Indian Military Mission. But we opposed the new assumptions and myths of the Indian leaders vehemently so that the Indian Defense Minister, Mr Ayenger wanted to take the question separately.

On the question of fifteen crores of loan Mr Nehru happily told us that he would make the amount available for the development of Nepal despite their economic handicaps. Situated between two giants of Asia with Himalayan problems I wondered how this petty loan was going to solve the economic problems of our peoples who matched the mountains by their backs.

On the question of Tibet partly Sir Girija Shankar Bajpai asked us to toe the Indian line in our policy. As a Nepalese Representative in Tibet as late as 1946-50 I told those assembled very frankly that we had our own treaty of 1856 with that country and that we were going to take up the question of Tibet independently with China on the basis of our tradition. This appeared to touch the Indian leaders to the quick, who stood up to roar their disapproval with one voice till Mr Nehru spoke with a little bit of curiosity that I had been in Lhasa after all.

After the conference, the India Prime-minister invited our motley Ministers to lunch with him. We went shopping till the reception thrown out by our Ambassador, General Bijaya Shumshere at the Nepalese Embassy at 6 P.M. As the foreign diplomats watched in amazement, fair-looking

Mr Nehru and his elegant daughter Indira attracted all the attention in the party with their histrionics, while nobody seemed to take us seriously. I overheard some foreign diplomats say, 'What is this? This is monchey (monkey) play.' The most elegantly dressed man was still General Bijaya, though the brief internecine strife in our home had broken the myths of the Gorkhas as one of the smartest army-men in all parts of the world. I felt inclined to show my back to flashlights and the clicks of the cameras when somebody whispered into my ears that the Ambassador of the People's Republic of China and Mr K.M. Pannikar were looking about for me. Seeing how new assumption and old myths had become casualties in our high-level conference, I saw a host of perils in meeting at this party of the Chinese Ambassador and Mr Pannikar. For, the most important thing to our leaders in Nepal at the time was to win the domestic game with Indian backing in the teeth of mushrooming opposition. I felt inclined to think after the first highlevel conference that most of the things that the Nepalese and the Indian leaders seemed to be doing was not really to advance the interest of their respective countries with a long view of things in the international context, but to win their political games inside their own countries.

I was told early on January 8 that Mr Nehru had personally instructed Mr. R.N. Chopra, the Chief of Indian Protocol, to see that I took part in the interviews of the Public Service Commission of India as an observer. I understood the hint and submitted all my working papers on our relations with Tibet and China to our Prime-minister with a sense of relief. In a way I was happy that I was not going to be drawn deeper in the highlevel quagmire of discussions in New Delhi, where arguments were futile. Whereas my rival laughed at my discomfiture, I spent lonely day thinking about the tactics of pulling the chestnut of our traditional foreign policy out of the present inferno as and when opportunity presented itself. There was buffet-dinner at the Gymkhana Club for 72 guests, where our ill-clad ministers with their funny mannerism seemed to shock the sense and sensibility of the members of the Club, who seemed to be peeping from the ante-rooms. At this stage the Italian Ambassador approached me to discuss the coming visit of Professor G. Tucci for carrying from Tibet to Nepal. As we turned to leave the Hall, fashionable dancers from the ante-rooms emerged to take floor and wrestle with their partners saying 'Gone are they' in a peculiar tone of relief.

On January 9th we were invited to lunch at the American Embassy at 12. P. M., where we were served gimlette and soft drinks with the treat of a sumptuous lunch of American flavour. Everybody seemed to be surprised by the way I dressed and behaved independently in the party under the watchful eyes of the Indian Protocol, who tried to show their contempt for us by presenting us in a patronising and gracious mood. Evidently Mr R. N. Chopra was disturbed and reminded me of my appointment with the Public Service Commission at 2-30 P. M.

As luck would have it, I was happy to to meet my old tennis-chum, Mr P. L. Mehta and my counterpart in Tibet, Mr Harisvar Dayal, both of whom had come to take part as observers in the selection of their respective candidates in the interview. Mr Bannerjee happened to be the Chairman of Commission with four members, who interviewed the candidates over cups of tea. As the candidates filed in, they put questions by turn with their own system of marking and cast away the files without comparing their notes, which the peons removed to another room for checking them. Compared with us, all the members of the Public Service Commission drew a very fat salary in the best tradition of the British Empire. After the interviews Mr P. L. Mehta took me round New Delhi and helped me to purchase a wrist watch.

On January 10th we took off from the Palam air-port at 9-40 A. M. and reached Agra at 10-30 A. M. where the Taj had lost all its charm for me. Leaving Agra at 2-40 P. M. we reached the ancient city of Banaras at 4-35 P. M., where the Prime-minister and party were accomodated in the Circuit House while we were housed in Hotel-de-Paris with the pilots.

Early on January 11th I had my swim in the Holy Ganges amid familiar scenes, paid my homage to the phallus of Kāsi-visvanātha and repaired to the robust stupa of Risipattana, where Śakyamuni had turned the Eight-spoked wheel of Law by the bank of the Ganges, which had changed her course by about five miles from the old site. Then, too, I had a hard close view of the edict of Aśoka, which was addressed primarilly to Mahā-mātras, monks, nuns, worshippers, officers and inhabitants of the district to hold the *Uposatha* Service celebrated on the full-moon day, the fourteenth day of the dark fortnight and the eighth day of the bright and dark fortnights respectively. To the Buddhists these are days of religious observance and abstinence from sexual enjoyments, as the Sabbaths are to the Jews and the Christians. On these Uposatha days, all the monks assemble in their

monasteries and the text of Patimokkha is read out section by section. On the other hand, the Indian pilots and stewards seemed to be interested in purchasing the cheapest articles in the shops of Banaras to sell them in Nepal at a high price. It appeared to me that the air-pilots and the crews of a ship were one in that they knew what to purchase and where to sell the goods. On our way back to the airport, I was distressed to find our Premier and party waiting anxiously for the pilots, who took off at 2-40 P. M. amid kites and vultures to reach the ancient city of Pātaliputra (Patna) in about 50 minutes. The C. V. C. was refuelled at Patna and the pilots took off at 4 P. M. to give me the first bird's eye view of mango-groves villages, rivers and forests, which gave birth to Buddhism to link the ancient races of the Finno-Dravid Kirātas, Indians, Indo-Aryans, Mangoloid and Chinese peoples. As I looked on the meandering rivers in the flat plains of India I was reminded of their sources in Mānasarovara, hot-springs of Kyirong and the highlands of Tingri, which cut their passages through the barriers of the Himalayas to set up and maintain communications between the trans-Himalayan and the Himalayan peoples from time immemorial. As the Gauri-Śankar heaved in my view, I found our ruinless landscape full of contrasts to the ruin-filled landscapes of Delhi, Agra, Banaras and Patna. Indeed, Nepal had developed a form of Samyak-syncretism and gathered in her imperishable monuments every sphere of religion and culture and such tolerance among our multi-ethnic peoples in their world-view as might set an example to the Communists on the north and democratic socialists of the south. On landing we heard that the officers and men were waiting at Gauchar airport since 2 P. M. and some of them even apprehended an air-crash.

Differences Between Mr M.P. Koirala and Mr B.P. Koirala

Mr M.P. Koirala's patronage of several old hands like myself, Sirdar Gunja Man Singh and our ilk appeared to have disturbed Mr B.P. Koirala, who wanted to run the state of Nepal on socialistic basis without understanding the community-conviction of a Samyak Society, which had attracted peoples from countries as far away as Mongolia, China, Korea, Japan, India and Central Asiatic countries to the holy places of Nepal. Whereas the Nepalese peoples had shown a penchant for the rule of kings from the days of the Kirāta, Mr B.P. Koirala wanted to achieve socialistic progress through revolutionary means and appealed for a vital economic policy designed to prevent the Chinese Communists from taking advantage of the situation in Nepal. On the other hand, Mr M.P. Koirala used King Tribhuvan as his main support

and ordered the officers and men to attend the Samyak Ceremony, which was organised on the 15th of January, 1952 at the foot of the Swayambhu--hill to show his rival what Nepal had achieved to gather people from all parts of the world to make to Nepal an area of peace with her Soldiers of God. One of the Nepalese merchants had financed the Ceremony while the peoples of Tibet, China, Mongolia, India and Ceylon liberally contributed to gild the important stupas and pagodas with gold. His Majesty King Tribhuvana personally attended the ceremony, and the purification ritual did not have the Brahmānnic orientation of ideas of the Rana regime, when Yangtse Lama taught the ideals of our Samyak-dharma in 1923 during the feudalistic rule of Maharaja Chandra Shumshere. The hostility of Chandra Shumshere to the Samyak tradition of Nepal was still green in my memory, when I reminded the Socialist stalwarts that Mr B.P. Koirala's concept of achieving progress through revolutionary means could hardly send a ripple across the complacent surface of the Nepalese society based upon the lost horizon of the norms of Samyak-dharma. Handful of our selfish rulers under Brahmānnic hegemony had introduced divisive elements to divide our peoples so that they may rule Nepal with their own, selfish motives in view whereas Nepalese people had chosen to see God through their own eyes and live in unity amid diversity in all the three zoo-geographical regions of our country. The Samyak ceremony was a link in the chain of our spiritual development. The salvation of our nation lay in rediscovering the lost horizon of our Samyak Society as a new way between Communism and Socialism, so that we may survive as a distinct entity between People's Republic of China and Socialist India. But the enigmatic party men proceeded with their own precooked charades against Mr M.P. Koirala's support of the Samyak ceremonies. I felt that the time was not ripe and did not participate in the fruitless argument to achieve progress through revolutionary means at the cost of the Samyak tradition of Nepal.

The Revolt of the Liberation Army

After the counter-revolution of the Gorkhadal, the Congress party had been favouring the newly formed auxiliary force of Raksyā--dal in order to achieve their political end by inciting them to revolt. All the Indians had been telling me at this stage that Nepal was going to be deluged in blood in not too distant future. The Indian Ambassador Mr C.P.N. Singh and the staff of the Indian Embassy seemed to be playing their game to create discord between the Rakshyā-dal and the Nepal

army so that they may advance Mr Nehru's pet theory of sending a military mission to control the defence of Nepal. Seeing what I had of Chinese attitude in Tibet, Indian military presence in Nepal would lead to confrontation between the two populous giants with unforeseen consequences to us. The situation appeared grim, but multi-faced conspiracies, involving various factions had to have their own way, before we achieved the goal of our Samyak Society in the wider context of the world events.

On January 23rd I was up at 2. A.M. to work on inscription, but there was no light. I tried to ring up the electric office but my telephone did not work. Suspecting a foul play I went out to see two Government cars were proceeding towards the Palace at a tearing pace. There were reports of rifles firing from Singha Durbar. I also met a few men on the road on my way to the Royal Palace, where I heard that all the Ministers had a hair-breadth escape and were in the Palace for protection. I learnt there that the Liberation Army had revolted and released Dr K.I. Singh, who had summoned Mr Tanka Prasad Acharya and the Congress Minister Ganeshman Singh to act as Intermediaries between him and the King and that they had already shuttled back and forth for negotiations.

Fortunately I met the key-man, Colonel Padam Bahadur Shah, who told me that the Royal army had been closing on in the Singha Durbar. The Indian Ambassador was there with the advice of landing Indian army contingents to quell the revolt before our cowering ministers. Colonel Padam Bahadur Shah assured the Ministers that there was no need for the Indian army to rescue us and that the loyal Royal army could take care of the situation. Seeing how the Liberation army had seized such key Government establishments as the central Secretariat of Singha-Durbar, the prisons, the radio-station, the wireless, the telephone offices, the artillery cartridge--stores, the treasury, His Majesty's Government, Mint, arsenals and other Government establishments of Kathmandu, it was a feat for the unarmed Royal army to face the undisciplined and disaffected recruits, whom Mr B. P. Koirala and General Subarna Shumshere had created out of the military wing of the Nepali Congress.

Under correct leadership the Gorkhas had lived through the sequence of disasters consequent upon the rise of totalitarianism of two world wars as the soldiers of God. After not quite two years of national upri-

sings against the Ranas Nepal trembled with the strange and many--faced fever of humanity. Inspired by the Indian socialists some of our leaders were inclined to describe the Gorkhas as ugly mercenaries on the fair faces of Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan, India, Burma and Malaya, where they were welcomed as domiciles for purposes of defence. How few of our ambitious leaders realised that Nepal had lived through great periods of revolutionary changes from the early reign of the Kirāta kings, which had already provided to the world examples in flesh and blood of the invisible and unknown soldiers of Paśupati during the two world wars. This was, therefore, the opportunity to prove to the Indian Ambassador how we thrived under discipline and could take care of the situation all by ourselves independent of the Indian army.

On receiving necessary orders from King Tribhuvana, our unarmed army moved in batches to bid the armed Rakshyā--dal pickets to deliver their arms and occupy their posts by disarming them. With the dawn of day I reached the gate of Singha--Durbar where I met Colonel Surendra Bahadur Shah. The rebels had mistaken Surendra Bahadur Shah for his cousin Padam Bahadur Shah who was in charge of the Jangi--Adda, which constituted a comedy of errors to our great amusement. I was able to get a true picture of the dramatic events in Singha--Durbar to the effect that Dr K.I. Singh, the ambitious astrologer Mr A.P. Kharel who predicted the Raja--chhatra--yoga for the take--over, Mr Ram Prasad Rai of the secessionist Kirāti organisation and Mr Tek Bahadur Thakuri had been released from detention by the Rakshyā--dal on the previous night and then acclaimed Dr K.I. Singh as the leader. Under his orders pickets of Rakshyā--dal occupied all the important Government establishments and set the prisoners free from the gaols. Then Dr K.I. Singh engaged Mr Ganesh Man Singh and Mr Tanka Prasad Acharya to carry five--point proposals to King Tribhuvana to the effect that His Majesty should form an all--party representative Government, convene a conference of all political parties in order to outline a programme of action for the government, prepare a five--year plan of development with the cooperation of all political parties, establish friendly relations with all neighbouring countries on the basis of equality and carry out all duties with the best interest of the nation in view. It appeared to me that the suggestions were most constructive under the situation, but unable to get a favourable reply from the palace, Dr K.I. Singh and a band of his long--time followers had fled through the back--

door of Singha Durbar on his way to Tibet, which gave him the brand of Communist in Indian eyes.

After my morning meal I proceeded to the houses of the Indian advisers, who seemed to be shaking in their shoes. An Indian military plane flying over the vale of Kathmandu restored to them their peace of mind. There was an exchange of fire between the Rakshyā-dal and the Royal army near the temple of Lumadi (Bhadrakali) with two fatal casualties, which brought the situation under control.

On January 24th the refractory Rakshyā-dal was rounded up and Messrs Agni Prasad Kharel and Tek Bahadur were rearrested and gaoled. I saw the wives of the para-military police force shedding bitter tears in the streets of Kathmandu because their husbands were being rounded up. It was now getting clear that the leaders of the Gorkha-dal backed by the reactionary Ranas and the political malcontents had incited the Rakshyā-dal to revolt. The Indian newspapers reported that there was a Communist revolt in Nepal while the broadcasts from Moscow seemed to take undue interest in the affairs of Nepal, Kashmir, Burma and Imphal. At this critical juncture King Tribhuvana promptly declared a state of emergency by giving full power to Mr M. P. Koirala to deal with the situation. So the Prime-Minister declared the Rastriya-mahasabha and the Communist party illegal on January 25th for their alleged support of the revolt. The Rakshyā-dal was disbanded while its loyal units were incorporated into the Civil Police under the command of Mr G. B. Yakthumba.

The brief episode of Dr K. I. Singh gave a new handle to the ideas of Mr Nehru, who immediately sent Mr Husker and a military expert on January 27th, 1952 for an exploratory assessment of the situation at the request of our Ambassador Major General Bijaya Shumshere in New Delhi, who had already interceded with the Indian authorities to get his father removed from the job of Prime-ministership during the Rana-Congress Coalition.

On January 29th I received a note from Mr Peter Aufschnaiter saying that he had arrived from Tibet. I fixed him up in a hotel at Putali-sadak and discussed the various passes lying between Nepal and Tibet, for example, the Dorje-lakpa, Pangula in the Gosainthan region of the Himalayas and the inscription in Chinese characters standing beyond the famous bridge of the Nepalese frontier post Rasua-gadi in the region of the village of Kyirong to delimit the traditional boundary between Nepal and Tibet

after the Nepal-China war of 1772 A. D. I was happy to learn that he had extensively travelled the obscure border between Nepal and Tibet with his undying flare for adventure and mountaineering, which had not been done by any European so far. I also learnt from my Austrian friend how the Chinese looked on the Indian intrigues in Nepal with great apprehension. The Chinese were spreading the rumour in Tibet that power had not been transferred to the Indian people, and how Mr Nehru and his ilk were only the running dogs of the White-House and the lackeys of British Imperialism. Despite Mr Nehru's idea of settling the issues of Tibet by negotiations, the Chinese were saying that the Indian authorities were still trying to separate Tibet from the rest of China and to use it as a backdoor for further aggression. Against such a background in Tibet, the escape of Dr K. I. Singh and his followers into Tibet through the pass of Malala raised many questions in my mind by the last week of January 1952.

The brief episode of Dr K. I. Singh dramatised the vulnerability of our Government to an armed coup and demonstrated the need for a reliable and well-disciplined army on modern lines for our survival. On January 30th the Indian political and Military Mission appeared to have informed our Government that it was impossible for them to depend upon the Nepal army and the civilians in the teeth of popular opposition and that they were going to bring two companies of the Indian troops for the defence of the Indian Embassy and the Gauchar airport respectively. We felt the need for the reorganization of the army, civil police and general administration from the slump of Rana traditions. But while Mr G. B. Yakthumba undertook to train the police forces on his own initiative, the C. Class Rana C-in-C., who avoided his capture by a freak of chance on the night of Dr K. I. Singh's coup, did not have confidence in himself to formulate military policies to create a new hierarchy based upon merit rather than birth. Then, too, such staunch Indian civil servants as Mr Shri Nagesh and Mr Bridge Narayan who wanted to train efficient Nepalese Government servants on their own traditions, seemed to have come into conflict with the Indian Ambassador, whose interference in Nepalese politics had gone beyond the limits of our endurance. The first act in this drama of the Indian Ambassador's interference opened with the dramatic exit of the veteran Indian administrators, who were packing to leave Nepal at the order of Mr C. P. N. Singh.

Foreign Policy

The flight of Dr K.I. Singh to Tibet and the arrival of Mr P. Aufschnaiter with an authentic account of the Liberation of Tibet helped

me to impress Mr M.P. Koirala with the necessity of steering clear of the two power blocs and of obtaining membership of United Nations on the international level, for which the Ranas had been already working. With their unusual capacity for deceiving, the Indian and the Rana leaders had made errors and that the first interim Rana-Congress Coalition was so much involved in petty personal affairs that both the parties could spare little attention to the most important question of foreign policy. The steady growth of anti-Indian feeling had already led many prominent Nepali leaders to demand diplomatic relations with China while some cautioned that Mr Mao Tse-tung had once listed Nepal as one of the Five Fingers the British had seized from China. Nothing could be further from the truth in that the missions that were exchanged between Nepal and China from the period of the Licchavi kings were of the nature of embassies from one court to another and had invariably been treated with the honour and consideration due to foreign guests, and their expenses were entirely borne by the Chinese Government. The Nepalese profited by far the most in the exchange of presents and were merely channels by which we tried to keep up our traditional friendly intercourse with the Chinese Government because of Nepal's heavy stakes in Tibet.

Under the circumstances, I gave Mr Aufschnaiter's version of the liberation of Tibet contrary to the easy assumption of the Government of India that they would settle the fate of Tibet by negotiations as follows.

“Long before the battle for Kham in October, 1950 the first districts to be occupied by the Chinese Communists in the month of July were in Western Tibet just north of Ruthok on the Ladakh frontier of India where five frontiers tended to converge. At approximately the same time the Chinese troops had arrived at the Gertse district Changthang from their starting point in Sikang crossing very high desert-like country of about 16,000 feet altitude for about a stretch of 200 miles. By 1951 the Chinese troops stationed at Gertse had been diverted to Ruthok, so that the high Tibetan officers like, for example, the two Garpons (Viceroys), Dzonpons (district officers) and wireless operators of Gartok, Ruthok, Purang as well as the Bongpa Chikhyab of Gyabnab had returned to Lhasa from their headquarters in Western Tibet.

“After the fall of Kham small batches of Chinese troops appear to have moved as far as the monastery of Pembar to the east of Sharong-la

pass where they had halted for a considerable time. On the 12th of September 1951, these troops appeared before Lhasa under the leadership of the Tibetan Governor General Gnabu, who had surrendered to the Chinese forces in Kham. After this event, troops poured in great number occupying all the approaches of the Lhasa-Gyantse-Shigatse triangle, where it was impossible for anybody to get out of the sight of the troops along the main highways.

“The next concentration of troops was in the table-land of Tingri, where all the houses were requisitioned, old forts reconditioned and new barracks built for the Chinese troops. The Chinese troops that had arrived in Central Tibet had adequate uniform and had better looks and physique than those employed in the campaign of Kham on the border of Eastern Tibet”.

Mr Aufschnaiter claimed that he was present at the questioning of the soldiers with their Chinese safe-conduct passes and short course of indoctrination, who had been captured in the battle of Chamdo at Kham. From the statement given by the Chinese soldiers independently, it appeared that the Tibetan ‘Ka’ battalion under the command of Muja Depon (Colonel) had put up a very stiff resistance causing serious losses to the Chinese and fighting with determination till their ammunition was exhausted. A swashbuckling Khamba of doubtful loyalty at the time I was in Lhasa, he had fought a brilliant rearguard action and fallen back in good order in a place known as Dengko on the frontier of Upper Yangtse-kiang. The Khamba ‘Ka’ battalion was not designed for retreat. When troops went to the front line they took their families with them. Muja’s men, women and children were from the district of Tsang; and they moved with tents, pots, pans, carpets and butter-churns, bundles of clothes, and babies in bundles in their mother’s backs as auxiliaries. Before going to fight, the redoubtable Colonel Muja had addressed his army as follows: “If I advance, follow me; but if I waver and retreat, shoot me,” while the women began to unpack at once, lit fires and brewed tea without any panic or anxiety. The lotus-eating Lhasa officials had been apprehensive of revolt from this gallant army. But the inscrutable Governor General had cast off his mask of self-assurance and sent an order to surrender in this time of stress. But Colonel Muja had become the national hero. How much he was in the mind of the peoples was shown by the fact that his name was associated with all the important events of war ever afterwards. Then, too, the Chinese

respected Colonel Muja as the brave man, who had been unwavering in his loyalty under the most difficult circumstances while he was held as a prisoner in Chamdo. As late as October 1951, the Government of the Dalai Lama honoured Colonel Muja with a high office at Shigatse with an annual remuneration of 800 loads of grain for the rest of his life. Other Lhasa officers (like our high class Ranas and nobles of Kathmandu) were branded as traitors. As for armaments the Tibetans were well-equipped with British rifles, Bren and Sten guns, mortars, mountain-howitzers and hand-grenades, and they were provided with adequate battle dress and rations. What the Tibetans lacked was technical and tactical advice and training.

On the other hand, the Chinese officers and men were clad in their Khaki cotton-padded uniforms, peaked caps with Red Star badges and were armed with purposeful-looking Russian-style tommy-guns for a batch of three men. They subsisted on barley grain boiled in water, and sometimes on horse-meat. After the surrender the Chinese troops set up a newsreel camera, and gave back to the Tibetan soldiers the rifles that had been taken from them. Then they all sat down and were served with tea and cigarettes. Then one of the Chinese officers addressed the Tibetan troops as follows: "We bring you peace. We have come to liberate you from the foreign barbarians. The Chinese and the Tibetans are brothers—one people, one race, one nation. We have been separated by foreigners, who have sat like vampires on you to keep you apart from the motherland. The People's Liberation Army has come to set you free from the stranglehold of the foreign devils. The Chinese are going to respect Tibetan religion and local customs."

There was not, however, the Russian slogan of "the workers of the world, unite" in order to throw off the chains of the exploiting classes.

Mr. P. Aufschnaiter confirmed that the Communists had learnt from the mistakes of previous Chinese invaders of Tibet. There was no sacking of monasteries and had the monks thanking the gods for their deliverance. On the other hand, the Chinese made it clear that they had no quarrel with the Tibetan religion and took care not to cause offence by irreverence. They treated the Tibetan people kindly and correctly by paying for what they bought from them. The Chinese army did not live off the country as each soldier carried a week's emergency rations in the form of a sausage-like bandolier of meat and rice and they tackled the

tremendous supply problem most successfully. The Communist soldiers had strict orders to respect the persons and property of the civilians and to make friends with them by all possible means. There was not the old contemptuous word *man-tze*, meaning barbarian in the present vocabulary, and no Chinese troops in Tibet had behaved so well before. Cleverest of all was the way the Chinese solved the prisoners-of-war problem by giving the Tibetan troops safe-conduct passes and money and telling them to go to Lhasa with their wives and children and spread the good tidings that the Chinese Liberation Army had arrived to free them from the American and British Imperialists and their running dogs. However, they had captured Mr Robert Ford and his Indian assistants, who operated the Radio Station as spies.

Mr P. Aufschnaiter became the Lion of the Season after I introduced him to our Prime-minister. The arrival of the Austrian with the authentic reports about the Chinese claim of liquidating the corrupt reactionary clique in China and their behaviour in helping the Tibetans to build hospitals, schools, roads and to develop their agriculture and industries synchronised with the historic broadcast of the first Nepal Government Budget over the Nepal Radio on February 2, 1952. As the Chinese emphasised on the development of Tibet's resources and of raising the economic standard of the living of the common people, the aim of our Government was defined as that of raising the standard of the people, not by leveling down and distributing existing wealth, but by developing the resources of the country and by increasing national wealth and production. The new Cabinet also carried out many social and economic reforms by abolishing many feudal monopolies of the Rana family and by making command posts in military and civilian establishments available to officers from any ethnic and caste community. The feudal privileges of the Brahmins and the Ranas on the basis of the dictum of *Dvaipāyana* were attacked by making proposals to abolish them. The Government also attacked the caste-laws by publishing an order requiring schools to admit students from the so far untouchable castes. Gambling banned and some of the traditional festivities involving the ceremonial sacrifices of the animals by choking them to death was abolished. The guidelines for peasant proprietorship, for settling the *Sukumbasis* (landless laborers) and improvement in the relationship between the landlords and the tenants were laid down. After Messrs Srinagesh and Bridge Narayan left, there were talks of establishing immediately a system of administration consisting of honest, loyal, unprejudiced, impartial and public welfare-minded officials,

who could draft laws and rules with the object of uplifting the masses from the slump of the Rana regime.

On February 9, 1952, our Home-minister Mr Surya Prasad Upadhyaya told newsmen that the Tibetan authorities had been asked to extradite Dr K.I. Singh and that he believed that the Government of Tibet would accept the Nepal Government's request. But the authorities of Tibet did not comply. The Nepalese merchants returning from Tibet told us that Dr Singh paid for what he bought and was given asylum in Shigatse. At this fears were expressed in both Nepal and India that the volatile and war-like leader of Nepal would be used by the Chinese Communists to start a communist guerrilla war in Nepal. An important aftermath of Dr K.I. Singh's revolution dramatised the vulnerability of the Government of Nepal to an armed coup and the weak pro-Indian Ministers availed themselves of the opportunity to invite the Indian Military Mission and of getting the Indian officers in uniform to man the check-posts between Nepal and Tibet.

First Visit of the American Ambassador Mr Chester Bowles

On February 15th the American Ambassador, Mr Chester Bowles arrived at Kathmandu accompanied by his family and staff by the overland route of Chandragiri mountains to the booming of 17 gun salute. Already I had preliminary discussions with Mr Paul W. Rose and Father Marshall D. Moran about our staggering problems of poverty, health, education, transport and the feudal structure of our present society in the overall scheme of the Point Four Programme. On the following day he met our Prime-minister, Mr M. P. Koirala, with whom he discussed the world situation vis-a-vis the Communist movement in Tibet in the absence of the Indian Ambassador to the horror of the Indian Government of New Delhi, who asked the latter to justify his existence. So far Nepal maintained diplomatic relations only with Great Britain, India, France and the United States among whom the Indian Ambassador dominated the scene. But the American Ambassador seemed to be disturbed by the occupation of Tibet by the Chinese Communists contrary to the propaganda of India. Now that Dr K.I. Singh had fled into Tibet, the American Ambassador felt that the fall of Nepal from direct invasion or from internal communist revolution would not only place New Delhi in predicament, but also that would be a matter of concern to the entire non-communist world. We assured the American Ambassador that the Tibetans were still sticking to our treaty

of 1856 and the Chinese Liberation forces had not interfered with our trading rights in Tibet. Our Prime-minister assured the American Ambassador that the People's Republic of China would not interfere with the affairs of Nepal provided we settled our border problems with them on traditional lines. Besides, Nepal had the finest soldiers in the world and a patriotic multi-ethnic peoples born and brought up in a Samyak tradition, who had never brooked foreign domination for three thousand years of recorded history. The real problem of Nepal was the cruel burden of poverty, disease, ignorance and the chasm that separated the feudal Ranas from the common peoples. To go by our long unbroken chronology of the Kirātas and the Śākya down to our times, we explained to the Americans that the King was the man we needed.

On the same afternoon Mr Bowles was driven to the Hanumān-dhokā throne room in a resplendent coach accompanied by an honour guard of cavalry with lances and brilliant crimson uniforms and was given the salute of 'the star-spangled banner' played by the Nepalese bands. The ceremony of offering '*pan*' (betel-leaves) and rose-water was performed in the traditional gesture of hospitality, after which the Ambassador presented his credentials and a letter of friendship from President Truman. After the ceremony I was not well enough to attend the buffet dinner given by our Prime-minister in honour of our American guests.

On February 17th I was invited by the American First Secretary, Mr Fraser Wilkins to meet Mr Chester Bowles, Mr Loyd Steere, Clifford Taylor and the Military Attache, Colonel Henderson, whom I had met in New Delhi under Indian surveillance. So, we discussed the various aspects of development during this stage of prismatic transition against the background of the dynamics of economic development in Tibet. Before anything else the Indian Embassy had introduced the Ambassador to a Chinese soldier who had deserted from the Communist army in Tibet. A member of the Communist Youth Brigade he had told the Americans that there were then some twenty thousand Chinese troops in Tibet and that there had been considerable friction with the Tibetans, who had their faith in the Dalai Lama. As a result, the Chinese Communists had relaxed a number of restrictions. The Americans at this time had the paranoid fear of the Reds and half-believed me, when I told them that the Chinese Communists had neither interfered with our trade in Tibet nor with the payment of Rupees ten thousand under the treaty signed in 1856. The American Military Attache, Colonel Henderson got extremely interested when I told him that

we were preparing an accurate map for the contemplated delimitation of our northern border with Tibet on traditional lines. This was the time when the Americans had been fighting the Chinese Communists with disastrous results in Korea, and the American Ambassador seemed to believe in the dictum of Lenin that 'the road to Paris lay through Peking and Calcutta'. Now that Peking under Mr Mao Tse-tung had been working hand-in-gloves with Mr Stalin, Mr Chester Bowles identified the problems of Asia with the minds of Mr Gandhi and Mr Nehru. As a student of Nepalese history and culture I told the Americans very frankly that I did not believe in the idiosyncracies of individual minds or even in '*the Mind and Face of Bolshevism*' to deliver mankind. Unlike in Europe where the Russian Communists had occupied small countries by force, the Chinese Communists had arrived as liberators in Tibet to liberate the Tibetan masses from the shackles of their own feudal society. On the other hand, I told the Americans that the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal with their strange religion of *Lingum* and of *Juggaranaut* could neither go red nor black if her economic and political problems were solved on the basis of her lost horizon of Samyak Society. More important, the world has missed a lot about the Nepalese peoples despite the liberal contribution of Buddha Śākyamuni, our artists and our Gorkhas, to the welfare of the world. Familiarity with the important but invisible Princes of Poverty bred contempt for the *DHARMA-CONSCIOUS* Nepalese peoples among bureaucrats of Nepal and India, who thrived on their discipline. A difficult task at this period of confusion was to discover by researches who we really were.

Nepal's crisis of national identity had been practically solved by the principles and practices of our Samyak Society of unity in diversity, where everybody existed to see God through their own eyes in varied pagoda-temples, stupas and composite image in them, all of which we have fought to preserve through the age. This was the most unique contribution of Nepal, by virtue of which we had managed to survive as an independent nation through the darkest period of colonialism, though the British were successful in supporting the wrong men in the saddle for their own colonial interests. But the British also deserve credit for keeping alive the fighting qualities of the invincible Gorkhas, who have been one of the greatest assets on the side of the Allies in course of the two world wars. No doubt, our modern history was full of contradictions. But a backward people with the longest history was of foreign conquerors the Indians had not the resources, brain and initiative to appreciate the enigma of our spiritual Shangri-la vis-a-vis the Chinese, who had undertaken the task of developing Tibet on the basis

of the Annals of China by dint of their examples rather than by precepts and sermons. Real democracy would be safe in the world, if the civilised nations, made an in-depth survey of the overall ethos of our lost horizon of Samyak Society, which would be congenial for the processes of religious, historical, cultural, architectural, sculptural and social development of our tiny country sandwiched between the People's Republic of China and India. The American Ambassador did not seem to like my idea. But this happened to be a typical day of the spring in Kathmandu, when we all sat basking in sunshine under a speckless sky against the backdrop of the Himalayas before the serene image of Buddha Śākyamuni in the attitude of touching the earth to show that he had achieved enlightenment. They were happy when I changed the topic to weather to tell them that there could be few places in the world with a climate more congenial than the spring of Kathmandu with our celebration of Vasanta-panchami, Holi and horse-racings to speed away the old and herald the new Śaka Year. The monsoon comes in full swing with July and then follows the delightful season of autumn, when the Nepalese peoples celebrate their harvest festivals. Kathmandu had the most equable climate even in winter when the temperature rarely went below freezing point at night and climbed to 70 degrees at noon. I was happy to tell them that Śākyamuni Buddha was the first historical person to claim the Himalayan country as the country of his origin.

On the same day we went to the gorge of Chovar for the laying down of the foundation of the still-born road project of the traditional Vagwati-Bhimphedi road, which the Swiss Engineers had surveyed. This event reminded me of the Inscriptions of our Licchavi King Śiva-deva and Amśuvarmān in the villages of Chāpāgāon and Lele respectively, while the brown Vagwati river snaked her way through the russet coloured earth of Kathmandu to the calcareous rocks of Chovar-gorge believed to be cut asunder by the sword of Manjuśrī. This was the most practical proposition of linking our populous valley to the plains of Tarai digging a tunnel through the Bhimphedi hills. There was a sister-project of putting up a multi-purpose hydro-electric plant at the waterfall of Kulikhani in order to work the miracle of operating the giant fans for ventilating the tunnel as well as alternative source of power for running the aerial ropeway between Dhokaphedi and Mātātirtha. This hydro-electric project was calculated to relieve the tiny hydro-electric installations of Pharping and Sundarijal to supply the needs of the population of the valley with their total capacity of 2,825 kilowatts despite the fact that the snow-fed seven Kośis, Gaṇḍakī and Karnalī river systems,

plunging down from the Himalayan heights, could produce enough source of cheap power to Tibet and India to the ultimate profit of Nepal. But the Indian military Engineers opposed the project on the ground that the tunnel was infeasible in a volcanic country and it could be easily blocked in case of war. Human misery in remote parts of Nepal, apart from the consideration of opposing the Sino-Soviets, appeared to be too insignificant to the world view of the Indians and the Americans at this time.

The March-past Parade

In the morning of February 19th we saw the last March-past parade of the twenty-four battalions of the Nepalese regular army and six thousand auxiliary force of the *pipas* on the playground of Tundikhel, at which King Tribhuvara took the salute personally. The Americans seemed to be impressed by the March-past of the smart Gorkha-troops in their immaculate Khaki uniforms with their hats cocked jauntily on the side of their heads and their Khukris dangling at their belts. Then, too, the Americans seemed to feel that there was a marked difference in appearance and get-up of the Gorkhas from the Indian tall soldiers, while Colonel Henderson said that they were the finest infantry soldiers in the world by recalling the story of the famous Khud race of 1907 as follows.

“A Scottish infantry unit attached to the Indian army had grown weary of hearing about the Gurkhas’ great ability to cover ground rapidly on foot. The 60th Scottish Rifles challenged a Gurkha regiment to a cross-country race. One hundred picked men were chosen from each of the regiments. They were loaded with full field equipments and started out over twenty miles of the roughest country imaginable, including two steep ranges of hills. It is said that the Scots were holding their own on the way up those ridges, but coming down the Rifles were simply not in it. The first ninety-nine men to cross the finish line were the Gurkhas. I found myself wondering,” Colonel Henderson continued happily, ‘what was said by his fellows to the hundredth Gurkha, who had somehow nosed out by a Scotsman!’

In order to establish a responsive chord with the American diplomats, I took advantage of the opportunity to make the historical tradition of the Gorkha soldiers comprehensible and delicious to their ears. I pointed out to the Americans that there were 45,000 of these well-trained soldiers backed up by a large trained reserve, many of whom had combat experience in the two World Wars. This gallant army, the auxiliary force of the *pipas* and the militia-men in two outlying midland districts of Nepal, though poorly paid,

was a loyal, Patriotic and working army, who built roads with their picks and shovels, restored irrigation channels after the monsoon, helped the peoples in their agriculture, maintained law and order and fought with all their might and main in case of need, though cut-throat civil-war had divided their loyalties for a short while. It was these Gorkhas, who had won nearly all the Victoria Crosses in the two world wars and had become the synonym of defense in all the countries they had emigrated, though the Government of India had announced its intentions to close the British recruiting facilities on Indian soil in contravention of the tripartite agreement between Nepal, England and India of July 1947, which had allowed the British to recruit Gorkhas up to twelve battalions' strength at the recruitment depot of Gorakhpore. Though an evil inherited from the historical compulsions of our gruelling past, yet I did not go along with the sentimental Nepali Congress leaders, who were demanding the abrogation of the agreement with England. Born and brought up under the military tradition of the British for more than a century, the Gorkhas took a very poor view of the Indian military leaders. As the army moved on its stomach, 'the good and regular pay and noble pension establishments of the British', since the arrangement of Mr B. H. Hodgson and Sir H. Maddock way back in 1832 A. D., had made the Gorkhas participators of the British renown and arms with their unadulterated military habits inherited by our multi-ethnic army from the early period of the Kings of the Kirātas. The most curious feature of the Gorkhas was that they flourished under Samyak discipline and went to war in the name of their patron God Paśupati (Master of the Battle.) The unarmed Royal army had already given a very good account of its loyalty during the revolt of Dr K. I. Singh and judging by the pussilanimous attitude of our ministers and Congress party-men under the stress of armed revolt, I was inclined to feel that one unarmed Gorkha soldier was more valuable than hundreds of arm-chair politicians who vaunted their achievements during the revolution. With a view, therefore, of the permanent settlement of the invincible Gorkhas without impairing their traditional military habits I had advised our Prime-minister Mr M. P. Koirala to negotiate a new agreement with the British Government, which permitted them to establish two recruitment depots at Taulihava in the region of Kapilvastu of Western Nepal and the other at Dharan in Eastern Nepal, till such time as our military officers gained a new confidence to chart an independent course of defense between China and India. Political alignment was a changeful thing, and the best guarantee of our national independence was to rely on our own resources in an interdependent world. For the present, the Americans seemed to base their policy on the

buliding of the democratic forces of India vis-a-vis the People's Republic of China, who had concluded the Sino-Soviet alliance to their horror. But there was no evidence of Russian participation in the political organisation of Tibet with their slogan of People's War. As the practical British Government had announced its *de facto* recognition of the People's Republic of China already on the 6th of January, 1950, it was better to be guided by the far-sighted British than the Americans, who had been advising the Indian Government to work to help Nepal to strengthen Nepal's army so that India may defend herself against China. Since the Americans were fighting the Chinese Communists in Korea, it was impossible to convince Mr Chester Bowles that there was no alternative to our co-existence with the People's Republic of China on the basis of our long history. One excuse for American ignorance was the lack of their knowledge of the history of rainless Nepal where we had preserved the hoary tradition of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess from Mohenjodāro as the well as stupas of the historical Buddhas intact, shining and bright even to our own day by worshipping them. How few of them knew that the Paśupati-kṣetra in Nepal preserved the world's oldest surviving faith of Mohenjodāro with the gods and symbols of various ages, where each individual may worship the god of his own Āgama (esoteric worship) without the aid of congregational services. The Americans seemed to be so impressed by the ruins of Delhi, Mohenjodāro and south-Indian monuments that they thought that the civilisation of India was contemporaneous with the civilisation of Babylon, Egypt and other Semitic countries, and that our spick and span stupas and pagoda-temples were borrowed from India. American prejudice made me realise how much the Americans had missed by not knowing the history of the Nepalese peoples, who were heirs to the earliest faith in Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess with their symbols of Lingums, Yonis (female member) and Juggernauts.

The more urgent problem with the arrival of the Communists on our northern borders than the history of our composite civilisation was to tell the Americans that malaria and other tropical diseases had crippled the ancient seats of civilisation like Kapilvastu, and that almost 50 per cent of our peoples in the hills and valleys suffered from tuberculosis, typhoid, dysentery, hookworm, elephantiasis, trachoma, leprosy, small-pox, measles and venereal diseases, so that the gallant Gorkhas may cease to exist as a nation if something was not immediately done to eradicate these preventible diseases. They seemed to be impressed by the fact that 'Nepal had simply skipped the stage of animal-drawn and automative transportation

and had jumped straight into the air-age' and that the challenge before our Government was to leap in one bound into the twentieth century. Already familiar with Father Moran, Paul Rose, Dr. George Moore and other Four Point Group, I thought of taking a systematic look at the obstacles facing Nepalese peoples, who had matched the mountains by their back and had made the supreme sacrifice of one hundred and fifty thousand men by fighting on the side of the Allies. Another major task for the economic development of the country was to open roads between the various provinces of Nepal and link them up by East-West highway. Judging by the nature of our country I wondered whether India would be able to undertake the gigantic task all by herself. For a beginning, the Indian engineers thought of shouldering the responsibility with military objects in view till such time as we could work out our own plan to make Nepal an area of peace rather than of confrontation between the two giants of Asia. The midland mountain villages with their multi-ethnic peoples were the heart of Nepal, and I made it clear to the Americans that the best way to begin a frontal attack on the related problems of food and fruit production, health, roads and literacy was by a co-ordinated village development programme by training local people from their respective villages.

The other matter of interest for me was the threadbare look of our Ministers and officers on the first anniversary of our Democratic Day in the Gallery Hall to the astonished gaze of our foreign guests. The behaviour of the politicians and officers in scrambling and looting the platters of food and cigarettes from the tables reminded me of the Thanksgiving Day before the Dalai Lama in Lhasa. While I was looking on the shameful scene, King Tribhuvana asked me to explain the reason behind undesirable behaviour of our Ministers, officers and men in such a party. I told His Majesty that this state of affairs was the result of the haunted house of inequalities built by the Ranas under the hegemony of the Brahmins. The ghosts of every Nepali home today were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, so that we suffered from the demons of fear, insecurity, lack of self-confidence and inferiority complex. These ghosts thrived on a poor self-image of the Nepalese peoples with the result that we were haunted by irrational and crippling taboos of negative Brahmannic beliefs vis-a-vis the positive elements of Śaivism and Buddhism. We must see that the Ranas, who built such a frightening house may not return to accentuate the deficiencies in our nature. Śākyamuni founded the Eightfold Paths to accentuate the positive in our nature by improving the self-image of man. After Buddha's death the Śaiva Yogins discovered that the Oedipus Complex was the cause of all our tragedies in

life and went out for the eradication of the Original Sin by recourse to the astropsychic scheme of Kāla-chakra represented by the symbols of the Jewel in-the-Lotus. This is what in modern psychology is called 'strength bombardment'. No matter what our deficiencies may be, we have a responsibility to ourselves, to our family and friends and to Paśupati (the Master of the Battle who is the greatest gift-maker). Then in the fifth century A.D. our ancestors went forward to build the house of the Deaths with the transition of Bhairavi-chakra pravartana, which made the Tiger-men of Nepal so fearless in all the fields of human endeavour. We must now get rid of the Brahmannic haunted house, crumbling with fear and depression, by restoring the ideals of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society. The King was happy and I apprised His Majesty of all that had passed between me and the Americans with the comment that the Communists on the north had been a windfall for us and that it was time for us to build our country in the tide. Then, too, King Tribhuvana told me that the Americans had made presents to him of an encyclopaedia, a tape recorder and a walkie-talkie whereas I told His Majesty that we may have to take advantage of the most favourable situation of our country to raise our peoples from the present state of abject ignorance, misery and ill-health with the tide of the world-wide economic and political restlessness in the wake of Marxism and Leninism.

On February 20th we took part in the marriage ceremony of our Foreign Minister, Mr Khadga Man Singh with a bride of Royal origin in a coach drawn by four horses amid great pomp and splendour to the booming of 17 gun salute. One of the early heroes of the revolutionary organisation of Prachanda-Gorkha he had travelled through the road of anarchy to become a prisoner for twelve years, where he had been inspired by the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. Released from gaol, his friend Mr Tanka Prasad Acharya seemed to think in terms of charting out a new independent foreign policy for Nepal whereas our Foreign Minister had realised the ambition of his life by marrying a princess.

February 23rd happened to be the coldest Śivaratri-day, when I laid the foundation of a ferro-concrete house in order to get rid of the white-ants, which had rendered the house we had built after the earthquake dangerous for habitation. The severity of the climate reminded me and Mr P. Aufschnaiter of the coldest days in Lhasa. The Indians were now using Mr Aufschnaiter to work on his maps so that they may put their own troops side by side with our soldiers in all the Himalayan passes on the Tibetan frontier. The Americans seemed to think that all those, who charged

India with interference in the affairs of Nepal were communists. According to the Americans the greatest evils since the creation was the Marxist-Leninist movement and Maoism. They were, therefore, satisfied with what India had done in a small scale in Nepal what they were doing in Europe and Africa on a far broader scale to oppose the Communists. So far as I was concerned, the termites had worked havoc on my house causing losses to my wooden structure in their search for cellulose. So, I had no alternative to replace wood by stone, concrete and iron.

Being a leap year February had 29 days, when the Union of the Low-grade Government servants presented a list of demands to the Government urging their early implementation. Seeing how the Rana-Congress Coalition had issued an order instructing government employees not to participate in any form of party politics, this was not only unprecedented in the history of Nepal, but it also revealed the internal weakness of the administrative machinery.

With the month of March the Indian Military Mission had arrived to complain about the inadequacy of plumbing facilities in our guest house where they had to que up before the lavatories on account of their gate-crashing number. The cordial staff of servants had dug pits at the back of the garden in military style, but the Indian officers considered it beneath their dignity to use them. Unable to find any house to accomodate them in slum-ridden Kathmandu, the Indian Military Mission chose their quarters in the Rana palaces with marble bath tubs, carved stair-cases, crystal chandeliers and magnificent lay-out of gardens for their 'sporting habits.

Then, too, the Tibetan Mission arrived with their annual present of Rs. 10,000/ with their congratulation to the first Nepali Prime-minister from the commoner, who did not hold the title of 'Sri Tin Sirkar' (Government of the Three Holy of Holies). A sensible and competent Indian Civil Services officer, Mr Govinda Narayan had now arrived to help us draft the rules and regulations of the Indian Public Service Commission of India, which I had pleasure of translating into Nepali language with amendments to suit our condition where necessary. The first week of March brought a healthy shower of rain with the wind known as 'Phagwa', which suddenly degenerated into sudden spells of heat and cold with the third week bringing hail-storms and squalls of rain, which resulted in the outbreak of small-pox and cholera.

Amid such a scene Mrs Roosevelt alighted at the Gauchar Airport in a luxury air-plane provided by the Indian President, where the Indians

reached themselves with their hospitality in their plumes borrowed from the British Empire. I felt myself a midget when I shook hands with this majestic lady in her yellow leaf. I was invited to a dinner at the Gallery Hall in honour of the venerable lady, where many nervous Nepalese ladies appeared for the first time from the seclusion of their harem to captivate the foreigners by their nice looks, silken dresses and jewelleries to the jealous gaze of their husbands. I overheard that Mrs Roosevelt who was all praise for India, had formed a poor opinion of Nepal, and I proceeded to have a chat with the venerable lady, who was sitting with three of our Ministers by dwarfing them with the height and bulk of an American Amazon. I asked her how she felt about Nepal and she replied that ours was a country where the motor-cars travelled on the backs of men. She also cut me to my size by telling me frankly that I had a Mongolian cast of countenance to the great amusement of the Indian Intelligence officers, who were keenly watching to see what passed between us.

On March 20th we went to see off the venerable Lady, who alighted from the car and walked with our Prime minister to shake hands with me and oblong Mr. Peter Aufschnaiter with alacrity. Seeing and meeting the honourable lady from close quarters, she appeared to be a proud symbol of the American power at its zenith as well as cold war and confrontation against the Communists, so that our idea of cool co-existence with the People's Republic of China was at a discount. On the other hand, this was the period when Premier Chou En-lai and the Americans appreciated Mr Nehru's policy of not aligning himself with or of accepting arms, from either the United States or the Soviet Union.

On March 22 I recommended to our Prime-minister the appointment of Mr P. Aufschnaiter for a period of six months on probation, so that we may bring our traditional map of our frontier with Tibet up-to-date. As for what we were trying to do, I explained to our Prime-minister that we had to bridge, in a matter of decades, the gap created by a century of stagnation under the Rana regime, before we could live up to our Samyak tradition. However much we may deplore the present political system of China, it was obvious that we could get what we needed from China to build our nation with Chinese economic aid. We should see that Nepal may not be dominated or dictated to by India or the United States. Her situation between the two most populous countries in the world, multi-ethnic population, composite religion and culture and Samyak tradition made it certain that Nepal would always remain Nepal despite the orgiastic paranoia of our Indian Quizzlings.

After getting the signature of the Prime-minister to the letter of appointment, I drove with Mr P. Aufschnaiter to fix him at a suitable house in Tripureswar, and on to the temple of Dakṣhinkālī visiting the stupa of Buddha Sikkhin since supplanted by the temple of Śikhi-Nārāyan and the newly opened English school of the village Pharping and the small hydro-electric power-house. On our way back we were very happy with the magnificent view of the Kuti and Kutang Himalayas which outlined the way Mr Aufschnaiter had travelled on his way to Kathmandu from Lhasa.

On March 24th the Ambassador of France arrived to present his credentials to our King, at which there was a new rigmarole in the warrant of precedence relating the Indian advisers to positions lower than the members of the Public Service Commission, so that they walked out of the hall hat in hand. In protest they did not also attend the function of racing and military tournament on our Ides of March, when we sped the old year away.

On March 27, the French Ambassador gave us a grand reception served liberally by French delicacies and French wine. The talk in the cocktail party revolved round the attempt of the Soviet Union to see an end to the inhumanity of the east-west divide, watch-towers, the wire, the divided families, dissemination of ideas and information and the obstacles to travel in Berlin, which was so dear to the heart of the Germans. The British, French, US and the Indian diplomats talked volubly about the reason for turning down the Russian proposal. The Sino-Soviet treaty of alliance was the worst thorn on their side, so that the Western diplomats wanted to see whether the Soviet Union really intended to bring about cooperation of the Germans in the sense that the Western powers understood it. Whereas the United States had refused to purchase Tibetan wool as coming from a Communist country, the Soviet Union had negotiated for the purchase of Tibetan wool to offset the disadvantage suffered by Tibet. In the context of the cold war and confrontation I was happy to hear from foreign diplomats that Nepal, at least, had gone anti-Red and anti-Indian during the period of transition; so, we had now a chance of survival as an independent entity. This was the time when the National Assembly of Kashmir had frightened India by raising the issue of remaining independent of India and Pakistan. The Indians who had looked the other way when the Nepali Congress received arms and rifles from Sheikh Abdullah, seemed to be worried when the boot was on the other leg.

Dispute Between the Nepali Congress and the Prime-minister

Nobody made a fool of me on All Fool's Day. On April 2 the British

Ambassador Mr Summerhayes invited me to a quick lunch to meet Mr. and Mrs Bourdillion, who had crossed the swift currents of the mountain rivers in eastern Nepal bearing his sick companion on his back. I also met the Indian Ambassador Mr C. P. N. Singh and the Indian Embassy staff, who were discussing the political tug of war between Mr M. P. Koirala and Mr B. P. Koirala. The dispute between the Nepali Congress and the Prime-minister had become the most crucial variable in the functioning of the Cabinet. Mr B. P. Koirala had already announced his intention of contending for the presidency of the party against the Prime-minister and had also charged the Indian Ambassador of playing the party leaders to India's advantage calling for his replacement in the interests of the Indo-Nepal friendship. It was now known that Dr. K. I. Singh was treated with respect in his captivity so that Mr B. P. Koirala had appealed for vital economic policy designed to prevent the Chinese Communists from taking advantage of the political situation of Nepal with the help of Dr. K. I. Singh. On the other hand, the Indian Ambassador seemed to be eager to get hold of all the films Mr Aufschnaiter had taken in Tibet for development in England through the good-offices of the British Military Attache Colonel R. Proud. It was getting difficult to read the minds of the Indian and the British diplomats, who seemed to view the political scene in Nepal and Tibet from their respective angles.

While the Prime-minister used King Tribhuvana as his main support, the situation led to open disagreement on the Assembly floor where Mr B. P. Koirala charged that the reactionary role of the Government faction had failed to reflect the revolutionary spirit of the times.

With the second week of April our traders from Lhasa came to tell me that the Chinese Commissar had been supporting the Indian Trade Consul Mr. Sinha in his pet theory that the bottom was not safe in India though he opined that Tibet was too backward for land-reform and revolutionary communes with a quotation from Śākyamuni Buddha to the leaders of the ancient city of Vaiśāli as follows: "Disunion, disrespect for tradition and elders and swift uncalled for changes of a sweeping character would lead to the destruction of their country." This was the time when Mr Stalin had given his first interview to the then Indian Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Dr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan and asked him to advise the Indian Prime-minister to play his cards properly whereas Premier Chou En-lai had appreciated Mr Nehru's policy of non-alignment.

Chinese Military Uniform Conferred on Dr. K.I. Singh

April 13th, 1952 synchronised with the first of Baisakh of the Vikrama 2008 of 57 B. C. though we said farewell to the Śaka Year after the full-moon night of Chaitra. The Eras commonly used in Nepal had been Nirvāṇa, Śaka, Paśupati-Bhattāraka and Nepāla Samvatas in our early scriptures, inscriptions and colophones of manuscripts. For all I knew the Śaka Era was the one most frequently used in our Lichhavi inscriptions, and King Prithvi Narayana Shaha Deva introduced it as the official reckoning of Nepal. But the Brahmins in the court of the Gorkha King hailed the legendary Kali and Vikramāditya Era in the latter part of his reign with the result that his copper coin in 1893 A. D. was minted with the dates in Vikrama Samvata. Then the Ranas accepted the Vikrama Samvata as the official Era contrary to the tradition of Nepal. However, the Indians had been cleverer than us in accepting the Śaka Samvata as their official Era after the independence of Nepal.

This was the day chosen for the presentation of colour ceremony to the newly raised battalion of Gorakh Bahadur by King Tribhuvan to the booming of the 31 gun salute. This gave me an opportunity of observing the discipline of some of the officers of the Indian Military Mission, who were saluting from under the roof of the wooden pavilion improvised for the guests. I was sitting by the side of the Indian Military Mission General Paranjape, who was criticising the auxiliary force of Pipas, when they marched past. The General talked to me of tanks, aircrafts, mechanised transports of India's military forces and took a poor view of our army. I asked the Indian General whether his mechanised military transports could help the army in the Himalayan terrain. He had no idea of the conditions in the Himalayas. I told the General very frankly that the auxiliary force of the Pipas and our animal transports of Nepal could kick the hell out of your mechanised transport on the Himalayas. But he seemed to overrate the size and capabilities of the Indian army under all circumstances. I told the Mission Chief that it was good for him to hope while it lasted. The army was marching to the tune of the 'Pride of the Gorkhas' and I asked the handsome chief of the Indian Military Mission if he could enlighten me about the music of the military band. General Paranjape quickly replied that it was the tune of the Grenadiers, to which the Grenadier Guards of England were accustomed to march in the changing of colours at Buckingham Palace. When we parted, I congratulated the General on his knowledge of the world and his great wisdom. I left the pavilion with dark forebodings for the fate of unimpressive but hard-working Pipas and militiamen and the animal trans-

ports of Nepal, who matched the mountains by their backs. Unaware of the Liberation Army of Tibet, who were enlisting young peasants and workers who believed themselves to be fighting for their homes, their land and their country, General Paranjape appeared to be recommending the drastic cut of our army in favour of India-fostered highly paid arm-chair officers of the Indian Military School.

On April 24th an I. A. F. Fighter landed with a drone under the signal of distress at the Gauchar Airport after its mission of taking photos of the passes of Nepal to the great horror of the inhabitants of Kathmandu. At this time our Home-minister Mr Surya Prasad Upadhyaya had frightened the Indian Authorities in New Delhi by telling them that Nepal's relationship with the People's Republic of China was most friendly and that he anticipated no political trouble from the north despite the incident of Dr. K. I. Singh. On the other hand, the Indian Embassy was horrified to hear that Dr. K. I. Singh and his party were being treated with warm hospitality and further that there was a talk of moving him to Peking. One evident reaction of the presence of the Indian Military Mission in Nepal was the conferment of Chinese military uniform on Dr. K. I. Singh and his party.

By the last week of April I was asked to take the responsibility of training the intelligence officers in order to man the northern passes of Nepal. The very idea of manning our frontier shoulder to shoulder with Indian intelligence officers was loathsome to me. I told our authorities that such a move by Nepal would be interpreted as handing over our defence to the Indians by the Chinese. The very arrival of the Indian Military Mission in Nepal had introduced an explosive situation to the politics of Nepal, which had fulfilled her historic destiny for thousands of years in her own particular way. While Mr Nehru talked of non-alignment in New Delhi, the Indian Embassy and the Military Mission seemed to be thinking in patches to organize our martial race for defense against the People's Republic of China, which was contrary to our tradition of remaining non-aligned between China and India. On the other hand, Mr Nehru's China policy, based upon Tibet's role as an autonomous buffer between China and India seemed to be totally upset. In their confusion, the Indians tried to retain their privileged position in Nepal with her Military Mission, which provoked the Gorkhas to the degree of falling foul.

Chapter III

THE DAWN OF NEW THINKING

April 14, 1952--August 13, 1952

The end of the feudal Rana regime had released the creative impulses of the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal in the study of her history, religion, culture, art, literature and language, and we had rediscovered our national identity after a century of slump. The Ranas did not only suppress the Nepalese scholars to make researches and write but Chandra Shumshere had hired Mr P. Landon to write the history of Nepal in two volumes at the cost of the peoples of Nepal. Deeply interested in our indigenous history and culture, I had taken stampings of very important inscriptions and had collected materials in Nepal and Tibet for the purpose secretly, and had preserved them throughout the vicissitudes of the regimes of Chandra Shumshere, Bhima Shumshere, Juddha Shumshere, Padma Shumshere and Mohan Shumshere. Unable under the circumstances to bring out the vast volumes of materials by ourselves, I had been in correspondence with Professor G. Tucci for getting them published by the Italian Institute of the Middle and the Far East for the better knowledge of Nepal. Fortunately, the Italian Ambassador to India was on a visit to Nepal in the first week of May, 1952, with whom I discussed the possibility of bringing about the visit of the Italian savant, so that we may get the original materials published internationally before we proceeded to write about Nepal in the new context of the world. Much mischief had already been done by the writings of Indian and the Nepalese politicians to the cause of Nepalese history and culture, which were widely read by the uncritical public. Mr Balachandra Sharma and Dr. D. R. Regmi had written some books with Indian bias, for which they were heckled publicly.

On May 5th I was invited by Mr and Mrs Killicks of the British Embassy to meet Mr Konrad Bekker and Brigadier Stephens, commanding the Head-quarters of the British Gurkhas in India, with whom I discussed

the withdrawal of the Gorkhas by instalments as and when they could be rehabilitated in Nepal. As the army had to move on their stomachs, the economic and social conditions of life had to be improved in our country before they could be rehabilitated. At present more Gorkha boys were dying of underfeeding and diseases at home than they had died in the war overseas in the cause of the Allies. In such cases, the sentiments of the Congress-stalwarts to the effect of discontinuing the recruitment of the Gorkhas counted far less than the rigid realities of life. From time immemorial the Gorkhas had thrived under Samyak discipline and the British had provided the leadership after the sumersault of our rulers at home. Every Gorkha soldier was more important than the arm-chair politicians, who had learnt to talk. Then I told my British friends how Nepal with her composite religion and her Samyak tradition had influenced the currents of history, when empires rose and fell on our borders. The Nepali people had long taken pride in their religion, history and culture as well as in the reputation of the Gorkhas as fighters, and they had resented nothing so much as the idea of the Indians officers teaching them the art of war.

On the following day I was invited to a buffet dinner party of Mr and Mrs Govinda Narayana, where I had the pleasure of meeting General and Mrs Paranjape, Colonel and Mrs Katuch and all the luminaries of the high-powered Indian advisory team to advise our Government on administrative reorganisation and on economic assistance to Nepal. I gathered the impression on talking with them that they were thinking of reorganising the army and administration of Nepal on the model of the British tradition and Civil Services of India. At the very outset I asked them if they had studied the *Red Star Over China*, which was a taboo to the present generation of the Indians. Then I told my Indian friends how the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal had learnt to rule by themselves through Mahatos, Naikes and Thakalis in our three zoo-geographical regions from the time of the historical Buddhas, and the best model would be Nepal's Samyak traditions and her long historical experience to reach the villagers of Nepal outside Kathmandu. A comparative study of the chronology of Nepal vis-a-vis the Annals of China, the Central Asiatic and the Tibetan documents was necessary for the proper assessment of the religious, social, political and cultural currents of ideas that have concretised in the characters of the mileau of the Himalayan races, where Brahmannic civilisation had dovetailed and merged in the Śaivite Civilisation of the Great Mother Goddess and Pasupati in the aftermath of the revolution of the historical Buddhas. Our architectural monuments, stupas and composite images testimony to the historical patterns of the

culture-contact between the trans-Himalayan and cis-Himalayan races. All these proved conclusively that Nepal had made greater contributions to transform Vedic Brahmanism, revolutionary Buddhism, Jainism and Bonpoism under the Fish-tail banner of Tantric Śaivism for export than either China or India. The voluminous text of one of the most ancient scriptures known as *Karanda-vyūha* showed how Nepal had gathered all the ancient cultural and religious ideas in the scheme of 'vyūha' (fortress), which throb with life and vitality to survive with us even to our own day. An in-depth study of Nepal's norm of 'Dharma' to see God through everyman's scheme of 'Āgama' (esoteric worship) may still act as a beacon to the benighted world of materialism.

Frankly, my Indian friends did not seem to be prepared for these ideas with their present obsession of Dr. K. I. Singh, who was believed to be making plans for the liberation of Nepal with the backing of the Khuchras of Tibet. It was the time when the Indian and the Nepalese army had been unsuccessful in capturing Dr. K. I. Singh and his determined followers. They had now shunned the Swiss plan of linking Kathmandu to the Tarai through Bhimphedi in favour of a military road known as Tribhuvana Rajpath. There was feverish activity to retire 184 experienced officers and cut down the number of Nepal army and auxiliary forces of the Pipas drastically. The Government of India handed out a fat bill for the military operation of the Indian army on the soil of Nepal to quell the revolts, which was beyond the capacity of our Exchequer to pay, though the Indian army made a poor show against Dr. K. I. Singh in our hilly terrain. For generations the Nepalese army did not want money for making wars. They made wars against the Indians, the Tibetans and the British to support themselves. Our veteran officers laughed at the pharisaical behaviour of the Indian officers and Sepoys in their action against the so-called Communists of Nepal and cavilled the political leaders, who invited the Indian army to help us. I was satisfied to feel that our officers and men felt constantly renewed when they undertook these endeavours during this strange revolution. The truth was that, even in this age of science, man needed the spiritual urge to express his aspirations and fight for the right cause. The spirit still led mankind outward in the horizontal dimension of science and inward into the dimension in depth of human mind. The chief discovery our officers and men made in our internecine strife was to encounter their true self above the divisive clash of the Capitalists and the Communists and the Indian and the Chinese races. Out of every war the Gorkha had come out a better man back to build his home.

But on the 16th of May most of the veteran officers were retired with one promotion and pensions of one third of their pay for life, which left the field clear for the pro-Indian C. Class Ranas at the helm of military affairs. Evidently General Paranjape had not learnt anything from the poor show of the Indian army in the mountainous terrain and recommended the drastic cutting down of the hard-working auxiliary force of the Pipas, who matched the mountains by their backs. We were told that the Government of the U. S. A. had blamed the Government of India for failure of their policy in Tibet. As a satellite of the United States of America the Indian Military Mission and the Indian Embassy gave us the impressions that they were going to hitch the defense of Nepal to the global strategy of the Americans against the Sino-Soviets. This was against the Samyak policy, which had confronted and confounded the intrusionist and directive policies of major powers from the period of the Kirāta kings. It was time for us to show how our small kingdom in a difficult geographical situation had developed spiritual processes and architectural and sculptural styles to influence our neighbours and survive as 'a stunted yam sandwiched between two cold stones.'

At this critical juncture the 'Union of the Low Grade Government Employees' presented its grievances to the Prime-minister with a notice that, unless appropriate measures were undertaken to meet its demands, a strike would commence on and from the first of June, 1952. This was unprecedented in the history of Rana Nepal. Members of political parties and students supported the cause of the retired officers and the Union, which the Indians attributed to the Communists to the horror of New Delhi.

On May 18th King Tribhuvana left for New Delhi accompanied by the Indian Ambassador, Mr Chandreswara Narayan Singh. Our Prime-minister complained that the Indian Ambassador did not have the courtesy to inform him before he left while Mr B. P. Koirala insisted that the Government of Nepal must press for the recall of Mr C. P. N. Singh. Then, too, there was dispute between the two Koirala brothers over the nature of transitional politics. The difference of the Prime-minister with the Party President appeared to be moving to a head-on collision despite many attempts at a compromise by Indian leaders. The people of Nepal had a strange way of recalling events by linking the name of the Indian Ambassador to the name of a Maithili Chandeswara, who had taken refuge in the village of Dolakha in East No. 2 with King Harisimha Deva under the pressure of Alauddin Khilji way back in the first quarter of the 14th century A. D. If the misadventure

of King Harisimha Deva and Caṇḍesvara had brought the invasion of our Capital by Sultan Samsuddin Illias to the spoliation of our temples and monasteries, the peoples charged Mr C. P. N. Singh with bringing atheistical ideas to the religious peoples of Nepal. Indeed, this was the period, when hungry and angry men were reported to be slaying stray bulls and eating them, stealing golden cupolas from stupas and temples and selling images, which Nepal had fought to preserve through the ages. Most of the leaders seemed to be obsessed with physical phenomenon of strong sexual desires. The haunting atmosphere of transitional politics became pervaded by mysterious murders and brutalities. The emotional difficulties of our nation baffled my analysis, as I looked on the stifling scene timidly and withdrawn as a witness of this life in a state of flux rather than as an actor.

Congress Party Working Committee Meeting in Janakpur

The Prime-minister left for the meeting in Janakpur with the third week of May, where the Party Working Committee were said to have sided with the view of the party President Mr B. P. Koirala. The basic thesis of the Congress Working Committee was that the Government had led down the peoples in matters of social and economic reforms, which had to be designed to prevent the Chinese Communists from taking advantage of the political situation of Nepal with the help of Dr. K. I. Singh. They wanted to revamp the Government with party nominees by dropping the independents, who represented all the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal. They branded all the nationalists as reactionary and revivalist elements, who were opposed to the progress of Nepal.

On May 26th the Nepal Radio broadcast the news that Mr B. P. Koirala had won the election for Presidentship of the Congress by an overwhelming majority of 298 votes. There were 750 delegates from all parts of Nepal, each delegate representing 100,000 people.

We got to know that the Nepali Congress had more than 100,000 active Congress workers, where India had barely three millions despite her vast population and century old organisation. Mr Bhadrakali Mishra had accused the Congress leaders of being partial to the hill-men but the peoples of the Tarai were found to be more anti-Indian than the multi-ethnic inhabitants of the midland mountains. The Indian Embassy circle seemed to be disturbed by the growing national consciousness, where Mr C. P. N. Singh was trying to create the impression that the Indians had become the

architects of Nepal's destiny. An objective analysis revealed that the Indian Ambassador was trying to balance one leader against another, that there were still too many Quizzlings and that the realisation of real national policy was still a long distance away. Presently the Indian Ambassador seemed to be trying to plan the Royal apprehension against the growing strength of the Congress party to usurp power from the King as did the Rana one hundred years ago. The officers and men of the army, police and civil service owed fealty to the King, and Mr M. P. Koirala happened to be the only Congress leader acceptable to King Tribhuvan as Prime-minister. I wondered whether Nepal could follow the pattern of life best suited to our proud people, national environment and traditional culture in years to come.

On May 30th an American librarian known as Mr Robert Rosseau opened a library. After the function I entertained the Tibetan Trade Delegation at a newly opened restaurant known as Dreamland opened by some of the A. Class Ranas to show the aristocrats from Tibet how the arrogant Rana rulers of yesterday had been trying to learn more and more about the humble professions of a hotel and its marvels of cooking, serving and dancing to earn their living. Born with a silver spoon in their mouths, they had now been drawn into the mainstream of national life. Nobody in Nepal hated the Ranas today because they held power at one time.

On the first of June I presented the Tibetan Trade Delegation to the Prime-minister in the teeth of opposition from the Indian Ambassador, who did not like the idea of his meeting foreigners independently. A real difficulty, of course, lay in the fact that the realities of Nepal's foreign policy was too big for Mr. C. P. N. Singh's puny mind to grasp. His Majesty returned from Delhi on June 3rd and talked all the time with the Indian Ambassador to the total neglect of the British Ambassador who looked on the scene discussing weather with us.

The fifth of June happened to be Queen Elizabeth's birthday. At the gathering I circulated freely to learn that many believed that the Nepali Congress party was really strong, that the Indians were concerned more with the cliques of the Ranas and the Congress leaders in fomenting the strikes of the low-grade officers than in the fast developing situation in Tibet, which was going to change the face of the Himalayan Highlands in the coming years. Unaccustomed to strikes some of the guests wondered whether the Gorkha soldiers and police pickets, who thrived under discipline, were going to be affected by the Union Strike. Whereas the Indians went about saying that

there was no record of a war between India and China, many guests contributed to the demystification of the Indian myths by declaring that Dr. K. I. Singh was very eager to contact Mr Mao Tse-tung on the question of Indian interference in Nepal. Some reacted to the events of Tibet by advising us that we should learn to live with the United Nations in order to rid ourselves of the presence of the Indians and the Anglo-American powers vis-a-vis Sino-Soviets. I had the feeling that the first thing our peoples had seen after the revolution was the Indians. After my varied experiences in Tibet I had tried to open the eyes of the Ranas and our Congress leaders to the presence of the Chinese in Tibet. But Dr. K. I. Singh had made our peoples hear the calls of the Chinese from neighbouring Tibet, which had only proved to our peoples that we had much to learn about the nature of the revolution in China. Sandwiched between two most populous countries in Asia, the Himalayan peoples were prisoners of a host of complicated traditions, taboos and restrictions. The moment we tried to separate our peoples from the Samyak rules, everything would collapse for the multi-ethnic peoples. Though there were rumblings and grumbings among the low-grade workers, police contingent of Ramdal and in the rank and file of the Kalidal regiment with the corresponding contempt for the lives of men with their waning faith in the Himalayan pantheon of gods, yet the masses of the Himalayan peoples would make it impossible for the Indians and the Chinese to live in peace if they tried to free the Himalayan peoples from the Samyak rules of conduct, which have been the basis of their behaviour from the time Śākyamuni turned the Eight-spoked wheel of Law to guide them.

As the party warmed up I did not find it demeaning our Nepalese nation to admit that we had developed animal reactions with the revolutions in a country, which had conquered the original sin of 'Virupākṣa-kāma-jatilatā' (Oedipus Complex) by finding ways and means to achieve the dimension in depth of Śivadr̥ṣṭi (The Third Eye of Śiva) way back in the 5th century A. D. Since then our priests, prophets, kings and leaders had fallen victims to their own animal instincts as they were incapable to fight against the 'six enemies' within themselves. The longing for a New Man of Messrs Marx, Engels, Lenin or Gandhi may be realised in Nepal's quest of national identity in and through the verification of the immortal axiom of 'Om maṇi padme huṃ' (I am in the Union of the Jewel and the Lotus), if we could demonstrate to the Communists and the Capitalists that their life did not conform to the dignity of man despite their slogans. Like adopted children and young animals, who are incapable of knowing whether they were raised by their mother or somebody else, the children of revolution

raised according to the best revolutionary theories or Marxism-Leninism seem to be proving less capable of adapting themselves to normal existence in the present revolutionary state of human society whose rules of life they had been struggling to learn. For, Hitler had taught us that we could do everything with the bayonet except sit upon it. Radical developments in national and international relations and history had precipitated the emergence of formerly unknown disciplines and concepts. During the earliest phase of our history we find ethico-philosophical approach to our development. After the Lichhavi period Nepal for a long time had remained a slum, where more than 90 per cent of the peoples lived below the poverty line in the midland mountains and the Tarai. In such a situation development administration in our country would have to base its functions in the prognosis, diagnosis, prevention and remedial measures rather than in slogans and party-manifestoes. As peace within as well as our northern and southern neighbours was vital to our development, we must depend upon our village Guthis (traditional co-operative organisations) and Panchayats for our all-round progress rather than on ideologies imported from India or China. And this would be much easier for us when we know more about the heritage of our Samyak Society however distant.

Tibetan friends told me that the Chinese had recognised the Dalai Lama as the official head of the Government; and the Tibetan families, who had gone to India for refuge, had also returned to their homes. Dr. K. I. Singh was now in Lhasa and that the Tibetans were coming out shortly to delimit the boundary between Nepal and Tibet. In the meantime, I was sad to learn that the shrewd Tibetan Foreign Minister, Mr Surkhang Dzasa had passed away. The pro-Chinese Minister Mr Kapshyopa, who had been deposed and degraded for his intrigues with the Chinese while I was in Lhasa, had been reinstated to the horror of Lhalu. Mr Nehru's sister, Mrs Pundit returned to New Delhi with a message from the U. N. O. that the Chinese Delegation was most impressed by the sympathy of India for the cause of China.

With the last week of June the Indian Ambassador had been questioning our Prime-minister about the employment of Mr Aufschnaiter for getting our maps corrected, about the opening of the British Hospital in Pokhara and also about the activities of the American Four Point Experts with a threat that he was going to bring about the reorganisation of the Cabinet within about a month. The Interim Constituent Assembly was opened on the 29th of June. The Swiss Mount Everest Expedition had laid the groundwork for the conquest of the highest peak on earth by reaching 28,215 ft. with the aid of the Sherpas.

While Mr C.P.N. Singh bossed the political scene, this event was putting Nepal firmly on the map of the world.

The first of July happened to be King Tribhuvana's birthday. There was no rain to help the peasants transplant their seeds. In the afternoon we were invited to a Garden party at the Palace, where we discussed the effects of the Royal proclamation of June 6th, under whose provisions our Prime-minister had announced revised pay scales for striking employees beginning with a minimum salary of Rs. 30/ per month. There was rumour that the Indian merchants did not open their shops on His Majesty's birthday in protest of discrimination against them by the authorities concerned. At a buffet dinner party in the Nepal Hotel we danced the night away as if all was right with the world. The political tug of war between the Koirala brothers had gone into full swing with the foot-ball league matches in the first week of July. This was also the time when the British Ambassador introduced me to Messrs Shipton and Edmund Hillary, who had arrived to make a preliminary survey for their Mount Everest expedition. While the Congress Working Committee and Mr M. P. Koirala were fighting over the issue of reducing the size of the Cabinet, I was interested to read the memories of Marshal Tito saying how he had saved Yugoslavia from the designs of the Soviet Union to disintegrate the Southern Slavs. Whereas the Nepalese peoples were busy with the rituals of putting Vishnu to sleep, Mr Fraser Wilkins and Colonel Henderson of the American Embassy in New Delhi had called on me to find out whether everything was safe on our northern border during this period of confusion, when the Indians were intriguing to make the most out of the difference, between the Prime-minister and the Congress Party President. More important than the political squabbles were the restiveness among the business communities of Nepal as a result of the Indo-Nepal trade treaty imposing equal duties on foreign goods, which had deprived our peoples of the benefits of duty-free foreign goods given by the British Government. As for example, the price of Java sugar was Rs. 21 per maund vis-a-vis Rs. 29/8 per maund for Indian sugar. The Reserve Bank of India had also killed the initiative of our traders by putting a squeeze on our foreign exchange earnings. The common peoples of Nepal were more interested in the rising market for grain and its odour and taste than in the politics of the Koirala brothers. At this time the Americans seemed to be more interested in organising Nepal for defence against the Sino-Soviets than in making her an area of peace so that Nepal may survive between the two power-blocs. As Nepal had gigantic problems of transport, communication and of improving the living standards of our

poverty-stricken people, the only way out for us was the internationalisation of measures and efforts as one of the strongest media for development in a bipolar world.

In such a context, radical ideas of Mr B. P. Koirala in making purges by recourse to revolution was going to bring no panacea to our multi-ethnic peoples. The Americans seemed to be very much impressed by these ideas of Mr M. P. Koirala. Seeing how the Government of the People's Republic of China had reiterated Clause 14 of the traditional Constitution to the effect that 'the Soviet Government of China recognised the rights of the national minorities of China,' there was at present no fear of their intervention in our affairs through the agency of Dr. K. I. Singh, who had become a bogey to the Indians and our politicians. It seemed to be dawning on the Indian leaders in New Delhi that China's sovereignty in Tibet would have to be recognised. In the present state of affairs I found it convenient to practise quiet off the floor diplomacy to protect those aspects of Nepal's privileged position in Tibet that pertained to Nepal's trade and official representation. Against the background of these dramatic events in Tibet, there was a serious rift in the Nepali Congress, which led to a political crisis.

Political Crisis

The Congress party had now called upon Mr M. P. Koirala to resign. The Prime-minister had challenged the authority of the nominated Working Committee to make this demand. On the other hand, Mr M. P. Koirala demanded an immediate meeting of the All-Nepal Nepali Congress Committee to settle the dispute. The relationship between the Indian Government and the Congress seemed to be muddled, though there was much activity in the Indian Embassy. Then the Working Committee called upon the Prime-minister and all the Ministers to resign under the threat of suspending them from active membership for a period of three years if they did not listen to the party directives. In the mean time Mr C. P. N. Singh was reported to have advised the staunch Congress Ministers that the King would not have the courage to accept their resignation if they offered it at this stage. Then, Messrs Subarna Shumshere, Ganesh Man Singh and Surya Prasad Upadhyaya tendered their resignation according to the directives of the Working Committee while Messrs Narada Muni Thulung, Mahendra Bickram Shah and Mahabir Shumshere Rana went along with the Prime-minister maintaining that the actions of the Working Committee was unconstitutional. By the end of July the Government of Mr M. P. Koirala had ceased to function as a party

Government. Dr. D. R. Regmi was said to be very jubilant over the development. Mr Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, then a Union Minister and confidant of Mr J. L. Nehru, had advised the King to appoint Mr Surya Prasad Upadhyaya as the Prime-minister while Mr Jaya Prakash Narayan had advised Mr B. P. Koirala to stand firmly for ushering in socialism in the country. In our dilemma we took care to see that there was no sabotage in the arsenals under the information that the C. Class Rana officers were currying favour with either party to gain their selfish end.

On July 29th Mr B. P. Koirala gave a press conference saying that the Prime-minister was responsible for bringing about American aid to Nepal, which had subsidised Nepalese independence to the vagaries of the Anglo-American powers, who had circumvented India. While I was presiding over the selection of army officers for training in Dehradun Military Academy on July 30th, 1952, some officers came to tell me that Mr B. P. Koirala and the three Congress Ministers had been beaten and their wives molested by the very persons who were involved in the shooting of the students. When I proceeded to discuss the outcome of the selection, I saw Mr M. P. Koirala and the old gambling partners of General Mahabir Shumsher and General Kaiser Shumshere in deep consultation. It was most frustrating to hear General Kaiser Shumshere declare that the party politics of the Nepali Congress was worse than Rana autocracy. It dawned on me that this period was a process of political maturation, albeit a welcome one. When I visited the city I found every man, woman and child overwhelmed with happiness over the punishment of erring Ministers by the grace of Paśupatināth. The motley crowds of Kathamandu blamed the Congress leaders for their wild talks of removing the image of Paśupatināth to the Museum, where everybody had fought to defend His faith from the immemorial.

With the first week of August I called on the Defense-minister, General Kaiser Shumshere who seemed to be very self-confident over his *hooka* (hubble-bubble) which he was puffing very leisurely. After preliminary discussion about the selection of the candidates, we proceeded to Mr M. P. Koirala, who seemed to be very much worried. We knew that he was going out in a few days leaving the field clear for General Kaiser Shumshere as Consul No. 1. I assured the Prime-minister that, despite the brief tenure of office he had left a durable impression to the liberal Shah policy as the first public Prime-minister, which replaced the Rana autocracy. The sense of frustration, cynicism and disenchantment that was rampant during the Rana-Congress Coalition had now given way to the time-honoured faith

in the lonely grandeur of our patron-god Paśupati. Knowing human nature to be what it is, this was also the epitaph to the growing loss of faith in our composite gods. By way of example I told the Prime-minister that even the officers and soldiers of the Soviet Union with all their indoctrination of Marxism-Leninism, could not bear to look upon the face of Lenin when his corpse was lifted from the mausoleum for inspiring them in their wars against the Germans. On the other hand, the Russian officers and men were reported to have received their inspiration from the image of Mother Mary to win their wars at the greatest moment of their trial. The same was true of the Gorkhas, who fought and died in the name of Paśupati. This universal spirit of the Ultimate Best in the direction of our national Destiny had to be understood in this period of democratic experimentation, excitement, euphoria and emotional liabilities of our young leaders. The most serious deficiency was the absence of national leaders who could clearly and intelligently articulate the potentialities of our Samyak Society and thus help our nation to reap a rich harvest by putting up the hopes and ideals of our lost horizon against the twentieth-century horizon of Capitalism and Communism. The person best suited to provide the leadership was King Tribhuvana under the banner of the Master of the Battle. Nepal had braved many winds of change through the ages, but the patron God of Nepal has never surrendered His rights to the Gods of the North or of the South, East or West. A cursory look at our composite religion, culture, geography, demography and economy would at once reveal that until development took place in the minds of our multi-ethnic peoples, until modernisation went to the mountains and unless rural economy was mobilised in the far-flung villages, party slogans and manifestoes were not going to solve the cardinal issues of development. Evidently, my arguments had cathartic effect of completely metamorphosing the mind of our first popular Prime-minister.

On the 4th of August, 1952, the Prime-minister and the Ministers had plucked up their courage to declare at a Public Meeting at the Tripureswar Tundikhel that they had come from the cottages of Nepal and were happy to return to their homes, so that they may study development plans, projects and policies as media to foster, co-ordinate and channelise the national effect towards the optimum possible utilisation of national potential during the post-revolution decade. Vilification of the men in power was not going to solve the most important issues of development, which included a wide range of values, services and output by developing the unused resources

to meet the challenge of a bipolar world in the name of our Patron God and tradition. I was happy to hear our first Congress Prime-minister conclude his speech by saying 'Glory to Paśupati' as a reply to the calustrophobia which some of the leaders were trying to bring our national psyche .

After hearing the address of the Prime-minister I announced the results of the Military Cadets, where I was shocked to hear about the exorbitant cost of training them in the Indian Military Academy from General Paranjape. After a dinner party of the British Ambassador Mr H. Summerhayes the same night, I discussed the possibility of getting our Military cadets trained in the Military Academy of Sandhurst, which put the Indian Mission Chief on the spot.

The 6th of August happened to be the Gaijatra (The Festival of the Cows) in which the inhabitants of Kathmandu made fun of the Ministers by masquerading them as the stooges of the Indian Ambassador squabbling for their position in the Government where His Excellency dangled doles and Chotey Sinha held up a bottle of whiskey claiming that he had captured Nepal by 21 bottles of whiskey from their point of vantages. The irrational nature of the political process tended to arouse the deep-seated suspicions and fears of our peoples specially when they heard about the blue-print for a New Lhāsa with planned streets and buildings, sanitation, electricity, telephones and modern amenities which gave economic meaning to the Tibetan Society. There was news that the Dalai Lama had surrendered his rights as a God King and consented to send a six-men delegation to Peking in order to take part in the October celebrations.

Seeing how freedom had no significance without giving new economic and spiritual significance to the downtrodden masses, the greatness of our leaders would consist in finding what was true and in acting according to the hopes and aspirations of our Samyak Society. Whereas the People's Republic of China had ended the race for ascendancy between Russia, England and India by the 17 point Sino-Tibetan Agreement on May 23, 1951, it was imperative for us to see that the weaknesses of the party system and politics of ministry-making did not supersede the fundamental politics of living in unity in diversity during this period of transition. Unlike the God King of Tibet, King Tribhuvana was an unusual king under the best tradition of our chronology, but unfortunately His Majesty's health had begun to fail at this critical time. The most controversial symbol of Indian interference was the Indian Ambassador, whose Bihari style of politiking became so

objectionable and short-sighted that the Government of the United States decided to give the benefits of the Four-Point-Aid to Nepal directly by reducing the U.S. aid channelled through India. But for the strong presence of Mr. Paul W. Rose at this critical juncture, Mr. C. P. N. Singh's divisive game of playing the peoples of the Tarai against the hillmen would have cost Nepal her independence. It was now clear to us that the constitutional democracy, as prepared and packaged in New Delhi, was not going to strike roots in Nepal with its own tradition of acting as a bridge between democratic India and Communist China. The dawn of hope during the Rana-Congress coalition Government in 1951 had disintegrated in a clash of personal ambitions and conflicting ideologies with the formation of a purely Congress Government. When the Nepali Congress Government broke down, alliances and coalitions of competing individual politicians became enmeshed in the politics of expediency, where every leader aspired to seats in the Cabinet with deteriorating gyrations and zig-zag bargaining negotiations with the Palace through the Indian adviser and the Indian Ambassador to the total economic stagnation and frustration of our peoples. By temperament King Tribuhvana was content to function as a Constitutional Monarch. The King's dedication to democratic principles was contained in his historic proclamation of February 18, 1951, in which His Majesty expressly promised that the new political system would be based upon a Constitution framed by the elected representatives of the peoples. This bore eloquent testimony to the King's sincerity at the cost of his personal ambitions. But the arrogant and ambitious party-leaders did not rise up to the situations. As a Father of the Nation, the King did not invite the Nepali Congress to form a Government on the 14th of August 1952.

Chapter IV

THE ROYAL COUNCILLORS' REGIME

August 15, 1952—December 31, 1952

The Democratic experiment, which had the tendency of aligning Nepal with the democratic forces of the world against China, suffered a setback, when the Royal Proclamation of August 14th defined the functions of the Councillors as 'the eradication of bribery, corruption and nepotism, establishment of independent judiciary and an unambiguous definition of people's fundamental rights.' Acting as his own Prime-minister to be assisted by six advisers the King declared that the new political set-up was a temporary arrangement which would be terminated as soon as the Nepali Congress and the opposition parties would resolve their differences to form a truly national Government, which could take care of the hopes and aspirations of our multi-ethnic peoples. We took part in the ceremony, where the Army and the Police occupied higher seats in the warrant of precedence than the Civilian Constitutional heads of Government. With all the defects of an A. Class Rana hierarch in its heyday General Kaiser Shumshere had become the most durable man after the revolution, who was given the portfolio of General Administration, Finance and Defence. A rich C. Class Rana Mahabir Shumshere, who was the last to arrive at the function on the excuse that his barber did not come in time to shave his one day's growth of beards, was put in charge of Home, Planning and Development. Happy-go-lucky General Sharada Shumshere, who was the son of Maharaja Mohan, held the portfolio of Education. Colonel Surendra Bahadur Basnyat, who came from the family of Bhardars, was put in charge of Industry, Commerce, Food and Civil Supplies. The Gandhi-capped and Khadi-clad councillor Mr Khadga Man Singh with his Indian orientation, was given the portfolio of Foreign

Affairs, Revenue and Forest to my great worry. Sirdar Manik Lal Rajbhandary from the family of Newari Bhardar was put in charge of Public Works and Communication, Law and Parliamentary Affairs, Health and Local Self-Government according to his qualification.

The most encouraging aspect of the Councillors' regime was that none of the councillors had political or ideological bias, though two of them had party affiliations at one time. While Mr M. P. Koirala went out to seek his political fortune among the people and while the Nepali Congress, Gorkha Parishad and Communists formed and dissolved their alliances by spewing political blackmail, I was personally interested in the coming visit of Professor G. Tucci to Kathmandu so that I may get the 'materials for the study of the history and culture of Nepal' published in passing from Tibet. I was disturbed to receive a telegram from Professor G. Tucci that the Nepalese Embassy in New Delhi had refused to give him the visa. I found that Mr C. P. N. Singh, who held that the Nepalese history and culture emanated from India, was dead against the visit and had advised our Gandhi-capped Councillor in Foreign Affairs to ban the visits of scholars and tourists from overseas at a time when Nepal was growing out of the isolation and insulation policy of the Ranas. Another worry for me was the constant effort of the Indians to organise our country for defense against the People's Republic of China.

On August 18th I saw off Mr M. P. Koirala to the booming of 17 gun salute. Unlike Maharaja Mohan, who left the country for Bombay with a feeling of relief, Mr M. P. Koirala's eyes were brimful of tears when I tried to resuscitate him. With the exit of the Prime-minister I found it difficult to bring about the visit of the Italian savant despite the recommendation of the Nepalese Ambassador in New Delhi to allow him to do so. I contacted the Gandhi-capped Jawahar-vested Councillor on the subject without any result, albeit a Foreign office staff showed me a funny note from His Majesty's Secretary Mr Govinda Narayan saying that the Italian Professor may be asked to wait in New Delhi for about one month before proceeding to Kathmandu, where he may stay only four days, which made no sense. It occurred to me that the Ranas were more liberal to allowing Professors S. Levi, G. Tucci and other scholars to make researches in the past of Nepal than our present Councillor under the prodding of the Indian Ambassador, who wanted to prove to the world that Nepal was a colony of India morally, spiritually, culturally and geographically. Behind every argument I discovered ignorance. Being little more than instrument of Mr C. P. N. Singh's

will I could not expect any help from our Councillor of Foreign Affairs. Nevertheless I was determined that we had to rediscover the foundation of our Samyak Society, so that the causes of dispute may disappear in the coming years. Then, too, the Congress leaders were becoming increasingly aware of the Indian efforts to decelerate the tempo of social, political and economic reforms initiated by the dissident Congress party with their new-fangled practices of egalitarian speeches and irreverent manners. We were told that Messrs B. P. Koirala, Subarna Shumshere and S. P. Upadhyaya were searched at the Dum Dum airport and further that Mr Nehru had refused to meet them. On August 20th Mr M. P. Koirala and the Gorkha Parishad pledged their support to the King. I was also encouraged to hear that General Bijaya Shumshere had advised the dissident Congress leaders that they should use their energies in the national interest and not in tearing themselves apart specially at this time when the Indians thought that Nepal could not get any economic aid over the head of India. The Indians totally forgot the six hundred miles of Nepal's frontier with China. While Mr C. P. N. Singh was packing to return to India, the Indians went about saying that the Panchen Lama of Kumbum was dyed-in-the-wool Communist who interdicted all those, who prostrated to him in gaudy dress.

On the other hand, Mr Paranjape had asked all our officers to write their essays on the Northern Frontier of Nepal. The Nepalese officers flocked to me for my notes, which I dictated as follows: 'We have information that the Chinese Field Survey operating at an altitude of 10,000 to 15,000 feet were carrying out a detailed survey of the Himalayan highlands embracing all the important trade routes and putting up strong outposts at all the important passes with carpentars, masons and administrators to build roads and also administer the area. The Chinese are reported to have a quarter inch map of all the Himalayan states, where the latest maps of the region done by the Survey Office of Dehradun were conspicuous by their errors. On the basis of our traditional maps it would take us about two years to prepare an accurate 1 inch to a mile map of our border for all practical purposes with the aid of Mr Aufschnaiter, who had thoroughly surveyed that part of the world, albeit an agricultural engineer-cum-mountaineer. We had our own offices, in Kuti, Kyirong, and Hathia, where we were training effective local tiger-men to take care of our check-posts along the known passes. So far the Chinese officers had made no objection to a free and frank exchange of views on our borders.'

The immediate reaction of my notes was that Mr Peter Aufschnaiter

called with presents on August 24th to tell me that General Mahabir Shumshere had decided to check him out of his present job and also that he may not be allowed to stick to Nepal working for the F.A.O. I approached the Councillor to be told that the Indians should be allowed to take care of our frontier and that he had taken the decision about Mr P. Aufschnaiter because he did not work. He held down his head when I told the General bluntly that the Councillors' regime would be charged by the future generations of Nepal for having betrayed the cause of our peoples for a handful of privileges from Indian Government. In the meantime the Indians were flattering the the General as the best administrator and had gone on telling people that the drama of Nepal in two acts were over and the Third Act was going to begin shortly.

The Third Act of the Drama

General Mahabir in consultation with the Indian Adviser prepared the prologue of the third act by summarily dismissing Sirdar Gunjaman Singh, who advocated a treaty with China at par with India. All the nationalists were at a discount and my fate hung in the balance. The next step was the establishment of 16 check-posts by Indian officers in uniform, for which reekies were sent to the Himalayan border. Streams of Indian Military Engineers worked on the 72 miles Thankot-Bhainsey road to the rejection of the practical Swiss Plan for the 32 miles road from Kathmandu to Bhimphedi. In 1921 our historian Khardar Baburam had inadvertently given the name of Sagarmatha to Mount Everest when the court of the Dalai Lama referred to it as Chhomo-lunga without knowing that Sumeru occurred as the name of the highest peak in the chronology of Nepal. The Chinese had since claimed that the name Chhomo-lunga was of Chinese origin. The *Statesman Daily* began its article of the new stage in Nepal by saying that the Mount Everest had no local name and that Mr Radhanath Sirkar was the first Bengali to measure the mountain whereas Sarat Chandra Das had mentioned the Mount Everest as Cho-mo-konkar. The political scene became dismal when the Congress Mahasamiti at Bisalnagar destroyed any prospect of a rapprochement with Mr M. P. Koirala by throwing him out amid a rowdy scene. Moreover, the Working Committee pressed for an early termination of the Councillors' regime and Mr B. P. Koirala refused to comply with a request from the King for a list of party representatives to an advisory Assembly as if he held the destiny of Nepal.

Visit of Professor G. Tucci

The only silver lining on the dark horizon of Nepal was the visits of Professor G. Tucci and other scientific Expeditions to our country on the

first week of September. I met the Italian savant on September 4th and recalled the happy time of Lhasa in 1949 and discussed plans for his scientific expedition of the Gaṇḍaki and Karṇāli regions of Western Nepal in passing from Tibet. On September 6th we visited the stupa of Swayambhunātha dedicated to the memory of Buddha Vipassi who was said to have cast the first seed of lotus from the adjacent mountain peak of Jāmāco (Śilocca). Then we went to the Museum where Mr Akkad Sen had misdated the images, though he had erected a fitting memorial to the great earthquake of January 15, 1933 out of the twisted iron-beams and masonries to bear testimony to its intensity. Then we discussed the possibility of excavating the historic city of Kapilvastu and other sites of early Buddhism in Western Nepal to show the world how the great faith had its beginning vis-a-vis Vedic Brahmanism. Happy in the thought of exploring our past we together attended a tea party of Councillor Khadga Man Singh, where I discussed the plans of Dr. Tucci with the Foreign Secretary Sirdar Narendra Mani A. D. I was shocked to hear that the Foreign Councillor was dead against our plan for researches. Then I accosted Mr. Singh, who told me that he had already informed the Indian Ambassador that Professor G. Tucci was not going to be in Nepal for more than four days. I lost my temper and charged him for the betrayal of our country by discussing our internal affairs with a foreign Ambassador to the evident amusement of General Kaiser, General Mahabir, Sirdar Manik Lal and Colonel Basnyat adding that Professor Tucci and party would be in Nepal for four months exploring our historical past. I had carried the day. This was my first big victory and I celebrated the occasion by entertaining the members of the Italian, Swiss and Japanese scientific expeditions to a dinner at my home with spaghetti and Mayonese served along with Nepalese dishes and drinks to the envy of Indian guests.

Away from the dirty game of politics we were now discussing with the scientific experts international cooperation in exploring the Mount Everest where Mr. Lambert had lost his toes, in developing hydro-electric power, in helping the peoples to grow more food by the aid of the Swiss F. A. O. experts, in setting up communications with a view to the welfare of our peoples and in dispelling the darkness of ignorance by the spread of education and researches in the glorious past of Nepal. I was happy to feel with my friends that 'the wildest dreams of Kew were going to be the facts of Kathmandu'. For my part in this new drama I presented to Professor G. Tucci the rubbings of the inscriptions I had collected and asked him to make photostat copies of the valuable manuscripts to the opprobrium of the

Indians and their henchmen who spread the rumour that I had made a huge amount of money by selling these materials. Nepal owed her mystical reputation to her Chronology, the life of the Buddha and to her architecture and sculptures but nobody had been able to describe accurately the essence of our religion and culture. So far we had lost the essence of what we stood for in the clouds of Universal Brahma or Logos. Our researches helped us to get down to basic truths of what we had done in between the time of the historical Buddhas and ourselves. While the Americans and the Indians accused each other of besmearing their advertisement posters with cowdings and General Mahabir planned to represent Nepal in Queen Elizabeth's Coronation, sixty year old Professor Tucci accompanied by Miss F. Bonardi and Dr. C. Guttuso set out on their new journey to Western Nepal in order to find out manuscripts, epigraphic records of the principalities, which had great significance to the Nepalese, Tibetans, Chinese and Indians because of their location and their significance and cultural and trade centres.

At this time I was interested to read Mr Lall's report saying that he had set everything right in Sikkim by sowing the seeds and discord between the Tibetan, Lepchas and the Nepales peoples of the Kingdom by making communal award to the peoples of Tibetan origin. So far everybody had lived in the overall scheme of a Samyak Society without communal awards. This was a divisive scheme in the Himalayan countries. We also learnt that the Bhotias of the United Provinces were alarmed by their loss of trade of Tibet and I got apprehensive how the peoples of Nepal were going to tide over the harvest festival of Dasain, which was approaching. Then, too, we learnt that India had recalled the Indian Representative from their Mission in Lhasa and had decided to send trade consuls to Gartok, Yatung, Gyantse and a Consulate General in Lhasa while Tibetan refugees poured into Kalimpong. After making serious propaganda against Indian interference in Nepal Dr. K. I. Singh was reportedly removed from Lhasa to Peking to the horror of the Indians. The Nepali Congress was dwindling whereas the Gorkha Parishad appeared to be carrying all before in the midland mountains. The Soviet Union vetoed the applications of Nepal, Japan and Libya to the United Nations. Whereas the Government of India had been negotiating with the Government of the People's Republic of China in order to define the status of Indian Mission and Trade Agencies in Tibet to the evident displeasure of the Anglo-American powers, the Chinese did not question our extra-territorial rights, and Tibet paid us the annual tribute.

The traditional Harvest festival of Dasain approached with the last

week of September. It was rumoured that there was shortage of sheep and goats in Tibet and the peoples of Nepal were apprehensive whether they were getting their annual quota of the animal. But the sheep and goats arrived in time with this difference that they were fleeced of their coat of wool due to autumn shearing to the disappointment of the Gurung Community of spinners and weavers in our country. This deprived Gurungs and Sherpas of their jobs of spinning and weaving Pashmina woolen goods and Radis (rough woolen carpets). The economy of Nepal and Tibet hinged so delicately as to be interdependent. It occurred to me that everyman's life in action was more important than the democratic world of political words, passions, prejudices and fears of ideologies, which sprang from the lack of basic understanding of our Samyak Society. Under the circumstances, the best way to get things done was not by making Nepal's policy depend on the neurosis of our politicians but through the deep involvement of our multi-ethnic peoples as a whole. The whole concept of many donors from the north, east, west or south sharing the burdens of building our stupas and temples and of praying before our composite Gods had been injected into the neighbouring peoples from time immemorial. It was here that the Mongols, the Tibetans and the Chinese built their Gompas and prayed while peoples from the south and the north bowed down to the composite image of Paśupati sculptured in the scheme of Vyūha (fortress). Unfortunately, there was neurosis among the leaders of the Capitalist and the Communist world because they were ignorant of the dimension in depth of the human values, which concentrated on the kind of inputs in a composite religion, in art as well as architecture, and in the common outlook of the peoples of the world through the world famous spell of 'Om mani peme hum'. No nation in the world could provide a better example than the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal in playing their part on the new kinds of scientific progress by setting up communications between north and south as a bridge between the bipolar world in conflict. Of all peoples in the world we could now concentrate on getting the new kinds of inputs in agriculture, in education, in health and other scientific fields really translated into the day to day lives of the peoples by co-existing with India and China.

But discipline had become the worst casualty among political hooligans. We were told that there was a riot in Dhulikhel for grabbing the sheep and goats from Tibet as result of which one Tibetan shepherd died of stabbing. The sheep and goats were now selling for Rs. 27 and Rs. 28 each, which was an exorbitant price to pay compared to the good old days. Then, too, there

were rumours that the anti-nationals had ransacked the Government arsenals of the village of Baglung famous for handmade papers in Western Nepal.

Arrival of New Indian Ambassador

The 28th of September happened to be the Day of the Victorious Lady, when we missed the smile from the face of King Tribhuvana. The Nepalese leaders lacked maturity and experience. Politics had degenerated into personal politics and the King seemed to be weighted by many worries to justify, the saying that 'uneasy lay the head that wore the crown'. Fortunately the exit of Mr C. P. N. Singh in October synchronised with the arrival of Four Point experts in order to restrict our development policies so that our peoples may get a more equitable distribution of the benefits of economic growth. The new Indian Ambassador Mr. Gokhale arrived on October 8th, and he presented his credentials on October 12. He looked more philosophic than his predecessor. A side-talk with one of the members of his staff revealed that he was a great devotee of Paśupatinath and his main object was to seal the corridor of Radhikapur between Nepal and East Pakistan. He also revealed that Mr J. L. Nehru was shortly leaving for his inspection-tour of the Indo-Tibetan border.

Meanwhile I was busy preparing my file for police screening as we had to deal with unrest among politicians and peasants. As the police force was entirely composed of power-hungry political elements with the ultimate objective of effecting revolt, it was getting necessary to screen the officers and train them for doing their duty in the interest of our country. The Nepali Congress was planning to launch a "no rent" campaign to harass the Government. Fortunately, there was no C. P. N. Singh to add fuel to the flame. Mr Gokhale held a more correct view of his functions in Nepali. He had now advised our King to replace the Councillors' regime by a popular Cabinet in order to avoid unnecessary risk for himself. The politicians also clamoured that the King should stop the rot in Nepal by forming a popular Cabinet.

With the advent of November the Swiss Mission of the FAO found it impossible to retain Mr P. Aufschraiter in their agricultural job. The Indian Military Mission was eager to spirit the Austrian away to New Delhi. This form of Indian interference became evident despite the public outcry against them. Another object of attack was the Indian advisory Mission who tried to hitch our administration to the cart of New Delhi.

The students celebrated Berlin Day on November 17. I felt the chill

of winter in the brief mornings and evenings when I searched for inscriptions while I had to work hard on the police screenings during the day. I was told that some of the students had gone so far as to stop the car of the King and told His Majesty that that he was a man of wax. What they said was true, the kindly King replied, and that was the reason why he could not walk so stoutly as they did and had to travel by car. Then they stopped the cars of the Councillors and told them that they would make footballs of their heads. I also heard their slogans saying 'Abolish the rule of the Councillois and reinstate the Ministry.' When the matter was reported to the King he asked the officers and men to forgive the students against the background of youth indiscipline all over the world, because they did not know what they were saying and doing.

Professor Tucci's Trekking Experiences

Meantime I was busy hunting and taking stampings of the inscriptions and photographing sculptures and architectural monuments before Professor G. Tucci arrived from his tour. What surprised me was that the place names had undergone only slight changes from those mentioned in the inscriptions, and that the peoples of Nepal had taken care to preserve their monuments and sculptures intact through the ages. So much depended on the terrain, the sights and scenes, the contacts with our neighbours that the changing scripts of the inscriptions, bricks, composite sculptures to absorb all faiths, and the architectural monuments told their own unique tales, of survival which could not be available in India or Tibet. By looking at the small size of our country, which, like a laboratory, had preserved the ancient races of Kirātas, Yakṣas (Sherpas and other border tribes), Śākyas, Kolis, Khasas, Gomins (Avars or Ābhīras), Lichhavis, Mallas, Māhotas (Tharus) and Satars of the ancient world untouched by modernity, I felt the need of explaining our religion, history and culture by writing about the judicial customs of our multi-ethnic peoples. As I walked through the litter lying around stupas, temples and ancient monuments, I pitied the politicians and the students for their vain slogans. Considering the historical, social, religious and cultural potential of Nepal, our politicians could contribute much to enhance the image of our country by working shoulder to shoulder with the Princes of Poverty known in our country as the Podeys to remove the litter and make life better for everybody. It dawned on me that the religious monuments the composite sculptures had for centuries helped the frequent exchanges in the religious and cultural fields. The coins of Nepal ranging from the punch-marked coins to the coins in our own

days which were stamped with the symbols of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess bore testimony to our commercial prosperity at different periods of our history . The influence of these ancient heritage was still evident in our glistening monuments despite the advent of diverse other influences in the intervening centuries, which said something for the deep impact and durability in international influences from China, Tibet, Persia, India and Central Asiatic countries. The greatness of Nepal lay in the past and the party politicians were tending to reduce our law-abiding peoples to the nadir of indiscipline. There was no alternative to our shunning the policy of confrontation to the People's Republic of China by making Nepal an area of peace if we wanted the scientific and economic development of our Samyak Society. I found great inspiration with my spade-works in the past of Nepal till Professor Tucci arrived in the second week of December. The aged Professor had trekked through the villages of Nuwakot, Gorkha, Kunchha, Pokhara, Kāski, Tukucha, Kagbeni and Mustang and retraced his steps as far as the village of Dana and bifurcated to the route of Darkhola, Beni, Baglung, Ranighat, Tansing (headquarter of the district of Palpa) and descended to the Tarai region of Butwal and Bethari (Butwal) till he reached the Lumbini Gardens, where Śākyamuni Buddha was born. It was a pleasure to hear from Professor Tucci his trekking experiences and what potentials Nepal had for developing tourists trade if Nepal made these routes popular by encouraging the local people to improve the wayside inns and the catering services. He spoke about the pitiable state of the Tibetan Gompas in the principality of Mustang, where the barley-culture met the rice-culture. He had also made sensational discoveries about the traditions and culture of the Twentyfour principalities (*Chauvisi raj*) of the basin of the river Kālī-Gaṇḍakī in preparation of his further trek to the Khasa-kingdom of Western Nepal with its capital in Jumla comprised presently by the Twenty-two Principalities known as *Bais-raj*.

During our meeting in Lhasa in 1949 Professor G. Tucci had made me realise the importance of the cultural and political history of Western Nepal for the investigation of Tibetan culture. I was most happy by being instrumental in helping Tucci's preliminary visit to some of the western region, about which Messrs Kirkpatrick, Francis Hamilton, B. H. Hodgson and S. Levi had collected some information. Considering the importance of the work for the future of Nepal I had also taken the rubbings of about three hundred inscriptions in archaic and transitional characters in the valley of Nepal for detailed publication in *Serie Oriental Roma*. I was also happy to hear from the learned Professor about the discovery of a Lichhavi of the period of King Śivadeva

in the village of Gorkha from the palace of Kailāśkuṭa in Kathmandu. The Professor's account of the Lumbini Gardens which is sacred to more than three hundred million Buddhists in the world, simply thrilled and enthralled me. Then, too, we discussed the possible date of the Kuśāṇa basrelief of the birth of Śakyamuni Buddha put up by Emperor Kaniṣka which popularised the idea in Nepal and all over the world in process of time. There, fifty li to the east of Śākyan King Śuddhodana's capital of Kapilvastu the Great Pilgrim was born, who claimed the Himalayas as the country of his origin to delimit it from the rest of India. The prospect of excavating Kapilvastu was tantalising.

Coming down to mundane realities I was shocked to hear about the maltreatment of the party by the Indian check-post officers to add to the curse of difficult terrain in a mountaneous country. Such behaviour would discourage research-workers, mountaineers and scientific field-workers who were trying to put Nepal on the map of the world by attracting tourists. The party opined that Nepal could sell the idea of a trekker's paradise if we could open the route to the tourists. Thakali Mr Sher Chan and the Thakali family had given the party suggestions as to the routes and had treated them with great hospitality. The Thakalis, Sherpas and other Tibetan tribes were already famous for making their living as guides, porters and catering to the travellers. As a first step they suggested that trekking routes could be easily developed along the country they had travelled. From Pokhara the party had flown to Kathmandu. The existing and planned air and road connections to the various points of historic and scenic spots should be taken into consideration. Detailed maps showing the trekking routes and surrounding areas should be developed for the tourists. Brochures should also be available describing the origin and Samyak habits of the multi-ethnic peoples, their judicial customs, history, culture and the historic implications of the mountains and rivers of this ancient land including information of what trekkers should take with them and what was available locally. In order to make these routes popular the Government should develop a Department of tourism and encourage the local people to improve the inns and the catering services. One should not forget that certain minimum hygienic conditions for food and living conditions must be assured. The brochures should take care to mention the inns or the lodging houses where the tourists could spend the night and where and what they could get their food. Which country could provide such ancient temples as that of Paśupati or Lumbini or Chāngu Nārāyaṇ or for that matter long and short trekking routes from land of the Tarai to 6,000 meters in altitude with the conditions to sa-

tisfy every curiosity ? This aspect of tourism had a unique opportunity to develop Nepal as an area of peace between China and India that gave this 'stunted yam' of a country a clear competitive advantages over other countries provided our Authorities managed to get rid of the Indian check-posts to impede the progress of the tourists. No doubt there may be tourists who may not behave themselves. But the greatest resources of Nepal were her inimitable people who could convert the curse of modern materialism into a boon by showing the tourists by their noble examples how the Samyak Society had developed in all its aspects from the days of 'Dharma-cakra-pravartana' (turning of the Eight-spoked Wheel of Law) to the outbreak of the present revolution. In conformity with the taste and tendency of the bipolar world, it was necessary to write books to explain the major social changes which the multi-ethnic peoples of Nepal had experienced during those remarkable days between Gautama Buddha and King Māna-Deva. In making this attempt we had to draw upon religious, architectural, sculptural, political, economic and social history in so far as they helped to illuminate the changes in mental habits and outlook or in social life and organisation, which constituted the development of the Nepalese national community during those eventful years. Since actual wars between the Śākya of Kapilvastu and King Virūdhaka of the adjacent kingdom of Kośāli, between the King of the Kirātas and Arjuna, and between our Lichhavi King Māna-Deva I and the Mallas and the Guptas, have played great parts in shaping the destiny of our nation, it was necessary to give military details of those great events to apprise the world of the fighting qualities of the invincible Gorkhas in the first and the second World Wars. Although dialectical materialism and the horizontal dimension of science had made momentous contributions to the development of the Communist and the Capitalist Society, yet it was necessary to paint the main outlines of our spiritual history in order to demonstrate the nature, inter-connexions and significance of Śivadṛṣṭi" (the Third Eye of Śiva), which led to social changes in a Samyak Way.

The main motif was to show how Nepal survived as a spiritual Shangri-la when great empires of material wealth and power surged and crumbled around her borders. In examining how this spiritual dimension was accumulated, I took Professor Tucci round to show him the various basreliefs of the birth of Buddha of different periods sculptured on the basis of the Kaniṣka's basrelief of Lumbini. Then, too, I showed him the earliest sculptures of Atikārunikas(Avalokiteśvāras) to show how the idea developed in Nepal as a bridge between Buddhism and Brahmanism and how the ideas were used by the Indians, Tibetans and the Chinese peoples. I also showed to

the Professor most of the images and basreliefs dated in the scheme of Bhairavi cakra-pravartana (transition to Bhairavi-cakra), which culminated in the founding of the Samyak Society way back in the fifth century A. D. For much of the time the Nepalese peoples were unconscious of the very foundations of the astro-psychic systems of Kāla-cakra and Bhairavi-cakra and their influences on the minds of the neighbouring peoples. The world-wide power of the cities of Kapilvastu and Koligrāma (Kathmandu), for example, were so discreetly veiled from public view that the Nepalese peoples totally forgot the significance of the spell of the 'Jewel in the Lotus'. It was, paradoxically, when his spiritual power was crumbling that the Nepalese peoples began to talk about it. If the problem of spiritual power was the prime issue of the bipolar world, it may be that we could learn a great deal of wisdom from the strange drama depicted in our basreliefs and sculptures.

It was fortuitous that Professor Tucci's visit to Nepal took place in the context of convulsions in Tibet, though India had not yet been affected too adversely. But the Communist sinner, who spent and gave away their efforts and their mites to raise the living standard of the poor peoples of small countries, were better than the Capitalistic devotees of God and defenders of faith, who exploited their weak neighbours and laid by for themselves.

On December 21st King Tribhuvana entertained Professor Tucci and Mr Tensing and other Sherpas to a farewell party in the Palace, where Crown Prince Mahendra seemed to take a great deal of interest in their expeditions. Judging by the trend of talks of the British, the American and the Dutch diplomats and Swiss mountaineers, it was evident that the compulsions, apprehensions and calculations that determined Indian policy towards Nepal were no longer as relevant as in 1949 and 1950. Such was the political scene when the King and party left for New Delhi on December 24th in his search for a representative Government in the teeth of unrest among the peasants, which the Councillors' regime was not in a position to tackle. Mischievous adventurers, who gained the loyalty of the discontented students, peasants and town-mobs, were devising new methods of popular agitation through the old and new Students's Union and large-scale associations.

By the last week of December, 1952 I was busy examining the answer papers of the police officers, some of which seemed to be practical and excellent though the Indian officer Mr Ananda described them as falling far below the standard of the average Indian candidates. A product of the Indian University I pointed out to Mr Ananda the seamy side of his argument by

reference to the circumlocutory cycles of Indian students which signified nothing. On the other hand, I was happy to find that the haphazard children of revolution were growing to be a disciplined officers from the vexations and inconsistent policies of the Congress and other politicians. I was equally impressed by the performance of the cadets of the one mile race in 9 minutes and 9 to 15 seconds. True to the Gorkha tradition of the Khud race, we allotted the Cadets $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do the ten-mile walk from Lain Chaur to Krishnapati in Budanilkantha. Our boys started from Lain-Chaur at 7.17 A. M. and the first candidate had passed the winning post at 9/30 A.M. and the second at 9/45 A. M. Both of the candidates had broken the All-India record whereas all the cadets had done the walking in 3 hours and twenty minutes, which was the time we had allotted for the first class walkers. There were no stragglers. In the interviews the worst of our students were found to be far more practical minded than their Indian counterparts with their flights of fancy. Finally, I was gratified to learn that the results of our cadets at the police-training center of India was by far the most successful.

Chapter V

THE WIND OF CHANGE

January 1, 1953--April 22, 1953

The first of January 1953 happened to be a cold and cloudy day, which chilled us to the bone by a heavy downpour of rain. Nepal in 1953 was on the brink of an era of greatness indicated on the fronton of her inscriptions, if we could make use of the great advantages provided by the favourable situation. At the same time, we were entering upon a period of remarkable social distress and unrest, of economic crisis and political change. Nepal's new image in the world rested on foundations of the indomitable fighting qualities of the Gorkhas and harsh-sweated labour of our Sherpa porters in the Himalayan expeditions despite their appalling poverty and misery at their homes. Political and material progress of our multi-ethnic peoples had to be achieved under conditions of cut-throat competition and inhuman exploitation of the high-caste privileged classes. We had to make efforts to reconcile our traditional Samyak ideals of universal happiness with the realities of economic distress and oppression imposed by the Brahmannic hierarchy in their present manifestation of political democracy. In order to bridge this enormous gulf we had to devise the complex apparatus of the modern social-service Kingdom, with the ideals of freedom from fear and from want and social security in the scheme of a Samyak Society, where everybody helped his own Guṭhi (Goṭi-Gauṣṭikas or co-operative organisation) to prosper in its own way. Nepal had given example of her political and social inventiveness by creating a Samyak Society between the period of Gautama Buddha and King Māna-Deva, and the greatest challenge was to succeed in the task of bringing to light the qualities

of head and heart of the important but invisible Princes of Poverty and the working of our lost horizon in this bipolar world.

Our generation of Nepalese had suffered from the aftermath of two world wars and of the democratic and Communistic Revolutions, which had set in motion a whole tide of new forces and ideas on our northern and southern borders. These had now seeped into our national life gradually and our daring experiment was to fit the most spiritually developed man into a dynamic democratic society so that the multi-ethnic Nepalese peoples may stand clear of the Capitalist and the Communist tides. Judging by the failures, faults, and ludicrous shortcomings of our politicians, we could not be satisfied by the stuffy complacency and frowsty priggery of the Indian democrats and militarists, who laughed at the foibles of the intensely religious peoples of Nepal. We had to ask ourselves the question whether we could now laugh at the achievements of the Kirāta and Khasa kings or King Śuddhodana, Gautama Buddha, Pāsupatācāryas (Professors of Practical Prachology), the Siddhas (the Perfect Ones) and King Māna Deva, who had made attempts to solve human problems to which the Capitalists and the Communists had failed to find an answer. At least the Kirātas, Śākya, Śakas, Khasas, Ābhirs and the Licchavis had found the dignity of man by learning to fight for duty that lay nearest to them, and thereby they had achieved greatness, stability and peace through justice. No doubt, the whole world would marvel and envy us for the Samyak Society, if we could make the two Lions of the North and the South lie down in peace and harmony under the overall scheme of our Samyak Society.

But during the tug-of-war between China and India our leaders had not yet learnt to trust the Peoples's Republic of China. The Indians had now taken up the survey of Nepal and manning our northern frontier against Tibet and China, which we had never done in our long history. The Indians wanted to use Mr P. Aufschnaiter for this purpose and it was impossible for us to afford him protection. Whereas Lhasa could afford the Austrian protection against the demand of the British Government to surrender him I was sorry that our leaders could not do the same. My hobby of hunting for inscriptions and of photographing the sculptures and other objects of art and architecture had made such a big hole in my pocket that I could not adequately contribute to my adventure of building a ferro-concrete-brick house to shelter our family from earthquake, inclement weather and depre-dations of the white ants. But the ferment of new spirit took me on January

4th to the suburbs of Buḍanlkaṅṭha (the sleeping image of Hari lying on the coils of endless Snakes), where I discovered the inscriptions of King Māna-Deva I and Śrī Devī and of a so far unknown King Māna-Deva and of a very ancient image of Buddha Messia known as the Walking Buddha in the World. Judging by the style of dress sticking to its body and its style of sculpture this image of the Anāgata Buddha seemed to predate the image of the Sleeping Nārāyaṇa attributed to the Licchavi king Haridatta-veṛma of our chronology. My dip into the past of Nepal helped me to delve the origin of the many images of the Sleeping and Walking Buddhas in China while the abundance of the literature of the Perfection of Wisdom showed how the ideas had spread in Tibet and China through Central Asia. It then occurred to me that the social history of ancient Nepal could be understood largely through these images and bas-reliefs erected by eminent men of our Chronology amid the ferment of new ideas. The Śaivite, Brahmannic and Buddhistic life in these religions, the disciplines of the theory of the Jewel-in-the-Lotus in the scheme of the Vinayas and the strenuous, incessant activities of the Śaivate pagoda temples and Buddhistic monasteries in which men were harnessed to work for their own schools of thought, all these meant great problems of human adjustment. The multi-ethnic peoples in the countryside lived by their judicial customs, and in the new environment our political leaders had tried to shake their habits by killing their traditional custom. Our first experiment with democracy had made heavy weather. Under the circumstances our peoples looked upon the inequalities of life less like calamities from the hand of heaven for their sins and more like injustices from the hands of their selfish leaders.

On January 5th I was happy to hear from my American friends that the most powerful corrective to communism was not armament but the removal of those discontents and privations in which Communism thrived. In reply I told the Americans that the condition of the soldiers, porters and the low-caste peoples of Nepal could be improved only when we replaced competition by cooperation as the mainspring of our social life and our economic activities in the traditional scheme of our Samyak Society. The ancient Buddhistic Goṭis (Gauṣṭhikas-cooperatives) proclaimed that a social question demanded a social answer. If social conditions were bad, we had to change them: in so far as they were bad because men were bad and behaved inhumanely to their fellowmen. Śākyamuni Buddha was the first great socialist, who asked men to undergo a change of heart by recourse to his Eight Samyak rules of plain-living and high-thinking. Born and brou-

ght up as the Crown-prince of King Śuddhodana of Kapilvastu he shunned his wife, new-born son and pleasures of life, whose career most strongly appealed to a nation of Kirāta soldiers, peasants, porters and traders. At the age of 35 he realised that a life of asceticism was vain, and he began his great experiment designed to show that thieves, drunkards and money-minded Goṭi employers and landlords could be transformed if they shunned their insatiable selfishness to treat their fellow human beings well. He inculcated the early Guilds to undertake welfare-works ranging from public health, temperance and education to provision of social security. The force of his impeccable character and personality had infused a new spiritual drive to the Goṭis (cooperative communities), which were tending to be voluntary and freely self-governing. Breaking away from the material determinism of the Tathāgatas (the historical Buddhas) Guatama made his fellow-men recognise the truth by placing it before them. He revolutionised human nature itself by moulding men's minds to the truth of a Samyak Society. A peculiar product of the sixth century B. C. he taught that happiness was a state of mind and spirit, and not 'the total result of merely seeking pleasure and avoiding pain.' The Samyak Society was one of the richest diversity derived from the free interplay of human character and personality in a multi-ethnic tribal country. However, he did not believe in laying down sand-towers of laws, which could be destroyed by the changing tides of the ocean of time. He taught that self-government was better than good government imposed by authority because it allowed men and women to be educated by experiences and by responsibility. Progress came from mental energy and spiritual enterprise, and enlightenment emerged from the free interplay of educated and well-developed minds in a healthy body. But the Śākya of Kapilvastu had acknowledged Śiri-mā (the Great Mother Goddess) and Śākyavardhana (Paśupati) as the patrons and patron-God of their clan. Coming from the City of the Dr ad (Moheñjodāro) the Pīthā-dhyakṣas (adherents of the cult of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess) argued that man was not only an innately hostile and aggressive animal but that the principle of an aggressive instinct demonstrated the inevitability of war, for which man had to be prepared for his very existence. Śākyamuni Buddha's life-history tells us how he prepared himself athletically and in the art of archery and war with the instinct to dominate and destroy his enemies. After the dawn of enlightenment on him Śākyamuni Buddha shunned the Brahmannic practices of self-mortification in the seclusion of forests as vain efforts to achieve God through semi-magical practices. On the other hand, he went on acquiring experiences in the governing faith of ideas and ideals for

the uplift of mankind. In this sense he was a pragmatic and undoctinaire socialist, who defined the great end of social improvement as being to fit mankind by self-cultivation of the Eight Samyak ways for a Samyak Society which combined the greatest personal freedom with that just distribution of the fruits of 'Karma' (the action that determines our destiny). In order to assuage the fears of my American friends I told them how Gautama Buddha was not a Marxist, who preached a crusade against the citadels of Capitalism by inciting the workers of all countries to unite and fight the Capitalists in order to free themselves from their chains. On the other hand, he preached that the good and the evil was a part of human nature and that his Aryan Eightfold Samyak disciplines may lead men to the thresholds of their own minds, so that they may improve and unfold themselves by killing their futile personal motives by rising to nature's great schemes under Nature's own conditions.

What is Paśupati ?

This was a tough question and I began by telling my American friends that according to Mr. Kipling He was 'the Green-eyed God to the north of Kathmandu', who held the missile of Pāśupatāstra' (the animal-in-man-killing-weapon). In our view Paśupati was head and shoulder above the gods and concepts of Dhanapati (the Mammon-worshipping Americans), Janapati (the leaders of the most populous People's Republic of China), Bhumipati (the Saturnian rulers of the largest country of the Soviets) and Pilupati (the elephant-riding rulers of India). Peoples of the advanced world inherited their aggressive instinct when, as primitives, they descended from the trees to become carnivores, hunters, killers and predators whose natural instinct was to kill with weapons. The first recognisable assertion of the nomadic Indo-Aryans was, probably their capacity of slaughtering the urban population of Moheñjodāro (the City of the Dead), who developed their civilisation on the religious tradition of the Great Mother Goddess and Paśupati surrounded by animals. The evolution of the cult of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess, therefore, involved the evolution of human traits through the observation of animal behaviour. Civilised urban life, characterised by social organisation and influenced by human morals had, for the first time, been established in the Indus Valley that it was unable to overcome the basic aggressive instincts of the nomadic Indo-Aryan. After this bitter experiences, the earliest urban population made the most disturbing discovery that a better armed man shared the most gruesome propensity of the carnivorous animals who destroyed members of their own species with-

out a qualm, if the civilised norms of Dharma were withdrawn. As a result of the impact the Finno-Dravid Kirātas of the Indus Valley migrated to the naturally protected kingdom of Kapilvastu and Kollgrāma (Kathmandu) with their patron-God Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess, whom the Śākyas, Kolis, Yakṣas and Kinnaras of the ancient world worshipped as Śākyavardhana and Śiri-mā Devi. A systematic study of the evolution of human traits from the Indus Valley to the sheltered vales and dales of the Himalayas proved conclusively that man was not a pacific animal and that aggression, far from being a destructive principle, was one of the basic instincts of self-preservation.

Judging by the founding of the Kirāta-gaṇa rājyas (Federation of the People's Republics) and Buddhistic Janapadas (People's feet), the evolution of tribal man's evolution throughout the early period of our history appears to have placed the highest premium on his ability to co-operate. Being small in numbers, the tribal communities could not have survived the attack of the Aryan nomadic hordes, if they did not learn how to live in co-operation. Then, how our 'Green-eyed God' brought about radical changes in the anatomy, the habits, the sexual life and the behaviour patterns of the multi-ethnic tribes of the Kirātas, Yakṣas, Kinnaras, Śākyas, Kolis and the like tribes on Suvarṇa-gotra (gold-race) principles in order to oppose the armed might of the Aryan empires and transform their deadly instinct to the worship of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess by acts of submission,—provides one of the most thrilling episodes in the annals of mankind. At this time when modern man has learnt to destroy his enemy at a distance by rifle, grenades, atomic bomb and chemical means, it would still be useful for Americans to make a study of our past and understand how we have achieved unity in diversity with our composite God in the scheme of Vyūha (fortress).

Since the Americans dropped the first atomic bombs on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the naturally formed restraint of aggression was no longer effective and mankind was in danger of annihilation if their deadly ability of killing their own kind were not curbed betimes by recourse to a thorough study of the principles and practices of our religion of 'the Lingum and the Juggernaut'. In this sense Paśupati, was the breath and nostril of our life, in whose name every name Gorkha went to battle.

The Record of the Piprahava Buddhist Vase Epitah

Thousands of years before Messrs Freud and Jung, and European psychologists the Pāśupat yogins had learnt that Virupākṣa-kāma-jatilatā

(Oedipus Complex) was the root cause of the Original Sin. The existing Vedic scriptures and Buddhistic Vinayas were a fearsome tangle of inconsistent and ineffective devices and regulations. After the death of Śākyamuni Buddha and the record of the Piprahavā-Buddhist vase epitaph the Pāsupat Yogins argued that the Eight-fold Aryan paths did not really lead to Nirvāṇa. On the other hand, man inherited his aggressive, tragic and sinful instinct from Virupākṣakāma-jatilatā (Oedipus Complex), which had to be eliminated from the nature of man in order to render him timeless in God's great infrastructure of time. The years between the Piprahavā-Buddhist vase epitaph and the rise of the Varman (Khasa) kings saw a remarkable change of outlook and method in grappling with this vital dimension in human nature by recourse to the astropsychic scheme of Death known as Kāla-cakra, which adopted the spell of 'Om̐ Maṇi Padme Huṃ' (Om̐, the sexual symbol of the synthesis of the anti-thesis, which meant that God resided in the Two-in-one comprised by the Jewel in the Lotus) in lieu of the Three Jewels (namely, Buddha, Dharma and Sangha) taught by the Mahāśramaṇa (the Great Pilgrim) who had passed away. This new concept brought a great change in the outlook and temper of our peoples. The patterns of behaviour of the multi-ethnic men of the Himalayas, who depended upon the spell of 'Om̐ Maṇi Padme Huṃ' had roots in the early cult of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess of the Indus Valley civilisation. The influence of this new spell on the evolutionists was as pervasive as it was overwhelming. But the dogmatism of the founders of this new theory could not totally root out the aggressive and sinful intents and purposes of mankind. The truth was that men were not gentle, friendly creatures wishing for love and that war was the inevitable result of man's inherent instinct for aggression unless we developed the psychic energy of the Five Ms (wine, meat, copulation, physical attitude and spell) to train our will on the anvil of war. This transition is known as Bhairavī-cakra-pravartana way back in the fifth century A. D. In order to understand the religion and culture of Nepal, the Americans had to understand our glorious past, which would give them the dimension in depth of the human mind. Our records of the war between the King of the Kirātas and the heroes of the Mahābhārata and between the Śākyas of Kapilvastu and Virudhaka show that the tribal peoples of Nepal had grown out of their habits of forest-dwelling and fruit-eating animals of the Vedic Age of the level of military empires with the Khasa, Śaka and Licchavi kings. Impressed by my ideas Mr Paul W. Rose encouraged me to write books on this tremendous subject.

Visit of the Indian Scholar Rahul Shankrityayana

The Indian Embassy invited us to meet Mr Rahul Shankrityayana on

January 14th. I had read many of his books, most of which claimed that Nepal was a colony of India. The Indians seemed to be disturbed by my researches and my link with the International Institutions to get my materials for the study of the history of culture of Nepal published by them. Mr Rahul's mood of comfortable complacency in his writings appeared to be most unattractive to me in view of my historical discoveries. I was now in a mood of revolt against the works of Messrs Balgangadhar Tilak, Gandhi, Nehru, and Rahul, which formed a veritable catalogue of Indian virtues. The series of smug lay sermons on the virtues of Rāmarājya (kingdom of Rāma), connecting always the practice of such virtues with the reward of material prosperity was the shoddiest side of the mentality of the Indians. Evidently their ideals of Rāmāyaṇa, Mahābhārata and the celestial song of Bhagvat-gīta found strange bed partners with the instinctive creed of the prosperous British and business men. British ethics now dominated upper-class Indian manners and their economic life. My ideas based on researches of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society attacking the Brahmins and the upper class men of caste-society was something of a taboo to them. My exposition of Samyak liberalism with its breadth of humanity and sensitive honesty of spirit was already provoking the upper-caste society of Nepal and India to the degree of falling foul. Nevertheless, change was in the air and the ideas of progress seemed to be creeping into the imagination of the Indians on the line of 'Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay' without realising that the Sleeping Lion was awake and shaking its mane.

'We are living' Rahul, said, 'at a period of most wonderful transition, which tends rapidly to accomplish that great end to which the Indian history points'; and he asked me to provide the materials I had gathered with my notes so that he might write the history of Nepal. Such was the buoyant, optimistic and somewhat arrogant mood of Mr Rahul. I found my Nepalese companions in a different mood and they requested me to reply to Mr Rahul in the language he would understand. I told the Indian historian very politely that I was trying my very best to seize the living scroll of human progress, inscribed on the fronton of our inscriptions with every successive conquest of man's intellect from the historical Buddhas down to the period of the Licchavis. With the ever greater use of atomic power and machinery man had gone far in his quest of the horizontal dimension of science. In the present scheme of things we were making researches in the dimension in depth of Śiva-dṛṣṭi (The Third Eye of Śiva) which was the first morning of hope since the creation of the world. Born and brought up in the Samyak tradition of Nepal I may write about our matchless peoples who

have fought to preserve our Patron God and ageless monuments which have made Nepal the religious hub of the trans-Himalayan and the cis-Himalayan peoples. You see in this valley a ruinless sight of very ancient stupas and pagodas with composite gods the like of which could never be repeated anywhere. Around them, amidst them, and over their glittering pinnacles are displayed all that is beautiful or useful in nature or in art against the backdrop of the Himalayas. There is so much that seems accidental and yet has a meaning, that no one would be content with simply what he saw. All contributed to an effect so grand and yet so natural, that it hardly seems to be the work of human artificers. Reminding Mr Rahul of his treatise on Nepal in the 21st century I concluded by saying that we were trying to make Nepal the focus of the World by gathering all ages and climes round the Throne of the Great Maker in this bipolar world.

Negotiations with Political Parties

On January 20th we celebrated our Spring festival of Vasanta-panchami amid dismal weather of rain. The Sword of State occupied the Throne in the absence of the King, who had gone to Calcutta in order to initiate a first round of negotiations with leaders of various political parties. We learnt that the Calcutta negotiations did not produce tangible result because Mr B. P. Koirala was said to have opposed His Majesty's individual approach, whereby the importance of mushrooming politicians were exaggerated without reference to their position or influence in their respective party organisations. We knew that the King's first choice was Mr M. P. Koirala whose dispute with his younger step-brother seemed to be coming to a head. After the ceremony I got much more interested in the researches of Mr Rahul in ancient *chari* songs of Nepal than in the clash of the Koirala brothers with political ends in view. These were ancient Buddhist songs which were chanted by the Newars in the Spring festival followed by King Jayadeva's song heralding the Spring. Then the Rāgas (classical songs) of Vasanta (Spring) were sung by the musicians eulogising the achievements of our Licchavi King Vasanta-Deva, which was followed by the western musical band in historical sequence. I told Mr Rahul that he would have got an idea of the historical development of our *chari* songs properly if he had attended our Spring festival.

On the political front Mr Bharat Shumshere was arrested in Pokhara for inciting the peasants to revolt. We also heard of unrest among the peasants of the sub-district of Kapilvastu. The situation shook the ruling

classes from their unattractive mood of comfortable self-complacency. I was happy that the politicians were now inducing a mood of revolt among the peasants by exhorting them to participate in a civil disobedience movement against the Councillor's regime, which shook the exploiting classes from their cocksure pugnacity. This mood of revolt for agrarian reforms, which seemed to have been born out of the conflicts of the political party men, were going to last until their demands were met. It permeated much of the resolutions of the Nepali Congress and other parties; it also bred its own antidote and antithesis. It was in this context that King Tribhuvana initiated a second round of political negotiations at Kathmandu by holding discussions with leaders of other political parties like, for example, Mr Tanka Prasad Acharya of the Praja Parishad and Dr. D. R. Regmi of the Nepali National Congress. Various political formulas, such as, for example, a Cabinet of popular persons, a coalition cabinet of two or three major parties and an Executive Council consisting of representatives of several parties, were considered. However, we worked hard to examine a few of the more significant manifestation of the new mood of revolt in the thoughts and achievements of our multi-ethnic peoples as a whole. We found it better to continue with the Councillor's regime than let the party men seize power at a time when the Government of India was perturbed by the adventure of Dr. K. I. Singh in Tibet and by the inclusion of Pakistan in the Mediterranean defense.

It was natural, and perhaps inevitable, that Tribhuvana's Nepal should demand and find a historian of suitable temper and calibre to re-interpret Nepalese history in the light of new developments in Tibet and India. This was a time when we had to handle our Samyak Society by the modern methods of physical and political sciences. My researches in history as well as my long administrative experiences from the time of bearded Maharaja Chandra Shumshere and my wide practical and political experiences in Tibet, Sikkim, Bhutan and India had endeared me to my king and countrymen, so that I may write the history of Nepal in a manner most compelling to my contemporaries.

Busch Committee Report

The Indian Busch Committee Report was out and I read it on the coldest day of January 24th, when it was blowing hard to make me feel the sting of winter. The report tried to trace a casual connection between our feudal set-up of administration and forms of social organisations, size of population and the production distribution of laissez-faire doctrines borrowed from the

comfortable complacency of the British Indian administration at the zenith of their power. The report recommended the decentralisation of administration as if Nepal had a solid basis of material wealth and impregnable financial base of a Victorian England. The report made devastating general remarks on the instinctive creed of Indian Civil Service officers without assessing the amount of work that had to be transacted in each office with such civilian staff as we had. There was no collaboration and coordination in our Secretariat, which was honeycombed by party men who had learnt to clamour for rights without the corresponding sense of responsibility. The Screening Committee could not function for lack of adequate support from the Government. It appeared to me that the end of Rana autocracy had been as sudden as the dawn of democracy was uncalled for. Under the circumstances we found it impossible to give effect to the Busch Committee Report.

Mr M. P. Koirala's Decision

On February 4th I met Mr B. P. Koirala with his hair done in Victorian style and marks of radium treatment on his neck, met me immediately after his tour of the Union of Burma, where we had a large number of Burmese of Nepalese origin. He told me how well the Socialist Government of the Union of Burma had treated him and also why the British Government had requested him to go to Malaya so that he may study for himself what amenities of life had been provided to the British Gurkha Regiments in return for their military services. I pointed out to him how too few Gurkhas were dying in military actions whereas far too many were dying of diseases, hunger and poverty at home. He seemed to be bitter about the handling of our affairs by the Indians and how they had manipulated party politics to their own advantage at the cost of democratic principles and the prestige and honour of the Nepali Congress party.

On February 6th Mr M. P. Koirala had arrived back from a hurricane tour of Nepal and a fleet of cars conducted him to his home where he was treated as a Prime-minister. The following week I received an interesting letter from my cousin brother Mr Shree Bahadur K. C. from Jumla telling me how he had helped the British Naturalist's expedition in the so far obscure regions of Chharka-bhot, Humla-Jumla and the Karnali basins to collect many unknown species of plants and animals and map the region accurately in 1952. In view of the proposed visit of Professor G. Tucci to Jumla on historical researches I was happy to feel that these scientific expeditions were going to contribute to the better knowledge of Nepal than the squabbles of our politicians.

On February 11th Mr Paul W. Rose invited us at his Residence in Rabi-bhavan to witness an illustrated lecture on the birds of Nepal by Mr Robert F. Fleming, who was a field-collector for the Chicago Museum of Natural history. This was a refresher course to me in pictures of those regions which carry great weight in the history of the relations between Nepal and Tibet from time immemorial. I was thrilled to see the villages in the gorges of the river Gañḍakī in the midst of the forests; and the sights and scenes of Mustang-Bhot against the background of the Himalayan giants of Dhaulagiri, Annapurna and Macchāpucchre mountains. In view of the liberation of Tibet, the pretty principality of Mustang and the adjoining regions were of great importance to the Nepalese and the Tibetans because of their strategic location and their significance as religious, cultural and trade centres.

February 12 happened to be the holy day of Śivarātri (the night of vigil in honour of Śiva) when I called on Mr M. P. Koirala to learn that he had decided to break from the Nepali Congress and begin from the scratch. Evidently, relations between the two prominent sons of Mr Krishan Prasad had deteriorated beyond repair. I wondered which way the two brothers were looking. During the last decades of the Rana regime our politicians had learned to look to India for intellectual and moral leadership in the practice of democratic ideals. I told Mr M. P. Koirala that his half-brother had grown anti-Indian and hoped that both the brothers would combine their efforts to make Nepal a model of stable and constitutional monarchy and a stout champion of our Samyak Society. It would be highly misleading to over-emphasise the materialism of Marxism-Leninism or the comfortable complacency of Gandhian thoughts. Judging by the temples, monasteries and composite gods of northern Śaivism, Brahmanism and Buddhism Nepal was uplifted by two very powerful forces which were every bit as intrinsic to Nepalese life as the extrinsic materialistic thoughts encouraged by Marxism, Socialism and democratic countries of Europe. One was the composite religion which played very large part in enabling men of different nationalities to see God through their own eyes in the stupas, pagoda-temples and monasteries all over our beautiful country. If the peoples from the northern countries worshipped our Buddhistic stupas, rich princes, merchants, mendicants, stark Fakirs, fortune-tellers, show-boys and devout peoples from the south had flocked to our country to pay their homage to Paśupati to-day. The other force was the tolerant and generous humanitarian impulses, which derived from our Samyak ideals. The prevalent idea of enhancing material progress and prosperity had to be

tempered by our genuine religious faith, by conscious and by humility before the mystery of creation. Then I proceeded to the temple of Paśupati to hear from the Indian pilgrims that Nepal was by far the better place for peoples to live in than India.

On February 13th I discovered many Licchavi inscriptions in the villages of Thānkot, Balambu, Mālṭār, Thāḍo-ḍhungo, Kisipidi and the villages of the locality, whose pre-eminently Purāṇa-hearing, temple-going and superstitious peasants told me strange tales of lights burning at night on the stupas and stelas which were invariably inscribed with ancient scripts. There, too, the local peoples had collected beads, coins and other antiquities during the rainy season and they believed that heaps of wealth lay under such monuments. This reminded me that the region from Kapilvastu (Tilaurākot in the district of Taulihavā), Lumbini and Koligrāma (Kathmandu) had been explored by different scholars since the last decade of the 19th century. My latest discovery of the inscriptions of Licchavi King Vasanta-deva before the temple of Ādi-Nārāyaṇa in the village of Thānkot mentioning the 18 Trade Guilds of the Buddhist Himalayas in Western Nepal convinced me that the civilisation of Kolī-grāma (Kathmandu) was an offshoot of the same civilisation, which grew on the roots of Paśupati (Śākya-vardhana) and the Great Mother Goddess (Śiri-mā Devī).

On seeing the stone-inscriptions, stupas, temples, houses, cottages which naturally harmonised with the soil and the landscape as well as the manuscripts which were written on birch-bark leaves and skins to preserve our records, I got increasingly convinced about the saying of our forefathers that our civilisation was built on the foundation of stones and skins. Old and well-tried local craftsmen with established traditions and methods of the 18 Trade Guilds had added to the beauty of the monasteries which stood in all the three cities of the Valley to bear testimony to the ancient ideas by the powerful combination of new amenities. Basically, the civilisation of Nepal was made of stone; the Gods were sculptured out of stone; and the inscriptions were inscribed on stones.

When I returned from my exploration I was disturbed to hear that the supporters of Mr M. P. Koirala had decided to make a final break from the Nepali Congress and form a new party of their own. Impressed by what I told them about Nepal the American Ambassador had reappeared in Nepal with the promises of a large Four-Point aid programme for the development of Nepal. But the King and the Crown-prince did not appear at the buffet

dinner party. The Commander-in-Chief General Kiran Shumshere left the party abruptly. The Councillors shied away so that Mr Chester Bowles found nobody else to talk to except the British Ambassador. I was told that the Indian Ambassador had advised our Councillors not to be taken in the American bait. The power behind the throne at this time was the C. Class Rana General Mahabir Shumshere, whom the Indians described as the best administrator. A rich Rana gambler helped by the Dandies of India, he did not understand the problem of fundamental social cleavage which haunted all the critics of the Councillors' Regime, from the Nepali Congress to the Communists.

Power Behind the Throne

We then celebrated the mad festival of Holi amid smokes and smudges which appeared at the end of February. Winter had now given way to spring. Whereas the party politicians were attacking the Royal Councillors' regime, the C. Class Rana General Mahabir Shumshere happened to be the power behind the throne, who was believed to exercise sinister influences over King Tribhuvana to retard social and political reforms for his own petty ends. Presently he had manouvred to represent Nepal at the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in London in the company of H. R. H. Prince Himalaya Bir Bikram Shah Dev and General Neer Shumshere who was aspiring to step into the shoes of General Kiran Shumshere as Commander-in-Chief. The party was planning to leave for London on April 24th to the chagrin of the Koirala brothers, both of whom were now vehemently attacking the Councillor's regime on the ground of corruption and inefficiency. The flood of revolution that had swept the country had now become "a fen of stagnant waters".

The month of March opened with thunders and lightnings which shook the Singha Durbar Secretariat to its foundation. On returning home from the locality of Bagh-bazar I was disturbed to hear a family of Kasain weeping bitterly over the death of the main prop of their family by the bolt of lightning to the east of the temple of Maiti-devi, around which I used to have my stroll from my home at Kamal Pokhari every morning. I followed the mourners to the scene of tragedy to find a few Jyapu peasants working placidly and unhurried by the side of the corpse under the stuffy complacency of the Nepalese doctrine that 'there was no remedy to death as there was no reply to Hukum' while the angry clouds were still trailing the sky under the red glow of the setting sun.

The Death of Marshal Stalin

The biggest item of news on the 5th of March 1953 was the death of Marshall Stalin from apoplexy. Mr Stalin with his pipe and Mr Churchill with his cigar had dominated the world during the Second World War. The death of Mr Stalin, therefore, marked the close of the most revolutionary period of human history even more definitely than did that of Mr Lenin in 1924. Mr Stalin seldom made speeches but on one occasion under the pressure of Adolf Hitler. I had heard Stalin's voice between gulps of drinking water to the plaudit and applause of the Russian admirers. A staunch Marxist-Leninist Mr Stalin was not afraid of heaven or earth or ghosts, let alone men like, for example, Hitler or Mussolini. I had read much about Marxism-Leninism, Mind and Face of Bolshevism and also the Revolution betrayed by the flamboyant fire-spitting Trotsky. Inspired by the idealism of revolutionary leaders of the Soviet Union I had written a chapter on Russia in my first book known as *Desh Deshawarko Bayan* (a description of countries and peoples of the world) which had been very much appreciated by the patriots of Nepal on their adventure in gaol during the Rana regime. As a Saturnian country the leaders of Russia did not believe in co-existence though they had joined the Allies to defeat the genocide of Hitler's Fascism. As the revolutionary history of the Kirātas, Śākyas, Śakas and Khasas unfolded to me through the landmarks of eras appearing on the fronton of our inscriptions and authentic documents, I gathered the feeling that we, or for that matter our planet, solar system or the distant stars had been working ceaselessly towards the light of God that shone in the darkness of space. In such a scheme human beings were the particles in the incessant human struggle towards the ideal of spiritual, political and economic liberation of mankind, where our Samyak Society had achieved much better human values than the social systems of the communists or the capitalists. As both Capitalism and Communism lacked human traditions, I saw no future before them.

After I had read the *Red Star Over China* I had the feeling that Mr Mao Tse-tung was going to forge ahead in the world against the hoary background of the *Annals of China* at the expense of the Russian Communists after this exit of Mr Stalin from the political scene. The new Russian leader, Mr Malenkov appeared to be a weak figure in the tremendous drama that was unfolding itself before the world. In Communist circles throughout the world none in Russia had a record as a Communist theoretician and strategist comparable to Mr Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese leaders.

Mr Mao Tse-tung believed that a new civilisation built on the ruins of ancient civilisation would be thousand times brighter than the previous one. Man had faced revolutions many times after the first Peking man descended from the trees to walk on the ground and find human settlement. Now that the Chinese Communists had been successful in harnessing modern scientific developments to their own ends, there was the chance that the Chinese Communists were going to come out as victors and not as the vanquished. "Flowers fall off do what one may ! Swallows return as old friends will !! We ? Panic ? In China? Perish the thought !!! Our ancestors were able to overcome the elements again and again, growing large variety of crops, turning the earth into a riot of colour. Man can and will conquer nature, but to do so especially in agriculture, we must be well prepared and have counter-measures ready. We must develop a revolutionary spirit. Good years have been few throughout history. The weather may well remain unpredictable, but we can come up with measures to counter such unpredictability. The weather may have one bag of tricks, but we have ten bags of tricks waiting. Come what may, the revolutionary people would be equal to any situation."

As I went about strolling practically every revolutionary house in Kathmandu displayed the photos of Mr Mao Tse-tung and Mr Stalin. But nobody knew anything about Mr Malenkov, who had stepped into the shoes of Mr Stalin.

The Arrival of the British Mount Everest Party

On the 8th of March 1953 we were invited by the British Ambassador, Mr C. H. Summerhayes to cocktails at the British Embassy to meet the adventurous members of the British Mount Everest Expedition to attack and conquer the peak from the southern slopes of Nepal, which had defied their challenge from Tibet since 1921. I had read about the glories of the Elizabethan England from William Shakespeare and of the white man's burden of the Victorian England with its new and more feverish quest for overseas territories consequent upon her rapid industrialisation. During the long Victorian period of the new imperialism colonies came to be valued both as manifestations of national greatness and as sources of raw materials and markets for the manufacturers of this 'nation of shopkeepers'. As industrialised nations Britain and France enjoyed certain natural advantages and most of the continents of Africa, and Asia and Far Eastern countries were partitioned among the European powers. The popular mood of the time

was best expressed by such writers as R. L. Stevenson, W. E. Henley, Joseph Conrad and Rudyard Kipling, who wrote about the adventure and heroism of the South Seas and the courage and the glory of the white men who lived strenuously in the tropics. Kipling made popular the ideal of a common aggressive imperialism, transcending every diversity of birth and circumstances, ennobled by an ideal of selfless service. Judging by his remarks about our Green-eyed God, Kipling appeared to represent the voice of unrepentant but chastened imperialism, seeking perhaps unconsciously to equip British power with a moral purpose and a human content. However, one of Kipling's favourite themes was the contrast between the adventurous, hard, but heroic life of the British soldier on the frontier or in the lonely station and the unheroic and complacent life of his fellow-citizens at home, which appealed to every Gorkha.

As a consequence of the new balance of power created by the Second World War and the Sino-Soviet alliance and their rapid industrialisation there was now a drift towards ideological confrontation during the reign of Queen Elizabeth II. The Britishers since 1921 had been inviting their men to shun their pinched and colourless life in the dust and drizzle of England and New Zealand to the spacious heights of the hoary Himalayas far and away from the attraction of the seas. They had made their attempts from the Rongbuk monastery of Rongshar, from which Chhomolunga (Jolmolunga) appeared to be accessible, though the actual peak of the highest mountain of the world could not be seen from the northern side. The Tibetan records said in effect that the attempts of the British to set foot on the peak of the Great Mother Goddess was crazy and that they were not going to succeed. Nevertheless, the Government of the Dalai Lama were surprised that the Britishers found words to thank them despite the loss of men and materials in pursuit of their secular chimera. This British hunger for sensation made no sense to the Tibetans, who did not mind going the whole length of the holy places of Nepal and Tibet measuring the road by the length of their body and making obeisance at every such step or of inflicting the most grievous hurt or of secluding themselves in dark dingy caves in pursuit of God. In such a religious context the Tibetans could not understand why Mallory and Irving laid down their lives in their vain bid to reach the summit of Chomolunga? If Nepal and Tibet had made a convention of unconventionality this British generation of scientific exploration plus democracy believed that their failures since 1921 suggested ways and means of improving their apparatus for the conquest of the Mountains. With Mr Oscar Wilde the British believed that experience was the name they gave to

their mistakes. Indeed wise men and wise nations profited by their mistakes. Had the British sense of patriotism and jingoism, which found its natural form of expression in two World Wars, given way to the quest of the invisible but important poor Sherpa and Kirāta porters ?

In their talks with me the Britishers did not seem to understand why the Government of Nepal did not lift their ban on the climbing of the Deodhungo (Sumeru, Chhomolunga, Mount Everest, Sagarmatha) until 1949 despite Nepal's closest relationship with the British. As a matter of policy the Government of Nepal wanted to keep to themselves the secrets of the northern frontiers notwithstanding the contradiction that the late Maharaja Chandra had helped the Younghusband Mission to Lhasa in 1904. Now that the Sino-Soviets had appeared on the northern frontier with their plea for 'the common man' the British objects and objectives did not appear to be so much concerned with the past as with the future of democracy as they understood it in its most dynamic phase of science and human values.

It was clear on and from 1946 that Tibet was going to be closed to their adventures before long. The resources of a great empire, over which the sun did not set, had now been threatened by the rise of Sino-Soviets in the political horizon. Although England had given independence to India yet the British had thought deeply over the military dangers inherent in the political policies of the omniscient know-alls of New Delhi. I had the feeling that wealth and leisure had not spoiled the British, who wanted to gain strength through liberalism with the shift in the balance of power. It was another expression of that consciousness of decline which had come with the break-up of the British Empire. It was the truculence that came from a great Power, recently so complacent in its greatness, finding itself quite suddenly and through no special shortcomings of its own on the defensive. And it was a mood forcefully embodied in Mr John Hunt's gut in carrying out scientific researches and explorations while climbing the highest mountain on the surface of the globe. The British had built the foundation of this expedition upon the experiences gained on and from 1921. But on the 7th of October 1950 the Chinese Liberation Army entered Tibet. The Chinese move apparently took India by surprise. India was in a quandary. The first Indian Ambassador to China, Sirdar K. M. Pannikar had advised Mr L. J. Nehru not to oppose the liberation of Tibet to the opposition of several leaders of India who wanted to take a tough line with China. While there was considerable discussions about China's suzerainty or sovereignty over Tibet in the capital of India, the Britishers thought it dangerous to let

Nepal drift in isolation and insulation. Whereas Indian leaders were trying to find some face-saving device for the policy that the Government of India had decided to adopt, the practical Europeans had begun their uphill struggle against the Himalayan giants that had been an inviolate thing of beauty and tantalising so far. We had anticipated the conquest of Sagarmatha (a name given inadvertently by Khardar Baburam in 1921) by the Swiss Mountaineers last year. Mr Tenzing Sherpa, whom I had known since 1949 as the transport officer of the scientific expedition of Professor Tucci in Tibet, told me from his bed of sickness and pain how he and Mr Lambert had gone very near success short of one thousand feet of the summit of Sagarmatha. Though a Sirdar of the porters Mr Tenzing exalted courage and the glory of living strenuously in the Himalayan highlands. All we could do was to provide tough coolies to help the Europeans to climb the Himalayan giants and carry out their researches and explorations. These tiger-men, who matched the mountains by their back, were too poor to turn their eyes to the enchanting beauty of their homeland or to the challenges these mountains offered to the world. Looking upon the powerful team composed of such formidable men as Bourdillon, Edmund Hillary, John Hunt and Tensing, I had the nostalgic feeling that the last great bastion of the Himalayas may fall to them after all.

What surprised me most was the lack of interest of our politicians, secretaries and the noblemen of Nepal to the leaders and men of the Mount Everest expedition and the poor social conditions of the poor coolies who had assembled to bear the luggages to the mountains. Here truly were the two nations. This fundamental social cleavage appeared to be the consequence of man's inhumanity to their fellow-men helped by the wooden caste-divisions of our Brahmanic society and power-hungry politicians with their unbelievably complicated, corrupt and inefficient social controls. The peoples of Nepal wanted to know the truth but had been denied it on the dubious ground of feudalistic 'Varṇāśrama-dharma' (law of caste). The result had been an unhealthy amalgam of inuendo, mythology, conjecture, outright calumny and sustained efforts to confuse and conceal the truth of Nepal's norm of Samyak-dharma.

Nevertheless, Nepal seemed to have found in her monarchical traditions a strange immunity from violent revolutions that threatened her from the south and the north. We were just at the beginning of our most dynamic and restless stage of history so that we needed greater tact, skill and statecraft in evading revolution than those of India, Pakistan, China and Tibet. Apart

from a handful of the Ranas and the politicians, who tried to usurp power, our middle classes found satisfaction in such adjustments of the traditional Samyak order as gave them freedom to seek wealth through the new medium of cooperatives, factories and machineries, the founding of new sources of electrical power stations and the setting up of roads in a difficult country; and our working classes inherited a respect and affection for the methods of self-help and constitutional agitation, as well as a spirit of patience and tolerance, which held them back from the violence of Bolshevism. The Gorkha soldiers, the porters, the peasants and the Poḍeys shared to some extent, however inequitably, in the growth of national prosperity. After considering the question of the many 'sitting tenants' in our Secretariat on March 10th I repaired to Bhadgaon in search of inscriptions, where I saw a long train of mountain porters proceeding with their loads to the village of Solukhumbu accompanied by a motley crowd of colourful hill-women, who were wearing very much the same sort of clothes as the gentle-women of Kathmandu. The sight reminded me of my young days, when I travelled across the foaming torrents of Likhukhola and Dudhkosi rivers up to the rhododendron and the magnolia forests swarming with sunbirds and minivets. I was the more happy to feel that the poor people of my mountain home of Magadeorali were receiving the boon of civilisation as a result of the voluntary giving up of the military, communication and postal rights in Tibet which India had inherited from the British after the Younghusband Mission of 1904. This was the time when the Chinese were buliding strategic roads and airfields and setting up their communications to Sinkiang Province via Rudok in Tibet while they were fighting the Korean war and helping the Viet-Minh in the latter's war against the French in Indo-China. However, I was worried to hear that an Indian team had been surveying the Saipal ranges of Western Nepal after withdrawing completely the military detachment stationed at Yatung and Gyantse and making over to the People's Republic of China the postal and telegraphic services together with their equipments. With our matchless peoples and difficult country and our traditional relations with the Tibetan and the Chinese peoples we had in us the capacity to make of Nepal a country which might well be envied by our Asiatic neighbours. It occurred to me that the appearance of the Chinese Communists on the other side of our border could be a blessing in disguise. I looked upon the Gauri-Śankar ranges but the spring hazes, dusts and smokes from the forest fires had blotted the view. But such a country sandwiched between two Great Asiatic powers was unlikely to find repose, or be able to prevent further great overhauls of her system of Government and immense changes in her way of life.

Political Front

A host of new forces had been launched upon our country by the Nepali Congress Working Committee meeting in Kathmandu (March 10–13), which passed a resolution welcoming the cooperation of other parties in its political programme, but ruling out any compromise with former members of the party at the cost of democratic principles and traditions of the party and its prestige and honour. This resolution destroyed any prospect of a rapprochement with Mr M. P. Koirala at the party or the Governmental level. Moreover, the Working Committee of the Nepali Congress decided to press for an early termination of the Councillors' regime and appointed a special committee to draw up an action programme. Then, too, Mr B. P. Koirala refused to comply with a request from the King for a list of party representatives to an Advisory Assembly on the ground that he had no information on the Assembly's composition, structure and powers. Thus prepared Mr B. P. Koirala made a great speech on March 13 saying that the so-called independent judiciary or the Public Service Commission had not made an inch of progress since their establishment, that the Civil and the Indian Military Missions were not the need of the hour and that Nepal and her people had to work out her destiny in her own way.

It was in this context that the King initiated another round of political negotiations with the leaders of other political parties, who recommended the idea of a Cabinet of popular persons, a Coalition Cabinet comprised by two or three major parties or an Executive Council consisting of representatives of several parties. What was significant on the eve of Śaka New Year was that the leaders did not know what to do in a crisis. All the so-called leaders seemed to devote much of their time to party politics rather than to solid work to solve our agricultural problem and to evolve principles for formulating policies to secure social justice for the down-trodden masses commensurate with our administrative capability at the cost of the bureaucracy. Our country's main problem was the eradication of poverty, disease, illiteracy, unemployment and the taboos of a very old Society. No leader stressed the need for better road and transport facilities in view of the most deficient distribution system in Nepal. The peoples of Nepal bade adieu to the Śaka year by the festival of Tuṅḍāl-devī, horse-racings and military tournaments, though in an atmosphere of political cynicism, platitudes and hypocrisy. However, some of the earlier political slogans appeared to have lost their validity with the rising tide of anti-Indian demonstrations throughout Nepal.

Invitation to Visit Rome

But by this time my historical researches in the history and culture of Nepal had attracted international notice so that I received an invitation by the Italian Institute for the Middle and the Far East (I. S. M. E. O.) to deliver two lectures on Ancient and Modern Nepal in recognition of my devotion to the past glories of Nepal. I was happy to hear that King Tribhuvana was most favourably disposed to the invitation while the Councillors, except General Kaiser Shumshere, went along with the Indian adviser to oppose the idea. On April 10th the Indian adviser to the King met me at the Foreign Office to say that the necessary leave to go to Rome had been granted without pay, adding that, although the invitation originated from a private institution, I was allowed to accept the invitation in view of the international status of Professor G. Tucci. Seeing how I had spent much of my time and money to collect the stampings of the inscriptions and to photograph the dated sculptures, I welcomed this opportunity to speak for my people and country at my own expense at this critical juncture of world history. The Indian adviser and our Foreign Secretary jointly told me that Professor Tucci had removed many archaeological finds from Nepal and Tibet. In reply I told them that the Museums of Calcutta were full of the archaeological materials of Nepal and I asked them to see that they were restored to Nepal. In the second place I requested them to provide me with a list of the valuable materials so that I may take up the matter with Professor Tucci.

On April 11 H. E. Mr Summerhayes had invited their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Himalaya, General Mahabir, General Neer and me to lunch at the British Embassy on the eve of our departure for Europe. General Mahabir, whose morning hours began at 2. P. M. and routine of office at 5 P. M. was conspicuous by his absence. Although the firm date of their departure had not been fixed Prince Himalaya told me that they were leaving shortly for England to represent Nepal at the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. At the same time the British Ambassador assured me every help to put Nepal on the map of the world in case I decided to visit England at the time of the Coronation. In reply I felicitated Mr Summerhayes for helping to bring about the Mount Everest Expedition and his kind thought for me as one of the factors for making Nepal better known to the peoples of the world on the eve of these great events. Unlike the myopic views of our own leaders and Indian advisers, I was thrilled to find that the British, Italians and Americans had now realised that Nepal had exercised ecclesiastical authority over a large portion of India,

Sikkim, Bhutan, Tibet and China and that the peoples of these countries had been living by religious and judicial customs, usages, traditions and artistic exchanges for thousands of years. Was not this the most opportune time to set the bell ringing though at my own expense? Certainly, the game was worth the candle!

In a New Year Message (Vikrama Era) on April 12, 1953 His Majesty reiterated his desire to usher in a popular ministry the moment it was feasible. The Royal Councillors' regime was badly shaken by the discovery of an anti-government plot in the police force, believed to have been instigated by the political malcontents with the ultimate object of overthrowing the Government by violent means. But the King commanded the allegiance of the loyal army, who arrested 80 conspirators. The failure of the political parties to engender revolt in Nepal stemmed from the fact that the adventurers for party prestige and power could not command the guns of the army. The steadfastness of the Gorkha soldiers in the midst of political wavering and their valour, resolution and devotion to their king and country saved Nepal from chaos.

On April 17th Mr Govinda Narayan was said to have raised the question in the Council that I should be allowed to speak on the dotted lines of the text of Nepal-India relations prepared by him. As I was paying my way out and the Is M. E. O. was bearing part of the expenses, I told the Foreign Councillor point blank that I was going to speak on the basis of the authentic materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture. However, I told the Gandhi-capped leader of our Foreign Affairs that I was willing to lend my ears to what the Councillors individually or for that matter, Mr Govind Narayan had to say on the history of Ancient and Modern Nepal. In his talk Mr Govinda Narayan held a brief for Indian Government to justify the policy of his government to democratise Nepal vis-a-vis the occupation of Tibet by the Liberation Army of China. He harped upon the influence of Buddhism, which had been pushed out of India by Brahmanism long ago to be of any use in the present context. His final summing up was that Nepal was helpless between India and China and that we could do nothing about the affair unless we toed the line of India.

General Kaiser told me stories of how our Princess Bhrikuti Hari-Tārā married King Sronsangampo and introduced Buddhism to Tibet, though he could not trace the link between Pāśupatācāryas and the cosmic thoughts of the historical Buddhas as factors in the steady transformation of the human mind. On Modern Nepal I found General Kaiser helpful as he gave

me details of how and when the birch-bark leaf manuscripts disappeared giving way to the Nepalese paper of bamboo pulp. This brought the filing system of Nepal in 'Busta'. He also told me how he had seen the first prints of the laws codified by Maharaja Jung Bahadur and the summary of the epic of the *Ramayana* done in popular Nepali language by poet Bhanubhakta. But the earliest records of Nepal were preserved in stone and copper-plate inscriptions in Prākṛit and Sanskrit languages and also in early coins ranging from the punch-marked to the Śaka, Kushāna, Licchavi and Malla coins, which were being collected from the surface of historic sites by the common people in different parts of Nepal during the rains. Unlike the Gupta coins of India, which bore the stamp of the Carthaginian and Roman models, the Licchavi coins of Nepal seemed to trace their origin to the earliest coins of the Buddhistic city-states of Western Tarai. All these stray finds gave indications that we were in the beginning of great archaeological discoveries, which might throw a new light on the civilisation of Asia.

Coming to the changing style of architecture General Kaiser told me that Bhimsen Thapa was responsible for showing his preference to the European style of architecture to the neglect of the traditional pagoda and stupas. However, I pointed out to the General that the Malla-kings were no exception to the rule in introducing the South-Indian and Mogul styles in their monuments. King Prithvi Narayana Shah deserved credit for choosing the foundation of the palace of our Licchavi king Narendra-deva for building his nine-storied building of Vasantapur Durbar in the heart of Kathmandu by employing skilled workers from Kathmandu, Lalitpur, Bhadgaon and Kirtipur. Fortunately, the peoples of Nepal had preserved everything by worshipping them. Unlike the historical sites of India the valley of Nepal had no ruins so that the primitive earthen mound of the stupa of Swayambhunatha bearing the relics of the first historical Buddha Vipassi as well as the sub-structure of all other stupas bore evidence of the most ancient style of architecture notwithstanding the changes effected on the superstructure and in their surroundings by the changing doctrines of generations of devotees. On the other hand, India did not have her own architectural style as the nomadic Aryans, who invaded her, appeared to have lived in tents and huts. The foundation of the palaces of Mauryan Emperors have been proved by archaeologists to show Persian influence. It is to Aśoka that the foundation of the eighty four-thousand stupas in India is attributed after he dedicated his inscriptions to Buddhas Kakucchanda (Krakusanda), Konagamana (Kanakanamuni), Kaśyapa and Gautama (Śākyamuni). Whereas the Brah-

manic epic of the *Mahābhārata* looked with horror on the Buddhistic monuments set up by Aśoka, the Buddhistic countries of China and Tibet appear to have transformed the stupas to their own taste and went on building them in their own particular style.

As regards the pagoda-style of architecture I told General Kaiser how I had seen the pagoda-temples of Ramoc'e and Tsuglakan in Lhasa built by the Nepalese architects with the images of two-handed Avalokiteśvara and other composite gods of the period in the courtyard and circum-ambulatory corridors. As these temples were built upon the foundation of stone in the early part of the 7th century A.D. they appeared to have lasted much longer than the pagoda-temples of Nepal, which were built upon the foundation of brick and wood. Moreover, the absence of white-ants and vermins in the rarefied atmosphere of Tibet gave a much longer life to buildings, manuscripts, painted scrolls and miniature paintings on ancient manuscripts than in Nepal. Broadly speaking, Tibet and China appear to have carried on the architectural tradition of Buddhistic Nepal along with the life of Buddha Śākyamuni and Haimavata literature very much better than India. In such an international context Nepal could project a very important image of herself as an intermediary of religion, culture and trade between India and China from time immemorial.

Coming to our sculpture General Kaiser gave me the impression that the art declined with the introduction of equestrian statues of Maharaja Jung Bahadur and Ranauddip Singh in their full dress,—European uniform and crowns done by European artists. I told the General that those were the first examples of non-praying secular statues in our country. Judging by the account of the life of Buddha Śākyamuni, he was taken to the temple of Śākyavardhana (Paśupati) where the God stepped down from His pedestal to receive him. The worship of Śīrimā-devī (the Great Mother Goddess) and Śākyavardhana in the Pithas formed part of the life of ancient Kirātas, Yakṣas, Śākyas and Kolis, which have survived with us in all their different manifestations to our own day. Nepalese artists seemed to be famous for sculpturing human and animal figures. Images of different ages gave us an idea of not only the artistic skill of the sculptures but they also threw light on the religious beliefs, culture and fashion of their respective periods in respect of dress, coiffure and jewellery. The legend of Virūpākṣa (Manmatha, Kāma=Eros or Oedipus) imparted a new psychological dimension to the ageless worship of Paśupati and the Great Mother Goddess when they were

represented in the manifestation of Ardhanārīṣvara (Two-in-One). Then the dated images of the fifth century A. D. give us the reasons why King Māna-deva introduced the new system of Bhairavi-cakra-pravartana in the wake of Dharma-cakra and Kāla-cakra-pravartana. All these spiritual developments appeared to me great landmarks in the overall scheme of the Nirvāṇa, Śaka and Mānadeva Samvatsaras (Eras) appearing in our early chronologies and the frontons of our inscriptions. Frankly, Nepal had preserved the widest variety of sculptures from the ageless primitive type to the statues of Jung Bahadur and his successors.

Discussing the paintings of Nepal, General Kaiser told me that Jung Bahadur had taken a painter known by the name of Bhāju-machā on his journey to England and presented his paintings to the India office. Subsequent to this event, the introduction of photography pushed out of their professions such portrait painters as Messrs Purnaman, Dumberman and Balakrishna. Some frescoes done in real silver and gold within the throne room of Kumārī, one of the rooms in Hanumāndhoka palace at Kathmandu and in the living room of the kings of Bhadgaon bore evidences of Rajput influence during the Malla period of our history. Modern Nepalese artists, according to the General, had been following ill-digested impressionism of Western art. He could not tell me much about the miniature paintings on our palm-leaf manuscripts or about the school of Thangka painters. On the other hand, I pointed out to the General how I had seen an inscription of early Licchavi period before the stupa of Bhagvan Vahal describing the paintings from the *Kinnari-jātaka*. All these indicate that there was a very well-developed school of painting in ancient Nepal.

As regards wood-carvings General Kaiser told me that the Rana Government had found the house of Bhimsen Thapa of much artistic interest to house the Nepal Museum. I then told the General how I was impressed by the lattice work and grille on the pagoda-temples of Ramoc'e and Tsuglakān in Lhasa though I had discovered comparatively more elaborate dreams of the Nepalese wood-workers in Kathmandu, Bhadgaon and Lalitpur of comparatively later times. Finally, I thanked the General for giving me his valuable opinion on all these subjects on the eve of my departure for Rome. Then I called on the Councillor of Foreign Affairs to hear that I should speak on the metaphysical development of Ancient and Modern Nepal, which was easier said than it was possible to do historically. I told him that history and metaphysics were subjects apart, though we had to dive in the dimension of depth of metaphysics to discover the ultimate best in the

direction of human affairs. And that stage would surely follow when we get the vast volume of Licchavi inscriptions published and also make further archaeological researches in the development of the norm of Pāsupat-dharma among the early Kirāta and Yakṣa 'Gaṇarājyas' (Federation of the republic of the multi-ethnic Kirāta and Yakṣa tribes) and Buddhistic 'Janapadas' (People's Feet). We would steadily come to the metaphysical dimension as and when we carry out adequate excavation, exploration and other archaeological activities after we publish our Licchavi inscriptions as links in the chain of the 'Materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture.'

Talking about the dividing line between 'Ancient and Modern Nepal' he told me that King Mahendia Pratap had provided the link between Ancient and Modern Nepal by striking *Mahendra Malli*. I congratulated the Councillor for raising the important issue of the coins of Nepal with me, on which Mr Walsh had written an authoritative book with the growing interest of international scholars in our numismatics. Further to these works, common people had now shown me punch-marked coins of pre-Mauryan date and also with symbols of Mauryan period, of Wima (Bhima) Cadfices with two-armed and horned image of Paśupati on the obverse. I had also seen the coins of Kanishka with the image of two-armed Śiva on the obverse. Mr Walsh had written much about the Paśupati coins of our Licchavi period, which appear to trace their origin directly to these ancient coins with such symbols as the Sun, moon-crescent on hill, bulls etc. But unlike the Gupta kings of India, who based the superscription of their coins on Carthaginian and Roman models, the Licchavi kings of Nepal deserved credit for carrying on the tradition of the Kirāta, Śākya, Śaka and Kushāṇa kings. I was proud to tell the Councillor that Nepal had preserved the traditions of Paśupati preceded by the haloed letter of the Great Mother Goddess with most of the traditional symbols till lately and it would be suicidal for us to shun them. Stray discovery of various coins show that the ancient peoples of Nepal lived a happy and comfortable life with sound economic base marked by organised commerce and transport as intermediaries of trade between the trans-Himalayan and cis-Himalayan races. I was happy to tell my dear Gandhi-capped and Khaddar-clad Councillor that we were in the beginning of scientific researches, which might ultimately bridge the communication-gap between the urban Finno-Dravid Kirātas of Mohenjodāro, Śākyas of Kapilvastu and Kolis of Koligrāma (Kathmandu). The trenches of sewages in some parts of Kathmandu had exposed to me in different stratigraphy bricks of different ages which have

provided examples of town-planning and community organisation in our Koli-grāma.

We agreed that King Prithvi Narayan Shah Dev was the founder of Modern Nepal, whose wars of liberation on the line of the Kirāta, Khasa, Licchavi and Malla kings, had given a political unity to the multi-ethnic peoples of our country, in which many principalities with different cultural traditions and religious outlooks developed or crumbled down, fought one against the other or been compelled to acknowledge the sovereignty of changing paramount powers for millenniums appearing on the frontons of our architectural monuments, stone-inscriptions and coins. Seeing how no nation could prosper in isolation in the present scheme of interdependent world, I assured the Councillor that I would do my best to put Nepal on the intellectual map of the world.

Chapter VI

THE PURPOSE OF MY FIRST JOURNEY TO EUROPE

April 23, 1953–May 14, 1953

My first experience on the eve of my journey to Europe was that I had to take TABC and small-pox vaccinations, which I did not have to do on my earlier journeys to India and Tibet. Our Gandhi-capped Councillor for Foreign Affairs had made large promises to give me a diplomatic passport and provide credit facilities for foreign exchanges on my European travels, but he backed out by smooth excuses on the eve of my departure. In my financial stringency I also approached the Secretaries of the Royal Palace to bring my pitiable plight to the knowledge of His Majesty with negative results. The credit squeeze by our Government on my pay had compelled me to depend upon the petty resources of Rupees one thousand from my personal savings, which could barely meet my expenses for a single journey to Bombay, whereas our lotus-eating, pompous and profligate delegates to the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II had been provided with huge funds from the Government treasury in the way of allowances for their dresses, contingencies and passages to and from England. The only alternative was my life insurance policy for five thousand Indian rupees with the Empire of India Life Insurance Company, which was due to mature in another six months. I handed the policy to my faithful friend Mr L. R. Josse who promised to lend me the equivalent credit and also help me to secure foreign exchanges at Calcutta on the basis of my passport.

My First Audience with King Tribhuvana

The morning of April 24th, 1953 was declared by our astrologers to be

the most auspicious day to take leave from our Patron God and Mother Goddess and my relatives. After my morning round of the temples, I called at the Royal Palace in the afternoon to say Good-bye to King Tribhuvanā. Some of my friends had already warned me that interested politicians, priests and sycophants had poisoned the ears of His Majesty against my pernicious ideas. So I had made brief notes to apprise the soft and kindly King of my plan and programme to visit Rome and give preliminary talks on ancient and modern Nepal to show the dimension in depth of the history of our multi-ethnic peoples vis-a-vis the trans-Himalayan and cis-Himalayan peoples on the scientific basis of the ancient inscriptions and authentic documents, which we had discovered lately. The King received me most graciously in contravention of the Royal etiquette, though His Majesty appeared to be in indifferent health. At the very outset I told the King frankly that I was not going to speak on the basis of the text prepared by the King's Indian adviser, who had marshalled non-substantive facts to suit the interests of India. The most formidable challenge to Nepal's foreign policy at this critical stage was to preserve our national independence and identity in a difficult geographical position of being situated between two most powerful and populous countries of Asia with different ideologies. During this interesting period of a bipolar world after Second World War, statesmen and diplomats had usually perceived international events in terms of two Super-powers. Such attentions as they had directed towards the world of smaller nations had been confined to such inconsiderable units as the Third World of Emerging Nations with the solid backing of the United States of America or of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Only rarely had the policy of a single country, such as Nepal which had retained its independence as a confederation of Gaṇarājyas (People's Republics) for more than three thousand years of recorded history against the background of rise and fall of great Aryan empires, had attracted attention and consideration in depth till we discovered the materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture. Our traditional Fish-tail flag from the period of the Kirāta-kings, the achievements of the Sherpas in the Himalayan exploration, the fighting quality of the Gorkhas on the side of the Allies during the two World Wars and Samyak discipline of our multi-ethnic peoples had been putting Nepal on the map of the world. It was now necessary through this international forum to tell the world about our strange norm of Dharma (judicial customs) in the overall context of our religious, cultural, historical, architectural and social processes as a catalytic and cathartic factor in Tibet, Central Asia, China and India.

By temperament King Tribhuvana seemed to be content to function as a constitutional monarch on the basis of his historic proclamation of February 18, 1951 after realising his ambition of overthrowing the feudal family of the blood-thirsty, greedy and sex-obsessed Ranas, who had usurped power from his frustrated forefathers in a land suffering from the 'curse of Sati'. The tragedy of the history of Nepal under Brahmanic hegemony had been the Oedipal complexities and the lurking sense of the Original Sin in the nature of the rich and powerful men at the helm of our hierarchical social structure in a country, where the practical evidence of Kāma-dāha (reduction of Eros,) was seen in the behaviour pattern of the invisible but important poor men, who had made history for Nepal in every sphere of human activity. The task of leadership was to heed the popular will and meet the fundamental demands of our traditional Samyak Society of being governed by its own norm of Dharma. So, politics in Nepal had its own peculiar Samyak idiom expressed by the single sexual symbolism of Om̐ (ॐ) which had universal appeal. The most serious deficiency was the absence of national leaders, who could clearly and intelligibly articulate the potentialities of our Samyak Society, which had been flourishing in unity despite religious, ethnic and cultural diversities along the three zoo-geographical regions of our country.

The King seemed to be worried with the inability of the Councillors' regime to deal with agrarian unrest and the no-rent campaigns launched by the Nepali Congress in eastern Nepal. On the credit side the loyal army had helped in quelling the revolt of the police malcontents who sought to usurp power for their own interest.

Under the circumstances I congratulated His Majesty for giving Nepal a liberal Shah polity by overthrowing the ruthless Rana-family autocracy. But party politics borrowed from the democratic tradition of such a materially advanced country as England seemed to be sidetracked from the goals of the Constitutional monarchy in India as the various patries themselves turned into pawns of questionable political personalities concerned more with capturing power for feathering their own nests than principles and programmes to deliver goods to the common peoples. The object of my researches in depth was to build Constitutional monarchy on the foundation of Samyak tradition based upon the Chronology of Nepal. Then I told His Majesty how the different regimes set up in the aftermath of the overthrow of Ranarchy had not been able to help the evolution of democratic political processes initiated in New Delhi. The key to the problem of Nepal

was not so much the arm-chair politicians as the invisible but important poor men like, for example, the Kirātas, the Sherpas, the Śākyas, the Kumhals (Kolis), the Poḍeys, the Chyamakhalakas and the multi-ethnic Gorkha soldiers, whom Mr Nehru despised. The mental twists of the Śaivite, the Vedic and the Buddhistic periods of our history could not be understood until we tried to understand the singular significance of the defiant slogan of 'Ājajuje' (Long live my tradition) uttered by our Poḍey on the occasion of 'Gathyā-mangala' (Where is the ultimate best in the direction of human affairs ?) every year.

I made myself bold to point out to King Tribhuvana that these Poḍeys at the lowest rung of the ladder of our society were the real Pāśupatāchāryas (Professors of Practical Psychology), who were custodians of the treasures of our important temples and were worshipped for their honesty, integrity and fearlessness in the face of death. I knew much about the quips, cranks and wanton wiles of the King, who was only one year senior to myself in age, so that I had no hesitation in telling His Majesty that our Poḍey was the singular example of a man, who commanded an indomitable will without ego and a happy family life without the guilty sense of the Original Sin despite his liveried poverty. If Lord Jesus was the Prince of Poverty I was proud to tell the King that our strange religion of the *Lingum* and of the *Juggaurnaut* had produced the invisible but important poor porters, peasants, soldiers, who were praised by western peoples as models of 'Puṇya-janas' (good, honest and fearless tiger-men).

My own experience among the common peoples of Nepal as well as the report of the foreign travellers in our Himalayan village had convinced me about the comparative absence of premeditated crimes in them. Until lately there was no law and order problem in the outlying villages whereas the worst crimes could be attributed to the narrow clique of leaders and high-caste men, who carried the guilty sense of the Original Sin in their heads. It was this narrow clique of the so-called leaders, who pandered to the Brahmanic cult of personality to exploit the invisible but important poor peoples by wrenching the truth of 'Kāma-dāha' (the reduction of Eros) to suit their selfish ends. Nevertheless, the Poḍey had kept the secrets of his 'Āgama' (esoteric worship) in such a way as to give a lead, as the Prince of Poverty in flesh and blood, to the Gorkha soldiers, Sherpas and other common people with his defiant call to return to his Samyak Shangri-la, so that we may rediscover the lost horizon of our Samyak Society heralded by the

Mahaśrāmaṇa (the eminent pilgrim Śākyamuni Buddha) and realised by recourse to heroic means after more than a millenium of spiritual development by our heroic King Māna-deva I in the last quarter of the fifth century A. D.

Speaking about the deteriorating moral standards in the country I regretted that not men of character, learning and selfless service but those of wealth were held in high esteem by our politicians. This was contrary to the concept of Bhairavi-cakra-pravartana, which had discovered human values in our Himalayan cockpit of human problems.

Seeing how history was the sternest task-mistress, it was my mission of life to seek historical rather than political solution to our Himalayan problem by rediscovering the neglected truth of the working of our Samyak Society in our everyday life. I pointed out to the King how the Chronology of Nepal had the longest unbroken record of monarchy from the period of the Kirāta-dynasty down to our own time. The Sanskritic poet Bhāravi had described the indomitable will without ego in the character of the King of the Kirātas vis-a-vis the egotistical and vain character of the hero of the Hindu-epic of the *Mahābhārata* in his immortal classic known as *The Kirātārjuniye*. Like Kipling in the heyday of Victorian England, Bhāravi led Arjuna to the 'jungle' of the Kirātas to learn the law and be fit to obtain Paśupatastra (the animal-in-man killing missile) from our Patron God Paśupati (the Master of the Battle), so that the Pāṇḍavas may win their war against the Kauravas. The poet had worked on the ageless theme of the Original Sin in the behaviour pattern of the high-caste Hindu-prince vis-a-vis the casteless warrior king of the Kirātas, who was not afraid to kill or be killed in action by virtue of his supreme will without ego. The poet presents the king of the Kirātas as a People's dictator in the overall scheme of Himalayan Gaṇarājyas (People's Republics) ruled severally by Paśupati-bhaṭṭāarakas (federation of fraternal rulers bound together in bonds of the ideals represented by the highest ethos of Paśupati) rather than by the imperial concept of Divine rights represented by Āhuramazdā and the Aryan gods of the sky. This classical work provided a historical link in the long chain of the lost horizon of human experience and thought from the Kings of the Kirātas and the historical Buddhas down to the heroic period of our Licchavi kings. If I could prove that Nepal had produced Princes of Poverty in the flesh and blood of the Poḍeys, Sherpa and the multi-ethnic Gorkhas, we would have solved the deepest problems of the dimension in

depth of human values, which the Communists and the Capitalists were trying to achieve in this bipolar world.

Finally, I requested King Tribhuvana to read the immortal classic of the *Kirātārjuniye* by Bhāravi and act like the dauntless King of the Kirātas instead of seeking political solution through the mushroom leaders, who could not articulate the hopes and fears of the new political age from the vantage point of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society. I wondered how the King took my sermon. But His Majesty gave me blessing for the success of my tour.

On Way to Rome

On Sunday April 26, 1953 I emplaned by the I.N.A. Service along with Colonel Padam Bahadur K.C. for Patna, where I had to make adequate provision during my absence of about 3 months for the study of my young nephew Master Surendra Bahadur K.C. who was reading at the St. Xavier's school. Colonel Padam was lucky to get a connecting train to the Indian Military Academy of Mau-mau immediately, where he was going for practical training. Travelling by the Delhi Express at 5 P. M. I reached Calcutta the following morning and proceeded to meet Mr L. R. Josse at London Street, who lent me Rupees five thousand to purchase Travellers' Cheque of £ 333 for my expenses in Europe. With my passage to and for Naples booked and the resulting expenses borne by the Is.M.E.O., I had the feeling that the amount would take care of my frugal expenses in France and England. Then our Consul General Daman Shumshere ordered for lounge suits and suitcases at his own expense for my journey to Europe and took me personally to the Italian and French Consulates to get my passport visaed, which they did gratis.

As the Motor Nave Victoria was leaving Bombay by the 4th of May I spent the interim time at Calcutta, where the weather had changed to my liking. Here I learnt that 27 party organisations had mushroomed in Nepal and that the Nepali Congress leaders had exhorted the peasants in Eastern Nepal to participate in a civil disobedience movement against the Government by refusing to pay the revenue until their demands for agrarian reforms were met. The most serious opposition to the Councillors' regime had come from Mr M. P. Koirala, who had been one of its supporters before he quitted as Prime-minister. The ex-Prime-minister had now formed the National Democratic Party, and Mr L. R. Josse was leaving for Birgunj on April 28 to attend the meeting scheduled for April 30th, 1953.

The pattern of political alliances emerging in Birgunj could have more than local significance, if Mr M. P. Koirala reacted sharply to Nepali Congress manoeuvres by screening the candidates to remain outside bureaucratic control. A politician had no business to be a member of the Cabinet if he became a handmaiden to the Palace Secretariat or Gandhi-capped and Jawahar-vested political leaders dominated by Indian Secretaries. The happy-go-lucky Councillors lacked in resolution to stop corruption and inefficiency. Something had definitely gone wrong with our social, economic and foreign policies. There was a danger involved in the leadership of party in these times of storm and emergency if it floated to the views of democratic socialism or communism. In a democratic society the party received its mandate from the people to use its power to the ultimate benefit of the electors who voted its members to power. It would be a pretty dangerous situation if that power became irresponsible. Agreeing that the parties had to be a part of our political process, it was imperative that the party members should always remain outside bureaucratic control so that they may deliver goods to the peoples. Accustomed to comforts and scientific gadgets of the overdeveloped western countries, our young leaders had come from an environment of protests, demonstrations and violent actions and they were not going to sit and work in our scheme of Samyak Society and suddenly become highly disciplined members of the Guṭhis with a flair for the invisible but important poor man. Imagine political leaders, who had been used all their lives sitting in their armchairs and shouting slogans, suddenly being asked to go miles out to meet the Poḍey, the Sherpa or the Gorkha and share his burden by their personal contribution. In this sense our Great Samyak Society was different from democratic and communistic Societies. It had something more interesting than mere profit or loss. So far our Samyak Society had not shown any malice to its rulers, though our peoples passed through fairly serious political and economic crisis. It was a shattering experience for me to learn that nobody in the hierarchy knew anything about our Samyak Society, which had been operating in Nepal on and from the inception of the astropsychic system of the Bhairavi-cakra-pravattana.

On the other hand, the disciplined peoples of Nepal had been tolerating the ruthless rulers who ruled them by the sword in the name of the King. I told Mr L. R. Josse how I had advised His Majesty to read Bhāravi's *Kirātārjunīye* and act like the King of the Kirātas. The studies and contacts of our political leaders were limited, and they were trying to import insular

system of overdeveloped countries, which had affected their attitudes, understandings and innovations. It was time that our young political leaders changed their ways to the rules and disciplines of our Samyak Society if we were to survive as a 'stunted yam sandwiched between two cold stones' as heretofore. Deep thinking peoples of the western countries had been calling for an alternative structure of democracy based on new humanism. The disastrous effect of mass politics by calling our multi-ethnic peoples to participate in western brand politics or communism without scrutinising their spiritual, moral and intellectual background was getting evident. Opportunistic alliances were not going to reflect any credit on Mr M. P. Koirala's leadership nor political slogans would fill hungry stomachs. I told Mr Josse to inform Mr M. P. Koirala that the mightiest weapon at my disposal was historical research and my pen, and that the only healthy relationship between me and Mr M. P. Koirala was one of 'armed truce.'

After seeing off Mr L. R. Josse I visited the Calcutta Museum, where I saw the Piprahavā-Buddhist vase epitaph, which had blazoned the path for the quest of the adamant state of 'anādinidhana' (state of timelessness) from its record of 'salilanidhana' (corporeal remains of Sākyamuni and his next of kin). The basreliefs of the seven historical Buddhas and the images of Yakṣis carried in the Bhārhut tradition of the earthen stupas and inscriptions dedicated to their memory in Nepal. Those Indian historians, who had qualms about the undisclosed contexts of the stupas of Nepal, might now be subjected to the continual process of historical revision which knocked the bottom out of their most carefully planted beliefs. The gullibility in Indian and Western historians did not appear to me convincing when I analysed the dictums of our funeral tradition against the background of authentic documents and it was more likely that the aim was only to establish that what the British could do well, the Indians could do better without an in-depth study of our Judicial customs. It had, for instance, been accepted since Homer that King Oedipus and Queen Jocasta condemned as criminals by their own conscience, were a mighty bloodless substitute for Virūpākṣa and his mother Hū-sa. They may have their faults, but the tragedy of the Grecian family, if, indeed, they committed suicide, was more generally laid in Nepal at the door of the Original Sin inherent in the nature of man and woman represented by Virūpākṣa and Hū-sa in Nepal's hoary tradition. It was exhilarating for me to feel that the western psychologists were just about groping their way to the cause of crime in human nature and the tragedies of human life.

From the Calcutta Museum I proceeded to the house of my old Bengali College chum Mr R. N. Chowdhury at Santosh House, where we were happy to recall that the present Prime-minister of Pakistan Mr Mohammad Ali was our College friend. Late at night I joined the dinner party of our Consul General Daman Shumshere to hear that our Foreign Secretary, Mr Narendra Mani A.D. had tendered his resignation on the flimsy ground of transfer to the General Administration. Personally I had been buffeted about from Kathmandu to Lhasa and to all the most delicate and difficult jobs during the revolutionary period. Somehow my worst defeats had turned into advantage because of my sustained training in the military as well as in civilian jobs to keep me professional.

On the first of May 1953 I heard that the faction of the Nepali Congress, which met at Birgunj on April 30th had formed the National Democratic Party. It had elected Mr M P. Koirala President and my old College friend Mr Mahendra Bikram Shah as General Secretary. In his inaugural address Mr M P. Koirala charged the Councillors' regime for their inability to control corruption and inefficiency among Government officials both in the capital and the districts. He asserted that the King was helpless to stop the rot without a popular Cabinet and urged His Majesty to institute such a Cabinet immediately. While this set the stage for another round of negotiations at Kathmandu I was in the happy haven of Air-Line Hotel Bombay on my journey to Rome. I then called at the office of Lloyed, Triestino, where an attractive Italian lady handed over to me Ticket number 0170 Serie A. 13 First Class Line I/I/P single berth cabin No. 49 valued £ 130 with her best compliments.

Then I called on my burly Sindhi friend Mr K. U. Advani, whose fashionable wife was now in London for the education of their children. When the Ranas were in power he enjoyed a high reputation for honesty with the family of Maharaja Chandra Shumshere because he had refused the reward of Rs. 200,000 in recognition of his service in salvaging a sum of three million and six hundred thousand rupees out of the huge amount of money Maharaja Chandra Shumshere had deposited in some of the Indian Banks. As a Bombay-wallah interested in races and in the Princes and Princesses of India, the fashionable Advani took a very poor view of the amenities of civilisation in other parts of India. It was this couple, who on my earlier visit had introduced me to the Iranian Princess of Berar and her photogenic sister at the Willingdon Club. Now that the sons of Maharaja

Chandra were in Bangalore, he told me with regret that he had not been able to build a house for himself in Bombay for all the services he rendered to the Ranas, though other Indians had made fortunes out of them after the revolution in Nepal. As an alternative he was now flitting between Bombay and Europe for medical treatment and for business. He appeared a little bit worried with the behaviour of the sons of Maharaja Chandra in Bangalore, though he did not seem to like the change that was forced upon Nepal by the Government of India. I pointed out the historic necessity for the transfer of power from the Ranas though the Indian leaders did not adequately take account of historic process in the transformation of the multi-ethnis peoples of Nepal. This was the first time that I was going to speak on 'Ancient and Modern Nepal' on the basis of our 'materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture after a century of Rana regime.'

After writing letters to my people at home and haircut I went to the Ballard Pier where I was thrilled by the sight of M. N. Victoria berthing magnificently on her maiden voyage. Then I saw King Kong at the picture house known as Eros, which depicted how Beauty got the better of the Brute in Western sense. Contrary to our hoary tradition of Paśupatāstra in subduing the brute in us, it was a biazarre picture showing how gas-fumes choked the giant King Kong where bullets and grenades had failed. This gave me a forestate of Europe in this age of fumes, gas-chambers, atomic weapons and hydrogen bombs.

I checked out of the Air Lines Hotel early on the 4th of May, where an agent of Messrs Balmer Lawrie was waiting to help me get on the ship. I went through the formality of getting my passport checked and my suitcases passed by the Customs for transfer to the ship while the police officer enquired if I had reported myself to the Police Station concerned. On boarding the ship I found the officers and crews most hospitable. The steward showed us to the dining room, which was most delicately done by Italian artists. I was baffled by the variety of the menu and did not know what to choose when I settled down for breakfast. Then I got up to the lounge-cum-dancing room where the Italian concert was playing music which was soothing to my ears. A lady from Karachi in spotless white dress looked upon the streams of passengers of Bombay from the deck. At about 1. P. M. M. N. Victoria pulled out of the Ballard Pier amid hectic scenes of Bombay-wallahs tugging at the streamers cast out by their relatives from the deck. I had no regrets to leave behind as there was nobody to see

me off, though I looked forward to the new pleasures to cling to with a long vision of men and things in my first historic mission to Europe. I noticed a fashionable Bombaywali girl, probably in love, looking longingly to Bombay as the city diminished on the ship's progress in the waves of the Arabian sea.

I got back to Room No. 49 to find my suitcases and had no difficulty in adjusting myself to the luxurious environment. Then the bell gave signal for lunch, which was so sumptuous and the wine of such a variety and cheap that I did not know what to choose. It was on this liner that I got a fore-taste of life in Europe and pitied the Ranas for their Hindu orthodoxy in taking their Brahmanic cooks and cooking utensils to brew their own rice and curries, so that they missed the finest variety of food offered by the ship's stewards on their voyages to Europe. For lunch and dinner I had to occupy the table No. 21 whereas we could join any party for breakfast. It was a change in entering the air-conditioned room from the deck overflowing with the heat of the sandy oil-rich Arabia of one thousand and one nights. Born and brought up in the highlands of the Himalayas I enjoyed the sight of what looked like the orb of the sun setting on the sea, which reminded me of how the sun went down behind the mountains in a chiaroscuro of light and shade though high on the horizon. After the sun disappeared in the sea, I entered the lounge provided with a bar to serve drinks of our liking, where I heard some British and French travellers saying that Motor Nave Victoria shook, which was unusual for a ship of this type. At the dining room I noticed that most of the passengers were from the upper-class families of India and Pakistan, who were going for a holiday to Europe. Then we re-entered the lounge to find aged Marwari and Madrasi couples dancing together while the younger Indian girls seemed to deem it a distinction to wrestle with Europeans, who were on board.

I was up early on the 5th of May to see the orb of the sun emerge as a red molten mass of steel in the furnace level with the waves of the sea. If the sun emerged late over the Himalayas to scorch up with its stinging rays necessitating the use of Gorkha-hats against sun-stroke in the midst of snows, I found it so mild and soothing as I walked on the deck. The sea was calm but the bell rang alarm, so that we assembled with our lifebuoys on the deck for an emergency exercise. Table-tennis tournament was announced along with a variety of indoor and outdoor sports including swimming. A poor player of games I would have preferred frog-swimming but I was shy to swim in my *longoti* (Nepalese version of trunk). This Luxury Liner

unfolded before me Lord Tennyson's vision of the progressive west enshrined in his Locksley Hall. Judging by the way the passengers changed their fashionable dress every morning, noon, evening and night, I had the feeling that they had moved all their wardrobes on this journey. But while my fellow passengers relaxed in the Luxury Liner I returned to my pursuit of making notes for my lecture on Ancient and Modern Nepal. On the 6th of May I was thrilled by the sight of birds in the sky, which I had missed since I left Bombay. This reminded me of the avi-fauna in my Himalayan journeys where birds announced the break of dawn and told time precisely till we retired at night.

Early on May 7th there was excitement when our ship stood by for half an hour to haul a sick-sailor from a cargo-boat. But the adventure of a perilous voyage had become for us a pleasure cruise though I suffered from stomach-upset and lost my appetite when the Red Sea turned rough revealing its red weeds. A pill from the dispensary set me on my foot. I found my watch making a late time and consulted the big jolly Captain who advised me to put the needles of my watch back by 40 minutes on the first two days and by thirty minutes on the third day. At about 4 P. M. we saw the bare hills of Arabia from the Red Sea full of flying fishes and aquatic animals. At this stage our ship's Captain announced that those travelling by the overland route to Cairo and from the Cairo-Suez road to Port Said might submit their passports to his office accompanied by £ 10 for the trip. I jumped at the idea of seeing something of the country of one thousand and one nights, of the Pharaohs and Antony and Cleopatra, which had given us the symbolism of the Lotus as well as the first knowledge of geometry.

On arrival at the port of Aden on the 8th of May, 1953, I was interested to see the curly haired Negroes and Semitic Arabs diving to pick pennies tossed out by the passengers from the deck for fun in oil-rich Arabia. There were the Arabs who had banished Buddhism from Ariana (Afghanistan) and invaded India with the rise of Islam in the seventh century A. D. Many military aeroplanes hovered in the sky and sturdy ships of the British Royal Navy supported the British garrison occupying the strategic island. Fleet of motor-cars were plying between the dock and the sandy rocks looking like diminutive hills of Tibet with this difference that the countryside of Aden seemed to be bare of animals and colour. Nevertheless the weather was fine, but I was told that Aden could be uncomfortably hot.

As we pulled out of the port at 11.40 A.M., M.N. Victoria tooted her horn thrice to welcome her sister-ship Asia which steamed in with the reciprocal salute to the waving of the passengers. Then I entered my cabin to change into the Chinese gown I was carrying all the way from Tibet, so that I may play the part of 'Chu-chin-chow from old China' in the Fancy Dress Ball. While the ship heaved fore and aft I had the thrill of seeing through the porthole the waves of the Red Sea as if they were champing and chafing to swallow the Luxury Liner. But in the Fancy Dress Ball the persons acting the part of the climbers of the Mount Everest won the prize, which proved that the hazardous British Expedition was uppermost in everybody's mind.

On the 10th of May an affluent octogenarian Parsi gentleman offered me mangoes of Bombay with his compliments and expressed his regrets that there may be for him no more voyage to Europe in future. Representing the outlook of the industrial and commercial upper-classes of Bombay, the comfortable complacency of this old gentleman seemed to be shaken by his growing age. Whereas I regarded my life as a preparation for death at the age of 46, I asked him whether he could be satisfied if he lived another 20 years of enjoyment in the materialistic paradise of Europe. On the other hand, I felt that 'one crowded hour of glorious life was worth an age without a name.' As a student of Robert Browning (which the old man had not studied), I recited the immortal lines 'Our times are in His hand, who say'th the whole I planned; youth shows but half, trust God, see all nor be afraid'. Life was full of perils. Personally, I had narrow escapes from death by typhoid fever, accidents and evil designs of men. So far I had survived, so that I was travelling by this Luxury Liner to enjoy the sight of vessels passing us about every half-hour in the narrow lanes of the sea of Sindband the Sailor, which comprise the record of the brave new world the Arab sailors were exploring in the heyday of the Caliphate. Stripped of the obvious exaggerations of the dreaded Roc bird and the notorious Old Man of the sea, their vivid sketches of strange birds and beasts, of pearl diving and cannibalism, of visits to the Spice islands, Cape Commorin on the southern tip of India and ruby rich Serendib (Ceylon or Sri Lanka) were clearly based on first-hand scientific observation. To add to the sum total of human experience I had seen caravans pass over the Himalayan highlands and tablelands of Tibet. Then, too, I had seen agonies of stillbirths, death of women and babies in pangs of labour for want of medical facilities to take care of overtaken mothers. Also I told the Parsi Father Christmas about the revolution in Nepal and how the affluent Ranas had

left their homeland to spend their life in India and Europe, so that our invisible but important poor men were inclined to feel that their miseries were the product of bad social conditions and the consequences of the upper-caste exploiters, who had 'forshaken their ancient power of Altar, Sword and Pen'. The old man was aghast when I requested him to read a little bit of Karl Marx in his present European tour, so that he may relieve the sufferings of the poor Indian peoples by contributing a fraction of his immense wealth and make, at least, his declining years more purposeful in Bombay itself than by thinking of another trip to Europe.

A Quick Trip Through Cairo to Port Said by Motorcar

On Monday May 11th I handed my ordinary passport over to the office and received Card No. 47, where I discovered that all those travelling by the first-class cabins held diplomatic passports and thick packets of Travellers' Cheques of high denominations. One sulky and unsocial Indian, who claimed to survive on Indian *chapati* and pickle brought from his home, told me casually that he was carrying more than £ 2500 in Travellers' Cheques and the like amount in overdraft drawable in London, which was a fortune compared to my paltry £ 333.

Then we made our way through the gangway to alight on the boats of Arabian sailors, who ferried us to the charmed world of Alif Layla wa Layla (*The Thousand and One Nights*) of the cruel king Sharyar and talented and beautiful queen Scheherazade. From the shore of Egypt we saw Victoria enter the Suez Canal like the stately British Sovereign entering her glorious hall of inauguration. Some American girls, who seemed to be impressed by my part as 'Chu Chin Chow from Old China', asked me to accompany them in their car, but a Sikh lady with her two bearded and turbanned sons, who claimed to live on fruits, interceded to accompany them on the 80 miles drive to Cairo, as they did not like to travel with the Americans and the Europeans. I gave in to their request on condition that I may be allowed to occupy the front seat with the Egyptian driver. I wondered how the Britishers were going to tolerate these people of strange habits in London. The fleet of cars sped across a desert studded with small hills shimmering with yellowish sands.

Nearly as large as Tibet in area Egypt at the time was said to squeeze a population of 22,221000 into three per cent of cultivable land in this sea of

deserts. This cultivable fraction was a small oasis of about 13,500 square miles, where the Egyptian farmer owned a farm of half an acre on the average, which could not support its population. These cruel facts of life made me ponder over the tales of the Arabian nights, whose dazzling make-believe had charmed me for years. Then the taxi-driver pointed out the crystal palaces on the hill-tops, where the kings of Egypt immured their Arabian wives for their sensual pleasure in 'old, unhappy, far off days'. He spoke very highly of General Naguib, who had overthrown King Farouk to convert these citadels of feudalism into hospitals. I told the taxi-driver that we had done the same after the revolution of 1950 as the first step to modernise Nepal. Then we passed through barbed-wire military camps, which were garrisoned by the British and the French coloured troops to protect the respective interests of the colonial powers. We also encountered the British patrols on their armoured cars with their rifles on the ready. After about an hour's drive we stopped for breakfast in an oasis, where some Egyptian officers in their red fez-caps spoke excellent English, reviled fat King Farouk for his sins and talked with confidence about Naguib's capacity to put Egypt on her feet after overthrowing the foreign devils. Then we successively passed through three air-fields of three major powers before we had the first sight of the city heralded by the crow. Though lying north of Lhasa in latitude yet there was no nip of the northern air in Cairo except for the floating clouds and comparatively more enjoyable climate than that of the Tibetan capital. The old town had all the filth and stench of Asiatic cities including Kathmandu. But unlike their Nepalese and Tibetan sisters, the Islamic Egyptian ladies, hid beauty and ugliness, youth and age as well as poverty and wealth beneath their all-enveloping *bourka* (veils).

At this stage I was happy to leave my rich companions in the spacious subterranean shops crammed with precious brocades, rich carpets and piles of silver and gold ornaments so that I had the opportunity to visit the Arab Museum and the Mohammad Ali Mosque, which was full of Arabic inscriptions without any symbols of them. The iconoclastic Arabs did not have any statue to reflect Islam's Golden age of about 1300 years ago.

This being a Monday, I was unfortunate to miss the beautiful images, ornaments and hieroglyphs of the ancient period of Egypt in her Museum. But Napoleon's fort, a line of delicate and luxurious masoleums and the shining quarries, out of which the huge statues and monuments of Egypt were fashioned, appeared to me tantalising against the background of the

Pyramids. Huge geometrical statues of the gods and kings of ancient Egypt showed how the Semitic peoples of the Sea conceived the idea of man and God vis-a-vis our multi-ethnic Himalayan peoples. Returning by the bank of the pale green Nile to Hotel Semiramis for lunch, our Guide told us that the river of the Pharaohs and Queen Cleopatra flowed down north from the central African highlands of the country of Ruanda Urundi for about four thousand miles watering the various lands of the Negro, the Arabic and the Egyptian peoples, who gave birth to the most ancient civilisation of the world. This river Nile drained more than 1,119,000 square miles of north-east Africa. Once a year this sluggish pale green river overflowed its banks spreading a thin layer of alluvial soil over the flood-plain to revive the intensely cultivated and exhausted soil, most of it transported from the highlands of Ethiopia. This alluvial soil accumulated at the rate of above four inches at every turn of a century, so that the Egyptian farmlands stood seven feet higher than in the days of Queen Cleopatra and about 30 feet above that level, when the Pyramids were built by the Pharaohs. He told us how the Egyptians believed in an ancient proverb to the effect that he, who drank the water of the Nile would return to drink it again, though he may travel to the ends of the earth. This was the reason why this river was so anxiously studied and bound by the British in a network of Aswan-dam built by millions of tons of granite quarried from the same source that provided masonry for building the Pyramids and the ancient temples of Egypt. The present generation of Egyptians believed that the building of the Aswan-dam was more valuable to millions of common peoples than all the Pyramids, temples, tombs and statues built by their ancestors.

After this brief lecture we were taken to the sites of the Sphinx and the Pyramids, where the Egyptian music evoked in me memories of the bone-pipe music of the Lamas in the Himalayan highlands. Looking on the mysterious face of the Sphinx I wondered whether it had inspired the ancient Aryans with the idea of sculpturing their images of Nara-simha (Man-Lion), who tore the entrails of our historical Buddhas for their atheistical ideas.

By this time I had read Lord Carnarvon's account of the tomb of Tutankamen, which could be likened on a vast scale to the tombs of Tibetan and Mongolian kings, so that they provided clues to Ali Baba's magic formula of 'Open Sesame' vis-a-vis our spell of 'Omn maṇi peme huṃ'. Whereas our earthen stupas and stone-chaityas were traced with the confessio fides of Cause and Effect (Ye dhammā hetu pabhavā) to show 'the kindred points

of Heaven and Home', it was a matter of immense interest for my studies that the Semitic kings quarried the huge stone blocks, each weighing two and half tons, to build this gigantic geometrical Pyramid, so that they may lie under the safety of its vaults till it lasted. The cruel suspense between the consciousness of our fleeting life and the chasm of death was typical of the Pyramid and the tomb of king Tutankamen and the Islamic Arabs, who loved to lie with their consorts in the spacious caverns crammed with their earthly possessions after their demise. If the Chinese concentrated the best part of possessions as preparation for their death, and if the Christians marked their graves with Crosses in the most beautiful of Cemeteries waiting for the Resurrection of Lord Jesus to deliver them, the Indo-Aryans sought contact with their three hundred thirty three million gods of the Sky through the medium of their fire-cult and smoke in their *yajnas* (rituals). On the last analysis of the oppressive idea of death, I felt with a sense of relief that our ancestors had sought the haven of the sexual symbol of Śiva-linga (phallus of Śiva) to be in tune with the Infinite by burning away the lurking sense of the Original Sin in the nature of man. I wondered which people evolved the idea of starting death in its face by living in the midst of death under the overall schemes of Bhairavi-cakra-pravartana and of becoming timeless in God's great infrastructure of Time.

On our way back to Hotel Semiramis I was impressed by the traffic control methods of the Arab policemen, who physically appeared more powerful than other Asians. The shades of dark night was closing on Cairo when we embarked through the Cairo-Suez road to Port Said. The atmosphere seemed to be surcharged with suspicion when the checkpoints challenged us at different points of the Road. We were feeling hungry at 11 P. M. when we stopped at the city of Ismalia for dinner with the spicy smell of Egyptian Kabab sticking to my nose. We visited some of the eating houses, where night-prowling ladies of other cities were conspicuous by their absence. Except for lights from the windows the city appeared deserted. The Egyptian Kabab, which was so delicious to smell, did not respond well to my palate. Leaving Ismalai at about 11-30 P.M. by car, we reached Port Said at 1.A.M. to find the Victoria riding proudly at anchor. I found the shop of an excited Indian merchant open at this unearthly hour, who told us that the British and the Egyptians were coming to grips shortly to the entire advantage of India. This was going too far though in the company of bawdy Indians, Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Hebrews. Then the Indian merchant gave us his yarns about Mr Nehru's Peace Area comprised by the Delhi-Cairo Axis

in terms of Afrasia, which he claimed, was a new concept in international politics. Seeing what we had of the fate of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo triangle I pointed out to the garrulous merchant-prince that the African Lion and the Giraffe could not coexist except on their strength and strategy. The moral was obvious; it was that the great powers were very much better armed than India and their armaments would lead inevitably to war by closing the bottle-neck of the Suez-Canal to the entire disadvantages of the Cairo-Delhi axis.

None of the obsessed crowd seemed to lend ears to my sober point-of-view, and their Babel of tongues became replete with threats to the degree of falling foul. I had no alternative but to evade the issue by recalling the stories of a thousand and one Arabian nights under constant threat of death. And, miracle of miracles, sweet-looking Scheherazade, who presumably had told a suspenseful story everyday to king Shahryar of Persia, had born the king three goodly children so that they may bear Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp and ride on Magic Carpets to carry them to any destination in the mere twinkling of an eye. I quickly climbed up the gangway waving and wishing my very best to my angry friends. Then I prayed to Paśupati and slept like a log after one of the longest and most fruitful days of my career in passing from Egypt to Europe.

I was up late on Tuesday May 12th, 1953 to find the Victoria sailing majestically in the salubrious Mediterranean climate under the shadow of northern clouds floating in the sky. I did not notice any difference in the colour of the Red and the Mediterranean seas. There was a notice saying that there could be no more washing and that we had to pay our outstanding bills, which was going to take a few leaves from my slender purse of Travellers' Cheques. Then I consulted the maps to locate the various oil-rich lands of the Near East comprised by such countries as Egypt, Israel, Iraq, Syria, Iran and their ilk, which had produced some of the oldest religious ideas and culture long before Sākyamuni Buddha saw the light of day. Then, too, I had made a firsthand acquaintance of the contributions of the Egyptian, Christian, Saracenic and Arabic art to the world in terms of geometry. But compared to our old Nepalese stupas, pagoda-temples and composite images instinct with vitality, spirituality and virility, the Egyptian Pyramids and statusque statues and Islamic mosques did not have the floral designs, sensuality or movement in them. Although we imported geometric designs in our painted scrolls from the Semitic countries yet I noticed very little o

compromise between the artistic creations of Nepal and Egypt. Unlike my experience of circumambulating the stupas and of entering pagoda-temples and caves of the Himalayan saints, the underground vaults of the Pyramid prepared me for a successive sequence of suspenses to make me more afraid of death than edified or elated to be in tune with the Infinite. The sluggishly meandering Nile had nothing in common with our swift-flowing and prattling Vāgwatī, Kauśikī, Gaṇḍakī and Karṇālī river-systems, which caused landslides in our mountain homes of vanishing forests by bearing down rich soil to cheer and gladden the Gangetic plains. On the other hand, the erosion on the useless African foothills had helped to build the rich and fertile Nile-delta, so that the Egyptian peoples were able to build a sea-culture of immense proportions in the midst of the desert of North-Africa.

On May 14th I was thrilled by the sight of the narrow straits of Messina fraught in ancient days with the perils of Scylla and Charibdys. But I did not happen to be one of the tormented souls of European literary history to be shocked by the legend of the terrible. However, I was disappointed that the isle of Capri, so famous as the resort of the idle and aimless pleasure-seekers of Europe, happened to be mantled in a robe of fog. The sea became rough giving us a dizzy feeling, when we entered the Gulf of Naples at 1.30 P. M. The Bombaywallahs told me that the sights and scenes of Naples compared unfavourably with those of Bombay, which appeared to be a matter of opinion. But seeing what I had of the Indian ports of Vizipagamam and Bombay, I was enamoured of the beautiful situation of the many-coloured buildings of Naples girdling the mountain, which seemed to kiss the blue Mediterranean sea embracing it. Flares of flame went up constantly as signals to guide air-pilots to a neighbouring airport. However, the porters were as much of nuisance as in India, who hung on us like flies even to the point of tearing suitcases from us when we landed on the soil of Europe from Asia in passing through North-Africa.

Chapter VII

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS ON THE SOIL OF EUROPE

May 15, 1953–June 13, 1953

Professor Luciano Petech had come to receive me at the port of Naples. After going through the formalities of the Customs I was impressed by the sight of gigantic buildings with balconies erected over the footpaths to protect the pedestrians from the stream of cars and heavy vehicles that seemed to be moving according to automatic signals. I was impressed by the discipline of fine-looking and well-dressed men and women queuing up for their turn before mechanically operated coffee houses. Unlike our exploited country where poor porters and men had to cook their meagre food by improvising primitive kitchen on the roadside, every coffee-house, restaurant or sea-beach hotel seemed to be full of healthy men and women, who munched and munched all the time as if they had solved their problem of cooking individually. Then Professor Petech took me round the landmarks of Naples, which thrilled and enthralled me. The motley crowd of Europeans did not pause to look on the handful of Asiatics and Africans, who appeared dark as crows and thin as scarecrows among the pump and lusty Europeans who seemed to have monopolised all the good things of life by their efforts and enterprises.

After a fairly long day we had a sumptuous dinner of sizzling spaghetti served with squid sauce and plates of octopus, which we washed with *vino-rosso* (red-wine) to the tune of ravishing Neapolitan songs and instrumental music. The learned Professor told me that octopus occurred plentifully

in Italian water and that Italian cooking would lose many savoury dishes had it not been these soft, big-eyed cephalopods. At the dead of night we entrained for Rome with the smell of octopus and the shallow lagoons still sticking to my nose. In Rome Professor Petech drove me to a hotel and introduced me to a plump hostess known by the name of Elena (Helen), who unlocked the key to let me into a parlour complete with wardrobes and an attached bathroom. I was too tired to look round at this unearthly hour and laid myself down in the luxury of western amenities with prayers to Pauspati immediately despite the hooting of horns and tearing noises made by the swifty-moving automobiles in the streets of the Eternal City.

Life in Rome

I was up early on May 15th, 1953 after a dreamless sleep to see fine-looking Italian ladies in their aprons cleaning window-glasses and scrubbing their marble floors, which was very much unlike the sight of Nepalese ladies bearing water-pitchers in their armpits to smear their mudfloor and kitchens of their houses as the first act in their morning hours. There was small garden of flowers with ivies climbing up to the portico of my parlour, though I missed pots of marigolds and jasmine. Then, too, there was no evidence of Italian ladies decking their braid of hair with flowers and of bending to pluck them coyly so that they may offer the flowers to their God. As I looked on the morning scene making comparative studies of the habits of women in Nepal and Italy, I heard knocking at the gate. On opening the door I saw Miss Elena waiting to find out what I would like to have for my morning breakfast. She was not the type of a Nepalese girl, who was a little shy but altogether submissive to man. With a smattering of Latin I could not follow what she was saying in her quick accents with the result that we had to carry on the conversation in a sign language like dumb people. But she was intelligent to understand me more through instinct than understanding, and she quickly brought bread, butter, porridge, egg, some fruits and a pot of coffee for my breakfast. To wind up with a good laugh I said "Thank you", to which she rejoined "beautiful" with a nod and wind.

After my breakfast I got a ring from Professor C. Tucci saying that I should be ready for lunch with him. I was taken in a Fiat car to the house of Professor G. Tucci, which had one of the biggest oriental libraries containing, mostly, Tibetan and Sanskritic manuscripts. The little Apso-dog

he had brought all the way from Mustang to Rome barked her welcome, romped round me for a little while and curled up in repose on my lap as if she knew her countrymen by smell. We discussed the publication of the *Materials for the Study of Nepalese History and Culture* shortly. After lunch Miss Bonardi took me round to see the sights of Rome. Public transport was so well developed that it was easier to get to places of interest by public carriers than by car with immense difficulty for parking at every stop. On my cursory first-sight Rome struck me as a city of marble houses, marble fountains and marble statues amid beautifully laid-out gardens peopled by good-looking men, women and tourists. If the civilisation of Nepal was founded on earthen-stupas, local wood and stones, the Roman civilisation seemed to be built on the foundation of famous Italian marbles. But Miss Bonardi complained that Italy had no oil, gold and diamond mines to make her peoples as rich as the European neighbours, though they seemed to have enough and to spare by Asiatic and African standards with all their oil-resources, gold and diamond mines. You could fritter away oil, silver, gold, diamond and everything that had fluctuating monetary value but the marble of Italy had given the Romans better values in terms of buildings and statues than the passing shows of glittering metals. In my view Italy was so highly industrialised and technologically advanced country that she could be indispensable guard of NATO's southern flank if she solved her human problems. Then, lovely Miss Bonardi conducted me to the Vatican City, which survived as one of the smallest states of the world by selling stamps and benedictions to the Christian world of Roman Catholics. The sturdy Swiss guards stood sentinel at the hall in their glittering uniform fashioned by Michael Angelo. The Swiss guards were the European version of the Gorkhas, which the mushrooming world of emerging nations branded as mercenaries vis-a-vis the sinister volunteers and conscripts who fought for the sake of money. Huge marble statues seemed to be conceived and executed so realistically and on such a scale as to put the statesque statues of Egypt into the shade. Within the vast hall of San Pietro I was baffled by the sight of baby angels on wings amid giant statues of Popes, who held the kings of Europe in their fee. I stood marvelling at Michael Angelo's statue of Mother Mary with the corpse of Lord Jesus on her lap after the Crucifixion. This reminded me of the bas-reliefs of Nepal depicting the death pangs of Mother Māyā at the birth of Buddha Śākyamuni. Where were the well-springs of these supreme artistic expressions with their own inimitable flavour, which the most powerful pens had failed to give a pen-picture? One Pope lay in the peace of death as if he was lying in state for burial after

breathing his last a few hours ago. I looked on in mute amazement on a few Christian faithfuls kneeling down to pray in their saccloth and ashes, and I wondered how they could concentrate on God amid such a stupendously bewitching atmosphere.

Then we were lifted up to the colonade, from where we had a hard close view on the paintings done by Raphael on the ceiling under the dome of St. Peter. Then we emerged on the balcony beside the dome, from where we had a bird's eye view of the Eternal City against the background of the Colosseum and the Palatine Hills. But unlike our monasteries and temples which provide refuge for the castaways of life I was surprised to hear that a number of houses within the limits of the Vactican City were brothels. Nevertheless, there was no act of love-making within the precincts of San Pietro as in our temples decked with the carvings of various acts of coitus and sexual symbols. In the way of contribution to the treasury of the Vatican City I purchased picture postcards and franked them with stamps worth 1000 lire and posted them to my friends at home.

Then we emerged on Via Veneto and cashed £ 10 in a bank, which gave me 17,500 lire in exchange so that I had my hair-cut and shampoo. The Calcutta made suit appeared so out of fashion that I requested Miss Bonardi to take me to her tailor where I ordered a raincoat and a pair of suit and shirts for my tour of Europe.

On May 16th Mr Mario Bonardi took me to see the Roman Forum, which dwarfed the grandeur of the Mogul Emperors in the Red Fort of Delhi and Fatehpur Sikri. The concept and execution of the architecture of the Roman Forum and San Pietro beggared my image of lofty buildings from the Potala to the Pyramid. What was lacking, however, was the steady spiritualisation of the stupas and the pagoda-temples of Nepal. Like Nepal the glory of Rome lay in the past with this difference that the valley of Kathmandu had no ruins. Whether under the influence of Christianity or Islam the conflict in the minds of the Aryan and the Semitic peoples had given rise to the Crusades, which was conspicuous by its absence in the early religious history of Śaivism, Vedic Brahmanism and Buddhism. I did not dream dreams or see visions in my journeys from India to Rome, which was contrary to my experience in the Himalayan highlands of Nepal or Tibet.

On May 17th Prorofessor G.Tucci picked me up at 9-15 A.M. to take me on a tour of Villa Adriana, Villa d' Este Tivoli, Subiaco and L. Bendetto

through a rolling country of swaying grasses bordered by silvery olive trees, which yielded olive oil for the cooking of the Italians. Some Fiat cars were parked by the macadamised roadside allowing the lovers to find their places for their acts of love while others were locked in hot embrace like our gods and goddesses in the pose of 'Yab-yum'. Like Emperor Akbar's Fatehpur Sikri near Agra, Villa Adriana contained the ruins of the palace of the Roman Emperor Hadrian, where he held discourse with 'the laughing and the weeping philosophers' of Greece and Rome. The entire atmosphere seemed to breathe philosophy. Villa d' Este Tivoli was a dream in marble-fountains where Italians gathered for their business of love-making to the wondering gaze of relaxed tourists enjoying economic independence. A number of good-looking couples locked in their embraces looked upon the fountains in ecstasy even as our peoples felt on worshipping their gods in their morning hours.

Then we went through a gorge topped by houses over the surrounding hills, which reminded me of my travels in Nepal, to Subiaco where we had our lunch in the company of the *mlechhas* (men beyond the pale of Hindu civilisation). We exchanged jokes about the kitchen status claimed by men of rice-culture vis-a-vis men of barley culture and also discussed from the European and Nepali angles the problems of the contact and interpenetration of two distinct ideologies and ways of life of the trans-Himalayan and Himalayan peoples. I had the feeling that these contacts helped us to dispel the darkness of our mind for the meeting of minds between the European peoples and ourselves.

After a sumptuous lunch we picked up our trail to emerge on L. Benedetto, which reminded me of the monastery of Yerpa in Tibet where the Bengali saint Atisā wrote his mediaeval thesis on the cult of Tārā. Even the caged jackdaw was similar to the caged 'Poro' of Yerpa to show how people thought alike under similar atmosphere in two widely separated parts of the world. I asked Professor G. Tucci whether he received his inspiration from these monastic institutions of Italy to pay his visit to Tibet. 'He did not know but it may be true', replied the learned Professor. At the same time I expressed my growing conviction that the research-workers felt a compulsion to give the same reverence for life that they gave to their own. Accepting life as the fountain of God, good men worked hard to raise the highest value of life which was capable of development. There was a spring of water and I fetched it in the hollow of my palm to drink it in Nepali fashion,

which amused the tourists who offered me their cups. Coming from one of the poorest countries in the world I told them how our porters fetched water in their skull-cap like that of the Pope to do their business of cooking and drinking.

After calling at the Police Station and getting my passport visaed for a flying visit to Switzerland through the famous Alpine mountains, I visited the Italian Institute for the Middle and the Far East to discuss the broad points of my maiden lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Nepal', which was fixed for the 3rd and the 5th of June respectively. The Institute was housed in a magnificent building of Italian marbles containing monumental sculptures of oriental art. There were separate sections dealing with Nepal, Tibet, India and Pakistan respectively. Scholars were invited from all parts of the world to deliver their lectures specially on oriental subjects. I felt flattered that I happened to be the first Gorkha to get international forum to speak for my country after a century of Rana regime. I wondered whether I would be able to fulfill myself. There was a heavy programme for me on May 19th to pay my visits to the University of Rome, the School of Art, the University Library and the Instituto Superiore Di Santa, which was said to be the biggest research institute in Rome. I was received for lunch in one of the most aristocratic Italian homes, where splendid and pompous ladies shuddered at my strange table-ettiquette, though they regaled me with poems and legends of the beautiful. Finally I was taken to Teatro dell Opera, where I was highly impressed by the duets in songs of the hero and the heroine to the accompaniment of musical orchestra conducted by one of the Italian Band-masters. Beginning at the lower key the singers raised their voices to a crescendo of music, which surpassed the meanderings of the Indian classical singers. There were occasions when the Sopranist raised her voice to soprano where instrumental music could not follow her, so that the histrionic conductor of the orchestra stood static with his stick highest in the resounding hall. I found Rome getting warm with the 20th of May causing soporific tendencies. When I was taken to see the symbol of Rome in the sea-wolf nursing Romulo, I was surprised by the accounts of heat in Scandinavian countries told me by Italian vacationers back home for their summer holidays from the Land of the Midnight Sun where they were working. Then we climbed the Palatine Hills to see the statue of Emperor Marcus Aurelius riding his steed without the reins.

A Meeting with the Indian Ambassador Mr B. R. Sen

On May 21st I had an appointment to meet the Indian Ambassador, Mr B. R. Sen who was transferred from his job in Washington for his verbal

lambastings of the Anglo-American powers. The Indian Embassy had hired a formidable building with a large staff of spick and span diplomats to project India's image abroad. The Italians did not seem to give political importance to the Indian and the Pakistani Embassies as factors in the present context of international affairs though they regarded them with respect. But the Italians carried bitter memories against the Anglo-American powers in the aftermath of World War II and they seemed to get vicarious thrill when Mr B. R. Sen gave vent to his anti-Anglo-American sentiments. Rome still bore the marks of the bombardment of the workers' quarters in a war fought by the Allies for democracy against Fascism. From their experience they were inclined to feel that the British were the best of the bad Anglo-Saxon races vis-a-vis the Mediterranean peoples. At the time Rome was the headquarter of the FAO, where I was sad to miss the Swiss Director who had given me expert advice on tackling agricultural and agrarian problem in Nepal.

The American Embassy was the largest establishment with an array of American flags and a fleet of large limousines gurgling with oil. The Italian ladies seemed to feel that the American Ambassador was a good-looking Amazon with funny ideas about Italian politics, where the Communists were threatening to revolt because of all the human problems the Italian Government could not solve due to their partiality for the industrial henchmen of the Capitalistic powers. On the other hand, the American Ambassador had bullied the Italian peoples on the eve of elections by declaring that the USA would withdraw all aid if they did not elect a Government which did not satisfy her. At this a Communist leader warned the democratic parties of Italy that there was no alternative to their impotence but a chaotic, disorderly and violent revolution for which they alone would be responsible.

Mr B. R. Sen struck me as a wealthy, easy going and simple politician, whose long absence abroad had made him lose touch with the Indian peoples and her next-door neighbours. He appeared to be a nice man with distorted notions of Asian unity despite its diversity in religion, culture and races. He seemed to feel that the entire civilised world was in danger and that India could save the world by not taking sides in the bipolar world. Believing in the analysis of international affairs of Messrs Nehru, Radhakrishnan and Pannikar he harangued me about the defects of Communism, its defiance of constitutional methods, its faith in the doctrine that the end justified the means, its suppression of individual liberty and the rule of law by the heavy

hands of Communist dictatorship. Talking about the defects of Capitalist Society he held that its shortcomings lay in not providing the benefit and bond of a shared principle because there were arrogant industrialists at the helm of affairs who controlled the hard currencies in world-circulation in search of the goods they could provide abundantly by enslaving the working people. I was interested to hear about his idea of transforming human community by recourse to Fabian socialist doctrines. The economic security of a welfare state could not be attained without surrender of some democratic liberties and this view of the Indian leaders was being increasingly accepted in the European countries as one could see from the planned economy of Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries, which accepted a middle-course between totalitarian planning and unregulated private enterprise. By the way I told him that the British system of democracy they had adopted did not envisage the sort of ascendancy of Mr Nehru, Dr. Radhakrishnan or Mr Pannikar over matters that affected national interests and that Nepal had already produced Princes of Poverty with the natural sense of duty and discipline, which was mistaken for servility and weakness and exploited by the military dictatorship of the Ranas till 1950.

Then he enquired about the health of King Tribhuvana and the political situation under the leadership of the Koirala brothers and said Nepal should be grateful to the Indian leaders to regain their freedom from the thralldom of the Ranas. But the political situation had deteriorated with the struggle for power between the Koirala borthers and that His Majesty was carrying a third round of negotiations in Kathmandu so that he may find solution to the political problems of Nepal. But the basic problem of Nepal was the poverty of the peoples, and our hungry people would predispose them towards those who gave them bread and butter whether it came from New Delhi, Peking, the United Kingdom, the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. We were grateful that India was building the roads and air-strips and Nepal would be happy if she did it from the economic rather than from the military point of view. On the positive side, the end of the century old Rana regime had brought the Mount Everest Expeditions, scientific explorers, historical research workers, the American Point Four Aid, the FAO, the WHO and the Ford Foundation to reawaken the sleepy villages of our midland mountains and Himalayan highlands to new ideas of economic freedom. I have now made a curious decision that, instead of dabbling in dirty politics at home or a socialite travel in Europe, I had got the stampings of our ancient inscriptions from the most obscure corners of my country so that I may

project a new image of Nepal in international forum. I was now doing this in a country where patriots were hung on the trees, shot and treated worse than wild beasts a few years ago. I had discovered that the ancient Kirātas, Yakṣas, Śākyas, Kolis and other tribes faced certain extinction unless they were reminded of their glorious history and gently eased into the twentieth century.

Nevertheless the multi-ethnic Nepalese peoples knew that the price of independence was their blood and were willing to pay for it to ward off foreign interference and aggression. Under the circumstances I told the Indian Ambassador how the peoples of Nepal resented Mr Nehru's declaration that the Himalayas was the frontier of India and that India had special interest in Nepal. The Durwans and the discontented riff-raffs, who carried fire and sword into our country were now at the apex of power. The lust and greed and parleys for power of the leaders of the Nepali Congress, the Gorkha Parishad and the Communists had made the Nepali intellectuals, newspapers editors, public orators and pamphleteers rediscover their national identity after nightmarish century of nondescript existence. The Indian Ambassadors to the Court of Nepal and the Indian diplomatic staff had played their cards so badly that Dr. K. I. Singh had become the hero and the worst opponent of Mr Nehru and his policy of interference in Nepal after his escape into Tibet. India's foreign policy had made Kathmandu, Karachi, Colombo and Rangoon suspicious of India's intentions. His Excellency was flabbergasted, when I told him that the Chinese were hard-headed, correct and historical people, who could not be cajoled by the yarns of Mr Nehru. By way of defence the Indian Ambassador quoted the following words from the great speech Mr J. L. Nehru delivered to the U. S. Congress: 'We in Asia are not, however, neutral in the negative sense in which the word is ordinarily used. We were neither blind to reality nor do we propose to acquiesce to any challenge to man's freedom from whatever quarter it may come. Where freedom is menaced, or justice threatened or where aggression takes place, we cannot be and shall not be neutral. The objectives of our foreign policy are the preservation of world peace and the enlargement of human freedom.'

I wondered how did Mr Nehru get the mandate to speak for the different countries of Asia when the two nations of India and Pakistan were carved out of the great Indian peninsula and when both had become the deadliest enemies for historical and religious reasons. I knew that partition and independence

in 1947 were preceded by mass killings, riots and atrocities that made every decent Pakistani and Indian hang his head in shame. In the aftermath of partition there were wholesale murders in the Punjab and the reprisals in Bihar and other parts of India resulting in hatred and revengeful feelings between the Hindus and the Muslims. Many men from the minority community had taken refuge in non-communal Kingdom of Nepal. Time had not healed the scars of mutual distrust and loss of property so that only statesmanship of the highest order could avert a showdown between India and Pakistan. Under the circumstances, I pointed out to the Indian Ambassador that the speech of Mr Nehru sounded profound but they had no practical significance. Then Mr B. R. Sen asked me to read Mr K. M. Pannikar's brilliant book on *Asia and Western Domination*, which dealt with the recovery of such countries as India, China and Japan after the Second World War to the total neglect of the smaller countries of Asia like, for example, Nepal which had kept the Fish-tail banner of her independence flying for the last three thousand years of recorded history. Blind to the realities of politics in the vast continent of Asia, the Indian Ambassador, like the Indian merchants at Port Said, seemed to be exulting over the difference of Egypt and Israel and the failure of the Arabs to line up with the Western Powers. I told Mr B. R. Sen very frankly that an in-depth survey of the peoples of the Holy land of Christianity and Islam was essential before I could say anything on these problems of the Near East, where the interests of major powers were involved. On the other hand, I requested His Excellency to be kind enough to listen to my humble lectures on Ancient and Modern Nepal scheduled to be delivered on June 3 and 5, 1953 at the Is. M. E. O.

Back to my hotel spate of letters from home were waiting for to say that I was going to meet my Waterloo at Kathmandu if I did not deliver myself properly at the International forum. I was sorry that the small-minded hierarchy of Nepal had followed me in Rome with their stabs at my back, which upset me. I found it difficult to recollect my thoughts on the eve of my lectures. I felt out of element in Is. M. E. O.'s dinner party, where important members of the Institute for the defence of research workers assured me of their support if I needed their help to get me out of my present difficulties. How many dissident Nepalese writers had suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Ranas already! In the meantime I had also received letters saying that King Tribhuvana was in search of a representative Government and the Councillors' regime was coming to an end shortly.

On May 22 I was invited by the Secretary of Foreign Affairs for lunch, where I also met the Italian chiefs of military and navy who were said to

safeguard the interests of Italy's well entrenched million-men bureaucracy. I had heard murmurs of leftist extremists, who were thinking of destroying the whole fabric of Italian society. For any Italian contemplating anything from getting a pedlar's license to collecting an old-age pension the ministerial morass was said to be a nightmare. Wherever Italians turned it was the same sad story of bureaucratic inefficiency. How could a nation with so much vitality and promise have come to such a pass! When I visited Italy the gap between politicians in Rome and the public at large had grown to alarming size. So far as I was concerned they were very nice officers who treated me well. But the political rumblings in Italy made me think why the ruling class of such an ancient and civilised country should be so lacking in civic conscience.

The din and bustle of Rome had become too much for me. The change of food and habit of life as well as the glare of light was giving me constant headaches, so that I ordered for coloured spectacles from Filotecnica Salmiraghi under doctor's prescriptions. For a change Dr. Paolo Daffina arrived to conduct me to the city of Assisi in the province of Umbria by the Pullman automobile which moved at an immense speed through olive grooves bordered by small hills topped by castles. At places I saw gaily clad people marching to the tune of village bands led by angelic girls with their songs while others danced under the olive grooves. The Pullman hostess spoke excellent English to tell us where P. B. Shelley wrote his immortal poems by the side of a colourful spring. Past mountain gullies we emerged on a hill top after travelling about 180 kilometres from Rome in a matter of few hours, from where we had a magnificent view of Assisi. Put up in hotel Giotto I enjoyed the most wonderful view of Assisi with its grey houses emerging from the cobbled streets which snaked through terraced hill fields cultivated with silvery olives. The entire canvas seemed to emerge from the Middle Ages when a flake of smoke in the middle of the day was followed by the boom of cannon as in Nepal. A few German holiday makers seemed to be sunning themselves on the lawn against the background of a dilapidated fort guarded by mastiffs. Then I was taken to the monastery of St. Assisi to see the frescoes done by Giotto. Going round the picturesque mediaeval town I found that the street urchins seemed to be accustomed to the strange ways of tourists to do precisely what they wanted for getting money out of them. The tourists did not require brain, brawn and love of adventure to enjoy the scenery. A little money helped them to enjoy the enchanting sights, sounds, delicacies and comforts of civilisation, which were conspi-

cuous by their absence in the Himalayan journeys. That night I went to sleep with prayers to Paśupati to the effect that I was drinking life to its lees without any thought of what of tomorrow might bring if, perchance, I happened to 'cease upon the midnight with no pain.'

The following day I was up with the cock-crow amid the peaceful surroundings of Assissi to see swallows flying in the sky. Then there was bell-gong from the near-by church followed by reports of gun to awaken the people from the morning mists that mantled the sleepy town of Assissi. With the break of dawn, the terraced fields sown with potatoes, the olive grooves, the vines of grapes clinging to hotel Giotto and the grey houses from their orchards as far as the ruins of the Fort on the summit of the hill appealed so much to my emotion that I knew the reason why the overwrought poetic minds of P. B. Shelley and Lord Byron were freed from their various enslavements to see the truth, to love, to become responsible and to be sensitive to the voice of their conscience.

After early breakfast I was taken to the Church of Chiara Santa, which was like any Ani-Gompa in Tibet. Down to the vale of coloured springs which inspired P.B. Shelley to write his immortal poems, I was thrilled by a bunch of red-robed men with their staff leading a bevy of white-veiled Italian girls singing and marching to the tune of a village musical band. Others were dancing under the olive grooves while angelic little girls in their spotlessly white dresses were proceeding to the Church on what happened to be a fiesta Sunday of May 24th, 1953. But as the morning wore into the noon I was interested to hear with the aid of Dr Paolo Daffina the purport of the election speeches which the leaders of the Democratic and Communist parties were making in the peaceful square of Assissi to the effect that, until Italian workers got something tangibly better than pay rises in swiftly devaluening money--as for example, more houses, schools, hospitals, pensions, price controls--the remedy would be worse than the disease. By now, therefore, it had become commonplace in Italy that the Government's inability to pull themselves together long enough to provide these essentials of everyday existence must lead inevitably to ruin. But this was not my affair and at about 4 P. M. I returned to Rome through the unforgettable sights and scenes singing 'Italia ! Italia !! thou hast the fatal gift of beauty.'

Back to Rome I was pestered by a few letters purporting to be the parting kicks of the outgoing councillors. However, I was fortified in the

thought that a life that did not go into action at this critical juncture of our history was a failure, though it may go against the conventionally limited popular usages of the councillors, politicians and kings. Only an upright heart and a clear conscience gave a man strength to wrestle with life: while those whose hearts were evil would find themselves caught in their own net when their sin was revealed.

Feted by the Elites of Rome

I spent fruitful days in the company of Professors G. Tucci, L. Petech, R. Gnoli and other orientalist of Rome. Then Signorina Anna Mario Lucurcio, who knew English and Hindi and worked in the Oriental Institute as translator, came to help me type the texts of my lecture. She was engaged to be married to a medical college student but both did not like to leave the protection of their parents by marrying and living independently. Then she took me to the Travellers' bureau in order to purchase a ticket for my tour of Europe costing £ 55 where her beautiful sister was working.

Anna's sister was engaged to a jealous doctor very much older than herself. This doctor was in a position to support a young wife. I asked Miss Lucurcio why did not she select an older man to marry and settle down in life like her sister. 'That is all a matter of choice and I like my boy', she replied. What if her boy changed his mind in the meantime? Miss Lucurcio had confidence in her lover and looked forward to her marriage hopefully when both of them achieved their economic independence. Another interesting girl, who spoke Sanskrit and English with peculiar Italian accent, was Miss Gulia Castoldi from an affluent aristocratic family of Rome. Dr David Snellgrove, a professor of Tibetan and Sanskrit in the University of Oxford was courting Miss Castoldi but she had not decided whether she was going to marry him. She owned a big mansion in the aristocratic quarter of Via Mercadante 30 in the midst of a flower garden, which her parents had let out to rich tenants who could pay the rent. As most of the Roman aristocrats lived in flats she had occupied the second floor, which had been lavished prodigally by all the amenities of western civilisation. But she shuddered at my strange table etiquette, though she said nothing to teach me the aristocratic habits of the present generation of the Romans.

Somewhat shy Signorina Anna Maine of Viale Parioli 2 was another girl, who spoke Sanskrit, Hindi and English to be interested in my studies. All of these girls seemed to be extremely interested in my proposed lectures and told me how best to deliver it before Italian

elites. Everything used to go well in the company of beautiful girls who captured all the prizes in their studies, but how I was going to fare on June 3rd and 5th was still the question! Whatever the results of my exercises of scholarship before international audience in my maiden speech I was fortified in the thought that these enthusiastic girls of Italy would, at least, bring out my lectures in print perfectly well.

We repaired to the Rome Airport early on May 29th to receive Mr J. L. Nehru, who was on his way to take part in the Queen's Coronation at London. The Indian Prime-minister seemed to be too tired to talk to us after a long journey. Then I was taken round the Squib and Leo Factories to see the automatic processes of culturing and manufacturing pencillin and steptomycin, which were two of the most wonderful contributions of medical science to the world after World War II. I was then rushed for lunch at the house of a kind old aristocratic lady, whose husband had a craze for collecting Chinese vases. The parlour was decorated with delicate Chinese objects of art against the background of Roman grandeur. The guests included many artists, scholars and Italian diplomats, who had served their Government in the Orient. I was overwhelmed by the hospitality of the hostess, who introduced me as a distinguished guest from Nepal to the applause of the gathering. I had the feeling that the Italians had thrust greatness on me. In the meantime Ing Severino Forini of Via G. B. Martini 6 asked me to visit one of the Jute Mills of Italy to see how they were treating the raw materials imported from Nepal, Pakistan and India. On the other hand, the distinguished Indians in that party chattered loud and long on the poor sort of reception accorded to Mr Nehru in passing from Rome to London.

I was invited to lunch at Restaurant Tor Fiorenza by the Secretary General of the Government of Italy. The social history of this period could be understood largely through the lives and achievements of the officers and men present at the party. Seeing and hearing of what I had of the strenuous, incessant activity of the mills in which men were harnessed to machines vis-a-vis the luxurious lives of the officers and men in the capital I got the impression that the contrast in life meant great problems of human adjustment. The delicacies of Roman kitchen did not seem to agree with my poor physical constitution. The Romans were great eaters and I found it difficult to keep up with them who munched all the time and waxed eloquent with every gulp of *vino rosso* and *vino bianco*. Accustomed to simple fare of

dal (pulses), *bhat* (rice) and curries at my home I was made to eat much with little or no appetite. Frankly, a Nepali middle class family would survive for a week on the food consumed by a healthy Italian in a days luncheon. Unlike Italy Nepal had no recipes for the art of cooking. I had headache, when I returned to my hotel. My eyes were blood-shot as I stood before the looking-glass. Dark clouds threatened the sky and there were frightened flashes of lightnings followed by thunderclaps of unwonted intensity on our part of the world. I picked up the phone to put a call through to the Doctor but it had ceased to function. I fasted through the cold and wet day of May 31st as I had lost my appetite through surfeit of eating. The total change in my food-habits had made me suffer from indigestion. Francesca Bonardi administered digestive pills to read a lecture to my ailing stomach but had no effect. I took purgative on my initiative, which made me suffer from indigestion to the horror of Italian doctors. Finally, a dose of Aureo-micina restored me to the extent of dinnig in Caffè Greco, where the Romantic British poet P. B. Shelley had once dined.

The Days when I Delivered Lectures

On the first day of June I was conducted to the firm of Fiorentino, who manufactured giant-excavators for road-making. This was one of the priorities of my tour, which needed quick action in view of the paralytic efforts of the Government of India to build the Tribhuvana Rajpath. Compared to the insignificant bull-dozers assembled by the Indian army engineers at the foot of the Bhimphedi hills, I was impressed by the sight of the giant excavators emerging like, for example, caterpillars from a huge heap of debris to break the hard crust of earth in Roman Campagna. Judging from the number of excavators and other auxiliary machines the Italians had assembled on such a limited field, I wondered whether the Indian engineers had made us lose the battle of time by their paralytic efforts. Whatever the present feelings of our leaders, my visit to Italy made me foresee that ideological bias would have to give way to what was good for Nepal on the basis of our hoary tradition in the not too distant future.

I was invited to witness the Republic Day Parade on June 2. Since the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, the Italian army did not have the same reputation for fighting as the German and the British armies specially after the Second World War. I was told that Signor Mussolini had overestimated the capacity of the Italian army but now it was capable to guard

NATO's southern flank. What I saw of the display of the air and land forces convinced me about the growing efficiency of the Italian army who had made such a poor show at the conclusion of the World War. The army budget of Italy was now two times the entire income of India. The Bersigliers added the needed Roman touch by doing the march-past at full speed to the resounding applause of the crowd.

Back to my hotel I was most happy to receive invitation from Madam Nancy Summerhayes and the British Council to visit England precisely at the time when I had received no reply to my letters addressed to the Nepalese Embassy in London on the subject. The Nepalese Embassy had seldom been known for quick action. But never had it been so near paralysis as during the period of Coronation when history was not the best recipe in an Embassy, which did not have even so much as a cultural attache to project Nepal's image. What had afflicted the staff of our Embassy could best be described as the Coronation fever with the visit of our Royalties, Ministers and Generals, and their precarious dependence on the whims of the night-prowlers in the Night clubs of London, races and jewel hunters who distorted the real facts of the gallant Gorkhas and Nepal's princes of poverty. Evidently, files were piling and decisions about my visit put off until after the departure of our distinguished delegates from the glittering scene of Coronation. In such a situation any comparative study of the religious, cultural and historical development of Nepal vis-a-vis China and India could not but remain largely a sterile exercise of 'sound and fury' which signified nothing. It was only when something had to be done to pander to the fleeting pleasures of our distinguished visitors from Nepal that the Nepalese Embassy sprang into action.

I was not quite well and happy on June 3rd, 1953 when I made a humble beginning by making my maiden speech on 'Ancient Nepal' from the scratch in the international forum of scholars. The language difficulty was formidable. I felt nervous and fumbled. Few appeared to have understood the purport of my speech except the Indian Ambassador, who left the hall to the consternation of the audience. I came away with the feeling of a very poor delivery, though what I said in that brief hour to the effect that 'India was a world without history and that the history of India was a history of her conquerors' had made headlines with the corresponding claim that Nepal had an unbroken record of independence for three thousand years of human history to challenge comparison with the 'Annals of China'.

On the following day Dr Alberto Guiganino, Secretary General of the Italian Parliament, received me in his magnificent parlour to congratulate me on the unique lecture I had delivered on 'Ancient Nepal'. The chamber was tastefully decorated by beautiful objects of Chinese art with three telephones, which he described as his enemies when they alternately rang him up to interfere with our dialouge. Whereas he described his chamber as his cage, I complimented His Excellency for decorating it with masterpieces of the artistic objects from China and I thanked him for providing this great opportunity to speak for my country and peoples at this turning point in the history of mankind. Indeed, the Italian peoples, who had created marvels of artistic objects, appeared to appreciate the cultural heritages of other peoples who were steeped in poverty and ignorance and lacked the energy and will to speak for themselves.

After this fruitful meeting I was conducted to the village of Fracasti to have sip of the Vino in its outdoor restaurant, where the music-makers enthralled me by their songs to celebrate the fiesta dedicated to the Roman Catholic gods and angels. It appeared to me that the miniature cities of Italy were very much more interesting than Rome or Naples with their colourful and gay peoples vibrating to the tune of musical orchestra, who were constantly moving while the cooks flitted between the kitchen and the tables with rare delicacies. Then, too, the little village of Fracasti had its own Grottagerrita Bedia Greca, which displayed magnificent artistic treasures to distinguish it in its own particular way.

On June 5th I called on the British Council at Quattro Fontane 20 with a letter of introduction from the British Ambassador, Mr C. H. Summerhayes. A smart British girl read the letter, produced the necessary file and asked me to wait a little while in a waiting room, where I pondered over my varied and interesting life and for having met remarkable people of all walks of life. Then I was taken to the office, where Mr John Bull of liberal British tradition received me most hospitably. I learnt from him that the British Ambassador to the Court of Nepal had written to the Foreign Office of England, who had directed the British Council to do the necessary arrangement for my visit as I was travelling in a private capacity. He told me that the British Council would be prepared to pay my expenses and provide the necessary environment if I wanted to speak on my scientific discoveries in the field of historical researches. He assumed that every Nepali was not only entitled to have opinions but had opinions; that these opinions, sturdily held and respected, were worth having and hearing; and that knowledge of what was most advantageous to the interests of human community would be discovered

by taking into account what the British people wanted as well as what the British experts pronounced to be good that the British people should have. The free competition of ideas and opinions, and free enterprises in propounding and discussing them was the essence of British life.

Talking about the Coronation he thought of Queen Elizabeth II not as an individual to be loved with headlong zeal or played upon by corrupt adulations. He saw the British monarchy in the Queen from a higher and far more valuable motive of orderly evolution where other nations had gone through devastating internal conflicts. Unlike our leaders who fawned upon the King of Nepal to achieve their mean personal ends, the British rededicated themselves to their institution based upon the strength of popular will. After the glorious reigns of Queen Elizabeth I and Queen Victoria, Mr John Bull gave me the impression that the new Queen was strong not only in the affections of the British peoples but also of kindred nations overseas owing to her womanly sweetness, good look, gentle sagacity, utter disinterestedness and unassailable rectitude.

I was happy to tell the officer-in-charge of the British Council that monarchy had imparted stability to Nepal after the Revolution and that King Tribhuvana was trying to function as a constitutional monarch in a country where the Koirala brothers were now fighting for power. Like England, Nepal had the longest tradition of monarchy in the scheme of a Samyak Society, which no politician understood. The appeal of monarchy under the pressure of democrats, socialists and communists was no longer institutional as the politicians of all shades and colour had lost their sense of perspective whereas court-jesters and flatterers had developed the mentality of pandering to the personality-cult encouraged by the concept of Brahmanic Divine-rights, which was contrary to the heroic monarchical tradition of Nepal. I congratulated the British for preserving the glorious military tradition of the Gorkhas, though they supported the wrong men at our helm of affairs for their own Imperial reasons. Nepal was a country of the invisible but important poor men like, for example, the multi-ethnic Gorkhas who thrived under British discipline. I was proud to tell my British friend that Nepal had an unbroken record of military successes from the period of the Kirāti kings down to our own times under the inspiration of the Master of the Battle. It had fallen to my lot to be associated with researches in the glorious past of our Shangri-la. I had ventured to tell the long story of our religion and culture on 'Ancient Nepal' and I was going to talk about 'Modern Nepal'

with all my limitations. My theme had been the steadfastness, valour, resolution and loyalty of our **unknown soldiers of Paśupati** in the midst of political wavering in a bipolar world.

The head of the British Mission seemed to be impressed by my ideas and offered to pay my expenses to and from England though I had purchased my tickets. Then he wanted to know when I was leaving Italy for England and what were my plans. For his information I tentatively told my British friend that I would be leaving Milan by the night train on the 12th of June, and that I would love to meet and live with peoples of different walks of life and also know something about British institutions—particularly the Civil Service Commission which might be useful for my present job. Then I asked the British officer if restless spirits of Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Queen Elizabeth I, Sir Walter Raleigh, Guy Fawkes and others haunted the Tower of London housing Crown Jewels, which were guarded by the Beef-eaters. The officer took down the notes carefully when I told him how I had read stories of malevolent ghosts in the Tower of London, whose souls had quitted their broken bodies in violence long long ago. Did those restless spirits really haunt this ancient fortress? 'There were more things of Heaven and Earth, Horatio! than our philosophy has ever heard of.'

There was a very poor attendance when I returned to my task of delivering my lecture on 'Modern Nepal' in the President's room on June 5th, 1953. But this was a humble beginning which made history on the day Professor G. Tucci had received the highest honour from the Italian Government for his oriental studies. A well-cooked dinner and drink added spice to the occasion.

On June 6th I was conducted by Signor Fiorini about one hundred kilometres from Rome along Flaminian Highway to see the working of the jute factory of Terni situated in the province of Umbria in Central Italy. Comparatively with the Italians I had seen so far, the inhabitants of this part of the country appeared to be poorer, though they lived in the midst of magnificent natural scenery. The industrial town of Terni seemed to bear the traces of the heavy bombardment by the Allies during the World War II. I was told by Mr Fiorini that the factory used bales of jute from Northern Italy, Nepal and Eastern Pakistan at a considerable profit. Fully aware of the problems faced by our Biratnagar Jute Mills and conscious of the grave risks of a nationalistic approach of India to the international commercial problems, we discussed how a concerted and cooperative effort

by Nepal with Italy and other international business magnets would help us find the solution in the global context. Much could be achieved to the benefit of the jute growers if the Nepalese, the Pakistanis and the Indian merchant princes gave up their parochial approach to achieve short-term advantages to themselves. ♦

On our way back I was thrilled by the trilling songs of a few carefree Gypsy girls swirling in their colourful costumes while their elders studied palms to make their living by fortune telling. I had already seen so much of the wandering Gypsies in Nepal and Tibet and now in Italy with their indifference to the thought of the morrow that I envied their way of life. I had read books saying that they originally belonged to India. But unlike the wandering Jews who strayed away from their homeland for not allowing Jesus the much-needed rest when he was marched with the Crown of thorns for crucifixion, the Gypsies did not have the same fervour for returning to their homeland. Back to Rome we dropped into a fashionable restaurant in Via Veneto, where pet-dogs were acting as media for love-making among Roman aristocrats. Back to my hotel I was touched by the sad tale of Miss Elen to the effect that she was quitting the present job for a comparatively more profitable occupation, so that she may take care of her *picolo picolo* brothers and sisters and her aged parents.

Elections in Italy

As King Tribhuvana had promised General elections in Nepal on the lines of India I had taken particular interest in the Indian Election Commissioner, Shree Kumar Sen's report to the effect that indelible ink might be used to mark the voters in all the voting booths and signs, pictures and rough drawings be hung up on the ballot boxes to guide the voters for the party they were voting. In Rome I went round the polling booths to see how voting was done in such a highly industrialised and technologically advanced country and discovered that it was different from the way it was done in India. At the end of a long que before the ballot box a fine-looking girl was waiting patiently to exercise her right of voting and I complimented her for looking so much like Queen Elizabeth. What if the rightist forces of Italy should try a military take-over or the Communist party seized power to establish people's dictatorship in consideration of the present political confusion of Italy? Whatever the cause, the absence of authentic government appears to have created a vaccum in which different parties seemed to be running the country by proxy. Italy had overthrown the king. Was she any better

after the abolition of monarchy? She coyly said, 'No! After years of predicting calamity, many foreign commentators now insisted that no amount of Government incompetence could push Italy off the democratic rails. Whatever the provocation, the Italian electorate rarely shifted allegiances more than a few decimal points.'

Then I looked into her card with her signature and her photo for identification. But she had not noted the name of the party, for which she was going to vote. 'Totalitarian rule may look ugly to most Italians, specially because they had already been through the Fascist rule. But it had happened before, and it could happen again,' I asked. 'Whether dictatorship was imposed by the Colonels or the Communists, it could have calamitous consequences, not just for Italy, but for all Europe, for NATO, for the United States and the Soviet Union or for that matter, the entire world,' she replied sweetly and proceeded calmly to the confidential room where she would record the name of the party she was going to vote and drop her card into the ballot box. Judging from the confidence on the voters, they seemed to be taking interest in the party rather than in themselves and felt that they had a stake in the party which was going to form the Government.

After seeing the elections, tall, gaunt and immaculately dressed Colonel Mario Piscicelli appeared in my hotel to take charge of me. He had seen action in Abyssinia but had presently taken the job of road-building in Eastern Pakistan. He seemed to be interested in road-building in Nepal if our Government required his services for the job. I felt sorry that I could not take care of myself in Europe due to language difficulties. My knowledge of English did not help me. For a while we discussed the Italian campaign and also the gigantic task of road-building in Nepal. At 7 P. M. the Colonel took me to an enjoyable cock-tail party presided by a jolly artist, John Dig, who was a poetess, singer and tennis player. She introduced me to her old mother—a Turkish lady married to an Italian noble owning castles and estates in other part of Italy, who, however, preferred to live in a flat together with her daughter in Rome. All the ageing ladies in the cocktail party used make-up to look younger than they were whereas the young girls appeared as they were. As a poetess John Dig recited her own poems in English, which she had written about her recollections of a burly Indian taxi-driver with dark eyes who had taken her through the tropical forests of India and complained of breakdowns at the most unexpected places to her horror. As a bad man the taxi-driver cursed all the time, but she had admiration for his dark eyes. She was sorry that I had brown eyes and something of a dwarf to merit her

admiration, though I happened to be a shy good man afraid of adventurous and romantic ladies. They invited me to go to their castles and see something of their life, but I was packing to leave Rome on the following night. It was the most interesting party where we had a heyday consuming endless variety of food and drinks. That night I had the feeling that Nature had given me two ends—one to drink, dine and dance and one to work hard and think with. Ever since the rise of the development of the cult of Paśupati in the scheme of fortress our success or failure had been dependent on our capacity to fight the battle of life. I therefore prayed to Him that He may guide my footsteps accordingly in my life.

Up early on the 8th of June I cashed Italian currencies to the value of two pounds to tip the boys who had served me in my hotel. Then I had my lunch with Signor Fiorini in his magnificent flat. After an afternoon bath at my hotel to rid me of my recurring headaches I exchanged views with Signorina Anna Maria Locurcio over cups of coffee about my comparative study of the lives of peoples in different parts of the world I had travelled. Rome looked magnificent when we proceeded from the hotel to deposit the heavy luggages at the house of Professor G. Tucci. With only a suitcase for my European travels I proceeded to the most brilliantly lit Railway Station of Rome where I was thrilled by the sight of automatic escalators for the first time in my life. I occupied a sleeping car, which had all the gadgets of modern civilisation. As I looked on the traffic of men in a highly industrialised country from the window, I felt how necessary it was for pursuing a purposeful and vigorous programme of scientific and technological development as an instrument to improve the lot of our peoples. Like every country we had human problems. We had to work out such an educational plan to preserve, expand and extend science, technology and skills as may be necessary for the development of our country so that we may be able to produce a cadre of able workers who should shoulder responsibilities in every development. But science had still to take roots in Nepal. Scientific culture was an alien thing in our society where the Ranas had isolated and insulated us from world-contacts for their own personal interests for over one century. In a country where less than one percent could do the Three R's, it could cause little surprise if some of the technical institutes had failed to make people accept the new and scientific methods of production and better utilisation of our abundant natural resources. We had to get rid of the vast network of political and social exploitation and corruption at the Government level to facilitate the advancement

of scientific ideas. Despite our glorious history our obsessed rulers had encouraged the darkness of ignorance so that we could not see the stars under the night of our minds. I laid myself down to sleep with prayers to Paśupati, so that He may dispel the darkness of the Original Sin in our benighted world and restore the light of His Samyak-Dharma.

It was cold and raining when I was up in Genoa—the birth-place of Christopher Columbus. Lack of coal and oil in the Alpine mountains had compelled the Italians to depend upon the waterfalls to generate electricity for their locomotion, transport and communication so that I did not have the nauseating smell of blackcoal and its dirty ashes sticking to my body as on my Railway Journeys of India. This made me review the ideas of the British Engineers of the possible impact of the hydro-electric potential on our economy in the too distant future if we harnessed our gigantic waterfalls and swift flowing Kauśiki, Gaṇḍakī and Karṇalī river systems. With this object in view the ambitious British Government had contemplated building the world's highest dams in Varāhakṣetra in the district of Morang with such mutual advantages of the project as cheap electric power, irrigation storages, flood protection and soil conservation in the upper catchment areas. The Kośī basin alone was believed to be one of the largest reservoirs of water-power with an estimated capacity of, at least, forty million kilowatts. But after the independence of India and the Revolution of Nepal, the Government of India shunned the idea of building the Varāhakṣetra barrage to the chargin of Nepalese peoples. The Indian Planning Commissoin preferred to concentrate on less ambitious projects like the Kośī-barrage in Birpur, for which the Nepalese peoples felt that they were being betrayed by their political leaders and cheated by the Indians. While our leaders fought for pelf and power without working for them, this had remained a serious irritant between the peoples of Nepal and India. Presently U. S. O. M. experts had told me that Nepal's hydro-electric potential was enormous and could, in days to come, become the most valuable economic asset of Nepal, if we could manage to bear the cost for developing this white-gold. If the hydro-electrical capacities of the Kauśiki, the Gaṇḍakī and the Karṇalī river-basins were taken into consideration, Nepal's electrical potential would add up to 100 million kilowatts, which would far in excess of Nepal's present needs. It was in Nepal's interest to develop her hydro-electrical resources and export surplus power to India.

Contrary to the advice of the Indian Engineers not to build tunnels in Nepal for military reasons I was surprised to find that the Second World War had not affected traffic in the long tunnels on my three

hours' journey from Genoa to Turin through the plain of Lombardy. I felt the sting of northern insular climate as we climbed up in the Alpine region seeing picturesque houses tucked away in the midst of vineyards and fruit-orchards. The famous river Po, which supplied hydro-electric power to the Alpine cities, tumbled in spate. Like Nepal, Bhutan and the mountainous part of the Indian provinces of Assam there was rain for most part of the 12 months of the year on this part of Italy, so that the pedestrians on the foot-paths of the city were protected by hanging varandas clinging with vines loaded with delicious grapes. Like the statues of bulls before the temples of Śiva in Nepal, the frescoes and statues of bulls were the symbols of Torino (Turin) with this difference, however, that there were no stray bulls in this industrial city as in the streets of Kathmandu. Compared to Rome I found Turin quiet as we went into Hotel Abbruggio Grande to be welcomed with an astounding variety of fruits for our breakfast.

Then I was whisked to the scientific inferno of the Fiat Motor Works, where the heat and hum of the incessantly turning wheels of the factory lulled me to sleep in the comfortable Fiat limousine the company had provided for me to go round. I was told that the Fiat Motor Works was one of the largest motor-car manufacturers in the world. Coming from the least developed country of Asia I had the most unmechanised mind to understand and appreciate the intricate working of the scientific mechanisms from the point-of-view of my narrow scientific spectrum. Frankly, the factory was on too grand a scale for my puny mind.

On the other hand, I knew as a student of history that Turin formed part at one time of the provinces of Piedmont, from where the Protestants held out with their zeal of Luthern Reformation against the tyranny of the all-powerful Pope. It was from Torino that the kings of Italy had come, who ruled her till they were overthrown after World War II. Therefore, I had great longing to see more of the life of the common peoples and more of such places as Mantua where the world-famous poet Virgil was born, Ravenna which was the grave of the Roman Empire and the lake Como of incomparable scenic beauty—than of the sound and the fury of the machines which signified nothing to me, albeit, they contributed much for the betterment of the mechanical life of mankind.

After a long day we sat down in an open air *caffè* to have our coffee by the side of an Italian lady, who told us that she was married to a Portuguese husband. Evidently, she seemed to be waiting for somebody. In the

meantime I saw another lady looking round and I told that her sister was sitting round the corner. "How on earth did you know the lady, who does not at all look like me, was sister?" she enquired with surprise. "Identical expressions in your looks guided instinct so that I could tell whom you both were looking for," I replied to their amusement. Both the sisters were happy and they asked me to join them at their dinner table. I politely refused with thanks because I happened to be 'a free guest of their Government'. After the event everybody in the dining hall had their eyes on me.

On June 9th I was taken to Olivetti typewriting factory, where I was very much more impressed by the living quarters of the technicians and workers than by the processes and machines which manufactured type-writers. After purchasing a portable Olivetti type-writer I was taken round a large number of buildings containing separate flats and apartments for different families to live and with garages to house their motor-cars and other conveyances. As the factory was largely operated by ladies, I was taken round dormitories, where nurses and sisters from the nunnery took care of the babies while their mothers were away on their works. The Kindergarten was empty because the boys and girls had assembled for lunch at the dining hall. At this stage the Reverend Mother Superioress introduced me to the kids as a distinguished man from the 'Almalayas', at which the boys and girls left their tables and rushed to me shouting 'Tenzing Sherpa, Tenzing Sherpa' whipping out diaries and pencils out of their pockets to sign my name on them. The boys and girls seemed to be exhilarated to learn that the Mount Everest was conquered by Messrs Tenzing Sherpa and Edmund Hillary on May 30th 1953, which evidently put Nepal on the map of the world. The British Mount Everest Expedition deserved credit for synchronising the event with the Coronation of their Queen. Finally I took leave of the boys and girls saying that I was not the hero of the Mount Everest epic but only a humble man from the 'Almalayas' invited by the Is.M.E.O. to speak about the history and culture of that country.

After lunch we motored by the banks of the foaming river Dora on our way to Funivia del Cervino, which gave me the feeling of travelling through the gorges of turbulent Bhotey-Koši on our trips to the Hot-water Springs and Kodari. The slate-roofed houses amid the forests of oaks, hollies, chestnuts, sycamores, elms, hornbeams, birches, alders, willows and firs looked so much like the sights and scenes of the Himalayan highlands. The colourful Alpine porters bearing heavy baskets on their backs with stout sticks to match the Alpine mountains appeared to me the European version of our tiger

of the Himalayas. At the village of Valtourenche the snow region with frozen lakes and rotten smell got on my nose at the very base of the Alps whereas we had to climb to an altitude of about 16,000 feet to reach the snow-region in the Himalayas. Against the background of meandering rivers, picturesque villages, Alpine forests and frozen lakes the snow-clad Matterhorn stabbed the sky, which gave me the thrill of seeing our Mācchāpucchre (Fish-tail mountain) in Pokhara and Chhomolhari in Tibet. I was equally enchanted by the sight of blue-eyed white shepherdesses herding their flocks of cattle with the aid of long lassoes like our mountain girls.

Preliminary Study of Funivia del Cervino via-a-vis the Ropelines of Dhokaphedi and Kathmandu in Nepal

While I was a school student Mr Underhill had taken upon himself the task of setting up Ropeways between Dhokaphedi and Mātātirtha in the valley of Nepal. After the establishment of the Ropeways he had also suggested feasibility study for establishing Ropeways along the intra-montane region of Nepal with his usual foresight. Since then the Ropeways carrying goods between Dhokaphedi and Kathmandu had been the object of my pride when I talked to my fellow students and professors in St. Xavier's College. In such a context my object was to climb to Plateau Rosa over Mount Cervinia by Funivia del Cervino, which was a new experience for me. There was no traffic in the Ropeline as the ski-ing season was still a month away. However, the Ropeline carrier which could take in about twelve men was a new experience for me. We got into the Ropeline carrier, the door was closed and the carrier lumbered into action higgedly piggedly immediately after the bell-gong signalled its departure. Halfway up the Matterhorn there were sizable hotels to cater to the needs of the pleasure seekers and skiers. Unlike the Himalayas carpeted by a variety of flowers at this altitude, the Alps appeared to be stark and snowbound. From a bird's eye view the Alps did not have the same background of the Himalayas which supported the Mahābhārat and the Siwalik ranges of the mountains for more than seventy miles of dense forests, tumbling rivers and malarious sivaliks. On the other hand, the plains of Piedmont with their straggling villages and rippling rivers just clambered up to the Alps covered with fleecy clouds and snows. Unlike the Himalayas we did not require the same will and strength to enjoy the Alpine scenery. The industrious inhabitants had turned the Alps into the playground of Europe. The entire scene was covered with clouds as we clambered up to the last Ropeway Station of Plateau Rosa. We could see nothing beyond ten feet of the country of Switzerland, which I had longed to see from

this height. I felt as if thick pads of cotton had blocked my ears. The place was very cold and clammy. My nose was running with cold when we entered the log room, where we were offered campari. The electric did all the heating within the room. I got severe headache when we walked around knocking at two log-houses without any response. The third log-house, which was an Alpine version of a restaurant responded. Two tommies in uniform were playing an indoor game while a highland lass offered us tea and biscuits. After a short rest we recuperated and reached our Hotel late at 9-30 P. M. after a sumptuous lunch at a roadside restaurant.

On the following morning I left for Milan by train. While passing between Piedmont and Lombardy I was interested by the sight of the transportation of the Vercelli rice-fields with seedlings from the adjoining fields by white men and women wearing wide-brimmed straw-hats. Unlike our terraced rice-fields, I was told that the Vercelli rice-fields were cultivated all the year round in rotation like the fields of South India. Vegetable gardens bordered the rice fields where a variety of cereals were also being cultivated. I did not count how many tunnels I passed but the panorama of Lombardy enthralled me each time I saw the light on the other side of the tunnels with the novelty of scene in kaleidoscope. We had a heavy shower of rain on reaching the station of Milan from where we repaired to Albergo Principe Savoia of Piazza Republica 17. I was told that Milan was the capital of the Italian province of Lombardy. After depositing my bags in the room, having bath and change, I went to the lounge to find it full of foreign tourists specially from the United States of America. An American boxer was sitting at the bar, who offered everybody drink. I was told that the bills for the drink he offered during the evening to the unknown guests cost him more than 300,000 lire. Evidently, he had more than enough of money to squander it away. An ageing American couple were looking on a sleek black dog which was playing with a bitch happily. An attractive Italian girl lifted the dog and flirted with the beast to its great annoyance. The youths envied the black dog saying how much more happy they would be with the girl's caresses. The band played beautiful music and all the men and women went about singing till the gong for dinner. I was thrilled by the sight of men dancing cheek to cheek on our way back to our apartment.

On June 12 Mr Carlo Erba lent us his luxurious Alpha-Romeo limousine to go round Milan seeing great houses of business and factories. But I was very much more interested in seeing the magnificent Cathedral of Milan than in going round the factories, from which I could gather little for my

underdeveloped country. As in our temples large flocks of tame pigeons were perching on the spires while others were being fed on the forecourt. Some pigeons were flying in the sky for exercise. On entering the sacred precinct of the Cathedral there were no fat mice struggling amid a mountain of offerings at the Altar in what I assumed to be a world of abundant food and cheap prices for men. The frescoes and paintings on the walls and the forest of statues before the Sacred Altar lacked the rich aroma of incenses of joy-sticks, butter-lamps and flowers. I was also sorry to miss the Last Supper painted by Mr Leonardo da Vinci and sacred morning music in a city made famous by the world-famous opera of Mozart. Since morning mood does matter in human relations throughout the day, I felt that the myth about European machines should be blown when it deserved to be.

Yet when I looked on my programme the next item consisted of going round the factory of Alpha-Romeo, who were one of the largest motor-car and aero-engine manufacturers in Europe. My morning mood was not a good barometer to the reality of the factory, where the process of smelting and of moving the red-hot iron from the chamber to another on gigantic cranes gave me the feeling of seeing Dante's *Inferno*. The sudden change of atmosphere from the hot infernal chambers, where tongues of molten iron serpented in rapid succession, to the chambers of refrigeration brought fever on me. But the assembly points were marvels of efficiency when the finished points came out of the factory. At least the entire operation required my sophisticated reading. The weather was terrible in the factory, yet the forecast could be fair for the world. On returning to my hotel some Alpine climbers called on me to discuss their problems of climbing the Himalayas with all its hazards. After a hot bath and early dinner I proceeded with Colonel Piscicelli to the Railway Station, where I cashed expensive Swiss francs to the value of £ 10/- so that I may break in the International city of Geneva for a quick trip and also purchase a Swiss watch if possible. This reminded me of the chaotic economic wars after the World War II and how the financial institutions of the world had reacted. It was a matter of satisfaction for me how Switzerland had kept out of the war to make her country secure and economy stable after the wars. More because Geneva had afforded refuge to the greatest revolutionaries of history, which was what had attracted my attention. But all I could see were lights and lights that gridled the international city and a faint outline of the river Rhone as she snaked out of Lake Geneva situated at the foot of Mount Zura during that midnight when fatigue had shattered my curiosity.

Journey Through France to Calais

After a quick spin round the international city of Geneva at the dead of night I went to sleep with my usual prayer to be up in the country of France late on Saturday June 13, 1953. Nobody disturbed us at the crossing of the Swiss frontier. I had read extensively about Europe and written about the enmity between England and France long ago, and also between France and Germany in my own time that sparked two world wars. This was the post-war period when the major powers of Europe had decided to live in peace and cooperation by forgetting their differences as lover's quarrels. Nevertheless, the inward-looking European community in every country appeared to have stressed its regional personality in political and economic matters and had developed its own internal cohesion with a viable relationship with the other countries of the world. As I looked out of the window the villages and the countryside looked much the same as in Italy. In this high summer the Railway passed through fog and rain, where the French grape-pickers and peasants were working patiently in their vine-yards, orchards and fields while fat farm-houses and cows were grazing leisurely in the meadows. I could not see a patch of uncultivated land in the broad stretch of the country except where the vineyards left off and the sand of the French Riviera began. The picturesque houses and farms were so trim and well-kept that I had the feeling of missing something when my eyes winked. How I wished I could travel on foot through these picture-book villages stopping from place to place so that I may 'drink life to its lees' rather than travel at the tearing pace of seventy miles an hour. Nevertheless, this mode of travelling was better than flying, which whisked us from country to country without seeing how peoples lived. The French breakfast, which was served in my sleeping car, consisted of fruit-juice, French roles and coffee. There were only two lavatories at either end of our compartment, which was cut up into several sleeping coupes. On my way to the lavatory I noticed a lovely couple consuming melons, some grilled mullet and a few glasses of *vin-rose*. While I was queuing up for taking my turn to use the room, a singularly beautiful French girl emerged from the compartment, who was redolent of the most delicate perfume of France rather than of the wind in her system. For one thing, the French food did not give me that stomach-ache to attend to the compulsions of nature as the hot and unwholesome food in our part of the world. Accustomed to a life of using water for our purification after attending to nature's call I had queer feeling when I used the toilet paper for cleaning my bottom. All through the morning I missed the sight of men and children sitting down under the trees with their *lota* (pitcher of water) to attend to

nature's call on our part of the world as our train moved through the mountain and rivers of Republican France peopled by fifty million Frenchmen. The habit of social hygiene and the arrangement for plumbing in European countries seemed by far the superior to our mode of individual purification by buffalo-baths in sacred ponds and rivers. Roads wound along tantalisingly connecting picturesque villages where lovely children were playing in the parks and fine-looking girls were cycling at a great speed with their baskets and pails. My first impressions of France at a cursory glance in this high summer was a broad stretch of country peopled by singularly attractive women, angelic boys and girls living amid vineyards and farm-houses served adequately with meandering rivers plying with motor-boats for their transport.

At 9-15 A. M. our Railway arrived at the Paris terminus, which was not half as impressive as the Railway junction of Rome. The orderly crowd filed out and I followed the crowd to see wide-roads and heavy traffic of cars and trucks passing between rows of tall trees. The mansions were like buildings in any big city in this great centre of fashion, culture and civilisation of the modern world with the motto of *vive la France*. I could think of no friend in this city. I was in a hurry to move to the compartment which was taking me to Calais, where the conductor showed me to Cabin No.13 with a guilty conscience. The compartment bore unlucky number for the Christians, who believed in the legend of the last Supper of Lord Jesus whereas this was a lucky number for the Buddhists, who marked their stupas and pagodas with thirteen steps to hold their communion with God. I was a little amused to feel that the conductor of such a civilised country should show the unsuspecting foreigner to an unlucky cabin out of consideration for the superstitious sentiments of the Christian travellers. Was this the dividing line between Buddhism and Christianity? For a while I wandered 'lonely as a cloud' at the station but I rushed back to my unlucky cabin lest it might be shunted to my bewilderment.

The train pulled out of the junction of Paris heading north-west towards the English Channel, which divided the two major powers of Europe. The bright weather darkened with clouds and rains. However, I was happy to find a certain spiritual as well as nutritional consolation in having my lunch of delicious French soup with a hearty meal of bread and minced meat spiced with what tasted like pepper to my great pleasure. This I washed with French wine, which reminded me of the French passion for wine-making predating the Middle Ages when, legend had it that wine-tasters took an oath of office and the penalty for stealing a bunch of grapes was a severed

ear. In the centuries since, French law had become more exact, if less severe. I was told that there were precise wine pedigrees. These included *appellation controlee* for wine from a specific region (such as Bordeaux) or district (such as Médoc) and *appellation d'origine* simple for inexpensive table wine filled out with the juice of inferior grapes. Born and brought up in consuming the ordinary stuff of life washed with *jānd, raksi and chhāng*, which induced spiritual experience in our people, my tongue had no taste for such French or Italian standards. However, I told the steward that I appreciated the change from the mellow taste of the Italian food to the rather tart taste of the French food, which lightened my purse to the extent of 400 French francs and 200 francs in tips for his legend of the pedigree of the French wine. Dense fog enveloped my journey from Paris to Calais, which interfered with the sight of the countryside and the English channel. At about 4 P. M. our train reached Calais. A peak-capped Frenchman took me to the Customs for the formality of getting my bags checked. After paying the porters, who deposited my bags on the English side of the Channel, I was confronted by a burly Frenchman saying, 'But what about me?' I reluctantly pressed a note to the value of one hundred francs before I was allowed to go into a small steamer, when I found my fellow passengers queing up for the formality of getting their passport checked. As I did not know French I felt so far away from home amid strange people with a bad flu shivering in a cold, dank fog. Otherwise, the English channel, which had bad reputation for rough weather, was as calm as the placid Ganges of India.

Chapter VIII

OH, TO BE IN ENGLAND

June 14, 1953—June 21, 1953

The British officer, who did the job of checking my passport, was most hospitable and addressed me as Major Bahadur to my great surprise. There was not that designation in my passport, but the British men and officers addressed me as such while I was in Lhasa and the appellation of *IL Maggiore* Bahadur had become my surname in Italy and England. I looked up to identify my friend, but he was the stereotype of a chaste Englishman in his black pinstriped suit, black boots, black waistcoat and his eyes a chilling blue over an ashgrey face. Was this the dream of my life come true? I exulted. This man made me feel at home by the language I understand after my tour of Italy and France and by his correct dealing, which showed how the Britons were waking up to new realities after the dismemberment of the British Empire. It was an auspicious beginning, for, I had never tried for popularity. I vaguely knew what I wanted in life when I took up my researches, but I was satisfied to find that I was respected and accepted in England. The British boat was not as delicately done as the Italian pocket liner *Victoria* but there was British robustness when it puffed up towards Dover. I was told that over 300,000 vessels passed through the Dover strait every year. The weather cleared up as we approached the White Chalk Cliffs of Dover, which still looked gloomy under a steel-grey sky. Situated at the mouth of a small stream Dour, Dover was one of the Cinque Ports for passenger communications across the Channel, where the steamers connected it with Calais and Ostend. The dominant object of Dover was the Castle with a Roman lighthouse, which was said to exhibit the Roman masonry even to this day. There were very few porters to carry my baggages to the first-

class compartment of the Southern Railway bound for the 76 miles journey to London. An immaculately dressed Railway host appeared at the scene to enquire if I wanted anything to eat. I requested him to give me tea and cake, which he brought immediately. As the cook's counter was close to my compartment I cashed the necessary amount of money to pay the bill and tip the boy. Tipping in Europe seemed to form part of the bills though the boys never asked for "*Bakshish*" as they did in India. As I was walking aimlessly at the corridor a good-looking young lady entered my compartment with a few baggages. I tried to help her deposit her baggages on the vacant upper berth, but she told me that she had to ask the opinion of her husband who was round the corner. Then a handsome young man entered the compartment and we sat facing each other helping him to deposit his baggages. They were back from their honeymoon in France and were travelling first class as a special privilege for Railway officers for summer holidays in the Continent. I was a little surprised that the Britons could take their minds off the Coronation for a honeymoon. They were a deeply religious couple, who told me about their faith in the Gospels of the Bible. The entire journey was bound in blinding fog, which obliterated us precisely when the bright couple told me about the twilight of England at this time of the year, which continued far into the night. Then they told me about the history of the Castle and the Church of Dover, which formed an almost unique Christian relic from the Roman and the Norman times. They seemed to have precise information of places and buildings.

By the way the kindly couple enquired what arrangement there was for my accommodation in London. The weather and the holiday mood of the bright couple had not dampened the British outlook of hospitality for stranded foreigners, when I told them casually that I had written to the Nepalese Embassy in London to fix me up but I had received no reply so far. Apparently, the invisible but important British man and wife seemed to be appalled at my complacency; and they told me that London was a very big place and that there were millions of visitors from the overseas to take part or see the Coronation in London now. I was really touched to find that the British couple had realised the responsibility of Britons as hosts for stranded foreigners, when they offered to improvise accommodation for me in their own flat till such time as I was properly fixed up. In the meantime, I told the hospitable Britons that I had informed the British Council at Rome to the effect that I would be leaving Milan for London on June 12th, and further that H. E. Mr Summerhaes—the British Ambassador to the Court of Nepal had been favourably impressed by my efforts to build a new Nepal on the

foundation of her Samyak tradition—had very kindly promised a bed in his own home, so that I may live, learn and work like an Englishman till I was in England. They relaxed at this piece of good news till 8 P. M. when we reached London. There was no rush or bustle at the station when I looked round for a familiar face from the Nepalese Embassy to receive me. But on alighting at the station some vigilant policemen on duty informed my anxious fellow-travellers that Colonel Perry in dark suit, blank hat and umbrella was looking out for a man from Nepal and that we might have crossed. Then my young unknown friends spotted Colonel Perry and left me in his charge and disappeared before I had enquired about their names and whereabouts.

Then Colonel Perry produced a most friendly letter from Mr R. A. H. Duke of the British Council saying that I was most welcome in London and that I was their guest in Mount Royal Hotel, Marble Arch, London W. 1, Room No. 263. It was raining when I was helped into one of the uncouth London taxis, all of which were of standard shape and size. Like any hotel in Europe Mount Royal Hotel was a huge building where the courteous policeman on duty helped me with his umbrella. A smartly dressed boy at the Reception wearing a squat *toppe* like, for example, the Gorkha soldiers in regimental uniform on ceremonial occasions, handed me the key and politely ushered me into a lift, which carried me up the third floor and landed me on a narrow corridor with painted arrows pointing to our rooms with precision. In a way I felt more at home in London than in other cities of Europe because I had no language difficulty. I had a single room flat all to myself with a bathroom attached containing all the amenities of modern life. I had caught a bad cold and so took a hot bath to shake it off. After a change I repaired to the dining room to occupy a table all by myself to the wondering gaze of other diners, who were with their family or with friends. Feeling lonely I returned to my room by the staircase, which gave me a magnificent view of the brightly illuminated streets of London overflowing with a stupendous number of cars, taxis and buses with dim sidelights like fireflies in the night of life. Perhaps nobody was allowed to drive his car with the headlights on as in our part of the world. Then, too, there was not that hooting of horns and the screeching of brakes as in the streets of Rome. Compared to the other cities of Europe London appeared to be orderly and quiet. Tired after a long journey from Milan I left my shoes at the gate for shoe-shine and retired to the comforts of an exquisite bed with my *Deś Deśâwarko Vayân* with my eyes on the chapter of

'Merry England' for a comparative study of my first-hand impressions of the country I had written about and longed to see.

I was up after a good sleep on Sunday June 14th, 1953. After my morning bath a plump waitress in flawless white uniform entered my room with the morning tea. Unlike in other hotels of Europe women did not appear for the rest of day or night when I pressed the button for service. I spent the morning writing letters to my family at home and to Mr R. A. H. Duke and H. E. Mr Summerhayes thanking them for all their kindness to me as a Gorkha intellectual.

Colonel Perry appeared at the appointed time to take me on a spin round London, which was still enfeete with flags, festoons, bunting and exquisite lighting arrangements costing millions of pounds for the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Colonel Perry explained that usually sombre London did not look as gay and magnificent as she was looking today with the face-lift for Her Britannic Majesty's Coronation. I had heard the story of the encounter of the Czar of Russia and the Maharaja of Kapurthala in a London bus and I preferred to travel from place to place in public vehicles and walk like an Englishman with a raincoat and an automatic umbrella which I had bought. Trafalgar Square with its multitude of friendly pigeons made London so peaceful that it was hard to believe that it represented Nelson's naval tactics to defeat Napoleon's scheme for invading England against the background of Nelson's column crowned with a statue of Admiral Nelson. The Buckingham Palace looked as good as any Rana palace at Kathmandu with this difference that the changing of the Guards presented the most colourful spectacle. Equally the Queen's Horse Guards riding along the macadamised streets of London reminded me of Britons's love for horses when about one thousand automobiles in the narrow streets of Kathmandu had driven out our most useful ponies from our streets with the closing of the horse-breeding farm of Langtang. Colonel Perry explained that the royal processions graced such occasions as the Ascot Race Meeting, known as Royal Ascot, and added significance to the opening of Parliament, when the Queen drove in state from the Buckingham Palace. Ceremonials had always been associated with the kings and queens of England. In spite of the changes that have taken place with the altered outlook of both the sovereign and the people, certain customs and usages were the same today as they were many centuries ago. Royal marriages, the birth of Royal children and Royal funerals were marked by ancient ceremonials. The birthday of the Sovereign was officially celebrated by Trooping the Colour on the most colourful

Horse Guards Parade and was also celebrated as Commonwealth Day. Investitures and State banquets were held at Buckingham Palace when a foreign monarch or head of State visited the United Kingdom. The Sovereign was the leader of Society by order of general precedence dating from the fourteenth century and sustained until the present day by Royal ordinances, established custom and public will. The Queen and other members of the Royal family visited many parts of the United Kingdom every year, and their presence at the inauguration of scientific, artistic, industrial and charitable works of national importance ensured nationwide interest and support. Indeed, there was so much in common between Nepal and England with their longest tradition of monarchical institutions.

Then through parks and ponds, on which swans were 'floating double with their shadows' we wandered to the Building of No. 10 Downing Street in which history had been made and unmade by the British Prime Ministers. Where was the glory of living in a thousand roomed Singha Durbar with a bevy of ladies for the Rana Prime Ministers, when the little finger of the British Prime-minister from the common people in this dark building was more powerful than the Rajput pedigree of Rana Maharajas? A cursory first look on London conveyed to my mind the feeling that this was a city of orderliness more than of beauty, of picturesque traditions rather than of grandeur and of discipline and austerity rather than of gaiety.

My Visit to the Nepalese Embassy at the Kensington Palace Gardens

After a quick lunch I took leave of Colonel Perry to pay my visit to the Nepalese Embassy at the Kensington Palace Gardens, which struck me as one of the finest localities in London. For a while I sauntered round the garden with a tennis court aimlessly, when two familiar faces of Nepalese girls from the window convinced me that I was in the sacred soil of Nepal in the heart of London. Then the First Secretary appeared on the scene to express his surprise at my sudden appearance in London without previous notice despite my voluminous correspondence to that effect from Kathmandu and Rome. Then he took me to the drawing-room where the paintings of bearded Rana Prime-ministers and their families looked down upon us from the walls while the photo of His Majesty King Tribhuvana peered at us from an obscure corner. There was no evidence of Nepalese art for presenting Nepalese ideas or of the invincible Gorkhas or Nepalese artists or of Tenzing Norkay to project the new image of Nepal after the political change and the conquest of Mount Everest at home. Then His Excellency General Shanker

Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana appeared at the scene with his wife, daughter-in-law and son rather timidly. He told me that he had moved to a hotel in order to make room for the distinguished Delegation to the Coronation at the Nepalese Embassy. He seemed to be apprehensive of the shape of things to come in Nepal. Immediately Their Royal Highnesses Prince Himalaya Bir Bikram Shah Dev and Princess Princep Shah appeared to enquire how things had gone with my lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Nepal' in the International Forum of Rome. I found myself in a strange company where the A. and the C. Class Ranas and the Secretaries tried to evade each other's gaze and also avoid talking before the Royal Fountain of Honour. I broke the ice by informing Their Royal Highnesses that all had gone well with my lectures from a long perspective of Nepalese history, but it was time for us to project the new image of Nepal by manipulating to our advantage the Conquest of Mt. Everest by Messrs Tenzing and Edmund Hillary at the opportune occasion of the Coronation. Of all the members of the Delegation General Mahabir Shumshere, who happened at the time to be power behind the Nepalese throne, was not up from his bed after his long night at one of the Night Clubs of London, where he had frittered away five hundred pounds. One of the favourites of Dame Fortune, who claimed everything and girls from everywhere according to his use and wont at Kathmandu and Calcutta, he wasted, at least, one hundred pounds each night at the gambling dens. Another C. Class Rana hierarch, General Neer Shumshere expressed his surprise to find me smartly dressed in Italian coat and trousers, where he claimed to have seen children without shoes in Europe. While I was pondering whether he thought about our under-clothed and underfed people at home, the fashionable General in his Sunday Best reflected and told me that I could accompany the party in my present habiliment as it happened to be a Sunday. I congratulated the General on his sartorial knowledge learnt from the British cook, who bossed the entire show in ordering matter for our Delegation from table-etiquette to the latest London fashion at the time.

At long last General Mahabir sent words to say that he would meet me at his parlour. After I had climbed a few flight of stairs, a lady from the balcony shrieked that the General had occupied himself with his *Japa* (prayer by counting the beads) and asked to wait till our boss was ready to go to the Cinema House showing the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. Back to the drawing-room our First Secretary told me that the A. Class Rana General Mrigendra Shumshere, who was still an opulent son of the Minister and Commander-in-Chief General Babar Shumshere, looked demented and

forlorn to see the power and pelf of his C. Class Cousin Mahabir and had repaired to Norway to see the Midnight Sun to cure his maladies.

Three limousines lined our Embassy portals when General Mahabir descended the stairs to bless me with his familiar smile. As a paltry historian I had to comb my own life for meaning more assiduously than the Ranas and the Secretary, as thinking and writing were foreign elements to the A., B. and C. scions of the Solar Race, who however, showed their enlightenment by shunning kitchen status under the guidance of a British cook. On this rare trip to the Nepalese Embassy, I drew consolation from the fact that writing was thinking, nay, it was more than living, for it made me conscious of vicissitudes of living through the arrogant and autocratic rule of Maharaja Chandra Shumshere down to the democratic era of King Tribhuvana, where Mr M. P. Koirala had become the first popular Prime Minister.

The Coronation

As a subject of monarchical country in Asia I was most interested in the ceremonies of the Coronation of the British Sovereign, which had remained much the same in substance for nearly a thousand years although the Revolutions in France and Russia had swept away monarchical institutions. I had read in the newspapers that the service used at the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II was derived from that used at the Coronation of King Edgar at Bath in the year 973 A. D. Queen Elizabeth II was a descendant of the Saxon king, Egbert, who united all England in the year 829 A.D. and of Malcolm II, whose reign in Scotland (1005-34 A. D.) was correspondingly important in that part of the realm. As such the monarchy was the most ancient secular institution based upon the hereditary principle. According to the Royal Titles Act 1953, the Royal title in the United Kingdom was : 'Elizabeth the Second, by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and of Northern Ireland and of her other Realms and Territories, Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith'. The title of the Crown derived from the Act of Settlement 1701, which provided that 'the Crown shall remain and continue to the most excellent Princess Sophia (The Electress of Hanover, grand-daughter of James I of England) and the heir of her body being Protestants'.

As the inheritance of the Crown was governed by the rules of descent, there was no interregnum between the death of King George V and Queen Elizabeth II. Immediately on the death of her father Queen Elizabeth II was proclaimed at an Accession Council to which all members of the Privy

Council were summoned. The Lords Spiritual and Temporal, the Lord Mayor, aldermen and other leading citizens of the City of London, and the High Commissioners in London of the member nations of the Commonwealth were also invited to attend.

The Queen was the personification of the State. In law, she was the head of the executive, an integral part of the legislature, the head of the judiciary in England and Wales, Northern Ireland and Scotland, the Commander-in-Chief of all the armed forces of the Crown and the temporal head of the established Church of England. But in practice, as a result of long evolutionary process during which the absolute power of the monarchy had been progressively reduced, the Queen acted only on the advice of her ministers. She reigned, but she did not rule. The United Kingdom was governed by Her Majesty's Government in the name of the Queen.

The British had made the most magnificent display of the Coronation where the Queen was conducted in a procession from the haunted Tower of London to Westminster. I found Mr J. L. Nehru with the Pakistani and the other Commonwealth Premiers in the fifth bunch of the processionists, who brought up the rear of the Royal State Coach. The real triumph in this emotional marathon lay in the shady areas of tone and balance, where the proud Indian Prime-minister had volunteered to attend the Coronation with a Gandhi-cap in his hand. A victim of his own caprice Mr Nehru walked all by himself where the Premier of Pakistan was escorted by his own troops shoulder to shoulder with his British Grenadiers in dazzling uniform. As a member of the martial race I was thrilled to see the gallant Gorkhas marching to the tune of the Pride of the Gorkhas as the Queen's bodyguards in that stupendous display.

The Coronation Service was held at Westminster Abbey in the presence of the Representatives of the Lords, the Commons and all the great public interests in the United Kingdom, of the Prime Ministers and the leading members of the other Commonwealth countries and of representatives of foreign states including Nepal. As Her Britannic Majesty was being anointed with the chrism on her head, consecrated, vested and crowned, the members of our Delegation did their best to draw my attention to the seat they were allotted and felt flattered that they had seen themselves whereas I missed them totally. On the other hand, I was enchanted by the ceremonies of enthronement amid the songs of *Te Deum*.

After the Cinema General Mahabir asked me to occupy a seat beside him in his car to tell me how the Congress leaders had failed to deliver good

to the peoples of Nepal and how there were not many horrible men among the Ranas. He seemed to be preoccupied with the declaration of Messrs B. P. Koirala, Subarna Shumshere and Surya Prasad Upadhyaya to the effect that they were not going to join Mr M. P. Koirala's Government, which was comprised on personal rather than on party basis. In reply I told His Majesty's Councillor that there was so much to learn from the supreme legislative authority of the British Queen in Parliament consisting of the House of Lords and the elected House of Commons, Parliamentary Electoral System and the Party system of England as there was so much in common between Nepal and the United Kingdom. Our Delegation should have taken advantage of this great opportunity in England to study the British monarchical system before replying to Mr M. P. and Mr B. P. Koiralas. On the other hand, General Mahabir confided in me that the Councillors' regime was coming to an end and that Mr M. P. Koirala was shortly going to form a Government by the overwhelming backing of his new National Democratic Party. I told the Councillor that Mr M. P. Koirala's new Democratic Party seemed to be comprised by political fortune-seekers and opportunists whereas the A., B. and C. class Ranas had wounded and demolished themselves. As there were no organised parties each laying rival policies before the electorate, the poor posturings and deceits of the leaders of the 26 or 28 mushrooming parties or the socialistic Congress leaders did not carry conviction to the peoples who depended upon the King for their guidance. In such a political context the geometry of the A., B. and C. Class Rana relationship appeared to me a familiar triangle, where they played off the Royalties, Nepalese party leaders and intellectuals with their money and the glib charm of their garrulous women and their wanton wives, when their swords had failed to rule Nepal. Whereas an impermanent political stalemate had descended upon our country, India had taken full advantage of our confusion and backwardness by claiming that Mr Tenzing Sherpa was an Indian. And whereas the Indian Embassy in London and Mr Nehru had been putting up the portrait of Mr Tenzing side by side with that of Mr Gandhi, the paintings of the bearded Rana Prime Ministers still stared us in the face at the Nepalese Embassy. 'Why did not Your Honour make a counterclaim that the Conqueror of the Mount Everest was a Sherpa from the Nepalese village of Solukhumbu when General Kaiser had the resilience to request the Mount Everest Expedition to plant the flag of Nepal on its summit and when the King of Nepal had honoured Mr Tenzing with the highest honour.?'

Judging by how an actor masquerading as a climber of the Mount Everest Expedition had won the first prize in a fancy dress ball at the M. N. Victoria and how the little children of the Alps honoured me to learn that

I was a man from Tenzing's country, the achievement of the Everest Expedition was uppermost in everybody's mind. Contrary to the attempt of India to shine in borrowed feathers of Nepal our British friends had told me that a Nepalese and a British subject had set their feet on the highest mountain of the world. Seeing how the success of Mr Tenzing had whipped a tremendous national feeling in Nepal, the right thing for our Delegation was to try to put Nepal on the map of the world by manipulating the news to our advantage. The peoples of the world were very much more interested in the achievements of the invisible but important poor men of Nepal than in the formation of ministers at home. On being asked as to how things had gone with my lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Nepal', I apprised the Councillor that we had made a good beginning but we had a long way to go before we could project the real image of Nepal in the present context of international events.

Then the Councillor left me before the portals of a bright house to the care of our First Secretary and his wife, with whom I repaired to Mount Royal Hotel to miss our dinner. Some snacks were still available on a late Sunday, but my friends preferred to entertain me in one of the Night Clubs of London to show me their skill in tap-dancing. But an Englishman at the gate of one of the Night Clubs informed our Secretary that the British people, despite their prevalent pride in material progress and prosperity, were sabbatarians and that no Night Club could be open on Sundays. Then our First Secretary put before me the proposal of taking me to a Night Club on the following Monday. I had to refuse politely because Night Clubs, painted women, drinks and dancings could be found practically in every city of the world including Kathmandu and Lhasa and that my British hosts had fixed my programme otherwise.

On Monday June 15th, 1953, the leading British newspapers made headlines of the tug-of-war between Nepal and India on the question of the nationality of Tenzing Sherpa whereas the news of the ending of the Councillors regime by King Tribhuvana and the entrusting of the reins of administration to Mr M.P. Koirala was printed in an obscure corner. Then I called on Mr R. A. H. Duke of the British Council at 65 Davies Street to say that, as one of the members of the Public Service Commission of Nepal I would love to live and work as a civil servant in England. For that matter I was going to live with the family of Summerhayes at their home in Little Greenfield on June 16, travel each day by train to London, work in the office of the Civil Service Commission each day and return in the evening.

Then I called on Mr Hayes at 11 A. M. to be instructed that a civil servant in Britain was a servant of the Crown (not being the holder of a political or judicial office), who was employed in a civil capacity and whose remuneration was found wholly and directly out of money voted by Parliament. The civil servants under this definition did not include industrial employees. Nearly one third of the civil servants were women. I was most interested to learn that such civil servants worked in support of ministers in their public and parliamentary duties. Their functions ranged from the formulation of policy proposals to the management of the machinery of government and carrying out the day-to-day duties that public administration demands. Stability of administration was ensured by the political neutrality of the service. Although a civil servant worked under the authority and direction of the minister of the department to which he was appointed, legally he was a servant of the crown. A change of minister, whether due to ministerial changes within a government or the advent of a government of different political complexion, did not involve a change of permanent staff. The function and position of the civil servant remained the same whichever political party was in power. An hour of discussion with Mr Hayes was more fruitful than years of coaching from the Indian advisers. Finally Mr Hayes handed over to me the literature on the development of the modern Civil Service of England, which I had to read before attending the meeting of the Commissioners of England.

Tube Railways in London

After lunch in the Travellers' Club Pall Mall with its old time flavour, we descended down an escalator to the Station tunnel which was sufficiently large to accommodate the platform as well as the track. I had read that Britain was the pioneer of Railways with the opening of the Stockton to Darlington Railway in 1825 and of the Liverpool and Manchester line in 1830, when George Stephenson's locomotive was used. If Britain ruled the waves by her naval power, she also united India by the great period of Railway building after the great events. I was told that the Tube Railways were generally operated at about 600 volts, direct current being fed to the conductor rails from substations. The substations were generally of rotary converter type. High tension current was supplied from a central station. From the substations also ran cables supplying current for station lighting, lifts, escalators and pumps. A strong ventilation in the underground platform blew my hat off. A handsome girl picked up my hat and restored it to me with a winning smile, for which I thanked her. I was told that the volume of air for ventilating the coal locomotives required very careful calculation

before the introduction of electric traction, which simplified the problem of maintaining the atmosphere of the tunnel at a standard of purity. These tunnels provided havens of safety during the German *blitzkrieg*, which also provided the safest means of travel during the war. This description totally refuted the argument of Indian Engineers that tunnelling through the mountains of Nepal was a hazard. The tube trains whizzed in every five minutes, the doors opened automatically and the passengers squeezed in with their newspapers. The doors closed automatically and the electric trains moved out with a scream. I wondered if such a day would dawn upon Nepal with her abundant resources of the white gold. There was twilight till 11 P. M. so that I went about from place to place by different means of public conveyances to observe how the British peoples lived and worked. This was a new experience for me. Practically every public transport in London was packed to capacity. The process of rationalisation arising from changing public transport seemed to be reflected in the improvement of equipment, technique and working methods. The first world war appears to have greatly stimulated the development of motor vehicles and road transport begun to make itself felt as a competitor of the railways. The first step towards government regulation of public road transport was the passing of the London Traffic Act 1924, which gave the Minister of Transport power to control the number of buses and their journeys in London; this was followed in 1933 by the setting up of the London Passenger Transport Board.

The London Transport undertaking operated all road and rail passenger transport services in the London area with the exception of the London lines of British railways and taxicabs. London Transport's railway network stretched 18 miles from north to south and 32 miles from east to west. The total length of the Railway over which London Transport trains operated was 244 miles, of which 88 miles were underground. London Transport trains served 273 stations, and its buses and coaches travelled over 3,200 miles of roads. Improvements carried out by London Transport had included complete renewal of the bus and the coach fleet, replacement of trams and trolley buses by diesel buses, extension and modernisation of parts of the underground system, and the introduction of automatic fare collection and automatic trains.

The Road Traffic Act 1930 ended the licensing of public service vehicles by local authorities and set up instead traffic areas covering the whole country and each under the control of traffic commissioners appointed by the Minister.

The Commissioners regulated by means of a licensing system, all public road passenger transport services, and they sanctioned routes and time-tables to secure proper co-ordination of services and eliminate unnecessary competition. But the number of passenger journeys made annually on the London Transport system was declining largely owing to increased private motoring and changes in leisure habits, such as the increase in television viewing.

Britain had the highest density of road traffic in the world. Road accident statistics were compiled and published by the Ministry of Transport. The fatal accident rate in Britain was better than that in most other European countries, but slightly worse in the United States with most modern roads. Surveys had shown that the American type roads were safer than the zig-zagging European roads with blind turnings. The more important measure directed primarily towards road safety included speed limits of 30 and 40 miles per hour in and around built-up areas of 50 m.p.h. in and around certain trunk and important classified roads in rural areas. The provisions of pedestrian crossings—some illuminated by flashing beacons and marked with conspicuous Zebra crossings and the system of road markings and traffic signs were being improved while the authorities were considering the passing of the Road Safety Act, which made it an offense to drive with more than a prescribed level of alcohol in the blood. The safety of vehicles, both in design and use, vehicle testing and a high standard of safety in tyres were controlled by regulations. National campaigns to persuade people to take greater care on the roads were conducted by the Ministry of Transport. The police and education authorities also helped by arranging courses of instruction, especially courses for children. All drivers of motor vehicles, including motor cycles, motor scooters and powered pedal cycles were required to pass the test before being granted a full license to drive. The standard of conduct of all road-users and a summary of the requirements of the law was set out in easily understandable form in the Highway Code, which were enforced by the police and the courts.

The Londoners were great readers. The enormous diversity of special interests was illuminated by the variety of magazines and periodicals, ranging from papers dealing with sports to journals of opinion on social, political, scientific and economic affairs as well as 'fan magazines' and illustrated instructional periodicals of art, science, general knowledge and women's weeklies containing meticulous advice about family health and modern baby care, latest fashion and beauty.

Back to Mount Royal Hotel I had the feeling that the hotels and the

eating houses in London were complacent and systematic. Whereas the Italians munched away all the time, the British did not open their mouth till it was time for them to eat. The dining room in the Mount Royal Hotel was practically empty during the lunch hours as every office had its own kitchen so that officers and men went to work immediately after lunch. There was not the same arrangement in the offices of Italy, where the officers had their brief afternoons after lunch whereas the night-prowlers of Nepal slept away the whole day.

I found it highly misleading to overemphasise the materialism of British thought in all its variety of interests. It was uplifted by the forces of religion and generous humanitarian interests. The Londoners were also a Bible-reading people, who took their religion as seriously as their production of greater wealth to increase their prosperity and leisure. No interpretation of the post-war London would be sound, which did not place religious observations and faith in the very centre of the picture. The most generally accepted and practised form of Christianity at the time may be broadly called evangelism, with its emphasis upon moral conduct as the test of the good Christian. Like our Samyak religion which revolted against Brahmannic Revelations to transcend all barriers of religious sect, the Britishers appeared to promote the interests of spiritual Christinity. In this sense it as an enlightened Protestantism, which opposed the dictates of Popery and also combat religious indifferences. Its highest virtue was self-improvement. Its emphasis lay not on sacraments and rituals, but on organised prayer and preaching and on the strict observance of the Sunday. This British faith and philosophy of liberalism in close harmony with religion appeared to offset the powerful materialistic forces of the 20th century. I had noticed this trend in the writings of Mr B. H. Hodgson, who had recognised the qualities of the invisible but important poor Nepalese peoples at a time when the Schizophrenic savagery of Nepali ruling-clique-politics had driven the Governor General, Lord Auckland, to express his feelings of extreme disgust and abhorrence at their Oedipean crimes. I was happy to be in England at the invitation of the British Council during the transitional period of our country when the Britishers respected me as a research-worker where the Gorkha had won laurels as fighters, and Tenzing had an unique distinction by reaching the summit of Everest shoulder to shoulder with the British subject. That night I went to sleep with prayers to Paśupati that He might help me to restore the lost horizon of our Samyak Society on the basis of my researches in the spiritual tradition of the invisible but important sons of Nepal who had kept the Fish-tail banner of Nepal flying through all the vicissitudes of history from the period of the Kirāti Kings.

The Civil Service Commission of England

I was up after a sound sleep at 7.30 A.M. on Tuesday June 16, 1953. After breakfast I repaired to 6 Burlington Gardens, London W.1 to observe the working of the Civil Service Commission for foreign service. Seeing how political jobbery was getting rife with the change in Nepal, I was particularly interested to read the literature handed out to me by Mr Hayes after brief but instructive lecture on the Civil Servants of England. The Civil Service in its present form was a product of the past hundred years, which had influenced the Indian Civil Service under the Crown. Before then, departments were free to choose their own staffs, qualifying standards were unknown, there was no central supervision, and political appointments were made by favour or purchase. Measures of reform instigated during the nineteenth century included the substitution of open competition for the practice of obtaining appointments by underhand means and backdoor manipulations. Presently, the Civil Service Commission controlled the recruitment of the permanent Civil Service. Whereas the politicians in Kathmandu and New Delhi were tending to develop the qualities of banyan trees, under which not a blade of grass grew, the British authorities seemed to be thinking about fundamental changes in the structure and practices of the Civil Service to equip it for the most efficient discharge of the present and perspective responsibilities of the British Government under the changing circumstances.

The great expansion in State activity after the dismemberment of the British Empire and the Creation of the Commonwealth of Nations and the consequent increase in the number of civil servants and the scope of their duties, had led to further reorganisation, including the creation of service-wide scientific and professional classes. Recruitment had been adapted to a developing educational system, and coordination between the various departments had been improved. Civil servants, though they remained employees of their departments, had become members of an integrated service with common conditions of employment and their traditions and standards of conduct belonged, not to individual departments, but to the Civil Service as a whole.

Control of the Service in England

Uniformity in the Civil Service derived mainly from the fact that the Treasury exercised general control. One of the two Joint Permanent Secretaries to the Treasury was the official head of the Home Civil Service and the principal adviser of the Prime-minister on matters affecting the Civil Service

as a whole, and in particular on appointments to senior posts in the service. The Treasury was responsible for the salaries and conditions of employment of all civil servants. It controlled the total number of staff and the creation of higher posts, provided central management services had dealt with general questions relating to training after entry into the Civil Service. It was also concerned with the number of departments and the distribution of functions between them.

Visit to Westminster Abbey

During the recess Colonel Perry conducted me to Westminster Abbey through an inconspicuous entrance supporting a window sandwiched between two Towers balanced in mass. This was the most widely celebrated Church in the British Empire. I was told that the present Abbey designed by the famous British architect Wren and completed by Sir Gilbert Scott and Pearson was a cruciform structure and was a superb example of the pointed style of Gothic architecture. Accustomed to the stupa and pagoda-style of architecture from my early childhood I could not appreciate the European style of architecture, though I felt that it was not as impressive as St Peter's of Rome or the Cathedral of Milan. Seeing what I had of the gorgeous scene of the Coronation in the Cinema, I queued up with the huge crowd to see the Throne Room and the Coronation chairs containing beneath it the stone of Scone before the Queen's Beasts, which were the British version of the Lion of the Śākya in Nepal. The Scottish stone identified with Jacob's pillow in Bethel, which was recently stolen and restored, had made a great noise in the world. Here also were kept the sword and shield of Edward III, still used in the Coronation ceremony of Queen Elizabeth II. The north transept contained many monuments to British statesmen surmounted by their statues in Roman grandeur while the Abbey was crowded with tombs and memorials of famous British subjects. The burial of 'The Unknown Warrior' in the centre of the nave after the two World Wars was a notable commemoration of the sacrifice made by the invisible but important soldiers of God, who fell in the cause of the Allies.

Then I remember to have heard the familiar chime from the Clock Tower of Big Ben when I returned to observe the conduct of the Foreign Service Examination, which was very much like the examination conducted in New Delhi. I was told that the Diplomatic Service was a separate self-contained Service of the Crown, which provided the staff for service in the Foreign Office and Commonwealth Office and at United Kingdom diplomatic Missions and consular posts in foreign and in independent Commonwealth countries. Its

functions included advising on policy, negotiating with overseas governments and conducting business in international organisations; promoting British exports and the advancement of British trade; presenting British ideas, policies and objectives to the people of overseas countries; and protecting British interests abroad.

The Foreign Service had its own grade structure, corresponding by salary with the grades of the Administrative, Executive and Clerical classes of the Home Civil Service.

Recruitment of the Staff of the Diplomatic Service and Other Permanent Civil Service

The recruitment of permanent civil servants in the Foreign Service and Home Civil Service of Great Britain was in the hands of the Civil Service Commission which, in the selection of entrants, was independent of both ministerial and parliamentary control; its members were appointed by the Crown on the advice of the Government. The normal method of entry was by open competition, conducted in accordance with regulations approved by the Treasury, in which all eligible candidates were considered on equal terms. The main point of entry into each of the general classes corresponded with a specified level in the British Education system, and selection was by interview and/or qualifying examination. Entry to the Professional and Technical Classes usually required appropriate qualifications in the subject concerned, and selection was by record and interview.

Recruitment to clerical and certain other junior posts may be undertaken by the department themselves, with the Commission acting in an advisory capacity and issuing the certificates for permanent appointment. Temporary civil servants were also normally recruited by the department concerned; no special qualifying examinations were required.

The next item in my programme was to take part in the interview of the candidates for Foreign Service. I felt myself highly honoured to be sitting side by side with Mr Jackson, who was the Chairman of the Commission. There were two Commissioners, officers from the Foreign Ministry and prominent teachers for the assessment of the candidate. The Chairman began by reading the Principal's report on the candidates, which brought out all the good and bad points in his student-career. Then the candidate filed in, the Chairman made him feel at home and the Commissioners put searching questions from 30 to 45 minutes. I was interested to find that none of the

candidates seemed to be seeking jobs on account of domestic trouble or financial difficulties as in Nepal and New Delhi. Some said that they were seeking jobs for security whereas a ravishing girl told the interviewers that she was out for adventure in foreign countries. She was the type who could win the hearts of the leaders of Asia but Mr Jackson held the view that she was all beauty with the brute in her. Their system of marking was done with a range of 20 marks. The Commissioners were of the opinion that the assessment of personality in such interviews could not be done in decimals. When the candidates filed out the Commissioners declared their respective ratings and allotted marks by agreement.

Living with the Family of Summerhayes in Their Private Household

London with its luxurious hotels and hoarding houses did not constitute the whole of England, where the great majority of peoples were living in private households outside the city. After the interview at about 6 P.M. I called on David Summerhayes, who was working in the Foreign Office of England, because I had to move from the Mount Royal Hotel to the household of the British Ambassador to Nepal that day. I considered it a very great distinction to be living with a British family and study the trends of social habits and the structure of British households in Britain after the wars. I had not met David before. Like all Englishmen David struck me as a nice man whose pursuit included entertaining friends from overseas. He owned a motor vehicle in which we made our exit from the famous White Hall through the crowded streets of London to the Railway Station. Past the road-bridge of Thames with its winding course through London against the background of the towers of Westminster on the one hand and the dome of St. Paul's on the other, the Railway entered a beautiful country of small hills, rivers and houses which was greener than the villages of midland Nepal. David and I had occupied a compartment in which we could smoke and talk. David told me that Britain's population density was one of the highest in the world and that increasing population and social developments were affecting the physical appearance of Britain and that towns and cities were being altered to accommodate more traffic and house more people. However, I was enthralled by the emerald aspect of England as town and country mingled as nowhere in the countries I had travelled so far. The Railway moved at a fair speed with its whistle-stops in the intervening four stations till we reached the stations of Oxted, where David had parked his own car. Ownership of motor vehicles was now widespread, which made many people independent of pub-

lic transport, so that it had led to a new and more scattered distribution of houses and the whole pattern of leisure activities. Factors in the further dispersal of the last few years had been the expansion of public transport serving journeys to work, private property developments to meet the demands of housing, and planned transfers of population around London and other big cities. Out of the haze of London I felt extremely at home in the house of Mr Summerhayes in Little-Greenfield, which was much like our home in Nepal with this difference that their kitchen was electrically operated and there was good plumbing arrangements. Electricity had completely eliminated the traditional coal-fire in the principal living room. Would electricity solve the fuel problem of Nepal as and when we harnessed the rivers of Nepal ? Much of the drudgery had been reduced by changes in habits and equipments. They had a vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, washing machine, electric iron and electric-toast-maker. The Summerhayes did their own catering and housework.

There was an upland meadow covered with various types of wild vegetation. When I took a stroll with Mrs Summerhayes, two stray cows came snorting towards us with their horns poised for attack. We showed our heels till the cows cornered us at the stone-wall dividing the farming land of Summerhayes. Fortunately we leaped into the safety of the stone walls to the horror of Mrs Summerhayes who said that her neighbours had no right to set such unruly cows at large in the meadows. Was not this a dangerous hobby? Except for these disorderly cows, practically every household favoured such pets as cats, dogs and budgerigars which did not steal. On the other hand, they hung playfully on strangers instead of barking at them or biting them. I wondered why the Royal Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals did not take note of the wild cows who were so cruel to men. The worst sufferer in an English home was the mice and rats as the short rations of the people were locked up in almiras and cupboards. I did not notice a separate store-house in an English home, where we usually garnered grain against the rainy day or for personal profit.

A considerable proportion of the free time and money of the family of Summerhayes seemed to be spent in and on their own homes. They did their own decorating. At the dinner table they did their own catering except when the gardener's wife helped Mrs Summerhayes in cooking and washing. I had a most enjoyable dinner consisting of a high level of nutrition. I was told that the average diet of households of all classes was

nutritionally adequate. Average weekly food consumption per head included nearly five pints of milk and cream, over three ounces of cheese, over thirty-six ounces of meat, poultry and bacon, about 20 ounces of sugar, about 105 ounces of fruit and vegetables and about forty ounces of bread with six ounces of butter. Tea remained the principal beverage.

After a healthy dinner and good-nights to my hostess I retired to the comforts of a cosy little room and slept like a baby till I was up with the singing of a lark on Little Greenfield the following morning. But I was sorry to miss Wordsworth's Cuckoo with her wandering voice. I had read synopsis of birds of Nepal contained in Landon's Appendix XIII and other scientific expeditions to learn that Nepal had the richest avifauna of well over 700 variety of indigenous and migratory birds in the world compared to England with about 530 species including many song-birds, of which about 230 species were resident and the regular visitors to Britain. Before the family was up I sauntered in the garden composed of indigenous grasses and flowering plants swarming with butterflies. Like in Nepal and Lhasa the sparrows predominated near the house. Looking round I did not see any evidence of a ruined castle in Little Greenfield very much unlike the countryside of Italy. The only sizable building in the locality was a cigarette factory though I was told that increasing population and social developments were affecting the physical appearance of Britain. The handtools and powered garden implements testified to the interest and initiative that maintained Britains' homes and gardens. The standard of Summerhayes' garden was high. It appeared to me that lovely little Greenfield was a sprawling village of sturdy and progressive English squires and farmers living in their own houses and cultivating their own land as present proprietors. At about 7.30 A. M. we assembled in the dining room for our breakfast, where I was introduced to Peggy—another daughter of the British Ambassador of Nepal. She was married to an officer serving in Singapore. I was happy to learn that Dinny—the youngest daughter of Mr and Mrs Summerhayes whom I knew at Kathmandu—was now lecturing in one of the London hospitals. Except for the gardener's wife who occasionally helped Mrs Summerhayes there was no servant in the house. Another son of Mr Summerhayes was said to be working as Engineer in another part of England. All the members of the family worked to earn their own living and did not hang on the earning of their father for their subsistence as in Nepal.

At this stage Mrs Summerhayes wanted to have my passport and also know how long I was going to stay with them (not because she wanted me to go away) as she did to procure ration for me. I did not know that food was

rationed in England after about ten years of the cessation of hostilities. There, too, I heard that little Greenfield had also suffered from the German air-raid. A garage was attached to the house containing two motorcars. There was also a little neat cottage close to the house, which was occupied by the gardener and his wife, Mr and Mrs Bonwick.

After breakfast we motored to Oxted where David parked his motor-car. I was interested to find there that most of the inhabitants of Little Greenfield owned their own cars which gave them mobility. I was happy to learn from the passengers that the dense passenger and freight traffic of Great Britain was carried mainly by road and rail, although coastal shipping and inland waterways as well as pipelines were important in carrying bulk cargoes. A small but increasing proportion also went by air. Part of the inland transport system including the railways were nationalised by the Government at a loss. The rapid growth of private and commercial motor-traffic as well as the changing pattern of demand for transport services with increasing prosperity after 1945 had led successive governments to undertake fundamental studies in building new roads and motorways and probable trends in transport and problems which arise therefrom.

Mr David and all the seasonal ticket-holders purchased the morning edition of the newspapers available at the station after which the train puffed in. That day my programme in London was to visit Royal Geographical Society in order to have a cursory view of the manuscripts Mr B. H. Hodgson had taken to London long ago and also request our Embassy to take photostat copies of them. I was happy to find that the British Authorities had taken care to preserve our ancient manuscripts as well as Mr B. H. Hodgson's valuable works of the author on Nepal and her neighbour. Then I paid a visit to the British Museum of London containing Oriental Collections, where Nepalese antiquities were either assigned to India or to Tibet. Whereas there were galleries for the Chinese, Egyptian, Indian and Tibetan Antiquities, there was no gallery to represent Nepalese Antiquities. Then I called on the Nepalese Embassy to draw their attention to these important facts in order to project the image of new Nepal in London.

But all the members of the Embassy seemed to be preoccupied with their own interests in the scheme of the new Government that had been formed in Nepal. They showed me a copy of the Royal Proclamation of June 15, 1953, which dissolved the Councillors' regime in favour of the Cabinet of Mr M. P. Koirala. The Proclamation ran to the effect that it was impossible to concede the claims of different parties to represent the peo-

ples of Nepal until the General Elections were held, and that the politicians had to give up their individual and jaundiced view in favour of a broad national outlook so that they may lighten the burden of state, which His Majesty was compelled to carry on his shoulders despite his failing health and taste to the contrary. The Proclamation struck a most responsive chord in my heart, when it said that the present Cabinet was a temporary arrangement until it could be further expanded and that His Majesty during this interim period had given Mr M. P. Koirala a blank cheque, with whom the mushrooming party-leaders and independents could negotiate for a place in the Cabinet on the basis of their constructive plans and programmes till such time as the general elections were held for the real assessment of the public opinion.

As the real power behind the throne General Mahabir seemed to be satisfied that the erstwhile Councillor of Home Affairs had stepped into his own shoes as a fullfledged Minister of the Cabinet, and I congratulated him on his elevation. Instead of staking his money on horse-racing and organized betting and gambling in London I advised General Mahabir to avail himself of this opportunity to study the Parliamentary system of England, which had much in common with the monarchical system of Nepal. Presently Mr M. P. Koirala wielded more power than the Prime Minister of England. With his influence on the King and the Prime Minister I told General Mahabir that it was his duty to inform our Sovereign of the general business of the Government specially after his visit to England.

I returned to Little Greenfield in a happy mood on June 17th amid the enchanting twilight of England and read the literature for the recruitment of permanent civil servants in the Home Civil Service of England before my "eye-lids dropped their shade". Very much unlike the fearful and oppressive pall of night in the folds of Nepalese mountains where we saw nothing on the horizon till the clock-birds told the time and the sun appeared on mountain tops, the landscapes in Little Greenfield was already bright with the songs of birds very early on June 18, 1953. This part of lowland Britain with her small mountains, streams and her coasts so near to the sea offered a rich variety of scenery of striking contrasts. There were no gigantic mountains and rivers to awe them, which, perhaps, stimulated the British peoples to undertake great adventures in the world. However, I was sad to miss Mr Gray's "ploughman with his lowing herd" in the present mechanised Britain where every patch of land was cultivated and farmland covered the entire area. Farming land was divided into fields by hedges, stone walls and wire fences, which presented

a pattern of contrasting colour. With its mild climate and varied soils Britain seemed to have a diverse pattern of vegetation. This village was separated by upland which was wooded by isolated trees of the variety of oak, beech, ash, elm and hedgerows, where two pampered and unruly cows had frightened me and Mrs Summerhayes the day before. Except for this unpleasant experience no dogs barked at night to disturb my sleep. As I sauntered in the Little Greenfield I had no fear of mastiffs and stray dogs as in our part of the world. But I did not meet one early riser like in our part of the world where people waked up with bad dreams amid the shrouds of dark nights and repaired to the rivers and temples chanting prayers to dispel their ominous thoughts. All-in-all Little Greenfield reminded me of a calm morning scene round the little hill of Swayambhunātha with its wild flowers in early springs. The family of Summerhayes were not up and doing till I had done my home task for the recruitment of Home Civil Servants in this country.

Recruitment of Staff in the Home Civil Service of Great Britain

After breakfast I was ready for my routine trip to London to take part as an observer in the interviews of candidates for administrative jobs. The recruitment of permanent civil servants of Great Britain, even as the Diplomatic Service, was in the hands of the Civil Service Commission. Because modern government touched almost every aspect of life, the Civil Service comprised officers with a wide variety of professional and technical qualifications. Where officers of a particular type were required in more than one department they were organised in general service or linked departmental classes. This ensured similar grading and salary structures for the same type of officer in each department.

As a member of the newly constituted Public Service Commission of Nepal in the new scheme of democracy I made special efforts to study the main classes as follows:

1. The duties of the Administrative class included the formulation of policy and its members comprised the majority of civil servants responsible for advising the elected ministers. This class of officers was also responsible for the co-ordination and improvement of government machinery and the general administration and control of government departments. It was a revelation to me that the British system did not envisage the sort of party ascendancy as in India for example, over matters that affected national interest by political leaders who recruited ineffective incumbents and allowed the ad-

ministration to atrophy. Administration was a game with many humble entrants from universities or civil servants promoted from other executive classes, who could contribute their mite to the overall government effort.

2. The General and Departmental Executive classes were broadly responsible for the day-to-day conduct of government business, including, for instance, the higher works of accounts and revenue collection within the framework of established policy.

3. The General and Departmental Specialist Classes included the accountants, architects, doctors, economists, engineers, lawyers, librarians, statisticians, surveyors and scientists in all branches of science. The professionally qualified staff were assisted by a large number of other suitably qualified people, for instance, technical and drawing office staffs.

4. The General and Departmental Clerical Classes consisted of officers who undertook all the clerical work involved in running departmental business. They prepared accounts, kept records, handled particular claims in accordance with known rules and summarised and annotated documents for the assistance of senior officers. The private and personal secretaries of senior officers were included in this group, together with officers directly responsible for the supervision of clerical work.

5. The ancillary Clerical Classes included clerical assistants, shorthand typists and typists.

6. Unlike the large number of messengerial classes in our country, these men included messengers, paper keepers, office cleaners and similar workers.

7. Britain's dependent territories filled vacancies in their public services by the appointment of suitably qualified local candidates wherever possible; but when vacancies could not be filled by this means, the Ministry for Overseas Development and the Crown Agents for Overseas Governments and Administrations were asked to recruit other candidates, principally from the United Kingdom.

Unlike the Public Service Commission of Nepal, the Civil Service Commission of England functioned vigorously in accordance with the rules and regulations approved by the Treasury. Seeing how the erosion of the Civil Servants had begun with the political appointments soon after the revolution of 1950, I took particular care to study methods of training and political and private activities of the Civil Servants of England. Unlike the new Indian incumbents who depended on the hunches of their leaders, the posi-

tion and function of a civil servant remained the same whichever political party was in power; and it was his duty to serve the Government of the day irrespective of his own political opinion. Civil servants could, of course, exercise the right of all citizens to register their private political opinion at general or local elections. They may also engage in such private activities as they wish, provided that these did not in any way conflict with their official duties, nor with the provisions of the Official Secrets Act 1911 and 1920, and the Prevention of Corruption Act 1906. As a rule the British Government did not concern itself with the political views of the civil servants though they insisted on secrecy which was so vital to State security. For this reason no one who was supposed to be in sympathy with Fascist organisations and Communist Party was employed by the Government.

Training Under the National Whitley Councils

Training was co-ordinated by the Training and Education Division of the Treasury, which was responsible, with the National Whitley Council, for guidance and some aid to departments in the organisation and performance of their training through a team of Training Liaison officers. There were full-time training officers and instructors who organised both general and technical courses, ranging from courses of systematic instruction for recruits in all classes to "refresher" courses covering technical subjects or broader subjects, such as management techniques, organisation and communications, for more experienced staff. Young people were given opportunities to continue their studies under schemes by which young employees and apprentices were released for study. Methods of training included lectures, discussion groups, case studies, instructional films, desk training and the preparation of self-instruction programmes. Officers in the early years of their service could be transferred from branch to branch and from department to department, in order that they may gain as wide an experience as possible of Civil Service activities. There were openings for selected officers to travel abroad or to study at universities and other educational establishments.

Conditions of Service

In general, the British Civil Servant received a salary which was based on a fair comparison with that paid for similar work outside the service. Usually he received annual increments up to the maximum of the scale of the grade to which he belonged. Although a civil servant held office at the pleasure of the Crown and could be dismissed at any time, yet in practice he enjoyed a considerable measure of security of tenure. An established civil

servant with sufficient service to his credit could retire with immediate superannuation benefit at any time for the age of 60, but there was no fixed age of retirement, and it was possible for a civil servant to continue to work after the age of sixty, provided that he was in good health and there was work for him to do.

Promotion

A period of probation was the rule for all entrants to the permanent Civil Service. Promotions from grade to grade were made by the departments; those from class to class partly through centrally conducted competitions and partly by departments themselves. Promotions or appointments to most of the highest positions in the Civil Service, for instance, permanent secretaries, deputy secretaries, principal establishments officers and principal finance officers, was to be approved by the Prime Minister, who was advised in these matters by the Head of the Home Civil Service.

After the interview of the candidates for the Home Department I was taken to the blitzed part of eastern London through the Tube Railway, where many buildings for average workers had been restored, though there were some scars of the World War II to remind me of the moment of truth in the life of the Londoners. As a Gorkha I was interested in the British Armed Forces, who had trained our peoples to win imperishable fame in all the fields of the second World War. I was told that Britain's armed forces were all regulars, with a high level of training and equipment, and the highest possible proportions including the Gorkhas were kept in effective combat units despite the clamour of the Nepali Congress party and the Indian Congress to disband them. I was most happy to find that the British admired honour and bravery of the Gorkhas, who provided genuine epics of war in Hangman's Hill and other theatres of war under the most trying conditions. The British Army has had more recent and varied fighting experience than any other European army. The Royal Air Force, equipped with the most modern combat aircraft, was second to none in Europe; while the size and striking power of the Royal Navy was second only to that of the United States within the North Atlantic Alliance. There was so much to learn from the British people and I could appreciate their efficiency in making me live like an Englishman and learn as much as possible about them in the brief space of one week.

On Friday June 19th I called on Mr Duke to get my sleeping berth reserved for my journey back to Rome on Sunday June 21st. I found there a number

of peoples of Asiatic origin, who were waiting to make their claim on the British Council, which seemed to have a very large staff to take care of their Asiatic guests. Then I called on Mr Dundas, who was planning to visit our country, so that he may see how the system of education in English functioned in Nepal. With the independence of India the present trend of education in respective vernaculars had brought down the standard of English to such an extent that education in Hindi, Urdu and other vernaculars of India had produced very poor types of students who had a smattering of undigested knowledge in their narrow circle without the requisite qualification and will for education for its own sake.

The State of Education in Nepal After the Revolution

Personally I was disturbed by the movement for the propagation of Hindi as the medium of instruction in the Terai region of Nepal with the photos of the leaders of India in lieu of our King and mushrooming leaders. There were handful of Pāthasālās to give religious education, a few primary schools, Buddhistic Gompās and monasteries to give daily corporate act of worship and a few English schools and colleges to impart English education. As a rule, the Ranas discouraged English education with the result that a handful of educated men were products of foreign universities. India was well ahead of Nepal. The public mind in Nepal was still satisfied with the feeble appreciations of the damnatory improvisations and attacks on politicians to think of education in a serious vein. Some of the Four Point Experts of Nepal were of the opinion that the system of national education inaugurated by Mr Thomas Babington Macaulay in India was not suited to the needs of Nepal.

At the very outset I told Mr Dundas how I felt the supreme necessity of learning the English language, through the medium of which we could learn educational administration, schools management, curricula, health and welfare of school children, adult education, teachers, teaching, teaching aids, educational techniques and higher education in Universities. Now that the Americans were interested in our educational problems, I requested him to visit Nepal and find out the best way out for the education of the Nepalese peoples at this turning point of history.

On Saturday June 20th I learnt at the breakfast table of Messrs Summerhayes that, compared with previous generations most people had considerably more time at their own disposal, higher real incomes and more chances of developing their potentialities in England in their days. Then I proceeded to

the playfield where angel-like children were at play in their lawns while grown-up girls were racing in their bicycles or resting after the race. The word 'sport' was used generally to describe such activities as organised outdoor games, athletics, field or country sports, indoor games and aquatic sports. Then too, such popular pursuits as horse-racing, grey-hound racing, show jumping, riding, rock-climbing, orienteering, motor-racing, rifle-shooting, archery, fencing, gliding and skating had their own devotees. Though the Government was not directly concerned with the organisation or promotion of sport in Britain, yet the responsibility they assumed for providing encouragement, guidance and help to the Mount Everest Expedition put Nepal definitely on the map of the world. British mountaineers had taken a leading part in exploring most of the great ranges of the world and in climbing their peaks in the interest of science.

As this happened to be my last day in the house of Summerhayes, Mrs Summerhayes had organised a farewell lunch for me at the Overseas' Club, Park place near St. James' Palace, where I had the pleasure of meeting their other daughter Dinny. After lunch I was taken to witness the finals of the Queen's Club tennis tournament, in which Australian Hoad defeated his team mate Ken Rosewall 8-6, 8-6 after a thrilling exhibition of power-tennis. Unfortunately, I could not wait for the annual championships held at Wimbledon, in which men and women of many nationalities competed to win the coveted prize.

Interview With Mr Summerhayes' Gardener Mr Bon Wick

Back to Little Greenfield, I went to the neat and clean cottage of Mr and Mrs Bon Wick, which was well furnished and fitted with electrical bath and kitchen like any house in this residential village. He told me that he was rent-free tenant, though he furnished the cottage by himself. Long ago the country of Surrey was an agricultural country, but it had become residential for those people who had business interests in London. Seeing how land-reforms had become necessary in our feudal society, my first question was whether he owned a farm. He said "No" and explained that in Great Britain about half the farms were owner-occupied. The traditional form of tenancy in England ran from year to year, whereas in Scotland longer leases for terms of 10 to 14 years were common, although most tenants farmed on a year to year basis. The tenancy agreement may be either written or verbal and may include provision about such matters as rights of cropping, liability for repair and maintenance, and compensations for tenant's improvements.

I was interested to learn that, in order to protect the respective interests of landlords and tenants and to eliminate uncertainty as to their rights and liabilities, a code of landlord and tenant relationships had been written into legislation. The Agricultural Acts laid down the basic rules of good estate management and good husbandry for owners and occupiers respectively. Accurate cadastral survey laid down that each piece of land was required for certain purposes specified in the Acts and everyman's claim for possession was in the interest of sound estate management or good husbandry. Rent was a matter of negotiation between landlord and tenant. The Acts laid down a code of compensation to which the tenant was entitled on termination of tenancy. There were independent bodies to arbitrate in case of disputes. Although Britain was a densely populated, industrialised country relying on imports for half its food supply, yet it was most interesting to learn that agriculture remained one of its largest and most important industries.

Unlike our peasants who were most busy during the sowing season and idle for the rest of the year, Mr and Mrs Bon Wick worked all the year round in agreed hours of full time work so that they had good income, leisure and opportunities to develop their potentialities. So far the couple had no issue. Reclining on his comfortable sofa Mr Bon Wick told me that he did not go to London to see Her Majesty's Coronation. The couple could see the entire scene through the television set up in the village Club. They were looking forward to own a television set during the coming winter, so that they did not have to stir out of their house to see the important and interesting events of England. Unlike the poor and ignorant peasants of Nepal Mr Bon Wick seemed to be happy and contented without any economic problem before him for his existence.

He knew much about the horticultural crops and told me how market gardening had grown in Little Greenfield and in other rural areas around London with favourable soil and climatic conditions. Selected vegetable crops like, for example, brassicas and peas had been grown in increasing quantities as an alternative to potatoes, which formed the principal crop in the hilly regions of Nepal. Specialised horticultural holdings ranged from a few acres up to about 300 acres, and many had glasshouses, frames or forcing houses primarily for the cultivation of tomatoes. Use of fertilisers was very heavy, and much of the field work was mechanised. The larger holdings normally had specialised packing sheds, with washing and grading machinery and irrigation plants. Growers often joined together in cooperatives for marketing their produce. Hard fruits grew well in many parts

of England, the chief risk associated with their culture being late frosts. Varieties of cider apples, cooking apples and dessert apples were grown in many specialised areas. Soft fruits like, for example, plums, blackcurrants, cherries, raspberries were grown in many counties, whereas hop-growing for the brewing industry was confined to special areas as the capital outlay and cultivation costs were very high, though the crops fetched a very high value. All glass crops including flowers fetched a fairly high value in London.

Because horticultural produce did not lend itself to a system of guaranteed prices, Britain's farming was based on livestock, so that the greater part of farmers' income was derived from the sale of animals and animal products. Among other things he told me how Britain had one of the heaviest tractor densities in the world with a wide variety of machines for harvesting, milking machines because 90 per cent of farms had an electricity supply and accompanying equipment. Then, too, there were a number of farmers' machinery syndicates through which farmers had the use of expensive equipment without tying up their own capital. During the second world war and the immediate post-war years, agricultural production was closely controlled by the State, with County War AGRICULTURAL Executive Committees, composed of landowners, farmers and farm workers, acting as the Government's local agents. The Government policy at the time was founded on the Agriculture Act 1947, the main object of which was to encourage a stable and efficient agricultural industry capable of producing such part of the nation's food and other agricultural produce as in the national interest it was desirable to produce in the United Kingdom, and of producing it at minimum prices consistent with proper remuneration and living conditions for farmers and workers in agriculture and an adequate return on capital invested in the industry. To that end, the Government was empowered to provide, for the main agricultural products, guaranteed prices in the light of annual reviews. Talking with Mr Bon Wick till late at night I learnt much about the state of agriculture in England and returned to my room with the feeling that this kindly and polite gardener seemed to me thoughtful, intelligent and well-informed. The gardeners, farmers and farm-owners of England seemed to be too usefully occupied to think of endless litigations as in our part of the world for the piece of earth they owned and cultivated by the sweat of their brows.

Good-bye Little to Greenfield

I was up early on Sunday June 21st to say good-bye to Little Greenfield so peacefully situated in the south-eastern county of Surrey, bounded north

by the Thames, separating it from Buckinghamshire and Middlesex east, by Kent, south by Sussex, and west by Hampshire and Berkshire. I was happy to learn as a historian that there were evidences of the presence of the Paleolithic and Neolithic men indicated by the finds of their implements in some parts of this interesting county. Everyday David drove me through new roads and also showed me the London terminal aerodrome near Croydon. Each day I travelled by the Southern railway, whose lines intersected the country from north to south and from east to west. Except for a tobacco factory with its new blocks piercing skylines, there was nothing to mar the natural beauty of Little Greenfield, although I was told that increasing population and social developments were affecting the physical appearance of a large part of Britain. In a modern industrial society with such a high density of population it was not always possible to reconcile the conflict between the community's needs and existing natural beauty or historic interest. New roads and motorways to carry the traffic on leisure and business, ugly electrical lines to carry power for the growing volume of scientific appliances, ugly reservoirs to supply the growing demand for water, and sites for the disposal of old cars and unwanted articles of daily use had to be accommodated, as migrating townfolk encircled the little-changed hearts of merry Englanders so happily described by Chaucer and Shakespeare in their immortal works.

On this rare Sunday I was happy to find a number of people from all age-groups and occupations preparing to use their free-time interest in some form of sustained group activity connected, for example, with the Churches, trade unions, politics, social welfare and reform according to their use and wont. Unlike our rich people, who invested all their black-money in foreign banks, a considerable amount of people's free-time and money was spent in and around their own homes. A large majority of families had a television set. The influence of television had resulted in far-reaching social changes so that children and adults did not stir out of their homes to see the Coronation or the big sporting events of England. Probably the most popular hobby was photography and a growing desire to take part in outdoor recreations like, for example, golf, tennis, riding, angling, bowling, skiing sailing and reading in public libraries. Increasing prosperity and leisure inclined the peoples to take holidays in their cars or tours in foreign countries. In this connection the learning of foreign languages was popular among adults, aided by television and radio programmes. Foreign languages were taught to children in schools. Dancing was popular and there was a growing public for ballet, concerts and traditional English

and Scottish dances. There was organised betting and gambling. Most of the money was staked on horse-racing and on football matches through football pools.

I was happy to be in England and learn so much within such a brief space of time. I thanked Mrs Summerhayes for all her kindness. David drove me to Oxted and told me on the way how happy he was in my company. I reciprocated his kind sentiment. The train whizzed in amid rains and David helped me into the compartment where I could smoke all by myself. Now I was off to London seeing a rich variety of scenery and the stimulating contrasts found within short distances on the coasts due to Britain's complex geology. I found the climate much too cold for me, though David had told me that Britain had mild and temperate climate. Colonel Perry was waiting at the Victoria Station, where I accidentally met Mrs Advani who, however, failed to recognise me in the present atmosphere of England. The atmosphere cleared as the southern Railway pulled out Victoria Station on its 76 miles journey to the soft, white limestone, which formed the world-famous white cliffs of Dover reaching it at 11-30 A.M. The turbulent English Channel was as calm as Hoogly.

There was a motley crowd of all nationalities on board. But I was touched to the verge of tears along with the Britishers as the steamer pulled out leaving behind the shores of England. The sea-gulls hovered over the steamer as the white cliffs of Dover began dwindling from our sight. I wondered if I would have another chance to visit this great country and learn more about the enterprising British people. I had read many books on England and had already written about "Merry England", but I knew now how helpful it was to meet people and learn things firsthand. For one thing I had learnt much about the working of the Civil Service Commission of England if the new M. P. Koirala government allowed me to translate my new experiences into practice in Nepal.

Chapter IX

ON MY WAY BACK TO NEPAL

June 22, 1953–July 16, 1953

As we approached Pas-de-Calais lying 18 miles East South East of the White Cliffs of Dover, my fellow-travellers told me that the British and the French Governments were contemplating the construction of a rail Channel Tunnel to connect the two countries due to the heavy traffic of surface vessels. For, Calais was the principal passenger and mail traffic carried by the British Southern Railway and the Northern French Railways. The Blue Train was waiting at the station to take us on the 185 miles journey to Paris. I made use of the little interval to see the relics of the gateway flanked by turrets and the belfry before I occupied Room No. 7, which was going to be shunted in Paris for onward journey to Rome. The compartment was full of holiday-makers out to pursue the self-indulgent life of money, clothes, cars, peerless food and wine with their girls amid the sublime architecture of France. One Provençal beauty stopped to get familiar with me, but I knew so very little of the Provençal language and culture to be of interest to her. Neither was I putting up in Paris for the night. In a country where the Government and the Church joined in regarding such incestuous union and abortion as crime, I was upset by the sight of rich and uncouth Asiatics in the company of budding beautiful French girls. One French feminist claimed that near about a million illegal abortions were performed in France annually and that hundreds of women died each year from post-abortion complications. I had written about the pleasant country of France from my knowledge derived from books for the education of Nepalese public during World War II, but I was shocked by this grim reality of the life of pleasure in France after the ordeal of the war.

This reminded me of how things fell apart so swiftly in 1936 when Hitler marched into the Rhineland despite the military writings of the greatest military historian and strategist Captain Liddell Hart, who taught the German Panzer warriors of Germany rather than the Allies the concept of *blitzkrieg*. I had read several books on the Fall of France steadily after the occupation of Czechoslovakia, Poland and Belgium and the occupation of Paris by the German troops after the last British boat had left Dunkirk. After the armistice there was collapse of the Third Republic, which gave way to the dictatorship of Petain and Laval. In his Memoirs General De Gaulle had gathered the documents and mastered the chronology to make the Fall the occasion for great literature. What happened to France was unreasonable, terrible and seemingly irresistible. If a nation as great as France could fall so quickly without the will to survive, how could the newly independent countries of Asia and Africa survive the ordeal of the atomic war if and when it came.

Many writers have attributed the Fall to the terrible cost of World War I (1914–1918), the dangerous decline of the French birth rate, scandals in a demoralised population and impregnability of the Maginot line. It was insane time when the soldiers of representative democracy threw down their guns, retreated in panic and surrendered their towns by slipping into civil suits and picking their suitcases, so that masses of civilians and peoples scattered themselves in panic to get to any place where they could find their safety. While I was thinking about the great events of the world, some Asiatics with their lovely companions piqued at my single state in this 'paradise of dainty devices'.

The Blue train pulled out of Calais at 3 P. M. and sped across the French countryside with idyllic scenery of forests, rivers, rills and green valleys studded with seductive country inns, and a special air of timelessness at 70 miles an hour.

We reached Paris at 6 P. M. Situated some 285 miles south south-east of London, this capital of France occupied the centre of Paris basin, which was traversed by the river Seine from south-east to north-west, and surrounded by a line of Jurassic heights. From early times the development of the city depended upon its situation on the fertile belt of France and the abundance of such building materials as freestone, limestone and gypsum which contributed much to the sublime architecture of this great country. Still more important was its position at the crossing place of many continental lines of communication from Spain, Switzerland, Germany and Italy. Geographi-

cally Paris was intermediately situated between the Mediterranean and the British isles, and also between the Mediterranean and Central Europe.

As the compartment was being shunted I could see the wide avenues of Paris full of the memories of revolutions and wars. Like in Kathmandu every stone in Paris told tales of "old, unhappy and far-off things and battles long ago." Super girls in the hottest of hot pants put the Provencal beauties into the shade. Then, too, the French propensity for gossip was probably higher in Paris than anywhere in the world. On the face of the sartorial spectacle, growing strength of franc, social security and the enjoyment of the good things of life, the French men and women did not seem to have much reason for anger or frustration. It was not just the ugly Eifel Tower or the skyscrapers or the shifting scene of the Governments in the Elysee Palace that marred the beauty of Paris. The Parisians read rarely of crimes and punishments and wars, but they were so far away. But with all their zests for the good things of life I reflected within myself that, if the French civilisation failed, it was almost always the European who had failed not in his body, not in his fundamental equipment, but in his will, spirit and mental habit. I was told that the Frenchmen were a nation of grumblers, who thought poorly of the politicians in power. French intellectuals were masochists, who were never more happy than when criticising French institutions and culture. Such discontents were endemic in France. It was the job of the French politicians to see from their corridor of *deja vu* that this spirit of masochism stayed at manageable levels and did not erupt into revolution demanding violent cathartic action to control the catastrophe. Once in office, most ministers entered a world that bore little resemblance to the common life of the Frenchmen. Insulated from the daily stresses, living in ornate apartment *de fonction* within their own ministries, with lavish staffs and efficient air-transport pool services, the French Ministers, unlike their British counterparts, rarely met the common Frenchmen. Even the French Interior Minister, who had a powerful perfect in every French department, did not necessarily keep abreast of the passing events. But living in their own ivory towers of French life the average Frenchmen were afraid of nothing else in life—more than the catastrophes of the World Wars or even more than death—than new thoughts that were going to change their pleasant current of life.

Presently General De Gaulle had founded *Rassemblement du Peuple Francaise* to knit the Frenchmen into a mystical brotherhood based upon patriotism, national independence and grandeur rather than "liberty, equality

and fraternity." This was not so much a party as a way of life above party differences with total changes in the cast of characters of the French politicians and peoples. Could the tall grand General bring the needed change in the minds and faces of the Frenchmen? In short, this appeared to be General De Gaulle's version of the lost horizon of our Samyak Society, which took some twelve hundred years to build between Gautama Buddha and Māna Deva I in my part of the world. Judging by the volatile nature and subconscious longing for drama of the present generation of French people, I wondered whether the Grand General would succeed in his Sisyphus-like visions and ambitions to transform the French people. Every nation after the catastrophe of World War II seemed to be thinking of building a new Society in its own particular way. I thanked my stars that I was making researches in the lost horizon of our Samyak Society against the background of this new scheme of things. But despite our invisible but important poor Gorkhas, Sherpas and the Bells-in-the-ears Professors of esoteric exercises, we had produced the worst tyrants at our helm of affairs. I wondered what the new democratic set-up would mean for us. Would there be another chance for me to return to this country and study the art and good living with its savour of food and wine served by armies of beautiful girls?

The Blue train pulled out of Paris. The atmosphere was bright till late at night. The country seemed to be so different from England. There was scarcely a town or a village that did not have its own collection of wonders. Builders from the Roman times had studded the countryside with so many Romanesque arches, soaring spires, gargoyles and multi-coloured roofs to write the story of France in stones. Next to feasting and growing vines for different varieties of wine according to the nature of their soil, Frenchmen seemed to love building. There was scarcely a village or town that did not have its own collection of architecture. Thousand year-old abbeys, churches and monasteries filled the centres of villages and towns, crowned the summits of hills and nestled in valleys like, for example, in my own country. On seeing till late the marvels of this magnificent country I saluted to France for her glorious past, a hospitable present and a bountiful future. There was a dinner-gong when the shades of night were falling around, which obliterated the sights of the pleasant country of France. Not surprisingly, great appetites had always flourished amidst the mouth-watering wealth of cheeses, sausages, apertifs, wines, kidneys, snippets of meat and various other temptations at the dining hall.

When we assembled for the dinner, many experienced travellers gossiped about wine of Napoleon Bonaparte and also about the wine which had inspired Alexander Dumas to give vent to the expression that "the wine of France should be drunk kneeling with their head bowed". Others said that the soldiers of France fought to preserve the tradition of French wine in her halcyon days. No doubt France stood unexcelled to wealthy connoisseurs of the art of good eating, but the cost of \$ 4/- made a big hole in my dwindling pocket, which would provision my family for half a month. Was this the reason why the Nepalese and the Indian aristocrats deposited all their black money in overseas banks ? For a change, however, the French food seemed to be better spiced and more to my taste than the simple British fare or the voluptuous Italian food, which gave me headaches at the outset of my career in Europe.

Italy Again

Early on Monday 22, 1953 I was awakened from my bed by the frontier officers of Italy somewhere on Riviera di Levante (the coast of the rising sun) to be told that my Italian visa had expired. It was difficult to make the Italian officers understand that I was proceeding to Rome to collect my ticket and embark from Naples by the Italian ship M/N Victoria. But they threatened to throw me out as my visa had expired. Nothing could be more irrational than two people arguing two different points of view in different languages which both the parties did not understand. After a gruelling experience a few hundred Italian lire settled the issue, after which they let me go with the assurance that they were going to write to the Authorities in Rome about this matter.

Now I felt a great longing to get back home after restless wanderings in foreign countries for about three months. "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, be it ever so humble there is no place like Home, home Sweet Home". On the credit side I had delivered two lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Nepal,' done most of northern Italy, climbed to one of the peaks of the Alps after my experience in Nepal & Tibet an Himalayas, travelled through Milan, Geneva and Paris to London. Then, too, I had the honour to live and work like an Englishman in the village of Little Greenfield of the county of Surrey and had also learnt something about the practical working of the Civil Service Commission of England for the benefit of my country at this transitional period of her history. As the Blue train burrowed through the many projecting headlands by means of tunnels through Turin to Genoa on to the sea-coast of Italian Rivera I was thrilled by the sight of a multitude of

sea-bathers where the mountains kissed the sea. The steep crags, the ruined towers, the range of maritime Alps and the beauty of the coast scenery between Genoa and Spezia was enchanting.

I learnt that the district, being open to the south and sheltered from the north and east winds, enjoyed a remarkably mild climate. Large number of flowers, specially roses, violets, hyacinths and their ilk were grown near Nice, Mentone, Bordighera and other towns, for the London and Paris markets. The uncommon mildness of the climate, conjoined with the natural beauty of the coast scenery attracted thousands of invalids and convalescents to spend the winter there. I was afraid of this new experience in what looked like a dream world after my bitter confrontation with the frontier guards early in the morning. The sour and sweet aspect of this new experience displayed so many of my old experiences in Nepal, India and Tibet. I was not afraid of the new ideas I had gathered in my tour of Europe and had preserved them in the recesses of my memory. But I was afraid of my experiences in Europe, which had made our men money-minded to buy those pleasures of life at the cost of our nation.

Late in the afternoon we reached the sleeping town of Pisa on the banks of river Arno in Tuscany with her turbelent history indicated by her mediaeval walls and citadels presently used as barracks. The cathedral, baptistry and the famous leaning-tower formed a group of ancient buildings by themselves at the north-west corner of the town. The buildings were mostly built of the famous white and black marble. The main streets of the older part of the town had porticoes and there were wide quays, with fine buildings, on each side of the river Arno. Pisa owed much of its importance to its being the junction for the beautiful city of Folrence on the main line between Genoa and Rome. At the mouth of the Arno, joined to Pisa was the famous seaside resort of Marina di Pisa, which was a centre for landscape painters. But the superb scene of peaceful Pisa was marred by the gruelling memories of wars between the Genoese, Pisans and Saracens from Sicily, which was immortalised by the world-famous poet Dante in his *Divine Comedia*. This reminded me of the accounts of incessant wars and of the intrigues of Machiavelli in the dreary history of Pisa though the glories of Galileo stood as a lone star to brighten it.

Back to Rome

Exactly at 4-30 P. M. the Blue train from Calais entered the Rome terminal. The Eternal City was steaming with heat after my tour of England.

Seeing what I had of the evidences of Roman conquest during the first century of the Christian Era in England, I had the feeling that every human action and pursuit brought its own good through the vicissitudes of history. That was the period when "all roads led to Rome", and for that reason all the events aimed progressively to what was tending to be tight in the overall interest of mankind. I was expecting my friend Mr L. R. Josse after his visit to Washington, but Colonel Piscicelli could give me no information about his arrival. Anxious and tired after a long journey I cabled to my friend enquiring about his present whereabouts. Back to my hotel I wrote letters to my sister at home telling her about the possible date of my arrival at Kathmandu and to Mrs Summerhayes thanking her for accomodating in her own house in Little Greenfield, which helped me to realise one of my ambitions to live with a British family and work like an Englishman in England.

On Tuesday June 23 Miss Anna Lucercio handed over to me ticket of Serie A.7 No. 0815 -Naples to Bombay M/N Victoria Cabin No. 45 single berth for my return to Nepal. I was most grateful to Professor G. Tucci and H. E. Mr Summerhayes for helping to visit Europe and project the new image of Nepal to the world at the most critical period of our history. There, too, I found a fund of good-will for Nepal in European countries.

My next appointment for the day was to meet Dr. Currato on the subject of road-building in Nepal. He gave me the impression that the success of Rome in the ancient world was her capacity to build roads from the period of the Carthaginian general Hannibal who invaded Italy across the Alps during the second Punic War. By the way I told how the Tharu Mahouts had taken elephants across the Himalayas to Lhasa to put the achievement of Hannibal into the shade. Then he told me how the Swiss and the Italian engineers had given a good account of themselves by building roads in Eastern Pakistan. Then I reminded him how the "dog in the manger policy" of the Indian engineers was responsible for building the 72 miles military road between Kathmandu and Bhainse in lieu of the Kathmandu-Bhimphedi road along our economic mainstream, for which our Prime Minister had laid the foundation under the advice of the Swiss Engineers. But the basic need of Nepal was to build the Mechi-Mahakali highway to link our oblong country from east to west and to restore the traditional roads on the north in order to rehabilitate our trade with Tibet. Precisely because of the present programme of the Italian Engineers to build roads in Eastern Pakistan, the Indian Engineers would most vehemently oppose the survey and planning by the Italian engineers in Nepal. Like the Italians of the ancient world,

the Kirātas and Yakṣas were great road-builders, and the tiger-men of Nepal had distinguished themselves as great road-makers even to our own day. There was no lack of courageous men in our country to build roads and cut through precipices provided they had tools to do the job. Having said all this a word of caution was mandatory. For, though the new roads brought economic benefits and facilities prevailing in the more accessible parts of our country, yet concurrently they also exposed those areas more fully to the political and other less desirable side effects of the cultural mainstream unless we were able to maintain a balance between China and India in the overall scheme of our development. Lacking education and steeped in the darkness of ignorance for the vital period of one hundred years of Rana regime, the present state of affairs was likely to be compounded by radical changes and upheavals in the very fabric of Nepalese history, culture and economy by adding an element of unpredictability in the overall national picture of a Samyak Society at this critical juncture when the exigencies of development and nation-wide planning made the traditional level of stability on Samyak lines highly desirable. Sandwiched between two most powerful and popular countries of Asia I stressed to Dr. Curriato that the road-building project had to be preceded by intensive and detailed surveys against the overall background of international intrigues in our country.

That night I was invited to dinner by Miss Guilia Castoldi in her magnificent house situated in the aristocratic locality of Via Mercadante 20 in Rome. As a rich girl from the aristocratic family of Castoldis she could afford the luxury of learning Sanskrit, which she pronounced with a peculiar Italian accent. At the very outset she excused herself that she did not prepare all the Italian dishes of her choice for fear of our religious prejudices. Coming from a country of unsolved problems of food-taboos and prejudices I did not like to have beef. But Guilia seemed to be disturbed when I asked for red-wine in the midst of the Lucullan dinner. After the feast our talks ranged on many subjects from the history of Sanskritic language and literature to the details of Roman paintings in the Vatican city.

On June 24th I received a ring from Via Merulana 248 saying that a friend of mine was waiting to meet me. I was overwhelmed with happiness to hear the voice of Mr L. R. Josse saying that he had landed at the airport of Rome at 3 P. M. and had gone from place to place in Rome searching for me till the taxi-driver landed him in the Italian Institute for the Middle and the Far East. I brought my friend to my hotel where we brought my

friend to my hotel where we discussed the political developments at Kathmandu during our lunch. We were sorry that the motivations of the course of action of our Ministers were essentially personal. This implied a denigration of the Samyak system as an effective instrument for the social, economic and political transformation of Nepal on traditional lines. Judging by the Parliamentary system of England, the selection of Ministers on personal basis seemed to be contrary to the spirit of parliamentary democracy. The present system tended to revert to the old order of things where the so-called leaders saw in this situation an opportunity for greater political rewards as individuals than as members of our Samyak Society where everybody existed for the common good. Now that we were returning shortly to Nepal we pledged to do our best to curb this irrational nature of political process on the basis of external, rational criteria we had recently learnt from our tour of European countries.

Visit to the Ancient Town and Harbour of Ostia at the Mouth of River Tiber

This was one of the hottest days in Rome. We felt a sense of relief when Miss Guilia Castoldi, accompanied by Dr. David Snellgrove of the Asian and African studies of the University of London, arrived in her car to take us to the town of Ostia, which lay 14 miles south-west from Rome by the Via Ostiensis. She pointed out to us some traces of the old pavement and several ancient bridges to tell us that it was the first colony ever founded by Rome. As we approached Ostia Mare for a swim Miss Castoldi proudly told us that the entire site may have been in Virgil's mind when the famous Roman poet wrote about the fortified camp at the mouth of river Tiber. Talking about its ancient cults and Trade Guilds, she told me about the cult of Mithras (the war-god). This reminded me that the cult of Mithras had influenced our image of the Sun of Power under the name of Indra way back in the fifth century A. D. But Vulcan was the patron-deity. As patrons of the ancient Roman mariners the Dioscuri, Cybele and Isis were held in great honour in the footsteps of Hellenic civilisation. This reminded me again of the writings of Foucher who traced Isis from this centre to the kingdom of Gāndhāra on the north-west frontier near the present city of Peshawar, which flourished in the third century B. C. This was a typical meeting-place of the Hellenic and the Indian worlds. Many scholars discovered in Gāndhāra the earliest Buddhist sculptures interwoven with the figures of Isis, Serapis and Horus. But Isis was no longer Isis but Hāritī, a pestilence goddess whom Buddha converted and made benevolent. There,

too, the European scholars have traced Hārītī into China as Kuan-Yin as the earthly incarnation of the Taoist Queen of Heaven. There seems to have been a constant exchange of the outer forms of religion between east and west, but it was difficult to see whether all these ideas emanated from the concept of the Great Mother Goddess. Neither did I see any trace of the moral beauty and sublimity of the early teachings of the historical Buddhas in these early sculptures of Ostia. On the other hand, a considerable number of Jewish inscriptions in Greek characters had come to light in the vicinity. Standing on the ruins of Ostia Miss Castoldi told us that this was the best example in Italy of a town of the Roman period with the exception of the remains of Pompeii. Owing to the fact that the site was largely covered with sand the preservation of the building excavated was very good.

After sightseeing we thoroughly enjoyed sea-bathing and swimming in the famous resort of Ostia Mare with the sporting crowd. Religion did not play its part on the act of bathing in Roman baths and bathing resorts as it did in the case of Nepal, India and Tibet, where people considered it a matter of high virtue to swarm by the banks of sacred rivers, ponds and water-conduits for their ablutions. In Europe bathing in Roman baths attracted thousands of invalids and convalescents whereas swimming was a very highly developed sport. After the water-sports Miss Castoldi left me and my friend by the side of an open-air restaurant in Rome, where Mr. L. R. Josse seemed to be enamoured of the music played by musical band-players in their ancient Roman dress, who moved up and down the place to regale the guests by singing and playing music of their choice. The Lucullan dinner lightened my purse to the extent of ten thousand lire while the Italian wine gave me headache when we returned to our hotel.

Vatican City Revisited

On June 25th, 1963 I had the pleasure of revisiting with my friend Mr L. R. Josse the smallest state of the world comprised by the Vatican city, about which I had written in my book the *Description of the Countries and Peoples of Europe*. Three months in Europe had given me a better perspective to the history of this 109 acre Vatican City, situated on the Vatican Hill, which was inhabited by 1020 nationalities receiving diplomatic representations from 37 independent Christian countries of the world. We could walk round the entire residence of the Pope in about eight minutes, though its history went back to A. D. 64, where the great multitude of devout Christians, according to Tacitus, were accused by the Roman Emperor Nero of having

caused the burning of Rome and were martyred with cruel tortures. According to the most wide-spread and authoritative tradition, the martyrdom of St. Peter took place in A. D. 67. His disciples took possession of St. Peter's body and buried it in a tomb near the Via Cornelia. A number of *incised graffiti* (inscriptions) in Greek and Latin containing invocations to St. Peter and St. Paul confirmed the historical event. The tradition which placed the martyrdom of St. Peter on the Vatican Hill was also the oldest and the best established. The inscription of 1923, which was engraved by order of Collegium Cultorum Martyrum read that the first Roman martyrs suffered death at that spot 'under the leadership of the Apostle Peter.'

This was the genesis of the most magnificent Christian Church of St. Peter's of Rome, which ranked above the Westminster Cathedral of England. In process of time the successor of St. Peter desired to be buried near his tomb. Unlike our earthen stupas holding in their bosom the last remains of the historical Buddhas and ancient kings, there gradually accumulated the tombs of all the popes, emperors, kings and princes who expressed a wish to be buried near St. Peter's tomb. In spite of the vicissitudes through which the basilica had passed in its two thousand years of history, I was interested to learn, in view of the sack of Nepal by Samsud-din Illias, that the Saracens were unable to profane the Apostle's tomb in their plunder of the site in 846 A.D. However it was a mysterious complexity in the nature of the Semitic peoples and their religious leaders that they desired to be buried, and that the Aryans followed their inclinations even to the time of Lenin who was buried in the Kremlin in Moscow. Unlike the Nepalese peoples who created images of their gods, the bronze statue of St. Peter was one of the glories of the basilica.

All along the walls of the basilica were placed the tombs of the popes, which were of incalculable artistic and historical importance. A marble slab in the atrium of the sacristy gave a list of the 142 popes from St. Peter to Benedict XV. Among the most venerated ancient relics the most venerated was the veil of Veronica which received the impress of Lord Jesus Christ when the pious woman wiped the face of the Saviour, as He walked up to Calvary wearing the Crown of Thorns and carrying His Cross in order to salvage mankind from their lurking sense of sin with His last words; 'Forgive them O Father, for they know not what they are doing,' This was the Christian counterpart of our *bhoto* (shirt) of Matsyendra-nātha (Avalokbteivara) displayed annually to bridge the chasm between Brahmanism and Buddhism. Another equally famous relic was the lance with which the Roman soldier

mentioned in the Christian Gospels pierced the heart of Lord Jesus on the Cross. In a metaphorical sense, the pope, with the hierarchical power vested in his person by the tiara of the Three Crowns as the Vicar of Lord Jesus Christ on earth, performed beatifications, canonisation and Holy Years in addition to the daily services very much on the line of the Dalai Lama of Tibet. I was told that the pope blessed the 'Golden rose' supported on a vase of gold by placing a few drops and balsam in lieu of the Jewel and the Lotus of Buddhism. It appeared to me that the principal ceremonies in the Vatican seemed to be very close to the ceremonies of the Potala, which also held the tombs of the ancient saints from the period of King Sronsangampo down to the tombs of the Dalai Lamas. Important persons, sovereigns and diplomats were sometimes allowed to hear Mass and to receive the sacrament from the pope himself. The Vatican and the Tibetan monasteries were one in the art of binding books and preserving ancient manuscripts. Most unfortunately we had to depend upon western scholars to compile a catalogue of manuscripts in the Tibetan and Nepalese libraries. On the other hand, I saw no evidence of erotic art of the gods and goddesses in their 'Yab-yum' in the Vatican contrary to their representations in Potala to show the dimension in depth of religion, though the locality close to the Holy City was said to be notorious for its brothels. But on a cursory survey of the Vatican we found it difficult to decide whether to admire most of the magnificence of the collections or the beauty of the buildings in which they were housed. The greatest artists of the different periods of Roman history and of Christendom had taken part in embellishing the Vatican. The principal altar above the tomb of St. Peter was surmounted by the colossal baldachini designed by Bernini. The galleries and museums of the Vatican contained a number of priceless masterpieces, which occupied the first place in the tradition of Christendom, both as objects of veneration and artistic monuments.

Adjoining the group of palaces on the west were the Vatican Gardens which created wealth and opportunities for the restless apostles of modern science. The world-famous Vatican Astronomical Observatory was installed in the towers of the Vatican Garden, which had been entrusted with part of the great work of photographing the heavens. Splendid scientific traditions gathered round the Vatican Gardens which also cultivated its own drugs for medication in the Vatican Hospital. Very much unlike the Dalai Lamas, the Popes were interested in scientific experiments and had installed the Papal Academy of Science. The Vatican State created on February 11,

1929 by signing the Lateran treaty between the Pope and the King of Italy had really created wealth and opportunity for this tiny world which did not exist before. Whereas the old order of Papacy was based upon the blind faith in the authority of the pope, the new order of science made possible, for the first time, a cooperative creative effort in which every one was the gainer and no one the loser. If the advent of modern science was more important social event than the rise and fall of popes, emperors and fascist dictators in Italy in such a brief spell of time, I had reason to hope why the same thing could not happen in our country with the advent of healthy breath of democracy.

I had planned a farewell dinner in honour of Mr L. R. Josse in Alfredo-all-Augusto that night where I had invited all my friends in Rome, as a token of my goodwill for their kindness. The Italian boys danced with fireballs to the tune of ravishing Italian music when we entered the hotel. The chefs constantly visited the kitchen after seeing our faces and enquiring what we wanted to have for dinner. The Italians and the Chinese seemed to be the two peoples of the world who had developed a wonderful taste for food and drink. After a Lucullan dinner we repaired to the air-port of Rome at the dead of night. But the plane was late due to bad weather over the Alps. There was no further point in waiting and we parted with my best wishes for my friend's happy landing at Calcutta on the following day.

On June 27 I received a number of letters from home and from His Majesty King Tribhuvana and Princes Cocoola of Sikkim. The letter from our King was dated June 10, 1953 from the Palace, Kathmandu, to my London address and redirected to me in Rome. As a Government servant I had taken care to inform King Tribhuvana about how the European countries had treated me and Mr Tenzing with respect and why Nepal should rise above the petty domestic affairs to spell out foreign policy questions in the aftermath of political developments in Tibet. The liberation of Tibet had made it imperative for us to get rid of the all-pervasive Indian influence and think in more practical terms against the background of my experience in Tibet and also my bitter experience in New Delhi in January, 1952. Then, too, I had written international reactions to my lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Nepal' and also how the British Government had given me opportunities to see the working of the Civil Service Commission of England, which seemed to be best suited to the conditions of Nepal. I was happy to find that King Tribhuvana appreciated my ideas. On the other hand, letters from my home indicated that Mr M. P. Koirala had formed his Cabinet by breaking down

the negotiations with Mr. B. P. Koirala against the background of the parochial leanings of the leaders of the Tarai Congress and the Gorkha Parishad who were trying to reap political advantage from the confused situation. Then, too, I was interested to learn that there was a sensation in Kathmandu and New Delhi that I, who had been travelling in Europe without a diplomatic passport, had been invited by the Foreign Office of England and treated like a first-class diplomat. Princess Cocoola reminded me of the happy time in Tibet and Sikkim and asked for a Roman hat for her husband, Sey Kuseo Phunkang, which I purchased together with watches and other presents for my people at home. Then I met Professor G. Tucci at dinner at his home, where we talked long and loud about my experience in France and England.

On June 28th I had an appointment to meet Professor G. Tucci and Dr. Currato to discuss the development of roads specially in the hill sections of Nepal, where the total lack of suitable communication and transportation had hampered the economic development of our country. I told them how the new M. P. Koirala Government had been faced with the problems of financial instability in the capital and lawlessness in the hills and the Tarai due to the parochial outlook of the selfish Gorkha-Parishad and Tarai Congress leaders. In such a context the construction of roads in the hills and the Tarai must never be an isolated undertaking and that it had to be integrated with other development projects which gave unity to the diversity of the country. I was of the opinion that a road development project without the overall concept of integrated progress would make as little sense as an integrated development project without a road. Besides, we had to take care of our northern and southern neighbours. These two major factors could not now be separated if we had to survive as a nation as heretofore. People's Republic of China and Republican India constituted the basis of an integrated Nepal Development activities. The multi-ethnic peoples of our food-bowl of the Tarai region suffered from malaria, so that midland Nepal was characterised by high density of population and considerable pressure on the available land. The midland Nepal was a food deficit area with an almost pure subsistence economy. Large parts of the midland valley slopes were terraced for the production of food, while large forests and pastures were still found in the Himalayan highlands inhabited by the Sherpas and the Tibeto-Burmese tribes whose basis of religious life was the Buddhistic Gompas. Man's quest for food, fodder and fuel in the midland region had slowly destroyed the balance between

human activities and natural resources with the result that forests were being denuded, and pastures overutilised so that valuable land was every year destroyed by erosion whereas parts of the land remained fallow for lack of rainfall and manure.

Under the circumstances, the goal of integrated development activities must be to restore the long term balance, not only between man's activities and nature's potentials, but also by establishing suitable communication and transportation between midland Nepal and the food-bowls of the Tarai. The solution of the food and economic problems of the remote districts and the food belts of the fertile midland valleys and the Tarai would be meaningful only if we could provide economic, social, religious and ecological services to a coherent area of multi-ethnic population, farm-land, pasture, forest and industries by linking them by the modern means of communication in a country where the age of air-vehicles had intervened the transitional phase of moving on wheels. No isolated problems and immediate needs alone, but the whole complex of human and animal population, pasture, forest ancient Śaivite, Dāgavas (pagodas) housing the male and female members of Śiva and the Great-mother goddesses, Buddhistic earthen-stupas containing the tombs of the historical Buddhas and the kings of the Kirātas, Brahmantic temples and Bonpo monasteries must be considered. Seeing how Nepal had been the cradle of Asiatic civilisation I pointed out to Dr. Currato that this provided the backbone for my concept of integrated development, the implications of which may go far beyond the present generation.

Finally, I congratulated Professor G. Tucci for providing me this opportunity to visit Europe, which had widened my intellectual horizon. Jung Bahadur had been the first Nepali ruler to visit England in 1850 A. D. during the reign of Queen Victoria with his mountain of baggage and Brahmantic cooks to propitiate the prejudice of the Brahmans who forbade this scion of the solar race in borrowed feathers to cross the seas. Fifty-five years later the journey was repeated by his bearded nephew Chandra Shumshere from the month of April to July, 1908 during the reign of king-emperor Edward VII. According to Mr P. Landon 'the Maharaja, about whom were woven sumptuous legends of an oriental wealth and power that Harun-er-Rashid scarcely equalled, was soon a familiar figure to the public, not of London only, but of the whole country.' Despite the boast of Rana heraldry and pomp of power, Chandra's visit to England, judging by the records of the 1907 edition of the *Imperial Gazetteer* (4th and 19th volumes), had led to misunderstandings in European countries to the effect that Nepal

owed allegiance to England. The resulting book of *Europa-yātrā* (Journey to Europe) is a panegyric which is extremely uninformative. With the opening of the Nepalese Embassy in London and our application for membership to the United Nations we had to build up the image of Nepal as a 'stunted yam between two cold stones'. The veto of the Soviet Union to our membership of the United Nations made us realise that it was now our business to make clear once for all the status of Nepal as an absolutely independent and sovereign state from the days of the Kirāti kings down to our own times. More practical considerations of our poor country which was sandwiched between two most & powerful populous countries of Asia, made it possible for us to highlight the contributions of the invisible but important poor men of Nepal in lieu of the solar or lunar pretensions of our hierarchy, and raise the standard of life and prosperity of the common men in our country by importing industrial, agricultural and scientific machinery and teaching new technicians along modern lines.

I had a cordial invitation that night for dinner with an Italian engineer who was working in Sweden. He had married the sister of Colonel Piscicelli and he was back to Rome on summer holidays because the Scandinavian countries were sweltering in heat at this time of the year. The engineer's sons Paolo and Stefano received me at the gate while their sisters Clara and Veleria were waiting with their parents to welcome me in their living room. Paolo was suffering from appendicitis but he was waiting without the least anxiety for the surgical operation, which doomed poor men to nearly certain death for want of medical facilities on our part of the world. The eldest daughter Clara was an expert swimmer. All of them had good looks.

As the conversation proceeded in a cordial atmosphere I got curious to learn about the "Locks at the Trolhateen on the Gotha Canal, which with its canal extension and intermediate lakes, connected the principal seaport of Gothenburg with the Swedish capital of Stockholm, about which I had already written in my *Description of the Countries and Peoples of the world* for the enlightenment of the Nepalese public during World War II. The Italian Engineer confirmed how the Swedish people had made use of the waterways with locks at important places, so that sizable steamers carried tourists to the magnificent mountain and lake scenery in the interior of Sweden. I wondered if that day would dawn in Nepal, when we could make use of the Seven Kaus'iki, Seven Gaṇḍakī and Karṇāli river systems to build such waterways to carry tourists to the scenic resorts of our Himalayan countries through the deepest gorges known to man. If the advance made

in the political democratisation of Sweden made such progress of the Swedish people possible, I did not see any reason why the same could not be possible in our country under the new democratic process with our traditional Samyak ideals in the not too distant future. I expressed the hope that one of the outcomes of our meeting with Dr. Currato would be the solution of problems facing our country through discussions with the engineers of advanced countries. So far as the gulf between the rich and the poor was concerned, all happy families in Europe or Asia seemed to me all alike though the unhappy families were unhappy in their own particular way.

On Sunday June 28th I had my last look of St. Peter's Cathedral and the Colosseum to feel that Rome was not built in a day. Then we entrained in the afternoon for the 135 miles journey to Naples and went through many tunnels of the Appenines, which I had missed on my first visit to Rome. After reaching Naples at 7-30 P. M. we put up in Albergo Vesuvio, from where we got a magnificent view of the metropolis of southern Italy with its bay against the background of Mount Vesuvius. As we entered Hotel Trans-Atlantic with its brilliant lighting arrangement, music and smell of piscatory dinner Colonel Piscicelli reminded me that Naples disputed with Constantinople the claim of occupying the most beautiful site in Europe. Known as a Greek settlement from very early times, many of the Romans of the upper classes, from a love of Greek manners and literature, resorted to Neapolis (Naples), either for education and the cultivation of gymnastic exercises or for the enjoyment of music and of a soft and luxurious climate. It was the favourite residence of many of the emperors like, for example, Nero, Hadrian and their ilk. It was chiefly in this city that Virgil composed his *Georgics* and he desired to be buried in the neighbourhood.

The Last Days of Pompeii

The smell of sulphur on the morning of June 29, 1953 reminded me of the last days of Pompeii I had read long ago. Swarms of flies disturbed me when I sat down to write my last letter to King Tribhuvarna from the soil of Europe. According to the Greek geographer Strabo, Pompeii was a populous and flourishing city, almost at the foot of volcanic Mount Vesuvius. During the first century of the Christian era Pompeii had become a flourishing place with many villas of Roman nobles. But the whole city was overwhelmed by the great eruption of Vesuvius in 79 A. D. We entrained by the electric Railway to reach the foot of the cone and climb to the summit by

aerial Ropeway. The sides of the mountain was richly cultivated by the vineyards. On the barren summit lay a wide flat depression, walled by rugged rocks festooned by wild vines. Presently, Vesuvius did not belch forth the suffocating fumes of sulphur. There was a very good hotel near the summit with Pompeian wine-jars marked with the name *Vesuvianum*. After the steaming heat at the Ropeway station I found the climate on the summit cold and bracing. The scene around the cone with vineyards was like any scene on the forested slopes of the Mahabhart range of mountains in Nepal with mountain tracks running to the numerous deep ravines.

On one of the ridges between these radiating valleys there was an observatory for watching the progress of the volcano and recording continuously the volcanic changes. I was told that some progress had been made in the study of the phenomena of Vesuvius, and in prognosticating the occurrence and probable intensity of eruptions in order to forewarn and forearm the peoples of Campania. Some of the tourists to this encharming place seemed to be enjoying a donkey-ride, as they were unconcerned by the stories of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius from period to period and in our own times when thousands of peoples lost their lives by the suddenness of the convulsions, though the inhabitants had been warned betimes.

The city of Pompeii was situated on a rising ground less than a mile from the foot of Mount Vesuvius. On our way back we lingered amid the ruins of Pompeii with its Forum which was the Centre of life and activity long, long ago. There were imposing temples and statues of Jupiter, Juno, Hercules, Minerva, and Apollo, which had influenced our art through Gāndhāra after the invasion of Alexander the Great. Whereas Venus, like, for example, our Mother Goddess, happened to be the protectress of the young men of Pompeii, I was particularly impressed by a small temple dedicated to Isis because of our familiar association of the goddess who became Hārītī with the same attributes in the Buddhist school of Gāndhāra.

In view of our contemplated excavations of Gokarna on the suburb of Kathmandu, and of Lumbini and Kapilvastu in Western Tarai in the wake of the publications of our Licchavi inscriptions by the Is M. E. O. Miss Castoldi had advised me in Ostia that I should make a particular study of the excavations of Pompeii. From the gigantic monuments apart, the excavations had provided examples of houses of every descriptions, from the humble dwelling place of the Plebians and the Proletarian artists to the stately edifices and temples of Patricians, which had for the first time enabled the

Roman archaeologists to understand the technical terms and details transmitted to them by the Greek, Latin and Hebrew authors. The workshops of the blacksmiths, silversmiths, and goldsmiths could be recognised by the precious objects of the respective metals found in them. Various kinds of fruits, corn, pulse and bread were preserved in glass vessels with moulds for making pastries. Objects of common use such as implements of grinding and baking formed part of practically every household.

Judging by the Oscan, Greek and Jewish inscriptions and wall-paintings the population of Pompeii appear to be mixed during the time of the eruption in 79 A. D. The representation of the ordinary life and manners of the people was of immense interest to me. Until lately it had been the practice to remove the objects of art to the Museum of Naples, but the present tendency was to leave them in situ with all due precautions as to their preservation, which added immensely to the interest of the stricken city. Public inns and wineshops were numerous with thermopoliums, where hot drinks were sold. Bakers' shops were also frequent and there were *querns* (handmills), evidently intended for public supply. Other objects of special interest to me were the Dyers' shops where colours were ground and manufactured, a tannery and fuller's shops, where all the details of the business were illustrated by paintings still visible on the walls. The house of a surgeon contained numerous ingenious surgical instruments made of bronze. The abode of a sculptor contained his tools, as well as blocks of marble and half-finished statues. The mosaic pavement of the House of the Faun presented to us the most striking and elaborate specimen of the battle of Alexander the Great, which created a new situation on our part of the world way back in 327-326 B. C.

In general the architecture of Pompeii presented all the three styles of Greek architecture namely, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian in its transitional phase to the architecture of the Roman Empire. As no good building stone was at hand, the public as well as private edifices were constructed either of volcanic tufa, or lava or Sarno lime-stone, or brick. The road leading towards Herculaneum was bordered on both sides for a considerable extent by tombs of a highly ornamental character. Indeed I had learnt so much to guide me in my further researches in the historical sites of Nepal which was at one time the cradle of Asiatic history and culture. There, too, the scene around was so very much like the scene in my own country that I felt enchanted by the panorama. The sunshine and the sea against the background of Vesuvius appeared to have made all the Neapolitans so much of a fatalist that they seemed to take life for all that it was worth. It appeared to me

that the North and the South Italians seemed to be poles apart in their character and outlook on life. The charms against the Evil Eye used by Neapolitans referred to the worship of Diana, Aesculapius, Sirens and Circe.

Comparative Study of the Nepalese and the Roman Baths

I had discovered most of my inscriptions in the public baths of Nepal in the heart of cities or villages or adjacent to temples and monasteries, which had reached its highest development during the Licchavi period. Our underground baths were served by water-conduit with chimerical forms of aquatic animals or birds or animals of the donor's fancy. Such water-conduits were supported by the twin Nāgas (sacred serpents) of all shapes and sizes from Atlantics to the fable of Bhārata leading the Ganges with the blowing of his conchshell. These baths achieved the most complete architectural form with images of the Śaivite, Vedic and Buddhistic deities for the primary purpose of praying and worshipping as social centres. The baths of the Malla kings in their palaces in Kathmandu, Bhadgaon and Patan equally attracted my attention as a development from the early tradition. These baths were adequate to supply the needs of the inhabitants during the Licchavi and Malla periods of our history.

In such a context I was impressed by the public baths of Pompeii, which were said to be built originally in 200 B. C. But unlike our baths the baths of Pompeii were built for exercise or recreation. I was told that there were inscriptions to record the repair and restoration of the edifices after the earthquake of 63 A. D. Although bathrooms occurred in early Egyptian palaces, remains were said to be fragmentary to permit complete analysis of the Egyptian types. Then too, oriental peoples had luxurious baths which Alexander the Great admired in his campaigns. Pompeii furnished examples of three oldest public and private baths, all of which had complete sets of frigidarium, tepidarium and calidarium for men and women respectively. The apodyterium (dressing room) of the Stabean baths of Pompeii had different hours and times when mixed and proiscuous bathing was permitted.

With their great organising genius and love of luxury in the early days of the Roman Empire the Romans had developed the technique of bathing and the planning of bath-buildings unknown to us. The bather undressed and left his robes in the apodyterium and was anointed aliperium or unctuarium and then he entered a room where he could indulge in violent exercise. After this he proceeded to the calidarium (hot room) and sudatorium (steam room). Like in the electrical bathroom of our modern times the

body was scraped of its accumulation of medicinal oil. The bather then went to the tepidarium (warm room) and then into the frigidarium (cold-bath). In process of time Roman baths received its most complete architectural form with gardens and stadiums for lectures as great social centres. It appeared to me that the famous Turkish and Persian bathrooms down to the bathing pavilions of the modern world owed their origin to the Roman baths. Whereas the baths of Pompeii were in ruins Nepal preserved the ancient baths by bathing under the water-conduits and worshipping the gods around our baths. I was happy to recall that our underground baths served the needs of the peoples of Nepal when wells dried and water-reservoirs broke down.

I returned to Naples late in the evening to hear the singing of Neapolitan girls singing through the windows. Most of the common houses and shops were busy tailoring, while crowds of children roamed the streets, some of them without shoes. I was told that Naples was famous for her tailors and barbers. The streets of Naples were generally well-paved with large blocks of volcanic basalt. In the older districts there was a countless variety of narrow gloomy streets where some Neapolitan women seemed to be making merry with cheap drinks.

On June 30, 1953 I visited the Cathedral of St. Januarius containing the tomb of the patron saint of the city in popular recognition of his having saved the city from famine, war, plague and the fire of Vesuvius. Two phials partially filled with the saint's blood were preserved behind the high altar, the periodical liquifaction of which formed a prominent feature in the religious life of the city. Then I was taken to the Alpha-Romeo jeep factory to show how far Italy had progressed in this particular field after the World War II. Both the Germans and the Italians seemed to feel that they owed their defeat to the poor manouverability of the Mercedes Benz and Alpha-Romeo vehicles vis-a-vis the four wheel drive developed by the Americans. After our lunch of spaghetti and mionese at the Alpha-Romeo Mess, we visited the exhibition of the Nepalese and Tibetan art organised by the Mistru D' Oltramare at the instance of Professor G. Tucci. Unlike the hodge-podge of the Nepalese, Tibetan and Indian objects of art in the Museum of London Professor Tucci had thoroughly classified the different objects of art in different rooms, where Nepalese art had a room to itself. While I was admiring these pieces of Nepalese and Tibetan art in the heart of Naples, a peasant girl enquired whether the gods and goddesses of Nepal had so many heads and hands and also whether the peoples of the Himalayas had so many

hands. Pointing out to me Colonel Piscicelli explained to her that 'Maggiore Bahadur' had only two hands so that she may draw her own conclusions from this example. It was a hot and bright day so that we visited the National Museum which was a unique treasure house of Italo-Greek and Roman antiquities, besides containing important Renaissance pictures.

Among the educational institutions the University of Naples was well-equipped with zoological, mineralogical and geological museums side by side with a physiological institute, a cabinet of anthropological studies and botanical gardens. The aquarium of the famous zoological station of Naples containing the marine flora and fauna of the neighbourhood were more varied than those of the aquarium of Madras in Peninsular India. The astronomical observatory was situated on the hill of Capodimonte. Back to Albergo for dinner the music went into my head. The entire view of the city of Naples with the lights of the winding driveway ascending the slopes of Mount Vesuvius reflected itself into the inky Bay of the city. Before I left my dining table I was told that the port of Naples was second only to that of Genoa. As this was my last night on the soil of Europe I prayed to Paśupati that He may restore the Samyak ideals with better knowledge of science and democracy.

I was up on the morning of July 1, 1953 with the feeling that I had realised the dream of visiting Europe through the good offices of Professor Tucci and Mr Summerhayes, for which I sent my grateful thanks to them. Then I read the newspapers which made headlines of the news that Tenzing Noorkey was asked to visit California for the filming of the epic of the Everest. Apart from the Gorkhas who won nearly all the Victoria Crosses in the second World War, this was another instance of the invisible but important poor man of Nepal, who had made headlines in the international press. This simple man from the obscure village of Solukhumbu, who had organised the expedition of Professor G. Tucci to Lhasa as the head of transport organisation and chef, had now qualified himself to attract international notice by reaching the summit of Sumeru (Mount Everest) shoulder to shoulder with the New Zealander, Mr Edmund Hillary from the country of the equally gallant Maoris. The entire expedition was organised by Great Britain with the aid of the Commonwealth of Nations to synchronise with the Coronation of Queen Elizazeth II. Famous climbers like, for example, Raymond Lambert, Gabriel Chevalley, H. W. Tilmaan, E. Jollier and the Sherpas of Nepal had made this an international event though the Government of India disputed the nationality of Tenzing with Nepal on the basis of a fabricated

record of their election list. If the word 'Natus' implied the 'right of birth' it was impossible to think how a man born and brought up in Namche-bazar could be an Indian. But in view of the controversy Her Britannic Majesty's Government had consulted both the Governments of Nepal and India when Queen Elizabeth II conferred the George's medal on Tenzing.

More important than India's dispute with us was that the tallest Himalayan giant had reacted most favourably to the ice axes and boots of the mountaineers and had yielded Nature's secrets of high altitude, where the sole follower was a Himalayan raven. After receiving Dr. Currato at the Railway Station we went into the yacht club for lunch. Swimmers went about in their colourful yachts at a tearing pace with their steamers swaying in the breeze. The swimmers made the most deft strokes, which made no impression on the Mediterranean sea. It was symbolic of our age that men had reached the summit of the highest mountains with all their hazards and had gone higher in the air than under the bowels of the earth or under the depth of the sea. But the most durable record was the record of the rocks, from which we had begun to learn about the possible age of our planet. After the gruelling Rana regime of Oedipean complexities, we had begun to learn that our chronology, Buddha's life and good manuscripts in our library were going to be the precarious lifeblood of our nation in the present context of the discovery of *materials for the study of Nepalese history and culture*. The isle of Capri lay tantalisingly to the south of the Bay of Naples when I went on board the Victoria at 4-30 P. M. I thanked Colonel Piscicelli for all his kindness. Dr. David Snellgrove was embarking with me on his tour to Spiti and Kathmandu. A Professor in Tibetan at the School of European and African Studies in London, he was now working to produce an English edition of the Tantric work of *Hevajra-tantra* on the basis of the extant Sanskrit manuscripts and the Tibetan version of the *Buidhist Canon*.

Victoria was passing through the narrow Straits of Messina with the heel of Calabria to our left and the boot of Sicily to the right on the morning of July 2nd, where I was told that the mythical monster of Scylla was nothing but the distant headland and Charybdis was a whirlpool off Sicily. Whereas I had the feeling of waiting till late for bed-tea at night while proceeding to Europe, I felt disturbed when the boy woke me up for the same and for naval exercise in the morning, though he asked me to advance my watch by 30 minutes. I was feeling wishy-washy when Victoria passed through the isle of Crete, which I had described in my *Description of the Countries and Peoples of the World* as the Cradle of European Civilisation.

As we approached Port Said at 11-30 A.M. on July 4th, the continents of Europe, North-Africa and Asia were silhouetted with their respective colours. The Europeans and the Americans did not now stir out of the ship as they thought that the Egyptians could be fanatics. The increasing support by the Europeans and American powers for the new state of Israel had driven a wedge in the relationship between the Egyptians and the Europeans during the intervening three months. After Port-Said at the entrance of the Suez Canal with the offices of the Suez Canal Company, the British barracks and the tall light-house, the buildings began looking poor copies of Europe, men appeared underfed and underclothed, the climate changed for the worse and the vendors clambered to the ship's sides with their wares. Early on July 5th our ship stood on Ismailia on the north-west shore of a salt lagoon known as Lake Timshah, which was the scene of the first scientific attack upon malaria by the extinction of anopheles mosquito. This was a disease which had laid Nepal low, and I looked forward to the prospect of improving the general health of the Nepalese peoples by the introduction of the malaria-eradication programme in our country in not too distant future. As an important headquarters of the British Army I saw a number of British soldiers patrolling the streets of Ismailia while others swam in the salt lagoon of the Bitter Lake. The soldiers responded happily when we wished them. By the way we heard that 90,000 British soldiers were standing by for any emergency, and that reinforcements were pouring in anticipation of trouble in the Near East. As the narrow Suez Canal broadened out from Ismailia we saw a number of ships passing in convoys amid the desolate scene of the desert to our right and left where the people survived on subsistence level in heat and grime.

Apparition of my Early Youth's Flame

While I was walking lonely on the deck against strong gusts of July wind I was surprised by what appeared to me as the apparition of my early youth's flame who had passed away on the 31st of December 1939 as a result of consumption contracted from her tubercular Rana husband. No two faces or finger-prints were alike in God's great scheme of creation though I had seen Hitler's double to deceive his enemies. As a critic of the Brahmantic reincarnation theory I could not believe how the intervening fourteen and half years had brought me face to face with Biby's double, which bridged all the years between. 'Memory waked with all its busy train' when I played two sets of table-tennis with her and then proceeded to see the variety show put by the oriental magicians with high pretensions for

mind-reading, and uncouth women with 'golden voices', who were returning home after cashing on their displays before European audiences. The magician responded correctly to all the chits handed out to him in Roman scripts, but I had written the name of Biby in Devanagari script, which put him on the spot. Many passengers had become sea-sick in the inferno of the Red Sea on July 7th before we emerged on the Arabian Sea. The pretty Italian hostesses put up a summer-dress parade to the accompaniment of piano and violin recitals, but we preferred the comforts of our air-conditioned Cabins.

The Seaport of Aden

Our ship entered the Bay of Aden in Midday on July 8th. As a chief entrepot of trade between Europe and Asia, Aden was made a free-port under the control of the Government of India till it was transferred to the Political Resident, who was directly responsible to the British Foreign Office. The peninsula of Aden had barren and desolate volcanic rocks and it was surrounded by precipitous rocks forming an admirable natural defense. Till the cutting of the Suez Canal traffic between Europe and the Orient had mostly gone via the Cape of Good Hope. In addition to the East-West trade Aden had many commercial interests with the Arabic countries specially with the development of their oil resources. We went ashore and motored across the stark lifeless hills in order to purchase cheap things for the purposes of our homes. Seeing is believing and I was astonished how many of my fellow-travellers had borrowed expensive merchandise from the local merchants on their word of honour. On our way back we saw many American troop-ships in the Bay of Aden. We were told that the Government of the U.S.A. was planning to connect Aden with pipe-lines so that the peninsula could be a part of the supply-base for the provisioning and the supply of the American troops stationed on this part of the world in case of emergency.

Our Experiences in the Arabian Sea

Bounded east by India, north by Baluchistan and southern Iran, and west by Arabia and the 'horn' of Africa, the Arabian Sea formed the chief highway between Europe and the Orient. After the seaport of Aden our ship tossed like a toy on a choppy Arabian sea surging with foams. As the passengers got giddy and sea-sick, we were asked not to take anything liquid on July 9th. But nobody seemed to have any appetite even for a morsel of solid food. On July 10th the appearance of sea-gulls in an overcast sky indicated that the mainland was not far away. As the shore was steeply

tilted, the ship rolled with a list of 16–18 degrees which made us sleepless with the exception of the Chinese passengers. Few tables were occupied for lunch. The ship's crews complained that they never had such a rough sailing since the time M/N Victoria put out to sea. All of us longed to walk on terra-firma.

On July 11th I was interested to read the news that the Governments of Nepal and Great Britain had signed a new treaty for the recruitment of the Gorkhas and the rehabilitation of the Gorkha pensioners in the territory of Nepal, and that an unknown Himalayan peak had been conquered. On the other hand, my European fellow passengers jumped with joy to read the news that Beria had been purged in the Soviet Union. The Chinese, the Ceylonese, the Pakistanis and the Indians seemed to read the news with complete unconcern.

Late in the day a wise-looking Pakistani General told me how the Government of Pakistan had regretted their original decision of not recruiting the Gorkhas in the Pakistani army, though I told him that the arrangement with Great Britain and India was a temporary affair. He was also a great singer, who claimed to have met his opposite number of Nepal in the night club of London to tell him how he felt about the Gorkhas. There was also a Nabab of the frontier province who told me how the Indian States were going to accede to Pakistan, if it had not been for the betrayal of the news to Lord Mountbatten who gave the information to Mr Nehru to the ultimate discomfiture of Pakistan. Then, too, Mountbatten seemed to feel that the composite Indian army divided between Pakistan and India was going to be more of a liability than an asset for the defense of the subcontinent, and he tried his best to keep the unity of the army command by giving an edge to the Indian Command had it not been for the objection of Mr M. A. Jinnah.

My First Experience in the Seaport City of Karachi after Pakistan's Independence

I was thrilled by the prospect of seeing the seaport city of Karachi on the west coast of Pakistan, immediately to the north of the Indus delta; and I went up on the deck in a rough sea very early on July 12, 1953. The approach to the headquarters of the Sind province gave me the impression of a town in the desert. Neither the actual site nor the immediate surroundings of Karachi suggested conditions favourable to the emergence of this capital of Sind province as an administrative, commercial, military, naval and aerial development centre of the newly emerging state of Pakistan. All the Pakistanis including my late lover's double and the Nabab, for whose recep-

tion a queue of turbaned frontiers-men had formed on the quay shouting slogans of welcome, were going down. As the Customs officers entered our ship, a number of money-changers peopled the gangway offering us the unofficial rate of Rs. 13/- Pakistani money whereas the official rate was Rs. 9/4. As our ship was leaving at 9 P. M. I hired an *ekka* for a trip round Karachi. The rush and bustle in the ugly Bazar buzzing with flies, the *busties* of refugees in improvised huddle of huts and the filth and misery provided a contrast specially after my tour of Europe. Completely veiled women moved like ghosts without revealing the romance behind the large bewitching eyes of the *pardah* ladies of Cairo. Nobody seemed to try to look happy or beautiful as in Europe. My Italian and American friends told me that the conditions of peoples in Republican China were worse than in Karachi where the people had the decency not to pry in another man's secrecy. This sense was utterly lacking among the Chinese crowds, who swarmed and pried into everything when the ship touched one of the Chinese ports.

Yet it remained true that, judging by the fast sprouting buildings Karachi held a key situation to the strategic and economic scheme of the NATO and SEATO relationships. Karachi was the nearest Pakistani port of Europe, and its strategic value in relation to the North-East frontier, Near East and the route via Suez Canal was obvious. It was going to serve as the main base of the SEATO for aerial development with materiological organisations for weather-forecasting. Proximity of the oil-fuel from the Arabic and Iranian countries, abundant space at sea-level, immunity from floods and heavy rains, minimum frequency of low cloud all over Karachi from a serial standpoint it was preferred as a main base for the future operations of the central powers.

The hinterland served by the port embraced the whole of Sind, Baluchistan, Afghanistan and the Punjab. In addition, it handled goods for Iran and Central Asia beyond the Himalayas. I knew that the North-Western Railways linked Karachi with the maritime states of western India which I had already travelled. The greatest single stimulus to the growth of modern Karachi was the expansion of irrigation under the Sukkur barrage and Sutlej (Satarudra) valley schemes in the desert. I was told that Karachi registered large increases in the receipt of imports and exports at the expense of the Indian port of Bombay. I could get an idea of the enormous Karachi harbour twinkling with lights from many ocean steamers, when Victoria pulled out of the dock at 9 P. M. Since the ship channel was deepened to take vessels drawing 32 feet, the Port Trust had undertaken to increase the wharfage and mooring

facilities for larger ocean-going vessels. It was the largest naval training centre of Pakistan. As the lights faded from my view Victoria sailed over the sea with a pitching motion. Between Aden and Karachi she was rolling. Both the motions of the ship gave me a rueful feeling when I went to sleep. The following morning found me on the deck of ship which was rolling and pitching at one and same time so that I went back to my cabin to pack up, but the sea was too rough for the job. None of us had any appetite for a breakfast due to sea-sickness. A German girl, who was proceeding as far as Shanghai by the same ship, nodded her head to say that all was not well. During the lunch some Indians made scathing remarks about Nepal and the Nepalese peoples, but before the sun was down they were seized with panic and began abusing the Indian Government because the Indian Customs had taken care to foil their attempts at smuggling goods brought at the free port of Aden.

Arrival in India

On July 14 we entered the port of Bombay amid heavy monsoon showers at 6 A. M. My Indian fellow passengers were surprised to find that the Indian Customs officers treated me with consideration, though I did not hold a diplomatic passport. The Sea-Green hotel that used to be a paradise of dainty devices after my all-India tours looked steamy, dirty and threadbare by contrast to the hotels of Europe. The streets of Bombay looked clammy and full of litters when I went out to purchase Railway tickets to entrain for Nepal at 4-40 P. M. Back to the hotel perspiring with heat, I entered the bathroom which appeared dirty to me by comparison to those of Europe. The floor was not scrubbed, the hinges and lockers were coated with dusts and cobwebs and spots stuck out everywhere.

After my bath I took a stroll through the Marine Drive where the fashionable ladies of Bombay look colourless, wan and less prominent than the European ladies. By comparison with the Railway stations of Europe the Bombay Central looks dim and dirty. I purchased a newspaper to read the news but I found the lights inadequate to read it. The train, however, looked magnificent with her new paint though the distance between M/N Victoria and the Punjab Mail seemed to me unbridgeable. Finally the train pulled out and sped across a dusky country soaked with rain. I slept in sweat with the smell of new paint sticking to my nose. But as I changed sides in my berth I had to wrench myself from the green paint, which had imprinted my night-gown with its indelible colour. So far I had no idea that my

baggages and rain-coat had received the same paint as a memento of my travel through India. As our compartment was shunted at Jhansi on July 15 I looked into the mirror to find myself sooty. The lights in the bathroom were inadequate for a clean shave, compared to the maritime province of Bombay there was no patch of cloud anywhere in the United Provinces for many days to the horror of the peasants, who were sleeping under the shades of the mango-groves to avoid the intense heat. At Lucknow I changed into the metre-gauge O.T. Railway at 9 P.M. which was crowded beyond the capacity of the train to take passengers. The labels on my baggages invited the sympathy of a forest officer who offered to share his seat with me. This officer had been to Italy and we had the pleasure of discussing the comforts of Railway travels in Europe.

We reached Gorakhpore at 6 A.M. which was haloed by the memory of the Gorkhas and of the 'Great Passing of Śakyamuni Buddha.' The miserable scene of the district was the same as described in the *Life of the Buddha*. To add to our misery there was no water in our compartment, so that we had to provender our needs from the water-tap of the station on a cigarette tin-can. To our relief the sky was overcast from this point and we reached Muzzafarpore amid heavy rainfall, where two Xavarian Fathers in their surplices told me that the political affairs of Kathmandu were in a state of quandary. Changing into the Sugauli-Raxual subtle service at the dead of night under the most difficult conditions I reached Raxaul at the unearthly hour of 3.30 A. M. to find the guest-house on the Nepal Government siding occupied by the Indian military personnel without the act of requisition. What chasm separated the attitude of the British troops in Ismailia in Egypt and the Indian troops in Raxaul ! As I entered the ground-floor suite the bed had lost its springs and mosquito curtains. Except for two smoking and flickering *dibias* there was not even a hurricane lantern to find our way to the smelly bathroom which had lost its looking glasses and bathing tubs, though the water-tap still spurted water over a wash-basin for my morning ablution to the croaking of frogs from what used to be a kitchen and decent dining room during the Rana regime. With the dawn I was sad to find the domestic fowls spoliating what used to be trim garden while bearded and turbaned Sikh officers descended from the first floor to drill the Indian soldiers.

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Mr Kaisher Bahadur K. C. has popularised the Nepalese history both in the East and the West as few other Nepalese have done before. He is famous as an author, lecturer and research scholar of inscriptions and scriptures in Nepal.

His experience covers all aspects of this wide field as he has worked as a diplomat and administrator for a pretty long time since 1930 to 1970. He has perfected his own conviction and projected the image of the Nepalese world—both ancient and modern—against the background of its original tradition known as *Samyak Samaj*.

Written in personal view and

mainly from personal experience this is an interesting book, useful both to the student and the prudent in the helms of affairs of the nation.

Beginning with the currents of events leading to the upheaval, all aspects of national upsurge are covered, from the motivations of the parties concerned to the actions and counteractions issued therefrom. There are flashbacks on the ideals of King Tribhuvana who was the pivot of the revolution and who held in his firm grip the guidelines for the weal of the nation, for generations to come. This book indeed is a portrait of the peerless King who fought for the people, lived for the people and died for the people.