Sahitya Akademi

OF MASKS AND MEMORIES: AN INTERVIEW WITH KAMALA DAS
Author(s): KAMALA DAS and P.P. RAVEENDRAN
Source: *Indian Literature*, Vol. 36, No. 3 (155), ACCENT ON MALAYALAM FICTION (May-June, 1993), pp. 144-161
Published by: Sahitya Akademi
Stable URL: https://www.jstor.org/stable/23337454
Accessed: 15-12-2018 08:21 UTC

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at https://about.jstor.org/terms

Sahitya Akademi is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *Indian Literature*

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

OF MASKS AND MEMORIES

AN INTERVIEW WITH KAMALA DAS

P.P. RAVEENDRAN

KAMALA Das is not the secluded ivory tower artist that some of her writings might lead one to take her to be. She is a keen observer of the world around her, and is quite alive to the socio-political issues of the day. Her enthusiasm for social work, though a little dampened by the recent bereavement caused by her husband's death, has added a new dimension to her creative personality. She was yet to recover fully from her grief when I met her at her Trivandrum residence on 5 September 1992. She had just returned from Jamaica where she had gone to attend the ACLALS Conference. In this interview we talked about a wide variety of topics ranging from her poetry and fiction to her political views. The Malayalam poet D. Vinayachandran, who accompanied me, was present throughout the interview. The poet Balamani Amma, Kamala Das's mother, sat through part of it. The interview, conducted largely in English, was punctuated by occasional responses in Malayalam. The following text was prepared from the tape-recorded interview that remained incomplete on the first day, picked up and completed the following day. Sherine Upot rendered help in transcribing the interview. Asteriks indicate answers given in Malayalam.

P.P.R. : P.P. Raveendran — What have you been writing recently? Anything you consider really significant?

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

K.D. : Kamala Das — I have written poems during the past few months, but I find them to be of a lower standard. They are less spontaneous, and this is probably because I live here in Trivandrum where society has powerful inhibitions. I feel sometimes that I am like an Egyptian mummy all wrapped up in lint. It is very difficult here for one to feel the taste of freedom. The poetry I write here is a kind of inhibited poetry which I do not appreciate fully. And therefore when I write such a poem I leave it here unpublished, or destroy it.

P.P.R. : Still there must be a few that you would like to see preserved.

K.D. : There is some discovery which I made recently that while I live I cannot write and while I write I cannot live. Either live or write poetry. I cannot do both at the same time. There is no audience here for English poetry.

P.P.R. : But were the circumstances in which you wrote your early poetry totally different?

K.D. : Yes, I lived in cities then. I was forever meeting brilliant people.

P.P.R. : Can you remember the title of your first published poem?

K.D. : I am sorry I cannot. I started writing from my childhood onwards trying to emulate my mother. But of course there are certain poems which are my favourites. One of them is "Composition" and this is the poem which I read everywhere. It is one of my earlier poems, but it is in my eyes near perfect.

P.P.R. : What changes do you as a writer realize to have happened to your poetry from poems like "Composition" to some of your more recent pieces?

K.D. : The recent ones have been actually controlled by reason and logic. So certainly they suffered. They are just poetry written by a lady, and there is no

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

flutter of the wings there. It is a caged bird singing its songs. If you cage a bird its music will not be as good as it was when it was free.

P.P.R. : You often speak of yourself as a self-taught person. Do you think this has affected your writing in any way?

K.D. : I think my talent has become a robust one only because others have not interfered with it. You see, I can foresee many things, know many things without any one telling me. And as you say, for me there has been no teacher at all practically. Some people were sent in as tutors, but they came and went back because I slipped really in mathematics. I had the best tutors in Calcutta. My father could afford them. But they didn't help me. So I never got anything beyond twenty per cent in Arithmetic. Then I stopped studying, or rather, my father felt that I should stop studying and turn to marriage and domesticity. That was a great blessing, because I think education is full of things that are of no use to you in your real life. Education dumps a lot of junk into the minds of people. It is difficult later to throw that junk out and become a clean person. I think I escaped all that, and this definitely has helped me as a writer.

P.P.R. : You mentioned your difficulty with the audience for your poetry. Perhaps you know that you belong to the international group of trans-lingual writers like Milan Kundera, Ngugi Wa Thiong'o or Samuel Beckett who move from one language to another without difficulty. Can you be more specific about the problems you face with the English language?

K.D. : I face problems quite naturally because my knowledge of words is quite inadequate. But all the same, I think I do a good job, considering how limited my vocabulary is in both the languages that I deal with.

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

P.P.R. : Does it mean you have similar problems with Malayalam too?

K.D. : Yes.

P.P.R. : In one of your oft-quoted poems you say that you speak three languages, write in two, dream in one. Which is the one language your dream in? Your mother-tongue, I suppose.

K.D. : I dream in English, I am afraid.

P.P.R. : Let me relate this interesting discovery to another question concerning identity. This is about the two names "Kamla Das" and "Madhavikutty" that you used for your English and Malayalam writings respectively. Again there are fellow-bilingual writers like Isak Dinesen and Fernando Pessoa who adopt similar ploys to keep their language identities separate. How would you respond to this?

K.D. : I think I was compelled to choose a name because I didn't want to embarrass my conservative family. I knew that I was a misfit within my family. I think I practised writing as people practise a secret vice. Like boys going to the bathroom to smoke. Especially, I didn't want to hurt my grandmother who was my favourite human being. And I don't think she knew that I was Madhavikutty till she died.

P.P.R. Browsing through your collections of poetry one would notice a sudden shift from poems of the fifties depicting a lyrical, subjective experience to the poems of a more metaphysical kind of the sixties. Was there any objective reason for this shift?

K.D. : I think I decided then to wear a disguise. That was why I shifted to poems that seemed metaphysical. Because many people used to advise me that I should write about the love between Radha and Krishna and escape criticism from people rather than write about my own affairs, if there were any.

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

I would consider those poems to be the first steps I took towards the safest area. Cowardice. The earlier poetry erupted like prickly heat. I had no control over the flow of words that came on propelled by certain emotions which at that time seemed so real, so vital, so important.

P.P.R. : Talking of disguise, I see that some of the poems are used as epigraphs to *My Story*. Does this imply any kind of continuity between the two?

K.D. : *My Story* was written with a purpose, and was prompted by somebody very close to me.

P.P.R. : Similarly, some of the poems seem to be reworkings of short stories originally written in Malayalam. Or is it the other way around?

K.D. : There are so many complaints that I sell the same stuff as poetry, as story and as essay. But since I am the same person and have got to write of what happens to me I cannot help it. I can only write about my personal experiences, and being versatile, I see poetry in an experience, and then see good prose coming out of the same experience. I just dabble in all these areas, that is all.

P.P.R. : Perhaps for a creative writer the critical distinctions between genres, between the novel and the short story and between the short story and poetry are of no consequence. Have you ever thought about this?

K.D. : Frankly, a writer deals with a world that is supposed to be real and then a world that is only a shadow of this real world. This second world could even be called an unreal world. But unless we live in these two worlds at the same time, simultaneously enjoying the fruits of each world, I do not think a writer can progress much. The strength that you get from this imaginary world, this shadowy world,

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

this dream world, can be utilised when working in the other world. You can add on to the experiences of the other world with this. It's like an alloy. Like adding alloy to make the metal strong. I think that's most necessary. Every writer will have a split personality. Every writer with talent is abnormal, because talent itself is an abnormality. Therefore when you try to measure a person who is abnormal with a measuring yard used for measuring a normal person you are being unfair to that talented person. A creative person has more needs—more emotional needs—than a well-adjusted person. If I feel that my life is inadequate in some areas, I try to fill that—I try to perfect my life by adding things which may not really have happened. But for me they are real—they have happened. That is why sitting here in this armchair I can still write of murders or of brothels. Many people come here and ask me whether I've ever been to a brothel to write about brothels. My answer is no. One does not have to visit brothels to write about them. We often hear people talking about adding fantasy to reality. Reality is very drab. It is as drab as white Khaddar.

P.P.R. : Perhaps you could explain this relationship between reality and fantasy with reference to some of your poems. The series of poems called the "Anamalai Poems" for example. Could you tell us about the generative context of these poems?

K.D. : These poems were written at Anamalai. Frankly, they were not written at all, but were leisurely spoken into a tape-recorder kept near my bed. I was at that time recuperating after the depression I picked up in the wake of the parliamentary elections I contested and lost in 1984. That upset me a great deal because one month's campaign went behind that defeat. Walking in the sun, getting up at five and going around and getting back at midnight and all that ruined my health. My mental health too. I

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

became very depressed. As depressed as anyone losing a dear one would feel. At that time my sister took me to her Anamalai home in the mountains in Tamil Nadu. She said I had lost my voice totally with all the speeches I'd made in the street corners and slums. She kept the tape-recorder near my bed and said I could go on talking into that if I were sleepless. And I whispered into that. In the morning she would get her secretary to come and type it. These are the "Anamalai Poems." They are so real, you know. They are full of the pain that I felt. They are slightly indisciplined in their craft because it was midnight or past midnight when I spoke them into the recorder.

P.P.R. : How many of them did you write?

K.D. : Twenty seven, I think.

P.P.R. : Not all are published, I suppose.

K.D. : I think about fifteen or twenty of them appeared in the Sahitya Akademi's journal. And a few are included in my recent 'Bodhi' collection. But I don't normally read them because they are too near the nerve. They are all so different from the earlier poems when I fell in love, you know, and shone, and blazed like the sun. They are all so different.

P.P.R. : On the contrary, I believe these poems have some connection with your earlier writings. One of your very early stories in Malayalam named "Malancherivukalil", written in the fifties, is located in a similar area of imaginative experience. An obsession with loneliness is common to both.

K.D. : At that time I had a minor surgery done on me and I landed in a hospital. Dr. Shirodkar's hospital. I suppose I was full of fear then. I imagined that there was a ghost around talking to me. That was how that story came up. Part of it is real, part of it made up. I used to believe in ghosts.

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

P.P.R. : Your Colombo poems would provide another instance of life getting transmuted into art.

K.D. : Colombo I had to write because I was there those two years when things were going wrong. I had watched people being killed so that those poems had to be written, certainly, and that was the time when I felt that I must write about what I saw around me. I'm also a chronicler. A writer is not merely a lyrical poet, but is a chronicler of events that happen around her. I was a witness to the event when a neighbour was done to death.

P.P.R. : Speaking of connections again, what is the relation between your short stories in Malayalam and English? Are short stories in English translations of stories orginally written in Malayalam? The stories included in the Sterling collection, for example.

K.D. : Some of them were originally written in English. "Padmavati the Harlot" was first written in English and then translated into Malayalam. Others were translated from Malayalam mostly by myself. I prefer to be my own translator. I am a good translator.

P.P.R. : Have you translated anything else?

*K.D. : I have recently translated several lines of the Malayalam folk song "Unniyarcha" at the request of Dr. Ayyappa Paniker for the Sahitya Akademi.

P.P.R. : And how did you enjoy translating "Unniyarcha"?

*K.D. : You see, I have certain firm views about translation. I don't go in for a word-to-word translation. I always try to retain the spirit of the original in translation. That is why I am against long footnotes and things like that which some people use in translation. A translation should reflect the moral fibre of a people. That is why I refuse to translate anything in which Kerala heroes are presented in poor light.

P.P.R. : I suppose you have made some translations of your

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

mother's poetry into English. What has been your experience with them?

K.D. : Translating my mother's poetry is easy. But I find it difficult to translate people who do not give me the freedom to reconstruct the work because without adding a little or subtracting a few lines I wouldn't be able to manage. I wouldn't be able to make it a finished work because I find in most regional literature certain inadequacies that come with the writer being a little bit too pompous to be a success. Because there are posturings which do not appeal to me. I would like a writer to be as honest as he or she can be.

P.P.R. : They are transcreations then, rather than translations.

K.D. : More or less. Because if I were to attempt a literal translation I do not think the project will be fit for an international market today.

P.P.R. : Coming back to your short stories in Malayalam, what is their exact relation to your poetry? I ask this because it is often pointed out that a good many of your short stories are poetic and lyrical. Would you too rate your short stories thus?

K.D. : Perhaps, yes. Partly because my blood group dictates my creation. I won't be able to change the style of my work or my personality.

P.P.R. : Does this also dictate your preference for the short story form over the novel? Because I see that you have not made many attempts at writing novels and the few that you have written like *Manasi*—

K.D. : It is a long story.

P.P.R. : It has not been particularly successful either, I suppose.

K.D. : Not financially at least. Because I don't think the

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

novel is a form that will adjust to my way of writing. And therefore I don't write a novella unless I'm in need of money.

P.P.R. : Have you noticed that many of your short stories, your lyrical stories and fantasies apart, are direct translations of real-life experiences? Stories like "Prabhatham", "Kurup" and "Vakeel Ammaman" seem to be taken directly out of your personal past. In fact they do not seem to be much different from the accounts you give in your childhood reminiscences, *Balyakala Smaranakal* (Memories of Childhood). Alternatively, *Balyakala Smaranakal* can be read as a collection of short stories. How will you explain this?

K.D. : *Balyakala Smaranakal* is an experiment I undertook. I wanted each piece in it to stand apart as a short story and yet I wanted the truth to be told, as far as I could remember it. I have used dialogue which I heard years ago and I have retained the rustic flavour. I have a very good memory. Some of us in the Nalapat family possess a great memory. I suppose I can boast a bit. When I experience something, I remember the colours, the dialogue, the sound and its texture without any difficulty. I had a friend called Dr. Ramanlal Patel, a very fine gentlement, a psychiatrist, in Bombay. A well-known person. He used to talk to me about the cases that he had handled without disclosing the names. He told me once that he would be sending half-cured people to me as he thought, now, all they needed was my love. So some of these younger ones would come to me. They were mainly girls and I would just hold their hands and sit there and let them talk and then turn them to writing poetry or to painting. Which worked in their cases. So Ramanlal told me once, Kamala, you experiment, you have a remarkable memory. You try to go back into your life, towards your childhood and try to remember

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

things. Try to remember things which may be lying forgotten now. It is possible to pick them out. Perhaps you will be able to hypnotize yourself into becoming a stronger person by this. So this was precisely what I did. Like meditation. Close the doors of a room, make it dark, lie on a bed and try to go inward. So you see from 1992 I would go to 1991 and like that. And suddenly it occurred to me that I could get snatches of dialogue locked in years ago and this helped me to write *Balyakala Smaranakal.* It is a pure experiment. I don't think such an experiment has taken place in any other language. So I turned each of them into a vignette that can stand apart. Yet the whole thing possesses continuity. After that I tried *Varshangalku Mumbu* (Years ago) and *Neermathalam Pootha Kalam* (When the Pomegranate Bloomed) and I hoped that the three would fit into one volume. It was an experiment that succeeded. It is too soon now to say whether the audience liked the book, but give it some time. I think every product, even a literary product, is like food that is cooked. You must let it cool before you eat it. So let it cool and may be in fifty years' time it will be considered to be a good product of the 1980's.

P.P.R. : Would you consider these books metafictional? Especially because in the contemporary literary scene fiction is fast becoming metafictional?

K.D. : There is no fiction in *Balyakala Smaranakal* and *Neermathalam Pootha Kalam.* It is all real. You have most of the characters still alive, although very old, and it will be very easy to ask them. People like Amma, and many old relations.

P.P.R. : However that might be, I find the language of these books absolutely fascinating. Have you ever given any conscious thought to the language of your fiction? And to the question of fictional language in

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

general?

K.D. : I firmly believe that our language needs a change. Dont't keep it as it was years and years ago. English has added on so much.

P.P.R. : It is actually the duty of creative writers to bring about such changes.

*K.D. : Absolutely. I'll tell you what I've to say about this. You see Kuttikrishna Marar, though he was grammer-oriented, was for a simple language. On the other hand Panmana Ramachandran Nair argues for grammatical rigour. If I tried to write in Panmana's language my stories will fall flat on the readers. As I said I didn't have any formal education, yet I was able to write stories. How did I come to understand the mechanism of writing? Not by studying any formal grammar. Good, simple language comes to us quite naturally. As it came to my mother's uncle, whose *Pavangal* (translation of *Les Miserables*) is very easy to read. We should have the courage to use clean, unadorned language in our writing. Our thoughts too will then be right. I always prefer to see near-naked women rather than overdressed women. Look at some of our *bharatanatyam* dancers. They are overdressed with a lot of jewellery and gliter. This overdressing seems to be characteristic of our writing today. We have to change this. What we need is not the extravagance of the *bharatanatyam* dancer, but the simplicity of the ballet dancer. We must try to bring in such simplicity to our language. Use less rhetoric. Whittle your language down to the essentials. Let its kernel come out. We should be able to produce such literature in the future. That is why I have my doubts about the novel form. The reign of the novel is over. The age of producing voluminous works is past.

P.P.R. : That may not be entirely true, I fear. Because in the

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

West some of the novelists associated with what is called the post-modernist tradition are still producing huge, voluminous works.

*K.D. : That might be so. But we have no reason to ape the West. Yes, this view is quite widespread. There are some people who tell me that now it is time I produced a big masterpiece. A magnum opus. Implying that all that I've written so far—poems and stories—are not sufficiently long. If I write a huge book may be I'll get many awards. But that is not in my nature. I'm quite satisfied with what I've written. I'm perhaps moving in the opposite direction. Moving toward the kernel. My greatest wish is to adorn Malayalam with a work that represent the quintessential spirit of the language. I am trying to direct my creative energy to move in that direction.

P.P.R. : Has your distrust of the novel form got anything to do with your criticism of Indian English writers, especially the novelists?

K.D. : Indian English writers generally carry off the commonwealth award because they write disparagingly of what happens in India. And I have a suspicion that such awards are meant for people who show us often in poor light. For example, Salman Rushdie. There was such a big furore over the banning of his book in India. I certainly believe that the book was to be banned. In that controversy I was certainly on the other side. Not on Khomeini's side, because I am a vegetarian and I don't want anyone killed. I have been often asked by interviewers from India and outside India what I thought of the Rushdie affair. On my list of priorities peace would come first, and literature only second. I would not mind if all the writings that have been produced in this world would one day get burnt if it can ensure peace. The ultimate aim of literature and art must be to establish peace on this earth.

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

P.P.R. : You had mentioned the relationship between creative energy and maternal instinct. Could you elaborate on this?

K.D. : The mother instinct has always been there. Because I was always a maternal kind of person knowing only how to mother. The feelings of a mother are very strong in me. There is no doubt about that. So much so I end up mothering even those who do me harm.

P.P.R. : Will you relate your story "Unni" to this instinct?

K.D. : In "Unni" I just imagined, you know, if a man died, in what form he would come back to the woman who had loved him. Would it be in the same form as she had first seen him? I just wove a story along those lines.

P.P.R. : What about the series of stories including "Rajavinte Premabhajanam?" (The King's Beloved)

K.D. : They were intended as a sort of feminist writing. How woman is reduced to the status of a mechanical toy because of her capacity to live—this was what I tried to explore in those stories. It is this emotion that makes woman a slave. Some women of course enjoy it, I mean, living their lives in slavish submission to another person. I wrote that series of stories only to explore if ever such a woman would gain freedom in the end. And she does gain her freedom in the end—in "The Old Playhouse." And she has never looked back after that.

P.P.R. : Don't you think this attitude in the stories lays them open to the charge of a psychological fear of freedom? Escape from freedom?

K.D. : Escape from love—the traps of love. This was something I desired very much to escape from. This love. It is a terrible feeling. Like being bound in by an unbreakable eggshell. I know that I must come out

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

of it alive. And there seemed to be no way out. But at the same time it's also a comfortable situation, because there is safety in it. Nevertheless I got fed up with it all and decided to discard safety in favour of freedom, if it would be possible, and see what would happen in those stories. In real life, however, I have not been as successful in this endeavour. Always my husband was there by my side. Ours was not merely a man-woman relationship. It was more akin to the bond between the protector and the protected.

P.P.R. : In spite of the feminist concerns that can be read off or read into your stories and poems many of your statements are quite critical of feminism.

K.D. : I'll tell you something. Feminism as the westerns see it is different from the feminism I sense within myself. Western feminism is an anti-male stance. I can never hate the male because I have loved my husband and I still love my children, who are sons. And I think from masculine company I have derived a lot of happiness. So I will never be able to hate them. Most of the feminists I met outside the country were lesbians—out and out lesbians. I do not think I'm lesbian. I tried to find out. I experiment with everything. I tried to find out if I were a lesbian, if I could respond to a woman. I failed. I must speak the truth. I believe that we must abandon a thing if it has no moral foundation whether it be a belief, a political system or a religious system.

P.P.R. : Religious system? Why are you opposed to religion?

K.D. : I'm talking of institutional religion. I have always felt that religions, political systems and ideas have all become redundant today. They have crossed their expiry date. And they have become poisonous to the consumer. Now if you practise a religion which is out of date, certainly it's going to destroy

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

your soul. What I say is that worship should be made very private. I certainly believe that religion, that is, public practice of religions, should be legislated away. As religions are man-made—which is obvious—let man legislate them away. Remove them from the scene for a change. For I think perhaps they have become too venomous for peace. And if you let religions revive themselves—and that's precisely what is happening these day all over the world—I think we shall all suffer. It will be a holocaust worse than the nuclear holocaust.

K.D. : Aren't you aware of the political implications of this statement?

K.D. : I do not fear the politicians. They can do what they can with me. But I'm not talking about individuals. I'm talking about systems. Now if you try to promote a system that is out of date it will corrode your soul. You will become unclean. Only a thing which is new, or which has been repaired, or which has been recycled is all right. Even recycling I would allow, but if it cannot be repaired at all, abandon it. Even if it's only a belief, abandon it. Now Russia, they abandoned their moral foundations and they felt they have lost everything. This is a fact. You know Gorbachev, he mentioned Leninism to spread his programme of reforms. But what happened was that his programme actually undid Leninism. This is what we also do in our country in the name of Gandhiji. We go on mentioning Gandhiji, even as we reject his principles. What Gorbachev did I think was foolish. He hoped to bring a revolution from above. But no revolutions come from above. Ony vultures come from above. You know everything should come from the earth. Something healthy should have roots on the earth, roots into the earth.

P.P.R. : Does this compel you to redefine your philosophy of love?

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms

K.D. : Ah yes. I can love everybody. But only in small doses. It's a fact. If I were asked to love the mad beggar who came and made a scene in the morning I may try very hard to love him but with very little success.

P.P.R. : In the light of all this, what shape do you foresee for your future writings?

K.D. : At times like this when the country is facing a very serious crisis and we are on the edge of a precipice economically, politically and culturally, I think we should not think of producing plays or novels or poetry. I think we'll have to do better than that. We'll have to agitate for justice, and for sanity. This because there is an obvious lack of sanity in the economic circles, the banking circles and the government circles. And unless the public do not advise the government or show their displeasure right now, we are in for a more serious crisis.

This content downloaded from 117.240.50.232 on Sat, 15 Dec 2018 08:21:48 UTC
All use subject to https://about.jstor.org/terms