

Vol. 8, Issue-II (April 2017)

ISSN: 0976-8165

THE CRITERION

An International Journal in English

Bi-monthly, Peer-Reviewed, Open Access eJournal



UGC Approved Journal [Arts and Humanities, Sr. No. 40]

Editor-In-Chief - Dr. Vishwanath Bite

www.the-criterion.com

About Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

Contact Us: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

Editorial Board: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529

Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal

www.galaxyimrj.com

Political Misrepresentation in the Works of Salman Rushdie

Dinesh Kumar
Research Scholar,
Dept. of English & PD,
Lingaya's University, Faridabad (India)
&
Dr. Vidushi Sharma
Head,
Dept. of English & PD,
Lingaya's University, Faridabad (India)

Article History: Submitted-06/04/2017, Revised-26/04/2017, Accepted-29/04/2017, Published-30/04/2017.

Abstract:

Political thought is a disciplined investigation of problems related to the liberty of the individual vis-a-vis the authority of the state. It has been a part of the field now known as 'political culture' and this has been the province of eminent thinkers, philosophers and statesmen who have striven to find out a suitable answer to several inter-related themes and problems hinging on the sphere of state activity. Political thought is quite distinct from literature. But Literature of any age has a very special responsibility to portray the political and social events of the age as indisputably as possible. The postmodern authors take the liberty to present these events as they wish. Salman Rushdie is no exception to it. This paper is an effort to outline the representation and misrepresentation of the political events of Indian subcontinent in the fictional works of Salman Rushdie.

Keywords: Salman Rushdie, misrepresentation, political, Indian subcontinent.

Introduction

"It is impossible to mark a definite period of the beginning in the history of political thought. Its systematic analysis seems to have begun with the ancient Greeks."(Wayper 1) The Greeks had a secular thinking and, as such, religious motives appealed little to them. They did not view the state as a mystic entity or an object of divine origin. Instead, they sought to examine its composition and attributes from a rational point of view.

Plato – the most gifted student of Socrates – lays more emphasis on ethics in politics. According to him, there, "is no distinction, except one of convenience, same for all classes...and these laws of right are primarily laws of personal morality; politics is founded on ethic, not ethics on politics."(Taylor 265)

Aristotle, the talented disciple of Plato, regarded the state as a historical institution. For him “the state is by nature clearly prior to the family.”(Aristotle 120) According to him, man is essentially good, and as such, it is the duty of the state to promote his good qualities.

This notion of state was followed by state as a Divine institution in the Middle Ages. The idealist notion of the state staged a comeback in the 18th and 19th century in the writings of Rousseau, Hegel, and Green etc. Another important development in the history of political thought is the rise and growth of modern nation state. The Second World War is a landmark in the growth of nation-states.

The war, while on one hand, “destroyed Fascism and Nazism, it also initiated the process of national liberation movements in Asia and Africa. As a result, new nations like China, India, Pakistan, Egypt, and Vietnam grew on the world scene.”(Vermani 76) The new concept of nationalism, which became the basis of new states, derived much of the ideology and political theory from the west, but it adopted the theory to its own historical experiences. Its basis was a xenophobic hatred for imperialism. Now, the most important question is; what is the relationship between man and state? Locke, a great philosopher, is in favour of natural rights of man, particularly, the rights of life, liberty and property. Rousseau’s Social Contract prepared the way for a new democratic order. His words, ‘Liberty, Equality and Fraternity’ became a popular slogan; his concept of ‘general will’, empowers the individual to, “submit to none other but himself: obeys and thus remains as free as before.” Thus, liberty and equality can be enjoyed by obeying the general will.

Literature is a social institution, which uses language as a medium for social creation. The primary concern of a work of art is not merely with men but with their relationship with society. Man with his multidimensional relation with society-as a product or victim of it or as a rebel against it, occupies a central position in every work of art. Man, like animals, submits to the rules of society and has the active power to change the form of social life.

For Rushdie, writing is a political act. He explains in *Imaginary Home Land* that “literature can and perhaps must give lie to the official facts.” (Rushdie 4) In his fiction, the presentation of the political characters and narrative wears an obscene look. No doubt, the countries of the Indian subcontinent have gone to dogs, but only in the political matters. Even the British and American political scenes have witnessed bad days. Rushdie easily abandons his sense of belonging to the subcontinent in order to embrace internationalism, which the West is ready to bestow on him if he chooses to negotiate the sub continental or third world realities. He seems to be an aggressive outsider who envisions India only as a nonstop assault on the senses, emotions, imagination and the spirit. He revels in fragmenting, rupturing and subverting the political realities of the countries of the Indian subcontinent. In his fiction, Rushdie seems to propagate a kind of anarchism by being responsible to none-not even to one’s self. As he aptly says, “Instead of quietism, let there be rowdyism.”(99)

Rushdie seems to be offering the sub continental realities to the Western readers in a strange mode of narration, which does not interest an average Indian reader because of his Eurocentricism. He himself points out “literature is self-validating, that is to say a book is not justified by its author’s worthiness to write it, but by the quality of what has been written.”(14)

Rushdie could not anchor his fiction in the meaning because he dissipates his energies violating the meaning, and because of his constant indifference shown to people’s faith, culture, religion and politics, Rushdie invites more controversy than appreciation. His predicament cannot be better summed up than in his own words: “I am a person non grata at Indian institutions. It is puzzling that I should spend my life writing about India and be so unwelcome there”.(Dhillon 105)

In *Midnight’s Children*, Adam Aziz’s story is related to the Indian struggle of independence from JallianwalaBagh to the partition of India. The author, through Saleem Sinai, describes the fateful event of the Jallianwala Massacre by the devil, Dyer on 13th April. It was a big historical event in the entire history of India and associated is with the brutal murder of innocent people. Here, Saleem presents the scene in a comic vein. Here, Dr. Aziz is shown as looking for his ‘doctori’ bag whereas bullets are pouring as rain on innocent people. Blood is seen as ‘Red Stuff’.

He goes on to describe the scene as,

“More and more people seem to have stumbled and fallen on top of my grandfather. He becomes afraid of his back...His nose is jammed against a bottle of red pills. The chattering stops and is replaced by the noises of people and birds. There seems to be no traffic noise whatsoever.”(Rushdie 35)

Thus, the writer distorts history to the extent of parodying it. What was a tragic event for the Indians becomes for Rushdie, a mere fancy work. He then goes on to equate history with halal meat:

“Family history, of course, has its proper dietary laws. One is supposed to swallow and digest only the permitted parts of it, the halal portion of the past, drained of their redness, their blood. Unfortunately, this makes the story less juicy, so I am about to become the first and only member of my family to flout the laws of halal. Letting no blood escape from the body of the tale, I arrive at the unspeakable part; and, undaunted, press on.”(64)

Further, the freedom of the country, the greatest event, is not more than a mere normal event for Rushdie. Moreover, he commits a blunder by giving a statement at the time of India’s independence. He calls it, “a new myth to celebrate, because a nation which had never previously existed was about to win its freedom.”(129) .It seems that he has failed to rise above the Western notion of nations. The sacred civilization of India has been a nation since the days of the Vedas, The Mahabharata and The Ramayana. Saleem’s birth according to Rushdie is the

birth of India. If Saleem is shown to be a bastard, who was not at all important for the whole narrative, what he thinks about India. Is it a bastard nation? Rushdie's motives are poisonous.

Saleem's, startling claims regarding the interrelatedness of his own life with the history of modern India creates a sense of ambiguity and uncertainty. He connects his own adolescence to partition of India and Pakistan, connects the birth of his so-called son to emergency. The exact nature of this connection remains obscure. The self-conscious approach of the writer makes it impossible for the reader to find a single meaning of political thought. By changing the chronology of political events, the reader is diverted from the idea of realism in fiction, and the misrepresentation of political events leads the reader into a maze. Saleem himself recognizes:

“Regarding my work, I have discovered an error in chronology. The assassination of Mahatma Gandhi occurs, in these pages, on the wrong date. But I cannot say, now, what the actual sequence of events might have been, in my India, Gandhi will continue to die at the wrong time. Does this one error invalidate the entire fabric? Am I so far gone, in my desperate need for meaning that I am prepared to distort everything to rewrite the whole history of my times purely in order to place myself in a central role?”(198)

This one error leads to the change in chronological order. This does not matter for Saleem but certainly does for the people of India. Even the biggest political tragedy of Jallianwalabagh is parodied in a mocking manner. After killing the innocent people, Gen. Dyer is quoted: “Good shooting.” Dyer tells his men, “We have done a jolly good thing.” (35). Similarly the event of emergency is highlighted and parodied. Economical, political and social uncertainty compelled the emergency to be imposed. India was slowly treading towards stability. The writer in an exaggerated manner commended the imposition of emergency in the form of childbirth. ‘Parvati the witch’ was in the final stage of pregnancy. The writer presented our then prime minister Smt. Indira Gandhi as pregnant, “...elsewhere the prime minister was giving birth to a child of her own...”(449). Furthermore, the writer engraves that. “the word Emergency was being heard for the first time, and suspension of civil rights and censorship-of-the-press, the arrest of subversive elements.”(499)

Whether this imposition would have been necessary or not to restore the political stability, remains a question, but to heighten the incidents with inserting vulgar details, character assassination, the writer tickles the sting to the reader of the subcontinent. Again, Rushdie charges Indira Gandhi, the then prime minister, of killing her husband. “It has often been said that Mrs. Gandhi's younger son Sanjay accused his mother of being responsible through her neglect, for his father's death.”(502)

This is not the end. In *The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, Rushdie has a dig at Gandhiji when he says: “Sir Darius was a leading advocate of British civilization and opponent of the Congress...Many of his respected colleagues had joined the Independence jhonnies, whose reader, Mr. Gandhi was after all a pretty crafty legal eagle himself.”(149)

Even another novel *Fury* is stuffed with such character assassination: “Like Gandhi performing his brahmacharya “experiments with truth”, when the wives of his friends lay with him at night to enable him to test the mastery of mind over limb, he preserved the outward form of high propriety.”(125)

Further, continuing in the same streak, Rushdie comments:

Solanka’s first book a small volume called *What We Need*, an account of shifting attitudes in European history toward the state-vs. - Individual problem...what came to be called Thatcherism. Professor Solanka, who loathed Margret Thatcher...Thatcherite Conservatism was the counterculture gone wrong: it shared his generation’s mistrust of power.”(24)

Rushdie even does not spare the industrious nature of Indians, when he says:

“Indian Diasporas, One hundred years of servitude. In the eighteen nineties...went as indenturelaborers to work...Now they run the sugarcane production and the economy would fall apart without them, but you know how it is wherever Indians go. People don’t like them – Dey works too hard and dey keeps to deyself and dey acts so dang uppity. Ask anyone. Ask Idi Amin.”(64)

Such allegations smack of politics, not parody. He further supports his point by citing that it is only communalism that is rampant in India. There is no major language, its people are not united by race, religion or culture. However, his argument carries no weight at all. One can ask him about the countries not plagued by these problems. Even in America and some major British and Muslim countries, there are racist wars and struggle inter and intra communal. There is unity in diversity in India and the spirit of nationalism still rules it. When a Leander Paes wins an Olympic bronze medal, the entire country celebrates. When an Azhar scores a century, the entire nation rejoices, and when a Pargat Singh scores a goal, the entire nation is overjoyed. In addition, who can forget the importance of an Abdul Hameed, Asfag Ulla Khan or actors like Yusuf Khan, Noorjehan, or a Shahrukh Khan or an artist like Maqbool Fida Hussain or an Amjad Ali Khan, or scientist cum politician like an Abul J. Kalam. India, does exist because of its plurality and spirituality unity. But Rushdie turns a deaf ear to it.

The writer cannot isolate himself from his surroundings – be it political, social, economical and religious history of the society. Too much of political infiltration delimits the author’s design and the interaction between fictional characters and historical is not amicable as it should be.

In *Shame*, the political history of Pakistan is mocked at in an exaggerated manner; nearly all the major characters are named after the real historical figures, for example, Zia-ul-Haq is General RazaHyder, Z.A. Bhutto is IskanderMirza, Rani Harrappa is Nusrat Bhutto, and ArjumandHarrappa is Benazir Bhutto. But these characters own some funny names, such as Raja Hyder is Rajor Guts, Yahya Khan as Shaggy Dog and Arjumand is ‘Virgin Ironpants’...BilquisHyder is named as Khansi Ki Rani or the Queen of Coughs. The writer

parodies their names and mocks at Jhansi Ki Rani, Laxmi Bai. Infact, Rushdie forgets to notice that Laxmi Bai forced the British to flee her territory. She was a lady of high character and it is not justified to compare her with Bilquis, who is presented as an immoral woman.

Further, the writer parodies the political elimination of Z.A. Bhutto, but again there is an element of cruelty and anti-human attitude. He is more interested in personal hygiene. He describes the unhygienic condition at jail, knowing, little about the conditions of prisons at the time of Second World War in Europe. Pakistan is not a developed country. He commented in *Shame*:

“They call this solitary confinement, but he is not alone, there are flies fornicating on his toenails and mosquitoes drinking from the pools of his wrists, ---Through the door of the iron bars comes the stink of the latrine. In the winter he shivers but the low temperature takes the edge off that brown and foetid smell. In the hot season, they switch off the ceiling fan and the odor bubbles and swells.”(Rushdie 229)

This is abominable description. The reader cannot eat or even drink water after going through these passages. There is so much exaggeration that reality seems to be dead. Furthermore, the comments that Bhutto was not hanged but murdered, stirs the hornet’s nest. The writer challenges the entire political history of Pakistan just like, Gandhi’s death in *Midnight’s children*.

Rushdie tries to present that the creation of Pakistan was a ‘wrong miracle’ and the people yearning for freedom found grinded by the dictators. He also changed Sheikh Mujibur Rehman, the leader of the Awami league in East Pakistan into Sheikh Bismillah and his party into People’s League; but its equivalence cannot be denied. Similarly, Zulfi’s party name is changed to Popular Front in the West Pakistan from the real name of People’s Party. Even the feelings of the common man in Pakistan over the veering of power is expressed in reality by the writer, when he indicates to the ‘perfidy of the East’, these Bangla people are described as “savages breeding endlessly, jungle bunnies good for nothing but growing jute and rice, knifing each other, cultivating traitors in their paddies.”(78)

Rushdie’s agony at Pakistan’s defeat against India and Bangladesh’s emergence is evidenced for which responsibility is fixed on India and the U.S.A. Rushdie tells: “The final defeat of the Western forces, which led to the reconstitution of the West wing as an autonomous (that’s a laugh) nation and international basket case, was obviously engineered by outsiders: stone washers and damn Yankees, yes.”(78)

Salman Rushdie’s another novel *The Moor’s Last Sigh*, missed the ‘Bookers of Bookers’ by chance. From the very beginning, the mischief of the writer comes to the fore. Aires describes the socio-economical and political state of India. However, he hurls his verbal tirade in a derogatory manner. He virtually condemns India *The Moor’s Last Sigh*, “This low class country, Jesus Christ,” Aires’s uncle swore at breakfast in his gaitered and hatred manner

‘outside world isn’t dirty filthy enough, eh, eh?...Is this a decent residence, by Jove, or a shit house-excuse-my-French in the bazaar?’ (Rushdie 95)

Rushdie parodies the past image of India, when it was treated as a golden sparrow. However, the truth is that it was ravaged, looted and plundered by infinite number of outsiders. Still the identity remained alive, it survived and survived. Mostly the Mughals and the Europeans ruled the country and ransacked it. The entire traditional history of India right from the pre-Vedic times is pointed as useless and worthless.

Again under the garb of presenting new history, Rushdie mocks at India’s past. Epifania, Francisco’s wife, hates her husband’s interest in Indian politics, particularly, freedom struggle. There was no need to present, “When Nehru raised the national flag in Mysore, the local (Indian) authorities destroyed not only the flag but even the flag pole, the moment he left town.”(8) The writer failed to notice that, Mysore at that time was a part of India and not a part of free India. Again, Epifania mocks India’s past. She yells: “What are we Empire’s children? British has given us everything, isn’t it? Civilization, law, order, too much. Even your spices that stink up the house they buy out of their generosity, putting clothes on backs and food on children’s plates.”(8) She again cries out, “Nehru, Tilak, all these rogue gangsters from the North.”(19)

Rushdie’s love for the West can very easily be seen from these words. He owes every pleasant aspect of Indian life to the Britishers. This is plain Raj-worship – Rushdie acting as an agent of colonialism. He commits the crime of abusing our freedom fighters that he calls rogues.

Further, in the midst of political gathering, when every Indian was craving for freedom, Rushdie looks for the fundamentalist, in order to project India’s image as a fundamentalist country.

He writes:

In that huge gathering sitting on the sand of Saryu I was a tiny speck. There were a lot of volunteers clad in white khaddar moving around the dais...Then Gandhi came and made everyone clap hands in rhythm...In the end I am afraid, the villagers will march on the cities and people like us have to lock our doors and there will come a Battering Ram.’(56)

Now, was this ever necessary? Rushdie calls himself a secularist but in real sense, he himself is a fundamentalist. Slaying other’s faith with the sword of secularism is also fundamentalism. He fails to realize that even today, very secular approach is clearly visible in villages. In some Indian families, there are two real brothers but they are having different religions. Furthermore, Rushdie takes pains to describe India and its struggle for freedom, which was apolitical-historical event. He comments:

“CHRISTIANS, PORTUGUESE AND JEWS; Chinese tiles promoting godless views; pushy ladies, skirts-not saris, Spanish Shenanigans, Moorish crowns...can this really be India? Bharat-Mata, Hindustan hamara, is this the place? Nehru and All-India Congress are demanding that the

British must accept their demand for independence as a pre-condition for Indian support in the war effort. Jinnah and the Muslim league are refusing to support the demand; To hell with high affairs of state. I have a love story to tell.”(87)

Where is that love story Rushdie is hankering after? Where is that last sigh? Of course, instead of the Moor’s last sigh, the reader sighs grievously for any meaning and relief:

“One day soon after his release from Jail Camoens arrived at breakfast in simple khaddar clothes...After breakfast Belle took Camoens aside. ‘Darling get out of fancy-dress,’ She said...‘O kay, Bapuji’, She teased him, ‘But don’t think you’ll get me out of trousers, unless into a sexy dancing dress.’(54-55)

Here the writer mocks at the clothes, cottage industries and even jestingly calls Camoens ‘Bapuji’. This homespun clothe on charkha was the need of hour. It was a turn towards ‘Swadeshi movement.’

Apart from such political and social outrages, the writer makes fun of big political figures of the time. First, it was Gandhi, and then he named Jawaharlal as a ‘Dog’. Aires acquired a British Bull dog, which, to provoke Camoens, he named Jawaharlal. Further, “Oh, do stop barking now, Jawaharlal.”(50) Again, “even Jawaharlal, the bull dog seemed to mellow in this new age.”(65) Here is another, “Vasco made, ‘a short film called Kutta Kashmir Ka.”(148) In the end the writer openly claimed, “What is the dog? Why is the dog? It is the former Prime Minister of India, metamorphosed into canine form.”(385)

Even Aurora is compared with Indira Gandhi. The character of Aurora is that of a voluptuous woman. She is referred to as a whore and a sexually immoral woman. The writer even treated Nehru as an immoral man. Aurora was to be awarded by the President at New Delhi. There it is learnt that even Mr. Nehru had illicit relations with Edwina Mountbatten, wife of the last Viceroy of India. The intimate details of the friendship between Pandit Nehru and Edwina have long been a matter of speculation.

Apart from Gandhi, Nehru, Indira, the writer even tries to have a dig at Bal Thackeray – the supremo of ‘Shiv Sena’, a political party of India. The copies of the novel were burnt and the novel banned in Maharashtra. The writer referred to Mr. Bal Thackeray as ‘a frog’ or ‘Mainduck’. He is described as, “a vicious young political cartoonist, Raman fielding...already better known, after the frog as Mainduck.”(298) There are innumerable references to this leader, who is hailed throughout the country and holds his sway throughout the state of Maharashtra. Further, his political affiliations are openly commented upon. “Fielding, too, was making allies with likeminded national parties and para-military organizations...BJP, RSS, VHP.”(337) This makes it quite clear that the writer is referring to Bal Thackeray.

Then, the writer smartly tried to present Uma Bharti, a BJP national leader. She is described as a “...star art student at the M.S. University in Baroda.”(242) She is ironically described as,

“To sister floreas Uma was a woman from whom spirituality seemed to flow like a river; she was abstinent and disciplined, a great soul who saw through the final unity of all religion...a dedicated secularist Marxian feminist.”(243)

But, she is also represented as a mistress of Raman Fielding, actively engaged in sex, sharing her bed with the Moor. This is simply character assassination, both defaming and defacing of a towering political figure.

Again, the writer arbitrarily takes us towards the Nehru – Edwina Mountbatten episode:

Mr. Nehru had only just returned from a trip to England, during the course of which he had spent most of his private time in the company of Edwina Mountbatten...The intimate details of the friendship between Pandit Nehru and the last Viceroy’s wife have long been a matter for speculation; my own speculations linger, more and more, on the similar rumours about the PM and my mother. (175)

It seems Rushdie looks more like a detective than a novelist. Everywhere he sees sexual relation between man and woman. Now, the writer even mocks at the freedom, rather its secular structure. This only enhances the appeal of writer’s satirical tinge.

Rushdie explains the title of his novel *Shame* in the course of the fiction, first in English and then in Hindi. The motive behind this clarification is the question – as to whose and what shame the writer refers to. Is he pointing towards any national shame of Pakistan, or a kind of ethical shame of the people or cultural shame of the society? However, one thing is clear that this shame is depicted shamelessly. No doubt, the country has gone to the dogs, but only in the political matters.

A question arises – was only Pakistan’s political scenario shattered ever? Even the British and American political scenes have witnessed bad days. However, Rushdie is bent on demonizing Pakistan’s public out rightly.

Rushdie’s *The Ground Beneath Her Feet* is no exception. Here, he mocks at Bhinderawale who was killed in Golden Temple in Amritsar during ‘Operation Blue Star’:

Delhi is hot. It is blazing with discontent in the aftermath of the assault of the Sikh extremists who were cohered, and made their last stand in Amritsar’s Golden Temple. (This was the so-called Wagahwale gang of terrorists, named after the egg-bald Mansingh Wagahwale, a small bearded man deformed by the memory of the slaughter of his family during the Partition massacres and now fatally in love... with the fantasy of a micro-state to call his own, a little stockade in which to wall himself and call it freedom.(445)

Political history is again distorted when Rushdie describes the assassination of Smt. Indira Gandhi, the then Prime Minister of India:

“They arrive in Delhi, to find the city in uproar. A quadruple assassination, by Sikh body guards has resulted in the death of Indira Gandhi, both her sons, and the increasingly powerful politicians figure of Shri Piloo Doodhwala. Dreadful reprisals are being visited upon the city’s Sikh population.”(447)

Conclusion

Almost all the fictions cited above are filled with such incidents wherein political and historical events are not only distorted but they are misrepresented by adding more aromas that are highly parodic in nature. It is a well-known fact that an author has a special liberty to present the truth in his or her own ways, but it does not provide them the freedom to distort the genuineness to that extent which spoils the sentiment of the readers. Rushdie is a renowned figure in the postmodern literature, so the responsibility becomes more intense for the author of that stature to present the truth in socially and politically acceptable way.

Works Cited:

- Aristotle, *Politics*, Aeterna Press, 2015,
- Dhillon, Amrit, *Salman Rushdie, India Today*, September 30, 1995.
- Rushdie, Salman, *Fury*, London: Jonathan Cape, 2001.
- Rushdie, Salman, *Imaginary Homelands: Essay And Criticism, 1981-1991*, London: Granta Books, 1991.
- Rushdie, Salman, *Imaginary Homelands: Essays And Criticism, 1981-1991*, London: Granta Books, 1991.
- Rushdie, Salman, *Imaginary Homelands; Essays And Criticism, 1981-1991*, London: Granta Books, 1991.
- Rushdie, Salman, *Midnight’s Children*, New York: Avon Books, 1982.
- _____ *Shame*, London: Picador, 1983.
- The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, London: Vintage, 1999.
- The Ground Beneath Her Feet*, London: Vintage, 1999.
- The Moor’s Last Sigh*, London: Jonathan Cape, 1995.
- Taylor, A.E., *Plato: The Man and His Works*, London, Routledge, 2013.
- Vermani, R.C. *Political Theory: Liberal and Marxist*, New Delhi: Gitanjali Publishing House, 1988.
- Wayper, C.L. *Political Thought*, Philosophical Library, Incorporated, 1987.