

SATYAMEVA JAYATE (TRUTH ALONE TRIUMPHS)



was presented by Agni Kootthu (Theatre of Fire) on Sat 1 and Sun 2 Aug 2009
at The Substation Theatre, The Substation,
with support from the Lee Foundation and the Arts Fund.
The performance was given an Arts Entertainment Licence with a
Rating and Advisory: R18 (Controversial Historical Interpretation)
by the Media Development Authority (MDA) of Singapore.

Performed by

Ahamed Ali Khan : Mahatma Gandhi
Hemang Yadav : Nathuram Godse

Lighting / Sound / Set Design : Elangovan
Production & Stage Manager

Written and directed by Elangovan

Mahatma Gandhi, the messiah of peace is the pioneer and perfecter of Satyagraha - the resistance of tyranny through mass civil disobedience. On 30 Jan 1948, at 5.10 pm, Gandhi leaves his room at the Birla House. He walks briskly to the prayer ground. Gandhi greets the waiting crowd. Nathuram Godse folds his hands and says 'Namaste'. Pushing aside one of the girls walking with Gandhi, he shoots him at pointblank range. Three bullets hit Gandhi. Godse surrenders to the police. He is hanged till dead at Ambala Prison on 15 November 1949. Godse's defence was not allowed to be publicized by the Indian government for more than 50 years. According to Justice Gopal Das Khosla, one of Godse's judges, who did play a role in convicting him: "... the audience was visibly and audibly moved. There was a deep silence when he ceased speaking. Many women were in tears and men were coughing and searching for their

handkerchiefs. I have, however, no doubt that had the audience on that day been constituted into a jury and entrusted with the task of deciding Godse's appeal, they would have brought in a verdict of 'not guilty' by an overwhelming majority." Both Gandhi and Godse believed in TRUTH. But they took different roads to truth. Is Godse really the mad Hindu fanatic as portrayed by the establishment that sentenced him to death? Both Gandhi and Godse meet in "Trishanku's heaven". [Trishanku's heaven is a mythological world created by sage Viswamitra for mortal king Trishanku who wanted to go to heaven. The immortals refused to accept Trishanku and he was marooned between earth and heaven for eternity.] They debate about their preferred modes of 'speaking truth to power' - Ahimsa (Non-violence) and Himsa (Violence). Godse's memoryscapes contest the official truths of the Gandhian era to reclaim history. Godse's gun that he had used to kill Gandhi is on the table with one bullet left. Both are forced to play Russian-roulette as only then they will be liberated from the stalemate position in Trishanku's heaven. Their cross-examinations of each other exhume the nature of tyranny in our lives, and examine the relevance of peace and love to survive as human beings in this violent world. But a bullet is fired to seal the glaring discrepancies in the mythifications.

Excerpt from Satyameva Jayate:-

MG: *[Takes the gun. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

NG: Gandhi is Indian Congress Party. Indian Congress Party is Gandhi. Isn't it ridiculous that your Indian, Congress was founded by a white-man, Alan Hume, a British civil-servant in 1885?

MG: The British were shaken by the 1857 Indian Mutiny. They wanted to establish a loyal base of Indians to support their rule. So under the pretext of giving more political representation to Indians, they appointed mostly liberal and pro-British Indians in the Indian Congress. Then more nationalistic Indians joined and it became troublesome for the British. These nationalists were mostly educated Indian elites and from the middle class. They had no ground support from the masses. Then three Indian Nationalists, Bipin Chandra Pal, Lala Lajpat Rai and Bal Ganghadhar Tilak took Indian Nationalism from the elite Congress to the poor masses. Their brand of militant nationalism spread like wild fire. It was detrimental to the British. They arrested Tilak and Lalaji and Bipin Pal and replaced them with the more moderate Gopalakrishna Gokhale as Congress president. *[Laughs.]*

NG: Gokhale visited South Africa and was impressed with your work there. Upon his death you were invited by the British and made the Congress president. The British preferred your soft approach. So you did not build the Congress. It was

already there on a platter for you. You did not introduce the concepts of non-violence, civil-disobedience, boycott of British goods first. They were already being practiced by the Congress. You were a domineering character. You did not tolerate any alternative view which was different from yours. You did not support the plans of other militants who also fought for independence. The British were glad to have you on their side. In a way, you worked for the enemy. Aren't you a traitor?

MG: Hey Ram! The militants like Bhagat Singh, Chandra Shekar Azad, Veer Savarkar and Subash Chandra Bose espoused violence. I object to violence because when it appears to do good, the good is only temporary, the evil it does is permanent. I then believed that the British Empire existed for the welfare of the world. A genuine sense of loyalty prevented me from even wishing ill to the Empire. It would be a calamity to break that connection between the British people and the people of India. Satyagraha was not to hurt British and should never hurt the British. I had also assured the British that I would never adopt violent means against the British Empire and protection of British Raj was necessary for the interest of Swaraj (Home rule).

NG: But you also said that it is better to be violent, if there is violence in our hearts, than to put on the cloak of non-violence to cover impotence. Do you remember the incident at Chauri Chaura, a village in Gorakhpur which had joined in non-cooperation without the direct guidance of Congress committees.

MG: The villagers protested at the local bazaar against liquor sales and high food prices. It was a peaceful non-violent protest. Unfortunately, the police arrested and beat up the volunteer leader Bhagwan Amit. The people came to the police station to protest. The police opened fire. The crowd burnt down the police station. Twenty-two policemen died inside. I immediately called off the entire non-cooperation movement. I did not consult the other Congress leaders. The British courts sentenced 172 of the 225 Chauri Chaura accused to death.

NG: There was no protest from you Gandhiji. Those naive people believed in your call for civil-disobedience. They had given up government jobs, children had left schools, students had boycotted colleges thinking their sacrifice would gain freedom for their country. They were all left in the streets without any future. You were not bothered about their losses. You were only angry that they resorted to violence. You could have called off the civil-disobedience movement. You could have reprimanded those responsible for the violence. But by remaining silent you destroyed the lives of thousands of selfless people.

MG: My non-violence was inspired by a genuine sense of non-injury, according to the Hindu dictate *Ahimsa paramo dharma* (non-violence is the highest principle).

NG: You advocated blind adherence to Non-violence even if it caused terrible harm. Millions of Hindus were massacred, raped, maimed, tortured by Muslims during

the creation of Pakistan. And your message to the Hindus who managed to escape from Pakistan, on 23rd September 1947 was ...

MG: I asked them why all of them came to Delhi. Why they did not die there? I still hold on to the belief one should stick to the place where we happen to live even if we are cruelly treated and even killed. Let us die if the people kill us; but we should die bravely with the name of God on our tongue. Even if our men are killed, why should we feel angry with anybody, you should realise that even if they are killed they have had a good and proper end.

NG: So it is evident that you, Gandhiji wanted to follow non-violence even if it caused harm. Non-injury was not your motto, but blind adherence to non-violence was your motto. You didn't care about removing violence from others. You wanted to observe non-violence for yourself. That itself is a violence of the Satyagrahi because he does not care for the pressure which he brings on others. True Ahimsa - non-violence is a state of mind. It is not about physical or external action or avoidance of action. So you are basically a spineless self-centred coward. A COWARD CAN NEVER BE MORAL.

MG: I said that. Those are my words. You have taken my life and now you take my words.

NG: *[Takes the gun. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

Since the year 1920, that is, after the demise of Lokamanya Tilak, Gandhiji's influence in the Congress first increased and then became supreme. His activities for public awakening were phenomenal in their intensity and were reinforced by the slogan of truth and non-violence, which he paraded ostentatiously before the country. No sensible or enlightened person could object to those slogans. In fact there is nothing new or original in them. They are implicit in every constitutional public movement. But it is nothing but a mere dream if you imagine that the bulk of mankind is, or can ever become, capable of scrupulous adherence to these lofty principles in its normal life from day to day.

In fact, honour, duty and love of one's own kith and kin and country might often compel us to disregard non-violence and to use force. I could never conceive that an armed resistance to an aggression is unjust. I would consider it a religious and moral duty to resist and, if possible, to overpower such an enemy by use of force. Rama killed Ravana in a tumultuous fight and relieved Sita. Krishna killed Kamsa to end his wickedness; and Arjuna had to fight and slay quite a number of his friends and relations including the revered Bhishma because the latter was on the side of the aggressor. It is my firm belief that in dubbing Rama, Krishna and Arjuna as guilty of violence, the Mahatma betrayed a total ignorance of the springs of human action.

In more recent history, it was the heroic fight put up by Chatrapati Shivaji that first checked and eventually destroyed the Muslim tyranny in India. It was absolutely essential for Shivaji to overpower and kill an aggressive Afzal Khan, failing which he would have lost his own life. In condemning history's towering warriors like Shivaji, Rana Pratap and Guru Gobind Singh as misguided patriots, Gandhiji has merely exposed his self-conceit. He was, paradoxical, as it may appear, a violent pacifist who brought untold calamities on the country in the name of truth and non-violence, while Rana Pratap, Shivaji and the Guru will remain enshrined in the hearts of their countrymen forever for the freedom they brought to them.

The accumulating provocation of thirty-two years, culminating in his last pro-Muslim fast, at last goaded me to the conclusion that the existence of Gandhi should be brought to an end immediately. Gandhi had done very well in South Africa to uphold the rights and well being of the Indian community there. But when he finally returned to India he developed a subjective mentality under which he alone was to be the final judge of what was right or wrong. If the country wanted his leadership, it had to accept his infallibility; if it did not, he would stand aloof from the Congress and carry on his own way. Against such an attitude there can be no halfway house. Either Congress had to surrender its will to his and had to be content with playing second fiddle to all his eccentricity, whimsicality, metaphysics and primitive vision, or it had to carry on without him.

He alone was the Judge of everyone and everything; he was the master brain guiding the civil disobedience movement; no other could know the technique of that movement. He alone knew when to begin and when to withdraw it. The movement might succeed or fail, it might bring untold disaster and political reverses but that could make no difference to the Mahatma's infallibility. 'A Satyagrahi can never fail' was his formula for declaring his own infallibility and nobody except himself knew what a Satyagrahi is.

Thus, the Mahatma became the judge and jury in his own cause. These childish insanities and obstinacies, coupled with a most severe austerity of life, ceaseless work and lofty character made Gandhi formidable and irresistible. Many people thought that his politics were irrational but they had either to withdraw from the Congress or place their intelligence at his feet to do with, as he liked. In a position of such absolute irresponsibility Gandhi was guilty of blunder after blunder, failure after failure, disaster after disaster.

MG: *[Takes the gun. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

NG: When your father Karamchand was dying you were having sex with your wife Kasturba in another room of the same house. You are such a highly sensual man. But you took a vow to observe lifelong Brahmacharya, celibacy to remain a Brahmachari for the rest of your life in 1906. You were only 37. Were you tired

of .Kasturba, your illiterate wife because she couldn't give you intellectual pleasure? But what about all those well-bred and cultured high-society women who always surrounded you? You came back to India in 1915 and started the Sabarmati Ashram. Did those women sleep naked with you in your Ashram in the name of experimentation with Brahmacharya or sexual perversion?

MG: Experiment with truth. I had claimed openly that I was an *Ardhanariswar* - half man and half woman, like Lord Shiva and was devoid of any carnal desire. I felt I was the mother of all and so I treated every women of the Ashram as either my mother or a sister. My goal was to become a perfect Brahmachari and I listened only to the command of my inner voice or God. So all my deeds were sacred. I observed my celibacy in thought, word and deed.

NG: Six of them were western women.

MG: Millie Graham Polak - her husband Henry was my good friend in South Africa. The American Nilla Cram Cook - I called her Fallen Daughter because she appeared and disappeared like a whirlwind. Vivacious lady. Madeline Slade - I christened her Mirabehn. British Admiral's daughter. I teased her and played little games with her. She was obsessed with me, but left me for Baba Prithvi Singh and later for the music of Beethoven, her first love. German Jewish Margarate Spiegel was dull, boring and slow-witted but totally in awe of me. I had told her, "I shall love you in spite of your faults." Danish missionary Esther Faering had an intense personal relationship. I treated her like my favourite daughter. Sonja Schlesin was my personal secretary in South Africa ... the best secretary I ever had.

NG: [*Angrily*] Who were the Indian women?

MG: Poet Saraladevi Chaudhurani, the niece of poet Rabindranath Tagore. She was my only true infatuation. I had recorded in my diary that she was one exemption to physical passion in my entire life. The whirlwind romance lasted for barely two years and I had admitted that the relationship went up to sexuality. Prabhavati Devi, the wife of distinguished socialist leader Jaiprakash Narayan. She was a married Brahmacharini all her life. She was torn between her husband and myself but she chose me. She was so obsessed with me that she would not tolerate separation from me even for a single day. She would become hysterical and would remain unconscious for hours together. Kanchan Shah, defiant girl unlike her husband Munnalal who was submissive. Bibi Amutussalam, the proud Rajputani from Patiala - crazy daughter. I sent her to the Sind province to persuade Pir Pagaro to end communal riots. She had frequent bouts of depression. Premabehn Kankat, the field marshal of my Gandhian army. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the Kapurthala princess who had a remarkable degree of rapport with me. Sushila Nayyar, my personal physician who would insist on taking her bath with me at the same time. Manu Gandhi, my grand niece who is the youngest and most lovable of my woman associates. All these women were my sisters and daughters.

Ba (Kastuba) was my Dharmic wife, She substituted for my mother Putlibai. I was deeply influenced by my mother. I tried to look for her image in every women I met.

NG: Your naked display of sex created an uproar in the ashram. You practiced double standard. You declared strict law for renunciation of women for other male members. But you slept naked with several women, all naked, every night.

MG: Hey Ram! I was trying to overcome my sexual sense. After my arrest on 30 November 1907 in South Africa, I was placed in a Transvaal Jail. There were Kaffirs (blacks) and Chinese criminals in the same cell. I watched a Chinese and a Kaffir uncovering each other's genitals and playing with each other. One night, I had to stay awake to protect myself from homosexual rape. The sexual sense is the hardest to overcome in my case. It has been an incessant struggle. It is for me a miracle how I have survived it. I am a highly tactile person. I found physical touch irresistible. But there is no lust in it. When the renowned feminist Margaret Sanger interviewed me in 1936, she said, "He has an unusual light that shines in his face, that circles around his head and neck like a mist with white sails of a ship coming through. It lasted only a few seconds but it is there."

NG: Are you saying that the ritual of young women sleeping with you is simply an exercise to obtain the Nirvana state of perfect Brahmacharya? Weren't you sexually excited? Weren't you?

MG: Yes. I have written in my letter to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur: "One who never has any lustful intention, who by constant attendance upon God has become proof against conscious or unconscious omissions, who is capable of lying naked with naked women, however beautiful they may be, without being in any manner whatsoever sexually excited. Such a person should be incapable of lying, incapable of intending or doing harm to a single man or woman in the whole world, is free from anger and malice and detached in the sense of the Bhagavad Gita. Such a person is a full Brahmachari." I have also written to my son Manilal: "If at this moment, I get enamoured of Ba, my wife, and indulge in sexual gratification, I would fall the very instant. My work would go to the dogs and I would lose in a twinkling all that power which would enable one to achieve Swaraj (home rule). My relation with Ba is that of a brother and sister, and the fame I have is due to it. I cannot imagine a thing as ugly as the intercourse between man and woman."

NG: Though you were compelled to stop your sexual activities for a time being, you resumed it in the name of experiments on celibacy and sleeping naked with several naked women on the same bed. At first, you and your women shared the same room but slept on different beds. But later you and your naked women companions started to share the same bed. And you said that lying with so many naked women kept you warm and the practice was a type of naturopathy for your feeble body. Who would know what you did in your privacy? Your grand holy

image would have sealed everyone's lips. It is your word against all the exploited women who have merely become footnotes in your history.

MG: Mind you, I had no private life in my ashrams at Sabarmati and Sevagram. No walls or rooms. My most intimate functions were performed openly. I had my massage practically naked with young girls as my masseurs. While having enema I allowed both men and women to assist me to insert the tube into my anus. Everybody had free access to me in my bath. I do not see women as outlet for biological needs. I see women as my mother, sisters and daughters. I had a great urge to be a woman, as I had the attributes of great faith, great fortitude, great patience, great tenderness and great sympathy. Celibacy has helped me to transcend the sexes. Don't you know? The great sage Ramakrishna went to the extent of stimulating menstruation by assuming to be a female. He had transcended male passion. My experiments were to assess my success in perfecting celibacy to reach God.

NG: How did you gauge the success?

MG: I considered my experiment a success if, despite such extraordinary provocation, my private part refused to erect.

NG: So no erection means salvation? After Satyagraha, non-violence, sex was your second major subject of your articles and letters. Usually, young boys experience wet dream. When you were in South Africa, you had wet dream at least once a month and surprisingly you had a wet dream in India when you were an old man of 67. Active celibacy means perfect self-control in the presence of the opposite sex. You had admitted until your death that you had failed to get rid of your sexual perversion. You had acknowledged that the experiment was very dangerous indeed, but thought that it was capable of yielding great results. I suspect the women were mesmerised by your charisma and you committed sexual oppression on them. Your victims, being Indian women had no alternative but endure the oppressions silently.

MG: Abha Gandhi slept with me for hardly three nights. Kanchan Shah slept one night only. Abha and Kanchan told me that they had no intention whatsoever of observing Brahmacharya but wished to enjoy the pleasure of sex. I then stopped both from sleeping with me.

NG: What was the bathing arrangement with Dr Sushila Nayyar?

MG: I let Sushila have her bath just when I was having my bath. And I covered myself with her Saree. She bathed behind the bathtub in which I took my bath. While she was bathing I kept my eyes tightly shut. I do not know the manner of her bathing - whether she bathed naked or with her underwear on. I can tell from the sound that she used soap. I have seen no part of her body which everybody there would have not seen. What can be terrible is that she massaged me while I was lying naked.

NG: And this is from Sushila: *[in female voice]* “Gandhi started much earlier. However, at the time he called it ‘nature cure’. Long before Manu came into the picture I used to sleep naked with him just as I would with my mother. He might say my back aches. Put some pressure on it. So I might put some pressure on it or lie down on his back and he might just go to sleep. In the early days there was no question of calling this a brahamacharya experiment. It was just part of nature cure. Later on, when people started asking questions about his physical contact with women, the idea of brahamacharya experiments was developed. Don’t ask me any more questions about brahamacharya experiments. I used to sleep with him because I regarded him as a Hindu god.” *[Giggles.]*

MG: I have worshipped woman as the living embodiment of the spirit of service and sacrifice. I will far rather see the race of man extinct than that we should become less than beasts by making the noblest of God's creation, woman, the object of our lust.

NG: On 17 December 1946, you were staying at Srirampur during your Naokhali visit. Manu was on her way to Srirampur. Sushila was in your hut. At about 3.20 am, your associates heard a cry coming out of your hut. It was forty minutes earlier than the time you would normally get up. Nirmal Bose rushed into your hut. He found you sitting upon your bed reclining against the wall. Your eyes were closed but tears were streaming down your face. Sushila was standing next to you, also in tears. She was trying to talk to you. You did not listen to her. You were angry. You shoved her away with a swift movement of your hand to express displeasure. Nirmal Bose spoke to others staying in the cottages. All of them heard the anguished cry. It was your voice and they also heard two loud slaps given on someone’s body. The cry then sank into a heavy sob. Did you make any sexual advances to Sushila? Did you try to rape an unwilling Sushila? Did she prevent you and cry for help and that made you to scream out of frustration? Or did you want to test whether that act would arouse your sexual passion?

MG: Sushila was against my plan of tour on foot through the villages in the condition of my health. She wanted to accompany me. She told me not to trust my new associates as they knew little about my condition. She was jealous of Manu and insisted on following me. She refused to listen. I did not beat her. I beat my own forehead in frustration.

NG: Really? After making Manu Gandhi, your grand niece your sleeping partner, you wrote to her father
Joysukhlal Gandhi that Manu had started to share your bed so that you may “correct her sleeping posture”.

MG: In March, 1945, I told the press reporters that lying naked with naked Abha and Manu, I had achieved Great success in my experiment on celibacy. Previously, I had carried out similar experiments with my wife Kasturba, but it was a failure.

When I went to Noakhali in December, 1946, Manu Gandhi was my sleeping partner. I used to say that at that time I was immensely benefitted by lying naked with naked Manu. And it helped me to assess the serious problems of Partition and the Hindu-Muslim communal riots and amity. I had also said that I slept with Manu like her mother and Abha and Manu were my walking sticks. Manu sleeping with me is not a part of my experiment but is part of the Yajna (sacrifice) which I wanted to complete during my journey to Naokhali. My mind slept daily in an innocent manner with millions of women, and Manu also, who is a blood relative to me, slept with me as one of those millions. She was my daughter, granddaughter, mother, housemaid, chambermaid, secretary, nurse, dietician and companion. I was her mother.

NG: Acharya Vinoba Bhave, a real brahmachari and the most earnest follower of yours said, "There was no need for Gandhi to experiment with brahmacharya. In case Gandhi was a perfect brahmachari, he did not require his brahmacharya to be tested; and if he was an imperfect brahmachari, he should have avoided the experiments on principle"

MG: If I had wished to be a brahmachari under all circumstances and wanted the women also to be such that was the only way. Spending a night in a woman's embrace without feeling sexual stirrings would demonstrate that you had conquered your carnal impulses to become "God's eunuch." I slept in the Ashram surrounded by women for they felt safe with me in every respect. If I were sexually attracted towards women, I had the courage enough, even at that time of life, to become a polygamist. I did not believe in free love - secret or open. All these women flattered me. Laughed with me. Cajoled me. Endorsed every word I spoke. They were totally besotted with me. They sought my attention all the times. I was a father-figure to them. Some viewed me as their mystical lover. I have not done anything wrong.

NG: Gandhiji, do you remember your favourite three wise monkeys?

MG: Yes. They embody the proverbial principle to 'see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil'. The three monkeys are Mizaru, covering his eyes, who sees no evil; Kikazaru, covering his ears, who hears no evil; and Iwazaru, covering his mouth, who speaks no evil.

NG: There is a fourth monkey called Shizaru. He symbolizes the principle of 'do no evil'.

MG: What does he cover?

NG: His crotch.

NG: *[Takes the gun. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

Gandhi's pro-Muslim policy is blatant in his perverse attitude on the question of the national language of India. It is quite obvious that Hindi has the most prior claim to be accepted as the premier language. In the beginning of his career in India, Gandhi gave a great impetus to Hindi but as he found that the Muslims did not like it, he became a champion of what is called Hindustani. Everybody in India knows that there is no language called Hindustani; it has no grammar; it has no vocabulary. It is a mere dialect; it is spoken, but not written. It is a bastard tongue and crossbreed between Hindi and Urdu, and not even the Mahatma's sophistry could make it popular. But in his desire to please the Muslims he insisted that Hindustani alone should be the national language of India. His blind followers, of course, supported him and the so-called hybrid language came to be used. The charm and purity of the Hindi language was to be prostituted to please the Muslims. All his experiments were at the expense of the Hindus.

From August 1946 onwards the private armies of the Muslim League began a massacre of the Hindus. The then Viceroy, Lord Wavell, though distressed at what was happening, would not use his powers under the Government of India Act of 1935 to prevent the rape, murder and arson. The Hindu blood began to flow from Bengal to Karachi with some retaliation by the Hindus. The Interim Government formed in September was sabotaged by its Muslim League members right from its inception, but the more they became disloyal and treasonable to the government of which they were a part, the greater was Gandhi's infatuation for them. Lord Wavell had to resign as he could not bring about a settlement and he was succeeded by Lord Mountbatten. *[Laughs.]* King Clown was followed by King Eunuch.

The Indian National Congress, which had boasted of its nationalism and socialism, secretly accepted Pakistan literally at the point of the bayonet and abjectly surrendered to Jinnah. India was vivisected and one-third of the Indian territory became foreign land to us from August 15, 1947. Lord Mountbatten came to be described in Congress circles as the greatest Viceroy and Governor-General this country ever had. The official date for handing over power was fixed for 30th June 1948, but Mountbatten with his ruthless surgery gave us a gift of vivisected India ten months in advance. This is what Gandhi had achieved after thirty years of undisputed dictatorship and this is what Congress party calls 'freedom' and 'peaceful transfer of power'. The Hindu-Muslim unity bubble was finally burst and a theocratic state was established with the consent of Nehru and his crowd and they have called 'freedom won by them with sacrifice' – whose sacrifice? When top leaders of Congress, with the consent of Gandhi, divided and tore the country – which we consider a deity of worship – my mind was filled with direful anger.

One of the conditions imposed by Gandhi after his breaking of the fast unto death related to the mosques in Delhi occupied by the Hindu refugees. But when Hindus in Pakistan were subjected to violent attacks he did not so much as utter a single word to protest and censure the Pakistan Government or the Muslims concerned.

Gandhi was shrewd enough to know that while undertaking a fast unto death, had he imposed for its break some condition on the Muslims in Pakistan, there would have been found hardly any Muslims who could have shown some grief if the fast had ended in his death. It was for this reason that he purposely avoided imposing any condition on the Muslims. He was fully aware of from the experience that Jinnah was not at all perturbed or influenced by his fast and the Muslim League hardly attached any value to the inner voice of Gandhi.

MG: *[Takes the gun. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

NG: Muslim appeasement was an inseparable part of your persona and quack doctrine of non-violence. It has caused great harm to Hindus, especially your followers. You were afraid of Muslims because you were attacked by Muslims in South Africa.

MG: The South African government imposed an unjust tax of £3 on every Indian living in South Africa. I had initiated talks with South African government on this matter. The Muslims were not happy about my involvement. I had further irritated them with some of my critical comments on Islam in my speech at a gathering. I had compared Hinduism, Islam and Christianity. On 10th February 1908, a group of Muslims under the leadership of a Pathan called Mir Alam entered my house and beat me mercilessly. I fell on the ground. They kicked me right and left and pummelled with sticks. They also threatened to kill me. From then, I stopped making any critical comment on Muslims as well as on Islam.

NG: Even Dr. B.R. Ambedkar, had commented, “This incident was a milestone in Gandhi’s life and afterwards Gandhi began to overlook even the most heinous crime committed by the Muslims.” On 23 Dec 1926, a Muslim assassin shot Swami Shraddhananda to death, when the Swami was ill and lying on his bed. A few days later, in your speech at the national conference of the Indian National Congress at Gauhati, you addressed the assassin as *Bhai*, brother Abdul Rashid.

MG: Swami Shraddhananda was a Hindu activist of Arya Samaj and he started a *Shuddhi Yajna*, purification ritual to bring the converted Muslims of India back to Hinduism. So, naturally the Muslims detested his activity. A Muslim woman had expressed her desire to return to Hinduism with her children. Her Muslim husband brought an allegation of abduction in the court of law against the Swami. The court dismissed the allegation. The Swami was freed. So, naturally the Muslims were furious. So naturally, brother Abdul Rashid shot him. “Now you will perhaps understand why I have called Abdul Rashid a brother, and I repeat it. I do not even regard him as guilty of Swami’s murder.
[NG laughs.] Guilty indeed are those who excited feeling of hatred against one another. Swami Shraddhananda is responsible for his murder, as he was propagating hatred through his Suddhi Yajna He lived a hero. He died a hero. If a

Hindu falls victim to the knife of a Muslim assassin, the Hindu should consider it a heroic death. **If a Hindu falls victim to the knife of a Muslim assassin, the Hindu should consider it a heroic death.**

NG: On 20th August 1921, a Muslim called Ali Musalir organized the Moplahs in Kerala for the Khilafat agitation and attacked the Hindus. The Moplahs slaughtered the Hindus, looted their properties, set their houses on fire, raped and abducted Hindu women, desecrated Hindu temples and forcefully converted those who wanted to live. The British government declared martial law to bring the situation under control. You have often decried forceful conversion as a terribly violent act. But regarding the forceful conversion by the Moplahs, you were silent. And you had the courage to lie in your periodical Young India that the Moplahs had converted only a single Hindu to Islam.

MG: I described the killing of the innocent Hindus by the Moplahs as a heroic deed. The Moplahs were not guilty of killing the Hindus and, guilty were the Hindus who infuriated and provoked the Moplahs who had had no other option but to kill the Hindus. In addition to that, I asked the Hindus, for the sake of humanity, not to retaliate. There are two types of peace: standing on the grave of your enemy, or sipping a drink with him while solving mutual problems. An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind.

NG: You were against partition and used to say, “Vivisection me, before you vivisection India” in public meetings. But you had expressed the opposite view in writing when the leaders of Muslim League raised the issue of Pakistan as a separate homeland for them.

MG: “Like other group of people in this country, Muslims also have the right of self determination. We are living here as a joint family and hence any member has the right to get separated. If majority of the Muslims of this country maintain that they are a different nation and there is nothing common with the Hindus and other communities, there is no force on the earth that can alter their view.

NG: Your policy of non-violence and Muslim appeasement in the name of secularism had done severe damage to India. Muslim population in undivided India was 23 per cent and this 23 per cent Muslims, got 32 per cent land area as Pakistan. The Muslim League and its leader M.A. Jinnah requested the Indian government an immediate population transfer to send the entire Muslim population of the divided India to Pakistan and bring all Hindus from Pakistan to India.

MG: But I was against the population transfer and said that it was an impractical and fictitious proposal. Lord Mountbatten and Nehru supported the population transfer. But Nehru submitted to my will. Practically, if the population exchange had been carried out, many problems of today would not have arisen. Muslims stayed back in India, while Hindus came back to India as refugees and penniless beggars.

NG: The Muslim squads in Pakistan were well supplied with daggers, swords, spears and even fire-arms. They had bands of stabbers and their auxiliaries, who covered the assailant, ambushed the victims and disposed the bodies. The bands were subsidized by the Muslim League. The assassins were paid cash for the number of Hindus and Sikhs bagged. Women were raped in the presence of their husbands, brothers, fathers and sons. After being raped they were distributed among the Muslims to be kept as concubines or were forcibly married. A large number were carried into the tribal territory, and became untraceable. Children were snatched from the hands of their parents, tossed on spears and swords, and sometimes thrown alive into the fire. Women's breasts, noses and arms were lopped off. Sticks and pieces of iron were thrust into their private parts. The bellies of pregnant women were ripped open and the fetus was thrown out. All these happened at a time when, in India, you undertook your last fast to get better treatment for the Muslims in India.

MG: 15 August 1947. Independence day. The Sikhs in Amritsar slaughtered the male Muslims. The Muslim women were stripped, raped and then paraded naked through the city to the Golden Temple, where their throats were cut. A British officer of the Punjab Boundary Force found four Muslim babies roasted like piglets on spits in a village raided by Sikhs. On both sides, a man's sexual organ became a target. In India, Sikhs and Hindus checked the trains going to Pakistan and slaughtered every circumcised male. In Pakistan, the Muslims blocked every train going to India and slaughtered every uncircumcised male. RSS groups kidnapped a Muslim woman wearing a Burqa. They soaked her in petrol and set her ablaze outside the gate of Nehru's York Road residence. The vultures were so bloated by their feasts that they could not fly. The stray dogs were so choosy that they ate only the livers of the corpses. But the Harijans, Hindu untouchables were spared. In the Pakistan refugee camps, the Sikhs and Hindus complained to their Muslim guards that they were forced to live in filth as there were no untouchable to clean the latrines. In Karachi, the sanitation system collapsed. So the Muslims allowed the untouchables to wear green and white armbands similar to those of the Muslim National Guard for protection from killing squads. *[Laughs]* It has always been a mystery to me how men can feel themselves honoured by the humiliation of their fellow beings.

NG: When the Muslims were slaughtering the innocent Hindus of Punjab, Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel asked the Hindus to defend their lives. But that displeased you and you reproached Patel for his advice. Moreover, anyone who comes across your words of condolence to those refugees at the camps would take you for either a fool or a lunatic.

MG: *[Gets up]* Fool? Lunatic? They should not be afraid of death. After all, the killers will be none other than our Muslim brothers. If all the Punjabis were to die to the last man without killing a single Muslim, Punjab will be immortal. Offer yourselves as nonviolent willing sacrifices. I would kiss the feet of the Muslim violator of the modesty of a Hindu sister. If a Muslim expressed his desire to rape

a Hindu or a Sikh lady, she should never refuse him but cooperate with him. She should lie down like a dead with her tongue in between her teeth. Thus the rapist Muslim will be satisfied soon and sooner he leaves her. My own experience but confirms the opinion that the Mussalman as a rule is a bully, and the Hindu as a rule is a coward. Need the Hindus blame the Mussalman for his cowardice?

NG: You were not moved by the misery of the millions of Hindus and Sikhs who were slaughtered and raped in public and forced to convert to Islam. But you shed tears for the Muslims. Your idea of Hindu-Muslim amity was discriminatory and biased and prejudiced. Hindus should die but never should kill a Muslim. Many used to consider you a more devout Muslim than even the westernized Mohammad Ali Jinnah, who drank whiskey and ate ham daily. No wonder the Muslims said, Gandhi was really a Mohammedan and called you Mohamed Gandhi. Where were you during the Noakhali riots Mahatma Gandhiji? Sorry. Mohamed Gandhiji.

MG: I didn't go to Noakhali when the Hindus were being butchered there. I went there when the bloodshed was over. On the contrary, when the Hindus of Bihar started retaliating the Noakhali killings, I rushed to Bihar to save the Muslims. Due to my extraordinary affection for the Muslims, many used to call me Mohammad Gandhi. Maulana Mohammed Ali had stated: "However pure Mr Gandhi's character may be, he must appear to me, from the point of religion, inferior to any Mussalman even though he be without character." A year later, the Maulana improved upon that statement by saying "Yes, according to my religion and creed, I do hold an adulterous and a fallen Mussalman to be better than Mr Gandhi". *[Laughs]* Morality is contraband in war. The most heinous and most cruel crimes of which history has recorded has been committed under the cover of religion or equally noble motives.

NG: Like Nationalism?

MG: *[Grabs the gun, looks at it for a while and says]* Yes! Nationalism! *[Looks at the gun. Pushes it to Godse.]*

NG: *[Takes the gun from Gandhi. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

Gandhi is being referred to as the Father of the Nation. But if that is so, he had failed his paternal duty inasmuch as he has acted very treacherously to the nation by his consenting to the partitioning of it. I stoutly maintain that Gandhi has failed in his duty. He has proved to be the Father of Pakistan. His inner-voice, his spiritual power and his doctrine of non-violence of which so much is made of, all crumbled before Jinnah's iron will and proved to be powerless.

Briefly speaking, I thought to myself and foresaw I shall be totally ruined, and the only thing I could expect from the people would be nothing but hatred and that I

shall have lost all my honour, even more valuable than my life, if I were to kill Gandhiji. But at the same time I felt that the Indian politics in the absence of Gandhiji would surely be proved practical, able to retaliate, and would be powerful with armed forces. No doubt, my own future would be totally ruined, but the nation would be saved from the inroads of Pakistan. People may even call me and dub me as devoid of any sense or foolish, but the nation would be free to follow the course founded on the reason which I consider to be necessary for sound nation-building.

After having fully considered the question, I took the final decision in the matter, but I did not speak about it to anyone whatsoever. I took courage in both my hands and I did fire the shots at Gandhiji on 30th January 1948, on the prayer-grounds of Birla House.

I do say that my shots were fired at the person whose policy and action had brought rack and ruin and destruction to millions of Hindus. There was no legal machinery by which such an offender could be brought to book and for this reason I fired those fatal shots.

I bear no ill will towards anyone individually but I do say that I had no respect for the present Indian Congress government owing to their policy, which was unfairly favourable towards the Muslims. But at the same time I could clearly see that the policy was entirely due to the presence of Gandhi. I have to say with great regret that Prime Minister Nehru quite forgets that his preachings and deeds are at times at variances with each other when he talks about India as a secular state in season and out of season, because it is significant to note that Nehru has played a leading role in the establishment of the theocratic state of Pakistan, and his job was made easier by Gandhi's persistent policy of appeasement towards the Muslims.

I now stand before the court to accept the full share of my responsibility for what I have done and the judge would, of course, pass against me such orders of sentence as may be considered proper. But I would like to add that I do not desire any mercy to be shown to me, nor do I wish that anyone else should beg for mercy on my behalf. My confidence about the moral side of my action has not been shaken even by the criticism levelled against it on all sides. I have no doubt that honest writers of history will weigh my act and find the true value thereof some day in future.

MG: *[Takes the gun. Puts the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger. No shot. Releases the gun.]*

NG: Gandhiji, you know what your problem is? You wanted to be everything to everyone. *[Gandhi laughs.]* When Tilak died in 1920, you assumed leadership of the Hindus in Congress. In 1921, you tried to enlist the Muslims through the Khilafat Movement. When Dr Ambedkar championed the cause of the untouchables, you coined the term Harijan, 'God's Children' and wanted to

become their leader too. You messed up the partition and inspired the communal riots and your beloved Congress leaders ostracised you. And finally, your Ahimsa did not give independence to India. There were three reasons why India became free. One, the Indian people were determined to gain independence. Two, was the revolt by the Indian Navy. Three, Britain did not want to estrange India, which was a market and source of foodstuffs for her.

MG: *[Laughs]* A weak man is 'just' by accident. A strong but non-violent man is 'unjust' by accident. Is it fair? First they ignore you, then they laugh at you, then they fight you, then you win. Godseji, If I had no sense of humor, I would long ago have committed suicide.

NG: Did you suspect a conspiracy by Nehru and Mountbatten to remove you from the scene? Did both lovers simply wait for your termination? Mountbatten used his wife Edwina's sleeping with Nehru as political capital. Jawaharlal Nehru was a closet homosexual and he consorted with the gay Viceroy of India Lord Mountbatten. There is proof of Nehru's dalliances and sexual proclivities with boys and him dressing up in drag for a soiree in London in his younger days. He was also a Don Juan. Nehru dated both Lady Edwina, and Lord Mountbatten. Their *Ménage à trois* impacted India's independence. Nehru died of tertiary syphilis-aortic aneurysm.

MG: Syphilis? Not heart-attack?

NG: The Indian Congress announced that he had a heart attack to con the people.

MG: They accuse me of sleeping with women. But these guys slept with men. Lucky India.

NG: Lord Mountbatten, a flirtatious gay was attracted to boys in their early teens. This weakness made him vulnerable to the IRA because he needed to slip away from his personal bodyguards to keep dates with such boys. The boys came in contact with IRA men and the IRA blew him up. The founding fathers of India were all pansies. And the Congress persecuted true-blood warriors like Bhagat Singh and Subash Chandra Bose and many other heroes. Satyameva Jayate?

MG: Satyameva Jayate!

NG: Satyameva Jayate?

MG: Satyameva Jayate!

[Both raise their voices and shout Satyameva Jayate at each other.]

NG: Satyameva Jayate, my foot! Patel was the Home Minister and the intelligence had information about my friends days earlier. Why didn't the clowns tighten the

security to protect you? I walked in freely and bumped you off. They wanted you dead for good Mahatma Gandhiji.

MG: Satyameva Jayate. On the day I was killed I had finalized my last will and testament. I had recommended that the Congress Party should be dissolved and converted into a social organization named the Lok Sevak Sangh. Imagine how the politicians would have screamed if it had become a reality. I was a nuisance for Mountbatten, Nehru and Patel because I would have worked for Indo-Pakistan reconciliation. I was totally marginalized in the Congress thanks to my ardent loyalists, Nehru and Patel. I had also planned to settle in Lahore in Pakistan territory with Hindu and Sikh refugees. My plans would have alarmed them. Overall, they had attained sovereignty and power to rule as kings. So they looked the other way when they were cocksure of the assassination of a mendicant like me.

NG: Gandhiji, I have been turned into an epitome of evil. You have been deified as a saint and put on a pedestal and added to the pantheon of mythic figures. Your ashes are still being found in bank vaults and people are elated to scatter your remains in the global seas. My ashes are still being kept by my deceased brother Gopal Godse's family. To be scattered in the river Indus (Sindhu), on the banks of which our pre-historic Rishis composed the Vedas. My ashes may be sunk in the Holy Sindhu river when she will again flow freely under the aegis of the flag of Hindusthan and there is no more PAKISTAN. That will be the sacred day for us. It hardly matters even if it took a couple of generations for realising my wish. Preserve the ashes till then, and if that day would not dawn in your life time, pass on the remains to posterity for translating my desire into reality. You were an impressive moral leader and a flawed politician. I was a truthful patriot and a responsible assassin. I raised your profile by killing you to save you from the disgrace of dying a frustrated old man neglected by the country and Congress leaders. Look at your India. In 1948, after I had shot you, your Indian Congress sponsored the anti-Brahmin riots in Maharashtra in which over 1000 innocent Maharashtrian Brahmins were butchered in a period of five days. Look at your India. On 1 November 1984, after Indira Gandhi's assassination, your Indian Congress members hacked to death 3000 Sikhs and gang-raped their wives and daughters in the streets of Delhi. And the then Prime Minister of India, Rajiv Gandhi could only say, 'When a big tree falls the earth beneath it is bound to shake'. Look at your India. In December 1992, the Babri Masjid was demolished by the 150,000 *karasevaks*, worshippers of your Ragupathy Raghava Rajaram. Look at your birthplace Gujerat Mahatma Gandhiji. In February 2002, 2000 Muslims were horribly killed, raped and burnt to death in the Gothra riots. Look at your India. In April 2009, your Indian Congress helped the Sri Lankan Army to rape, kill and bury alive with bulldozers more than 50,000 Tamils and continue raping the Tamil children and women in the razor-fenced refugee camps in the worst genocide of a race in this century. Look at India, your utopia now. Your India is infiltrated by the American CIA, Pakistan's ISI and the Vatican's Opus Dei today. You could probably write another book, 'My Experiment with Lies' now.

MG: *[Laughs]* Hey Ram! These Indians ... cricket has become their religion and Gandhi has become their mantra, and if they see me now, I bet they will sell their

souls to steal my loincloth to make money. Godseji, I have nothing new to teach the world. Truth and Non-violence are as old as the hills. All I have done is to try experiments in Truth and Non-violence. Let no one say that he is a follower of Gandhi, It is enough that I should be my own follower. You are not followers but fellow students, fellow pilgrims, fellow seekers, fellow workers. You must not lose faith in humanity. Humanity is an ocean; if a few drops of the ocean are dirty, *[he looks at Godse]* if a few drops of the ocean are dirty, the ocean does not become dirty. *[He takes the gun and points it to his temple.]*

NG: Gandiji! You are breaking the rules of this game. It is my turn. *[Godse stretches his hand to take the gun. Gandhi refuses to give the gun and points it at Godse. Godse grabs the gun and both struggle with the gun. The gun is now pointed at the audience. There is a violent struggle.]*

MG: Satyameva Jayate!

NG: It is my turn!

MG: Satyameva Jayate!

NG: It is my turn!

[There is a snap blackout. Sound of gunshot is heard in the darkness. Lights fade-in. Gandhi is on the floor reclining in the posture of Buddha. He opens his eyes. Wakes up and searches for Godse. Godse is missing.]

MG: Godseji! Godseji! Godseji! *[Looks at the swinging gun. Laughs]* Freedom is not worth having if it does not include the freedom to make mistakes.

[He sings Ragupathi raaghava raajaaram. Grabs the swinging gun when he sings eeshvar allah tera naam. Repeats eeshvar allah tera naam and inspects the gun. Suddenly places the nozzle on his temple and pulls the trigger in a frenzy. The gun does not fire. He puts the nozzle into his mouth and pulls the trigger. But the gun does not fire. He sucks the gun and continues pulling the trigger. The gun doesn't fire. He points the gun at the audience and then upward to the heavens and continues singing aloud in a sad tone.]

*Raghupathi raaghava raajaaram,
Pathitha paavana seetharaam
seetharaam, seetharaam,
bhaj pyaare tuu seetharaam
eeshvar allaah tera naam,
sab ko sanmati de bhagavaan*

[Lights fade-out creating a silhouette image of Gandhi with one hand on his hip and the other with the gun pointing to the heaven.]