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**The Cultural Genealogy of ‘Bharat Mata’ and Mothers in Gandhian Discourse:  
A Reading of Raja Rao’s *Kanthapura* and Doodhnath Singh’s “Mai ka Shokgeet”**

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*Abstract*

This paper proposes to interrogate the cultural genealogy of Bharat Mata and the posited connection of the anthropomorphic image with the accent on women’s participation in the Gandhian movement in terms of the fictional, textual space of Raja Rao’s *Kanthapura* and Doodhnath Singh’s long short story, “Mai Ka Shokgeet.” Both the texts offer a serious, sustained engagement with the idea of women’s assimilation and participation in the Gandhian nationalist movement, and indeed stage this engagement in terms of how it is practiced in everyday lives of ordinary women.

The Gandhian movement is credited with being the most participatory and inclusive mass movement. Records suggest that the kind of participation of women it ensured in the public domain remains unparalleled. Part of the reason for this overwhelming participation may perhaps have to do with not only how Gandhian discourse effectively played upon the iconic symbol of Bharat Mata /Mother India: this had been successfully done in various preceding as well as parallel nationalist/ revivalist movements. None of the other movements, however, correlated Bharat Mata with the lives of ordinary mothers as effectively. In the Gandhian framework, not only were women expected to participate in the struggle to free Bharat Mata; their collective participation was held out as the promise as well as proof of their own emancipation.

This paper, shall examine how, in these texts Bharat Mata gets established in a reinvented myth as a besieged deity; and why, therefore, her devoted son Gandhi must be assisted in every way possible. The paper shall attempt to understand how this myth circulates, negotiates resistance and gains currency. How at the outset, it is presented as an intervention in known lores, which requires interpretation of a knowledgeable insider in order to be accessed by an entire community or group. The interpretation, of course, is inevitably geared at inspiring women listeners to enlist in Gandhi’s ‘army’. Interestingly, these women, in the very act of accepting this conscription—which is a radically changing experience for them—often turn the Gandhian agenda into something radically different as well. Eventually, the pursuit of the Gandhian promise of emancipation is transformative, though not necessarily as desired. These leading faith keepers of Mother India (who incidentally are almost never mothers), manage to come good even when the Gandhian dream does not.

**Keywords:** Gandhian Movement, Bharat Mata, Culture, Mother, Emancipation

This paper attempts to interrogate the cultural genealogy of Bharat Mata and the posited connection of the anthropomorphic Bharatmata with women's participation in the Gandhian movement. The aforementioned interrogation is to be attempted in terms of a reading of Raja Rao's *Kanthapura* and Doodhnath Singh's short story, "Mai ka Shokgeet". Both the texts offer a serious, sustained engagement with the idea of women's assimilation and participation in the Gandhian nationalist movement, and indeed stage this engagement in terms of how it is practiced in everyday lives of ordinary women.

The Gandhian movement is credited with being the most participatory and inclusive mass movement and records suggest that the kind of participation of women it ensured in the public domain remains unparalleled. Part of the reason for this overwhelming participation may perhaps have to do with how Gandhian discourse effectively plays upon the iconic symbol of Bharat Mata (which is successfully reinvented in various preceding as well as parallel nationalist/ revivalist movements), and correlates it to the lives of ordinary mothers. In the Gandhian framework, not only are women expected to participate in the struggle to free Bharat Mata; their collective participation is held out as the promise as well as proof of their own emancipation.

This paper shall, one, trace the trajectory of the cultural genealogy of Bharat Mata. Two, it shall examine how in the texts mentioned above, Bharat Mata gets established in a reinvented myth as a besieged deity; and why, therefore, her devoted son Gandhi must be assisted in whichever way possible. The paper shall attempt to understand how this myth takes hold, negotiates resistance and gains currency. How at the outset, it is presented as an intervention in known lores, which requires interpretation by a knowledgeable insider in order to be accessed by an entire community or group. The interpretation, of course, is inevitably geared at inspiring women listeners to enlist in Gandhi's 'army'. Interestingly, women, in the very act of accepting this conscription—which is a radically changing experience for them—often turn the Gandhian agenda into something radically different as well. Eventually, the pursuit of the Gandhian promise of emancipation is transformative, though not necessarily as desired. These leading flag bearers of Mother India (who incidentally are almost never mothers in the textual space), manage to come good even when the Gandhian dream does not.

The invocation of Bharat Mata in modern times emerges with the idea of nationalistic revival in late 18<sup>th</sup> century. This invocation has its obvious political potency, precisely because it is a reinvention of a symbol from the classical cultural Hindu order, and therefore, as Tanika Sarkar ((“The Birth of a Goddess: Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya’s *Anandmath, Rebels, Wives, Saints*) points out, has this always already there-ness about it, even though it is a more complex hybrid amalgam than it might seem.<sup>i</sup> So this reinvention not only remains entrenched in the Hindu religious framework, its glorious genealogy gets traced back to several references to Janmabhumi Bharat Mata in ancient verses including Valmiki’s *Ramayana*.<sup>ii</sup> It is, however, crucial to remember that an entire amalgam of diverse identities across traditions goes into constituting the unique icon that is Bharat Mata, in the moment of the nationalist revival. This reinvented icon is made to negotiate several identities, at once classical and modern, mythical and contemporary, religious as well as political.

The default preliminary aggregator Wikipedia puts together a rather interesting set of details on Bharat Mata. Kiran Chandra Bandopadhyay’s play *Bharat Mata* is first performed in 1873. Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyay in *Anandmath* (1883) deals with Bharat Mata and introduces the hymn *Vande Mataram*, which becomes the awakening song for the freedom struggle and then goes on to become the national song. Abanindranath Tagore, the painter, portrays Bharat Mata as a four-armed goddess wearing saffron coloured robes, holding a book, paddy, a garland and a white cloth. In 1936 a Bharat Mata temple is built in Benaras by Shiv Prasad Gupt, and it is inaugurated by Mahatma Gandhi. Interestingly, this temple has a huge relief map of the Indian subcontinent showing all its rivers, mountains and pilgrimages. Gandhi endorses it as a secular, cosmopolitan platform for all religions, castes and creeds. Dedicated shrines to Bharat Mata come up in Vrindavan and Daulatabad. As late as 1983, a Bharat Mata temple comes up at Hardwar, where Mata is shown holding a milk urn in one hand and bunch of grain in the other (for perhaps a political expediency of a different order all together, but that is another matter).<sup>iii</sup>

Sadan Jha in his article “The Life and Times of Bharat Mata”<sup>iv</sup> traces the genealogy of the figure of Bharat Mata within the nineteenth century to a satirical piece titled *Unabimsa Purana* ('The Nineteenth Purana'), by Bhudeb Mukhopadhyay, which first appears anonymously in 1866. He points out to the essentially Aryan character of Bharat Mata in

this text. Jha then draws the reader's attention to the image of the dispossessed motherland found in Kiran Chandra Bandyopadhyay's play, *Bharat Mata*, first performed in 1873, a play which as per him, is influential in casting the nationalist memory in its early phase. Hereafter, with Bankim, this image evolves to being more of a Goddess, at once more abstract as well as more empowered than that of a dispossessed and vulnerable mortal mother figure. Jha traces yet another stage in the deity's evolution with the arrival of revolutionaries like Bhagat Singh and his generation on the political horizon, when Bharat Mata is yet again humanized, into a housewife and mother figure, and somewhat relegated to the domestic background with the role to inspire rather than participate directly. The Gandhian movement locates the deity within the familial threshold and indeed seeks to turn women within homes into keepers of the deity.

Of course, it is possible to see these transformations not necessarily as linear, but as a proliferation of discourses along a single axis, with inflections that go back and forth to produce desired results. The axis here is a viable idea of India as a 'nation', which is imperative to the nationalist sentiments, and to which the entire amalgam of Bharat Mata is perfectly suitable. This anthropomorphic image, capable of being mapped onto the cartographic one, is perhaps one of the happiest political inventions of its times.

This abstract, anthropomorphic image, which corresponds to a concrete cartographic reality, needs to be understood in terms of its operative logic, which anticipates and manages to contain all things varied and irreconcilable. There occurs a simultaneous deification and concretization of this icon, which for all its apparent irreconcilability, is indeed a useful tool entirely in sync with the emergent political ethos of the times.

Sadan Jha also draws attention also to the fact that from Tagore to Coomarswami's treatment, to RSS calendars, there has been a celebration of the nation's female body and of her citizens' male gaze.<sup>v</sup> This male gaze generally masquerades as the male anxiety to protect the mother in question: Bharat Mata, when dispossessed and destitute, needs her sons to salvage her. Jha points out to this recurring trope in Kiran Chandra Bandyopadhyay's *Bharat Mata*; Coomarswami's "Bharat Mata" and Phanishwarnath Renu's *Maila Anchal*. Bharat Mata, he points out, thus is a veritable many-armed goddess, a competent mother figure who can nurture and inspire her citizens, but only at the level of abstraction. The

problematics of the formulation are perhaps best articulated in terms of the polemical positioning of Bankim's *Anandmath* and Rabindranath Tagore's *The Home and the World*. Bankim at the very beginning of the nationalist fervour, with his militant outlook, straightaway deifies Bharat Mata in *Anandmath* as the iconic Shakti, Kali and the mighty Durga. For him, Mother India is clearly Hindu, and equally clearly, sanctioned by divine providence as such. The extent of deification, here as elsewhere, is inversely proportional to the significance accorded to real women in the text, and there cannot be any room for contending voices. Real mothers wean the sons of the motherland away from her service and so must be got rid off. Kalyani, a young mother must die, because reverence to Mother India is an absolute creed.<sup>vi</sup> Tagore's *The Home and the World* engages extensively with the iconic symbol and its overwhelming appeal. It plays out the ultimate seduction of the icon in terms of Bimala's succumbing to the notion of being the deity's manifestation. Tagore obviously is critical of this casting of nation as a deity. He points to the dangers of the fervent aggrandization surrounding it, which has no space for either critical distance or carefully considered action.<sup>vii</sup> Yet, one bizarre commonality that both these texts share despite their contrary approach to the deified Mother India is that they have little or no space for mortal mothers. Mothers just don't seem to fit into this entire scheme of significance of the by and large male enterprise of deification.

Within the Gandhian discourse, however, the scenario seems different. Gandhi's assimilative politics requires that women come within its fold and contribute to the movement. Madhu Kishwar in *Gandhi and Women* points out how women's inclusion in the Gandhian movement is neither accidental nor unpremeditated. Gandhi from his experience of women's participation in the agitation against the Black Act in South Africa in 1913, is convinced that women are indeed the ideal candidates for *Satyagraha* which requires not necessarily book learning, but "the stout heart" that comes from "suffering and faith."<sup>viii</sup> Moreover, they are integral to the whole movement which depends upon integrating the basic familial unit within its fold. The *Swadeshi* movement, for instance, could be effectively practiced only with the support of women agreeing to spin *khadi* and ensuring the boycott of foreign cloth. Women are also better suited to actions like the picketing of toddy booths, since they also have a personal interest in keeping their drinking men folk away from such booths. Finally, even during the salt marches, (Kishwar asserts),

women are of tremendous strategic importance as people who take over the resistance movement while men court arrests.<sup>ix</sup>

The concept of Gandhi's army with its women soldiers gains popularity. Of course, this idea is strategically imperative for a political movement to carry itself forward, in which several workers routinely court arrests. Mala Khullar identifies 1930s through 1947 as the years which mark women's entry into the nationalist struggle for freedom. Bharat Mata is still invoked as a deity of the order of Lakshmi, Saraswati and Parwati, but now there are analogies drawn between mothers in general and Mother Goddess to emphasize the roles of caring and nurturing that women are expected to play in the familial as well as public space. Sarojini Naidu, Khullar observes, becomes a principal figure in articulating this idea, and in a sense through her personal example makes it seem possible.<sup>x</sup> A new model for womanhood emerged here, emphasizing values of duty, tolerance and self-sacrifice, like Sita.<sup>xi</sup>

To an extent the Gandhian reworking of the model of Indian womanhood and its relationship with Mother India proves to be a success: women join the struggle in droves. So much so that encyclopedias listing important women in Indian history, have more significant entries for these seventeen odd years than they have for the preceding seventeen hundred.<sup>xii</sup>

The question then is whether, this ideal, which quickly gained currency as well as active support, actually does hold out an emancipatory promise for women – especially mothers, (the haloed category as they are) – given the fact that before and after the freedom movement, women do not get to command the same kind of presence in the public space.<sup>xiii</sup>

Raja Rao's *Kanthapura* and Doodhnath Singh's "Mai ka Shokgeet" are two texts, (among others), which offer a serious and sustained enactment of the Gandhian version of the Bharat Mata trope. These texts clearly differ in their approach to their subject matter, but are united in one aspect, a feature they also share with Tagore's *The Home and the World* and with Bankim's *Anandmath*: there is no space for real mothers in any of these texts.

*Kanthapura* (1938) stages the trajectory of the Gandhian movement from the Swadeshi campaign to the civil disobedience movement in the small village of Kanthapura. One of the women of the *Sevika Sangh*, Gandhi's footsoldiers, Achakka narrates the rise, fall and end of Kanthapura. Kanthapura is completely entrenched in feudal, agrarian, casteist structures. It is reasonably impervious to outside influence – from the red sahib of the

Skeffington coffee estate, to the coolies, to Bade` Khan, the policeman, - no one is welcome here. So, the only way space for dialogue can be created here is by insiders. Moorthy is this kind, pious Brahmin lad, and so people like him. His being a Gandhian is completely incidental. The notion of piety, that too Hindu piety is important here. The strategies Moorthy puts to use to raise the Sevika Sangh for the Mahatma are familiar Gandhian ones. He invokes the well-entrenched Hindu cultural practices, and inserts Gandhi's nationalist struggle into it by means of analogies, parallels and a successful recasting of familiar mythology. *Harikatha* criss-crosses and merges with Gandhi's story and eventually Gandhi the Mahatma comes to occupy a niche of reverence usually reserved for Gods. The transformation is not achieved without problems. Moorthy is declared outcaste by a swamy, and his mother Narsamma, unable to cope with the fear of ostracization, dies. The Gandhian ideal is met with considerable resistance, as expected, in the highly stratified, casteist, village social order, but gradually it wins converts after Moorthy. For the women who embrace Gandhi's call, it isn't easy either. From accepting a radically transformed *Harikatha* to working for Gandhi, negotiating the claims of domesticity, which obviously cannot be bypassed; these women put a lot on the line. Initially they wonder, if they can manage all of it, but by the time the movement catches up, they forget everything to remain in it. Mahatma is now God's chosen one, and they are with him. During the civil disobedience movement, in an instance when they picket the local toddy booth, these women are surrounded by police forces and subjected to all sorts of humiliation and brutality. They bravely bear them as passively as they are told to, thinking of police beatings as their husbands' beatings, which they bear unflinchingly. The women take over the struggle here, when men court arrests, as per the plan.

The entire civil disobedience movement in Kanthapura is ultimately carried forward by women, led by Ratna a young widow and Rangamma an aging widow: both without any children of their own, nor families to answer to. The Gandhian movement takes over Kanthapura and destroys it. Towards the end, even Moorthy, is reported to be all set to espouse the Nehruvian ideal, turning away from the all things Gandhian, including the wreck of Kanthapura. The women, however, stay true to Gandhi, even as homeless, village-less refugees sheltered by distant kin in other towns and villages, while Kanthapura remains nothing more than the stuff of lore and narratives, quite like the *Harikatha* of yore.

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Now who is this Bharat Mata?

You'll be a fool your whole life! You don't know Bharat Mata?

If you're so well instructed, you tell me. Who is Bharat Mata?

Quiet ... Bharat Mata means Bharat Mata.<sup>xiv</sup>

Doodhnath Singh's "Mai ka Shokgeet" (Mother's Dirge) is of a different order altogether. It deals directly with the iconic Bharat Mata, and recasts the icon as per its own imagination, steeped in ignorance, myth and indigenous lore most unapologetically: the informed version is never made available to it. This text is also a lot less charitable in its assessment of the projected ideal of womanhood, and does not end in any kind of truce however temporary: it is war here. This text calls the bluff of the women centered rhetoric of nationalism, as well as of women's place in it, registering its protest most firmly, as it refuses to be duped any further.

The narrative spins along with gusto indicating the sheer level of reverence Gandhi commands in the general estimation of this simple village. And ironically, also reveals, how totally bookish and entirely disjunct Gandhian rhetoric can be from the lived reality of common village women. So much so that the Gandhian ideal ends up being a horrifying parody of itself.

The protagonist here is Ganga Mai, now old, but once a self-styled Gandhian. She has no children: being part of '*Ganhi's[sic] fauj*' is a luxury quite unavailable to mothers, or even wives, but she is a special case. Her husband has just about given up on her. So when she does abandon him on her jaunts to jail or ashram, all he does is to throw his arms up in despair and plead with the almighty for his deliverance, since it is difficult for him to manage without food and provisions.

Ganga Mai is a Gandhian with a difference, she is a 'jogan' for the Mahatma. She doesn't particularly care about what Gandhi says – she must do exactly what he does. So, if he calls for a campaign to make salt, she does so, but then when she learns that he is jailed, she contrives to land in jail too.

In an early episode in the story, Ganga mai goes to the village police station and makes salt there, raising the war cry of "*Ganhi baba ki jai*" while she is at it. The inspector steps out, sees her, says, "*Ganga Mai ki jai*", puts her on a patrolling jeep, drives her about a kilometer out of the village and leaves her there to trudge back on her own. This is when she writes to the ashram about how she too is making salt. She gets a reply congratulating her, and



informing her about Gandhi's imprisonment. If Gandhi is in prison, so must she be. She is at it immediately. She goes back to the police station, starts making salt, and this time when the inspector comes to get her, she thrusts burning embers from her fire into his moustache. She gets jailed for it. She writes back to the ashram: "*Hum bhi jail kaat rahe hain.*" (I too am serving jail).

After her jail escapade, Ganga Mai visits Sabarmati ashram, and stays there for a while, cooking meals for *Gandhi ji* and *Ba*. Eventually, she is sent back home with express instructions to put together *Gandhi's fauj* to drive away the white demon besieging Bharat Mata. Ganga mai's recruitment procedure is similar to Moorthy's in *Kanthapura*. Bharat Mata is explained as the venerable but aging and weakened deity held captive in a cave by a humungous white demon. The mythographic insertion is inevitable. *Ganhi's fauj* is supposed to help set her free. Not everyone buys into this argument, and the text does not ever abandon its sense of ambivalent realism, unlike *Kanthapura*, where eventually for the believers in the cause, Gandhi's *katha* becomes a subject of as much fervour and veneration as *Harikatha* itself.

Ganga Mai nonetheless persists and goes from house to house, trying to enlist women for *Ganhi's fauj*. On one such recruiting mission, Ganga Mai finds herself at Mosafir Singh's house. Kaniya, his wife hears her out, but is not impressed. The battered wife that she is, she wants herself salvaged first. So far as she is concerned, she is in bondage to her husband who beats her almost routinely. To her, her own liberation comes first, Bharat Mata can wait. Ganga Mai promises help but backs off, realizing that messing with Mosafir Singh will only make things worse.

Meanwhile, young Gayatri alias Sonchariya, comes to the village on deputation from Sabarmati ashram to assist Ganga Mai with the campaign. The spirited young campaigner that she is, she quickly endears herself to Ganga Mai as well as other women in the village. She seamlessly blends into the community, helping the women with their chores and children, eating with them and living with them. She gathers them every afternoon to talk about Gandhi's movement. Kaniya's plight is a tricky challenge for her too, but in her inexperience and zeal for justice, she rises to it. She confronts Mosafir Singh, who refuses to talk to her, since she is a *parai stree*, literally, another's woman. She rails and rails and he leaves the house. He returns later and thrashes his wife. Outraged, Gayatri leads a group

of women to Musafir Singh's house. They tie him and hang him upside down, and Kaniya thrashes him for a change. So much for non-violence. The outfall of this bravado is not entirely unanticipated: all these women are thrashed by their husbands in turn and *Ganhi's fauj* is broken up. It does not stop there either. Musafir Singh avenges his dishonour by hacking Gayatri to pieces.

The Gandhian campaign stands completely derailed the moment women mistake it to be a means of empowering themselves, since the campaign obviously seeks women to willingly and quietly self-destruct after the fashion of say, Kanthapura's *sevikas*. The disjunction between the public and the private domains is clearly obvious here, ever so embarrassingly, since the thrust of the movement's rhetoric rests on the claim to bridge the two.

The Sabarmati ashram is seriously displeased. In a letter, Ganga Mai is reprimanded for lack of discretion in allowing Gayatri to resort to violence in a case which is necessarily domestic and thereby beyond the jurisdiction of a public trial. Interference in the domestic domain is deemed to be a serious enough instigation, and Gayatri's murder, which is the consequence of it, is glossed over in terms of some senseless cause and effect logic. Ganga Mai thus loses her surrogate daughter, comrade and friend, and all that *Ganhiji's* letter from the ashram has to offer is two minutes of silence in prayer for Gayatri. Ganga Mai wonders how two minutes are enough to tide over one's grief: but then the ways of the great *Ganhiji* are a mystery to her and she does not hope to understand them all. She, however, does understand the injustice of the ashram's demand that she undertakes a penance for inciting young Gayatri to such foolhardiness. Ganga Mai squarely refuses this penance for her soul, claiming that she is no longer human, nor in possession of her soul anymore. Her final words are: "*hum dayan ho gaye hain. Hum koi paschatap nahin kerenge.*" (I have become a witch. I shall not do any penance).

The 'Bharatmata' ideal thus stands completely rejected: it is instead replaced by the worst cultural stereotype of destructive, demonical femininity: the flesh eating 'dayen'. Ganga Mai's rejection of the Gandhian ideal is as unrelenting as her earlier zeal for it. Bharatmata, she comes to understand is a self-validating notion which eventually has no place for either her aspirations or her loss. She would much rather be a 'dayen' than give up her right to grieve.

The fictional space, thus, offers a nuanced interrogation of the Bharatmata trope and the attendant Gandhian discourse. The mythography around Bharatmata is one thing, and couched as it is in the fantastical, hyperbolic narratives of deification; all that it requires is some adjustment at the level of belief. However, when within the Gandhian discourse this deified mother-figure comes to constitute a category of aspiration, it throws open possibilities of all kinds of readings. The supposedly ignorant but well-meaning village women are seen to negotiate their own roles in the Gandhian movement in terms of actual day to day practices that are based on a solemnly deliberate (mis)reading of the Gandhian agenda.

Both the texts in their different ways play out the radical transformation and indictment of the Gandhian model as it is espoused by illiterate, ignorant village women. As avowed converts, they inadvertently expose the utterly destructive seduction of the Gandhian ideal for women. The Gandhian model uses them and then discards them, as it were; for while it does build their roles into its own functions in a fairly enduring (if sporadic) way; it does not bear responsibility towards them in any sustained way. At best it offers a slice of heroism (in the case of Kanthapura's *sevikas*) which comes at the cost of home, hearth, family and their habitat; indeed, the very lives they know as their own. Instead of all that it claims, all that it offers is a moment of a haloed but fragile stasis of kinship support and shelter in the extended community. At worst (as in "Mai Ka Shok Geet"), the long-distance Gandhian leadership offers nothing except for its supposed principled apathy in the face of a bizarre honour killing; and thereby becomes a silent consenter of the crime. Its assumed theoretical distance from the matrices of social violence is highly problematic.

Tellingly, the Gandhian model stands defeated in these narratives, not in terms of any alternate polemical logic, which would be inadmissible almost by definition; but by revealing the utter untenability of its avowed positions as they are carried to their logical conclusions. The unraveling of the myth of the intrinsic value and merit of the Gandhian campaign, comes fittingly at the hands of its own naïve and gullible women foot-soldiers; and given that they have little more than their own intrinsic worth and merit and integrity to get by; it is by no means an insignificant achievement.

#### Notes

<sup>i</sup>Tanika Sarkar in "The Birth of a Goddess: Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya's *Anandmath*", *Rebels, Wives, Saints* p. 193

<sup>ii</sup>[www.wikipedia.org/bharatmata htm](http://www.wikipedia.org/bharatmata htm)

<sup>iii</sup>ibid

<sup>iv</sup> [www.indiatogether.org/manushi/issue142/bharat htm](http://www.indiatogether.org/manushi/issue142/bharat htm)

<sup>v</sup>ibid

<sup>vi</sup>Ref. to Bhavan's discourse on Mother India in Bankimchandra Chattopadhyaya's *AnandMath*

<sup>vii</sup>Cf. Nikhil's response to Sandip's position on the nation as deity where Nikhil seeks to explain the dangers of ascribing complete authority to an imaginary deity in "Sandip's Story" in *The Home and the World* p.93

<sup>viii</sup>Gandhi as quoted by Madhu Kishwar in *Gandhi and Women* p. 13

<sup>ix</sup>Ibid., p. 14-22

<sup>x</sup>Malla Khullar's Introduction in *Writing the Women's Movement: A Reader*, p. 6.

<sup>xi</sup>Maria Mies as referred to in Malla Khullar's Introduction, p. 7.

<sup>xii</sup>Cf. *Women in Indian History* by T.P. Saxena and *Encyclopedia of Eminent Women in India*, ed. S.R.Bakshi

<sup>xiii</sup>efernce to Vina Mazumdar's CSWI report *Towards Equality* in Malla Khullar. Op.cit., p.10.

<sup>xiv</sup>From Doodhnath Singh's "Mai ka Shokgeet", p. 77.

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