

PREM CHAND

HIS LIFE AND WORK

by

HANS RAJ 'RAHBAR'

*WITH A
FOREWORD*

by

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The Purpose of Literature

(Presidential Address)

(The first session of the All India Progressive Writers' Association was held in Lucknow in April 1936. Prem Chand was its President and he delivered this lecture in that capacity. In this he has clearly explained the purpose of literature.)

Friends ! Today is a memorable occasion in the history of Indian literature. Our literature has had a curious beginning, and more curious development. Writers have concerned themselves more with the philological aspects of literature than the human ; how many of our early literary personalities are no better than acute analysts of the formal structure of language. I speak here of both Hindi and Urdu writers. I believe that this tendency was not all perverse ; in fact, it is necessary to pay attention, detailed and sympathetic, to the texture of language until it has stabilised itself into a concrete and accurate means of human communication. The analysis is part of a purifying process. For until language is pure and steady, it cannot express fine or powerful feelings. If, today, we look back on all the early analysts as perverse literary men, and forget that they have made the road smoother and brighter for us, we shall be no better than ungrateful and less intelligent than bullocks.

Language is a means to an end, not an end in itself. Now our language has acquired that form, that we can move a step forward from it and pay attention to feeling, and give thought to the fact, that how can that purpose be accomplished for

which this work of development was started. That very language for which at the time of its inception the greatest service to literature was the creation of *Bagho Bahar* and *Betal Pachisi*, has now become capable of explaining even questions pertaining to different branches of knowledge and science. This conference is a positive proof of this.

There is a spoken language and a literary language. The spoken language existed even at the time of Mir Aman and Lallu Lal but the language of which they laid the foundation was the literary language, and that is literature. In discourse we express our thoughts to the people around us—we portray to them our feelings of happiness and sorrow. The writer does the same work with pen, of course, the circle of his audience is very wide, and if there is truth in his descriptions, his creations continue to influence the hearts, till centuries and ages.

But I do not imply that whatever is written down, it all becomes literature. Only that creation will be called literature which describes some truth, in a mature, refined, and graceful language and which has the quality to effect the head and the heart. And this quality is acquired by literature only when the truths and experiences of life are expressed in it. We might have been impressed by magic stories, by tales of fairies and ghosts, and by the narrations of lovers, separation, at one time but now they possess very little interest for us. No doubt, a writer who is well versed with the essence of human nature can relate the truths of life even through love tales of princes, and magic stories, and create beauty. But this also strengthens the fact that to be effective, literature must be a mirror to the realities of life.

Literature has been defined in many ways, but in my opinion its best definition is "the criticism of

life". Whether in the form of an essay, or a story, or a poem literature's chief function is to present an honest critical view of life.

The recent period, through which we have just passed; was not at all concerned with life. Our writers created a world of imagination and worked in it any magics they liked. Somewhere it was the fairy tales full of wonders, and somewhere the story about imaginary gardens, or books like Chander Kanta series. The sole purpose of these writings was to entertain and to satisfy our lust for the amazing. That literature had any link with life, was a mere delusion. A story is a story, and life is life; both were regarded as contradictory to each other. The poets were also infected with individualism. The ideal of love satisfied the lust, and that of beauty contented the eyes. The poets displayed the splendour of their brilliance and imagination in depicting these ornate feelings. To have, a new word—scheme or a new simile was enough to procure appreciation—how-so-ever remote it might be from reality. Imagery about a nest and a cage, lightening and granary and the narrations of different conditions of frustration and agony in separation used to be painted with such dexterity that the audience could not control their emotions. And we know well how popular this type of poetry is even today.

No doubt the purpose of poetry is to whet our emotions; but human life is not only the life of sexual love. Can that literature satisfy our needs related to thought, and feelings, the subject matter of which is confined only to ornamental emotions and its products,—the pangs of separation, frustration, and such others—and in which the success of life is regarded in escaping from the world and its difficulties? Embellished emotions are just a part of human life, and the literature which consists mainly of these cannot be a matter

of pride either for its community or its age. Neither can it be a proof of its good taste.

Hindi and Urdu are both in the same condition as far as poetry goes. It was not easy to remain aloof from the influence of the contemporary tastes of the people for literature and poetry. Everyone has a desire for praise and appreciation. For poets their creations were the only means of livelihood. And who could appreciate poetry except the rich and the wealthy? Our poets either did not have the opportunities to come face to face with life and be influenced by its realities or such mental degeneration had set in, in everyone, that nothing had remained of the mental and intellectual life.

We cannot apportion the entire blame for this defect to the literary men of that time. The feelings and thoughts which stirred the people's hearts are reflected in literature too. In such a period of decline people either indulge in sexual love or lose themselves in spiritualism and renunciation. When literature is coloured by the inevitability of world's distinction, every word of it is steeped in frustration, is obsessed with the adversity of times, and is a reflection of ornate feelings, it should be understood that the nation has and got into the grip of dullness and decline, and has lost will to endeavour and struggle. It has shut its eyes to the high aims of life and has lost the capacity to discern and understand the world.

But our literary taste is changing very fast. Now literature is not merely an object of entertainment, but has in view some other purpose besides amusement. Now it does not merely relate the story of the separation or union of the hero and heroine; but it gives thought to the problems of life and tries to solve them. Now the writer does not run after amazing or astonishing incidents for his inspiration, and neither does he need to take the path of using

words with similar sounds, but he is interested in those questions which influence the individual or the society. The present measure of his refinement is, the sharpness of impressions, with which he produces movement in our feelings and thoughts.

Ethics and literature have same goal in view—the difference is only in the method of approach. Ethics endeavours to impress the brain and mind through logic and preaching, while literature has selected the field of ecstasy and feelings. Whatever we observe in life, or whatever we undergo, that experience, and these knocks, reaching our imagination inspire the creation of literature. To the extent the impressions of a poet or a writer are sharp to that very extent will his creations be attractive and exalted in quality. The literature which does not rouse our good taste, does not provide us a spiritual and mental satisfaction, does not produce in us activity, and strength, does not awaken our love for the aesthetic,—which does not produce in us resolution, and the determination to achieve victory over difficulties—is useless today; it does not deserve to be called literature.

In olden days religion controlled society. Religious preachings were the basis of man's spiritual, and moral civilization, and it worked its way through fear or temptation—issues of piety and sin were its weapons.

Now literature has taken over this responsibility and its means is the love for beauty. It tries to awaken this love of beauty in man. There is no such man who is not impressionable to beauty. The creation of a writer is impressive to the extent to which this quality is alive and active in him. Due to his keen observation of nature, and penetrating impressions aesthetic sense becomes so sharp that whatever is ugly, ignoble, and devoid of human qualities becomes intolerable to him. He attacks it

with the full force of words and feelings at his command. It can be said that he is wedded to humaneness, virtue and nobleness. To support and plead for the oppressed, suffering and destitute whether it is an individual or a group is his duty. Society is his court, and he submits his plaint to this court and considers his effort successful if it rouses aesthetic sense, and sense of justice.

Like ordinary lawyers the literary man does not make all sorts of proper and improper claims on behalf of his client. does not exaggerate, does not coin arguments. He knows that he cannot influence the social court by these methods. A change of heart in that court is possible only when you do not even slightly deviate from truth, otherwise the court's conviction about you will be marred and it will give a verdict against you. He writes a story, but keeping the reality in view, he makes a statue, but it is full of movement and expresses feelings too, he observes the human nature very minutely, studies psychology and tries that his characters, at every step, and under all circumstances, behave like men of flesh and blood. Due to his ready sympathy, he reaches these subtle regions of life where man is unable to set foot, because, he is human.

In modern literature the tendency to portray real situations has increased to such an extent that the story of today, does not cross the bounds of the actually possible experiences. Merely this thought does not content us that from the point of view of psychology all characters resemble human beings; but we want this satisfaction that they are actually human beings, and the writer has depicted their lives and characters according to the existing possibilities, because we have no faith in men produced by imagination, and we are not impressed by their thoughts and deeds. We should be assured that what the writer has created is based on actual

experiences, and he himself is speaking with their tongues.

That is why some critics have called literature, the psychological life of the writer.

An incident does not influence all the people in a similar manner. Everyone has a different mental make up, and a different outlook. Literary skill lies in the fact that from whatever point of view and with whatever mental conception the writer perceives a thing the reader should come to concur with him. This is his success. Beside this, we expect from a writer that with his vast knowledge, and the expanse of his thought, he should awaken us, and broaden our view, and mental sphere. His perception should be so fine so deep, and so wide that we derive spiritual pleasure, and strength from his productions.

Whatever the stage of reformation in a man, in him is always present the inspiration for going towards an improved state. The weaknesses we have, are sticking to us like afflictions. As physical health is a natural phenomenon and sickness its contrariant, similarly, moral and mental health is the natural state, and we cannot remain satisfied with moral, and mental degeneration, the same way as, a sickman cannot be satisfied with disease. As, he is always in search of a doctor, similarly we are also all the time anxious to get rid of our weaknesses and to become better persons. That is why we are always seeking seers, and sages, perform religious rites, sit in the company of old and aged, hear lectures of scholars, and study literature.

Our low tastes and our being devoid of the feeling of love are entirely responsible for our weaknesses. How can weaknesses dwell, where there is longing for beauty, and benevolence of love? Love is the spiritual food, its want, or the eating of condemned food gives rise to all weaknesses. The artist produces

in us the aesthetic impressions, and the warmth of love. His one sentence, one word, one gesture, goes deep in our heart in such a way that our conscience is illuminated. But until the artist himself is not filled to the brim and intoxicated with the love of the aesthetic, and his own soul is not illuminated with its light, how can he shed light on us ?

The question is, what is beauty ? Apparently this seems to be a meaningless query ; because in our minds there is no doubt, no uncertainty about beauty. We have seen the sun rise and sunset, the twilight of dawn and dusk, the beautiful fragrant flowers, the sweetly chirping birds, the pleasant rhythmic flow of the rivers the dancing fountains—this is what beauty is.

Why do we feel exhilarated on witnessing these scenes ? Because in them there is the harmony of colour and sound. The balance in the rates of trumpets and their unison are the factors responsible for the attraction of music. Even our creation has been due to the proportionate combination of elements. That is why our soul always remains in the search of equality and harmony. Literature is the embodiment of the artist's spiritual harmony, and harmony creates beauty, does not destroy it. It strengthens in us the feelings of faithfulness, truth, sympathy, justice, and affection. Wherever these feelings are, firmness, and life is there ; where they do not exist there discord, rage repugnance, and selfishness dwell—jealousy, enmity, and death is there. This disharmony and discord are the signs of a life contrary to nature, the same way as disease is the sign of a life lead in contradiction to nature. How is the existence of narrow-mindedness and selfishness possible where there is accord with nature and equality ? When our soul has been reared in the free atmosphere of nature, the germs of meanness and selfishness will automatically die in light and

air. All the mental and emotional ills take birth when one deems apart from nature and lives confined to oneself. Literature makes our life natural, and independent, in other words it is due to it that our mind is purified, and this is its main purpose.

“Progressive Writers' Association,” I think this name is wrong. A literary man or an artist is progressive by nature ; probably, he would not have been a literary person if this was not his nature. He feels a deficiency inside himself, as well as outside. To fulfil this deficiency his soul remains restless. He does not perceive the individual, and the society in those conditions of happiness and freedom in which he wants to see them in his imagination. Because of this, he always feels dissatisfied with the present mental and social conditions. He wants to end such disgusting conditions, so that the world becomes a better place to live and die in. This anguish, and this feeling keep his heart, and brain active. His compassionate heart cannot bear that why should a group of people, bound by the rules, and dogmas of society go on suffering. Why should such material not be collected which can emancipate them from slavery and poverty. The more the restlessness with which he experiences this anguish, the more force and sincerity are lent to his creations. The order and perspective in which he expresses his impressions, is the secret of his artistic skill ; but perhaps the need to lay emphasis on this quality rose because for every technical writer or literary man advance or progress does not donate the same meaning. The situations which are regarded as progressive by one group can be considered as undoubtedly reactionary by another ; therefore a literary person does not want to subordinate his art to any purpose. According to his thinking art only consists in giving expression to his feelings, whatever effect these feelings might exert on the individual or society.

By progress we mean that situation which generates firmness, and the capacity to perform duty; in which we realize our degradation, in which we see that due to what internal and external causes we have reached this condition of death and decline, and strive to remove them.

Such feelings of poetry are meaningless to us which strengthen in our hearts the conviction about the inevitable destructibility of the universe; which fills our hearts with frustration. The love stories, with which the pages of our monthly magazines are filled, are meaningless for us if they do not produce activity and zest in us. If we have related the love story of two young persons, but it either, did not effect our love for beauty, or it has effected it to the extent that we weep at their pangs of separation; in what way has it produced in us any mental activity or an activity connected with pleasure? At one time it might have produced excitement in us, but today it is useless. Today is not the period of thrilling art. Now we require such art, which contains a message for duty. Now we also say with Great Iqbal, "If I am in search of the secret of life, I will not find it anywhere except in struggle—it is a matter of shame for the river to start resting in the ocean. I never sit in the nest for repose—sometimes I am on the branches of flowers, and sometimes on the river bank."

So, in our profession, to give importance to egoism and individual outlook is a thing which leads us to dullness, degradation and carelessness. And such art is not useful for us either, individually, or collectively.

I do not hesitate to say that I also measure art with the rod of usefulness. No doubt, the very purpose of art is to strengthen the aesthetic sense and that is the key to our spiritual happiness. But there is no such mental or spiritual happiness of any

taste, which does not possess a useful aspect. Happiness itself is a potentially useful thing—and from the point of view of usefulness the same thing gives us happiness, and sorrow too. The pink glow on the sky is, no doubt, a beautiful spectacle, but it cannot make us happy on a day in the rainy season. At that time we feel happy only at the sight of the dark clouds spread over the sky. Looking at the flowers makes us happy because we expect fruit from them, we get a spiritual happiness by setting our life in tune with nature because it develops our life and strengthens it. Nature's constitution is growth and evolution, and the feelings, impressions and thoughts which give us happiness are the ones which help this growth and evolution. The artist, by creating beauty makes the situation amicable for evolution.

But beauty also, like other things is not absolute; its position is relative. An object which is the means of pleasure for a wealthy person can be the cause of sorrow for another person. A rich person sitting in his fragrant, musical garden hears the beautiful singing of birds and experiences the happiness of paradise; but another man of wisdom, considers these articles of luxury contemptible things.

Fraternity and equality, culture and love, have been the golden dream of idealists from the very inception of society. Religious reformers made continuous but futile efforts to make this dream come true by means of religious, moral and spiritual bindings. Mahatma Budh, Jesmo Christ, Prophet Mohammad and all other prophets and religious reformers tried to build up equality on the basis of morality; but none attained success, and today the disparity between the rich and the poor has acquired such a cruel form as it had, probably, never done before.

"It is foolish to try again that which has already been tried," according to this saying if we, now, again take support of religion and morality to reach the high aim of equality, we will surely fail. Should we forget this dream considering it to be the creation of excited brains? In that case no ideal will be left for man's progress and completion. Rather than this it is much better that man's very existence be wiped out. The ideal, which we have reared since the beginning of civilization, for which God alone knows, how many sacrifices man has made; for the attainment of which religions were created; the history of all mankind is the history of endeavour to achieve this ideal, regarding it to be most reverend,—an inevitable truth, we have to step into the field of progress. We have to bring into existence such new organization, in which equality is not dependent on moral bindings but acquires a more solid form. Our literature has to keep this ideal in view.

We will have to alter our standards of beauty. Till now its standards were suited to wealth and luxury. Our artist wished to remain tied to the aprone—strings of the rich, his existence was dependent on their appreciation, and the purpose of art was to describe their pleasures, and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, and their conflicts and competitions. His eyes were turned towards palaces, and bungalows. Huts and debris did not claim his attention. He considered them outside the sphere of humanity. If he ever referred to them, it was to laugh at them. The 'villagers' inaccurate pronunciation, or their improper use of idioms, their rustics apparel, and fashions, and their ways and manners, was his permanent material for laughing at. That a villager also possesses heart, and he also has his hopes was beyond the imagination of art.

Art meant and means even now, narrow form.—

worship, word scheme, and novel similes. It has no ideal, no lofty purpose of life,—worship, renunciation, spiritualism, and escaping the world are its most exalted imaginations. According to the opinion of that artist of ours this is the ultimate aim of life. His vision is not so wide that he would see the highest charm of beauty in the struggle of life. He does not accept that it is possible for beauty to exist in starvation and nakedness. For him beauty is, a beautiful woman—not that poor woman, lacking in beauty, who is sweating in the fields, putting her child to sleep on the bare ground near by; he has decided that beauty undoubtedly lies in painted lips, cheeks, and eyebrows—how can it enter her entangled hair, dry parched lips, and withered cheeks.

But this is the fault of a narrow outlook. If his sense of beauty acquires a broader outlook, only than he will be able to perceive that if conceit and cruelty are concealed under painted lips, and cheeks, there is sacrifice, devotion and endurance in shrivelled lips and withered cheeks. Yes, it possesses no fineness, no ostentation, and no delicacy.

Our art is mad with, the love of youth, and it does not know that youth does not consist in reciting poetry with your hand on your bosom, or in crying over the heroin's cruelty, or distressing yourself over her vanity, and her fastidiousness. Youth is the name of idealism, courage, the desire to come face to face with difficulties, and self-sacrifice. It will have to say with Iqbal, "Zabril is no game at all for my mad hands. O, manly courage, why did you not capture God in thy grip."

Or—"Like the waves, the boat of my life is indifferent to the tempest. Do not think that I am seeking a coast in the ocean."

Such a situation will be created when our conception of beauty will become extensive, when the

whole universe will come within its sphere. It will not remain confined to any one-class, its flight will not be limited to the four walls of the garden but will have at its disposal the whole atmosphere surrounding the universe. Then low taste shall not be tolerable to us, then we will girdle our loins for digging its grave. When we will not be ready to tolerate such a state of affairs in which thousands of people are the slaves of a few, then alone will we not be satisfied by creating on paper only, but we will bring into being a constitution which shall not be in contradiction to beauty, good taste, self-respect, and humaneness.

The writer's aim is not to cheer the audience and to provide material for entertainment,—do not degrade him to such a level. He is not even that truth which follows behind patriotism, and politics, but is the torch-bearer who shows the path.

We generally have this complaint that in society there is no place for writers—that is for Indian writers. In civilized countries a literary person is an honoured member of society and the richest men and members of cabinet consider it a matter of pride to meet him; but India continues to be in the state of Middle Ages. If literature has made begging from the rich its main stay and is unaware of those campaigns, disturbances, and revolutions which are going on in the society,—if it laughs and weeps in a self-made world of its own—then there is no injustice in there being no place for it in the world. When there is left no other binding for becoming a writer except inspiration—as, for becoming a saint, there is no need for any sort of education—spiritual elevation is enough, that is why saints have started roaming about from door to door, the same way hundreds of thousands of writers have sprung up.

There is no doubt in the fact that a writer is born he is not made; but in case we can augment

this gift of nature by study and research we can definitely serve literature better. Aristotle and other scholars have also laid down rigorous conditions for developing into a writer; and have laid down principles, and methods for civilizing and educating budding writers mentally, morally, spiritually, and emotionally. But today, in Hindi mere aptitude is considered enough for a writer, he does not need any other preparation. He may be completely unacquainted with politics, sociology, or psychology, and even then he is a literary man.

According to the ideal which has been placed before a literary person these days, the knowledge of all these subjects has become a special part of him and the scope of literature is not limited to egoism or individualism, but it is becoming psychological and social in content. Now, he does not see the individual, as separate from society, but looks at him as a part of society. Not because the individual should rule over the society, and make it an instrument of accomplishing his selfish ends;—as if there is an enmity between him and the society from antiquity, but due to the fact that along with the existence of society his existence is also maintained and drawing apart from society he becomes equal to naught.

Those of us who have received the best education and possess the best mental capacities, have the same proportion of responsibilities also towards the society. We will not regard that top intellectual worth worshipping who after receiving high education on the money of the society uses it for selfish ends. To derive personal profits from society is something which no literary person will ever like. It is the duty of that high intellectual to consider the interest of society deserving more attention than his own gains—he should try to render the maximum profit to society by his education and ability.

Whichever type of literature he might enter—he should have a special knowledge about that and a general acquaintance with all other matters.

If we read the reports of International literary conferences we will find that there is no such economic, social, historical and psychological question which has not been discussed there. And when we come to our own writer we feel ashamed of our ignorance. We think that for literary creation sprightly intellect and sharp pen is enough; but it is this thought which is responsible for our literary degradation. We will have to raise the standard of our literature, so that, it can render a more valuable service to society, by which it can procure that place in society to which it has a right. It can then criticise and analyse every part of life; and we will not have to be content with eating the crumbs on the tables of other languages, but increase our own literary capital.

We should select the subject according to our taste and aptitude and then obtain a thorough command over it. This is indeed a difficult task in the economic conditions we are living to-day but our ideal should remain high. If we cannot reach the top of the mountain, we will at least reach the middle of it, which is much better than keeping on lying on the ground. If our mind is illuminated with the light of love and the ideal of service lies before us, there is no difficulty we cannot conquer. The temple of literature has no place for those who worship glamour and riches.

Here such devotees are required who have accepted, that service is the aim of their lives, who feel for other, and whose hearts are full of love. Respect begets respect. If we serve the society with a sincere heart, honour, prestige and fame will surely come to us. Then why should we worry about honour and prestige? And why

should we feel dejected if we do not get them? The spiritual happiness which comes with service, is our prize—why do we have a longing to show our greatness and to assert ourselves on the society? Why should the desire to live with more comfort than others trouble us? Why should we wish to be counted amongst the rich? We are those soldiers who march with flag in hand; and simple living and high thinking, is the aim of our life. A person, who is a true artist can never be fond of selfish life. He does not require ostentation for his mental satisfaction—he, in fact, despises them. He says with Iqbal "I am independent, and have so much self-respect that the slightest matter of shame is enough to kill me."

Our Association has entered the field of duty with some principles. It does not like literature to remain a slave of wine, and glamour. It claims to make literature a message and a song of action and adventure. It is not much concerned about language. When the ideal is broad, language becomes simple by itself. The beauty of thought can afford to be careless about ornamentation. The writer who wants to please the rich accepts rich style; he who is a writer of the common people writes in popular language. Our purpose is to produce such an atmosphere in the country in which unsophisticated literature can be created and developed.

We want our Associations to be established in all the literary centres, and there regular discourses be held on the various tendencies in literature, essays be read, discussions be organized, and there should be criticism and counter-criticism. Only then will such an atmosphere be built. Then alone will there be the birth of a new epoch in literature.

We want to establish such associations in every province, and in every language, by which this

message can reach everywhere in every language. It will be wrong to think that we are inventing something new. In the hearts of those who want to serve literature the feeling of getting organized is already present. The seeds of this thought have been sowed in every language by nature, and by circumstances and at several places, they have started even sprouting out. To water it and strengthen its aim is our purpose.

We writers lack the will to work. This is a bitter truth ; but we cannot close our eyes to it. The ideal we had so far set for literature required no hard work. Indifference to work was its quality ; because work is often accompanied by prejudice and sectarianism. If a pious man feels conceited of his piety, it is better that instead of being a pious man he should be drunk. There is every chance for a drunk ; but conceited piety is incurable.

Any way, as long as the aim of literature was to provide material for amusement, to lull to sleep by singing lullabys, to relieve the heart by making tears flow, there was no need of any hard work for it. It was a lunatic which entertained others ; but we do not consider literature to be merely an object of entertainment and luxury. We must see to it that our literature possesses these fundamental qualities ; dignified thought, the breath of freedom, beauty and charity of style and clear reflection of life's calm and bustle, the heart of truth. It must give us a goal, it must make us alive, it must make us think. It should not put us to sleep, as any more slumber will mean death.

How do I write a Story !^c

(Once the editor of "Naurange Khayaal" an Urdu magazine of Lahore put this question to the famous story-writers of the country, that how did they write a story ? Prem Chand wrote this short essay in reply.)

My stories are generally based on some observation or experience, in which I introduce some dramatic element. I do not write a story just for relating an incident. I want to depict some philosophical and emotional truth in it. Until I find some such basis my pen does not move. On finding the basis I create my characters. Sometimes I find a plot by studying history. But no incident becomes a story until it expresses some psychological truth.

I cannot write a story until and unless it is fully developed from the beginning to the end in my mind. I develop the characters from this point of view that they should be in accordance with the story. I do not consider it necessary to make an interesting incident the basis of my story. If in a story there is a psychological climax, then it may be related to any incident, I do not care about it. Recently, I have written a story in Hindi which is named "The Queen of Heart." In Mohamadan History I had read an incident about Taimur's life, in which his marriage to Hamida Begam was mentioned. The dramatic aspects of this incident at once struck me. How to produce a climax in history. This became my concern. In her childhood, Hamida Begam had learnt military science from her father, and had also obtained experience in the battle-field. Taimur had slaughtered thousands of Turks. How was a