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Review by: Barbara Celarent

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doctrine and planning. They are expensive to train and their roles are not relevant to many operations, including counterinsurgency, stabilization, and nation building. Some European nations have rarely or never used their amphibious and airborne forces. Yet elite forces have received institutional patronage that has allowed them to monopolize resources and dominate operations. As Clausewitz recognized, an army becomes an army when purpose, honor, and loyalty turn individual soldiers into a collective force willing to endure the hardships and horrors of war. Elitism does this for the modern, specialized, and smaller forces of Europe. Special insignia in the form of badges and berets reflect this sense of exceptionalism.

Here King may be on to something that constitutes a major problem for modern military-civilian relationships within democracies where civilian control is considered paramount, though he never develops this idea. In the United States recently there has been increasing concern by analysts of the growing gap between the military and civilian societies and culture. With the disappearance of a selective service system, civilians no longer feel involved or touched by faraway wars. The mass armies of the past experienced an important part of their duty, commitment, and will to fight for the modern state as representative of the people. As modern military establishments feel the need to develop their own sense of exceptionalism and civilian societies lose any sense of involvement in contemporary wars, what kind of relationship will these two aspects of nations have with one another?

The Remembered Village. By M. N. Srinivas. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1976. Pp. 340.

Barbara Celarent*
University of Atlantis

Until recently, social thought beyond the metropolis was born in storm and strife. Its authors were pamphleteers urging revolution, feminists lobbying for their gender, liberation fighters on their way to presidencies or dictatorships. But as academic life spread, nonmetropolitan social science drifted into the quieter waters of university life. Even the identity studies of the turn of the century were sometimes more dutiful than passionate. In such a world, the best writing often emerged from disruption.

To one such disruption we owe *The Remembered Village*. While visiting an American university, the Indian sociologist M. N. Srinivas saw the codings and analyses of 20 years reduced to ashes in an hour, sacrificed by an antiwar arsonist to political gods unknown in the Hindu pantheon. Only the field diaries remained, two continents away. On the advice of

*Another review from 2050 to share with *AJS* readers.—*Ed.*

a colleague, Srinivas simply wrote from memory. He checked a few facts against the surviving diaries, but most of what we read today is quite literally “the remembered village,” harvested after two decades of reflection that would have been much approved by the careful farmers of Rampura. Like Srinivas, they too knew catastrophe:

Considering their proneness to disasters of all kinds, their poverty and their ignorance, and the fact that planting each crop was really an act of faith, it was indeed astonishing that they were activists. Withdrawal from all activity made more sense in their situation. (P. 318)

But they soldiered on, and Srinivas followed their lead. Indeed, it was to himself that he was speaking in this remark: social science is an act of faith in the face of disaster.

M. N. Srinivas was born November 16, 1916, in Mysore, then the capital of a princely state within the British empire of India. Ill health and undiagnosed myopia made him an indifferent student, but he moved steadily ahead under the guidance (and occasional funding) of a school-teacher elder brother (EB, as Srinivas calls him). Such mentoring permeated Srinivas’s life. His short autobiography follows a sequence of such advisors, beginning with EB and continuing through A. R. Wadia to G. S. Ghurye, A. R. Radcliffe-Brown, and E. E. Evans-Pritchard. One is not surprised to find *The Remembered Village* beginning with brilliant portraits of three dominant elder informants.

Nor is one surprised, ultimately, at the fiery origins of the book. For Srinivas recounted his life not only in terms of elders, but also in terms of accidents. Sociology was chosen for him by a friend of EB’s who had little actual acquaintance of the field. Through that arbitrary choice he came under the influence of Wadia, who in turn gave him the bad grade that prevented a first-class degree and therefore disbarred him from the Civil Service examination that might have resulted in a local teaching job and a boring, limited career. Wadia in turn sent Srinivas off to Ghurye at Bombay, who, rather than mentoring Srinivas, soon fast-tracked him into field study. To hear Srinivas tell it, his life was one long series of accidents.

From Ghurye, Srinivas imbibed the diffusionism of Ghurye’s teacher—the British anthropologist W. H. R. Rivers. But jobs in India were scarce, and, moreover, Ghurye for some reason soured on Srinivas. That souring, however, resulted in Ghurye’s sending Srinivas to England for study. Although various things (such as a bizarre accident to Srinivas’s glasses) got him off to a bad start with Oxford’s Radcliffe-Brown, he learned much from the latter, exchanging diffusionism for functionalism. But Radcliffe-Brown soon retired—another accident, but with the silver lining that Srinivas became the first student of Radcliffe-Brown’s successor Evans-Pritchard, already famous for his studies of the Azande and the Nuer. Srinivas was again redirected, for Evans-Pritchard was skeptical of functionalism and believed that social anthropology was “a moral and not natural science, and that its methods approximated those of history.”

(At least, this is Srinivas's view in his personal essay, "Itineraries of an Indian Social Anthropologist"; others thought differently.) In his turn, Evans-Pritchard recruited Srinivas for the Oxford department and arranged to fund the fieldwork that became *The Remembered Village*. Again, a series of accidents.

But once the fieldwork was done, Srinivas chose to return to India, called by his old teacher Wadia, who had now become pro-vice chancellor at the new university in Baroda. Srinivas's retrospective judgment of this choice captures brilliantly the problem of crossing the boundary between empire and metropolis:

But looking back over the years I have no doubt whatever that I did the right thing in leaving Oxford and returning to a university in my own country. I am only too keenly aware that had I continued at Oxford I could have been a much more rigorous scholar and written more books and papers, but I am also certain that I would have experienced an emotional and spiritual dessication which would have affected my work as well as my relations with those with whom I came in contact. Human social relations are the stuff of an anthropologist's analysis, and alienation from one's society and culture cannot but have consequences on his perceptions and interpretations. This is not to ignore the great contributions made to the social sciences made by exiles and expatriates, and "marginal" members of societies. Sociology is in a sense the offspring of collective as well as personal misery. (From "Itineraries")

Srinivas spent eight years at Baroda building a department and a concept of Indian sociology. He was then called to Delhi in 1959 to start the department of sociology there. Twelve years later, the very man who had brought him to Delhi—Dr. V. K. R. V. Rao—enticed him to return south, to Bangalore, to head Rao's new Institute for Social and Economic Change. In later years, Srinivas was visiting professor at the National Institute of Advanced Studies in Bangalore, working on an autobiography left unfinished at his death in 1999.

The Remembered Village is part ethnography and part bildungsroman. Such works became common after the 1980s, when the subjectivist reaction against midcentury scientism produced a generation of self-absorption. But the mix was new in 1976. Fieldworkers were then still recovering from the recent publication of Bronislaw Malinowski's personal diaries. The hard-won perfections of Malinowski's writing and the objectification inevitable in any disciplinary historiography had led his successors to imagine him as a disembodied, scientific ethnographer. But the trailblazing hero of modern fieldwork proved to have been a tortured young man. The labor of intercultural translation had often overloaded Malinowski's tolerance. Ambition and passion drove him awry. Loneliness undermined his discipline. That this was the actual experience of fieldwork had become widely known by 1967. But it had never been made so plain as it was in Malinowski's private writings.

Yet while Srinivas combined analysis and memoir in *The Remembered Village*, his memoir lacked the storms of Malinowski's, in part because

the two were very different men, in part because Srinivas wrote for publication and in long retrospect. The Srinivas who remembered Rampura was almost the age of the three key men who had dominated his original research there: the nameless headman, strong and silent; Kulle Gowda, the hustler/trickster research assistant; and Nadu Gowda, head of the village's largest lineage and Srinivas's friend and mentor. By contrast, the Srinivas who researched Rampura in 1948 had been just an Oxford graduate student undertaking fieldwork.

The Remembered Village has three parts. First, three opening chapters set the stage. Srinivas tells us how he found Rampura, partly through a sentimental desire to discover his own origins—his urbanized family owned paddy land only a few miles away—but also because it fit most of the requirements he sought: multicaste, rice-growing, nonprogressive, and small. But in the last analysis, he tells us, he chose Rampura because he went there on a beautiful morning, the waters danced in the town's little reservoir, and the smell of jaggery making seduced his senses.

I feel self-conscious to mention that my decision to choose Rampura was based on aesthetic rather than rational considerations. However it was in line with my earlier decision to select the southern Mysore region on sentimental grounds. But the alternative of mentioning only the "rational" criteria while ignoring the "non-rational" ones would be dishonest. (P. 8)

This passage sets the tone of the entire book, which is filled with straightforward, unironical self-judgment. We learn for example that Srinivas is quite fastidious. He resents the villagers' constant discussion of his bowel habits and their staring at him while he bathes. He becomes inured to the cow-dung smells of the house in which he lives but cannot abide the children defecating calmly by the roadside. We learn that he is an atheist, a factor that causes his only differences with his mentor Nadu Gowda (pp. 97, 323). We become accustomed to his merciless self-criticism. There is a whole section on failures in chapter 2, where he calls himself a coward, decries his excessive caution, and wonders whether he is not a hypocrite: "I was not a ruthless enough anthropologist to sacrifice good relations for better field work" (p. 49). At times, he finds himself quite unaccountable. He is puzzled, for example, that while he was unable to watch the slaughter of animals, "cruelty which did not involve killing did not affect me much" (p. 50), going on to describe a castration that was "barbarous in the extreme." Of a bhang-smoking session, he remarks laconically "it did not occur to me to take a puff" (p. 51). And he notes disapprovingly his escapes to Mysore:

It was pleasant to get back to electric lights, piped water, good food, and, above all, privacy. It was delightful to walk around without having to be asking questions and making notes. It was equally if not more delightful that I did not have to answer questions all the time. (P. 33)

As this last remark makes clear, the villagers studied Srinivas in their own way. Many of the questions involved Srinivas's status as an Iyengar

(a Vaishnavite Brahmin subcaste from further south). Srinivas had become quite secular himself, but the villagers (most of them from the Peasant caste—there were only one or two other Brahmins resident in Rampura) expected him to behave in proper Brahmin style. The headman insisted that, as ritual required, he shave before rather than after his bath: a Brahmin should set a good example.

Srinivas's technical virtuosity as a writer allows him to show the reader this village reaction to himself with a minimum of explicit statement. There is no need for quotes giving voice to those studied, such as later writers would include. At the same time, Srinivas is quite explicit about his Brahmin position and its effects on all aspects of his work. By presenting himself not only explicitly, but also through the reactions of three major and many minor figures, he creates a multidimensionality sometimes lacking in the literal egalitarianism of many of his successors.

After the introduction of the field situation and the three leading informants comes the loosely functional core of the book: chapters on agriculture, family, caste, and class/faction. A chart presents the rhythm of social and agricultural practices, and Srinivas walks us through the world of planting, of land, water, and animals. Each topic gets both its general presentation and two or three shining details that etch the general argument in the reader's mind. We learn that men are thought too weak to transplant rice; that the dominant Peasant caste was dependent for water on the Fisherman Dasi, who held the keys to the irrigation system; that the villagers thought the younger Melkote's two pairs of magnificent bullocks—however aesthetic they seemed to Srinivas—to be wasteful extravagances, of a piece with his marijuana smoking and his mistresses. Above all we see the complex interdependencies that bind the village into a little world.

These are elaborated further in the chapter on caste, a subject to which Srinivas made crucial contributions throughout his life. Here we see the hierarchical nature of caste, but also its baroque complexity and its constant mixing of interdependence with domination. We see the villagers not only bound by it, but also playing with it, changing it, even gaming and cheating it. (Witness the beating of a rich urban smith [from a "left-hand caste"] by the village's *kaluvadi* [the hereditary untouchable but right-hand servant who was custodian of the village's most important caste artifact] for the offense of wearing slippers in the street!) Srinivas's crucial concept of Sanskritization—the advancement of one's caste by adoption of ideologically "pure" behaviors—is clearly rooted in this fieldwork, which presents caste not as a fixed structure but as a dynamic set of interactional and ideological resources deployed in many ways for many purposes.

A similar subtlety marks Srinivas's chapter about family and sex. He provides details on the gender division of labor, on the life course complexities consequent on marriage rules, and even on the vagaries of sex itself, the last inevitably seen from the male perspective, but with sur-

prising insight. The villagers' complete acceptance of bodily functioning is disturbing to Srinivas. He is scandalized when a group of villagers, "for reasons best known to themselves," elect to have a puny cow served by a magnificent but bored bull in the street in front of the post office. The visit of the local hermaphrodite is another high point. But Srinivas also looks at more elusive and bleaker topics: extramarital sex and rape are both discussed at length.

The third section of the book is a curious amalgam. Many scholars would have rounded out the functional analysis with the chapter on religion, then discussed personal relations, and finished with a chapter on changes seen at later visits. But Srinivas curiously inserts the changes chapter before the personal relations and religion chapters in order to close the book in purely lyrical mode, with the episode of his farewell to the village at the end of his 1948 fieldwork. It is not for nothing that Srinivas numbered among his closest friends the novelist R. K. Narayan.

The changes chapter shows the villagers adapting to some changes and rejecting others. Electoral politics have exacerbated caste conflict. Rice husking machines have been eagerly adopted. But the chapter ends on a skeptical note with a contretemps between a young official, who wants to improve sanitation by moving manure heaps away from houses, and the villagers, who are unwilling to carry the manure long distances or to expose it to the danger of theft. The young man sets fire to the valuable heaps and narrowly escapes getting mercilessly beaten by his "charges."

The personal relations chapter, however, returns us to the eternal Ram-pura of the opening two sections. Here are discussed envy, reciprocity, hierarchy, face, gossip, and humor. In the religion chapter, Srinivas underscores several other themes: the ad hoc nature of much of folk religion in the village, the complexities and temporal vicissitudes of relations between castes and deities, the household as (surprisingly) the level of sectarian enthusiasms, and the content of some broadly held religious ideas. The chapter ends with the one field note in the entire book; the story of a "flower-asking oracle." In this oracle—and surely Srinivas is here doing homage to Evans-Pritchard's account of the Azande chicken oracle—water-wetted flower petals are placed on the statue of the deity to be consulted. A question is posed, and yes or no answers are signified by a flower falling off the right or left sides of the deity respectively. The field note concerns a consultation of the deity Basava about the likelihood of rain. The flowers fail to fall, and the villagers begin abusing the deity.

"Do you wish to retain your reputation or not? Please give us a flower. We have not performed your *para* for lack of water. Give us rain today and tomorrow we will perform your *para*."

Made Gowda was irritated. "Give us a flower on the left side if you so wish. Why do you sit still? Are you a lump of stone or a deity?" Someone chimed in "He is only a lump of stone. Otherwise, he would have answered." (P. 327)

And so on. Srinivas concludes the story with the Durkheimian remark

that "villagers' relations with deities paralleled in some ways their relations with their patrons" and the functionalist remark that "deities provided the necessary sense of security and the source of hope for undertaking the multifarious activities essential for day-to-day living." But his own presentation has undercut the theory he adduces. Religion too is part of the complex negotiations and reinterpretations through which the villagers made sense of daily life. It is both more and less than functional.

And then comes farewell. There are some self-effacing remarks about ethnographic failures. There are some portraits of those he is leaving behind, through which we see their distrust of change and indeed of youth. There are two farewell events, one expected, the other—much more elaborate—quite unexpected. Then Srinivas gets in the bus, a last villager cries out in sadness over the departure she had not expected, and we, like Srinivas, are on our bouncing way to Mysore, with "a few brief tantalizing glimpses of the shimmering Kaveri flowing in the distance."

It early became customary to chide Srinivas for the romanticism—even the conservatism—that seem implicit in this exquisite text. He was said to have overlooked larger evils of caste and the political roots of the villagers' poverty. But Srinivas did not write a narrative. Rather, he wrote a lyric, capturing a present moment as it was experienced. In Rampura as elsewhere, only rare people live their lives as conscious agents of history. Most live in and through the moment. And Srinivas gives us such a moment. When we read this book, village and villagers of the year 1948 come alive at once. It is a triumph of lyrical rather than narrative writing, of the humanistic over the moralistic sensibility.

With Srinivas we come to the end of another year's reading together and must look back over where we have been. A central theme is the encounter with the metropolis. Of the year's authors, only Ziya Gökalp never journeyed to the West, yet even he read its work with almost religious enthusiasm. Of the others, Chen and Srinivas made the journey for education alone, although Chen's journey to Reed College via the Boxer Indemnity Fellowship was a much riskier enterprise than Srinivas's Oxford study with a student of his teacher's teacher. The other three were pushed to the metropolis by problems at home: Sarmiento driven into exile, Shari'ati fleeing a dictatorship, Ramabai escaping political and social ostracism.

All came home, in most cases to mixed result. To be sure, Srinivas returned to a distinguished academic career. But Chen had only a dozen years of academic life before war and revolution uprooted him forever. Sarmiento had brief political success, only to be forced again abroad. Ramabai was barely tolerated, her conversion and radical social program making her anathema to most Indians. Gökalp was exiled as a war criminal. Shari'ati was imprisoned, released, again forced abroad, and (probably) assassinated.

Their reactions to the metropolis were diverse as well. Only Ramabai and Shari'ati took as a principal task the interpretation of the West to

their countrymen, and their views are diametrically opposed: Ramabai optimistic and open, Shari'ati pessimistic and ultimately hostile. By contrast with these two, Gökalp took the West on its own terms, accepting almost without critique the obsession with nationalism he found in Western writers, no doubt because it was politically useful in the last years of the Ottoman Empire. Of equal interest is the comparison of Ramabai's and Shari'ati's critiques of their own worlds, for Ramabai criticizes the Hindu system on feminist grounds that come from outside it, while Shari'ati criticizes Islam as practiced for falling short of Islam's own ideal. Another interesting comparison is that between Ramabai's interpretation of the United States in terms of *jati* and Srinivas's reading of Rampura in terms of the same concept (caste) as transformed by 80 years of historical development, intellectual inquiry, and active politics. As always, pairings of writers yield immediate insight.

Perhaps the most striking theme among these writers, however, is the engagement with and the conception of cosmopolitanism. Their cosmopolitanism is in the first instance linguistic, for none of these writers knew fewer than three languages and several knew five or more. But some of these writers were explicitly cosmopolitan, in particular Srinivas and Ramabai. For Srinivas cosmopolitanism comes via the formal commitment of academic study; it is the premise of social anthropology as he conceives it. For Ramabai, cosmopolitanism has two sources. One of these is simple wonder at the plenitude of the world, as we see in the earlier chapters of her book on the United States. But Ramabai is also a cosmopolitan via her evocation of a solidarity that crosscuts the national and cultural divides of the world, that of gender. She never tells us, however, exactly how this different dimension of solidarity is to be related to the nationalism and civilizational difference that she recognizes so well.

Like Ramabai, Gökalp and Shari'ati both draw new lines of solidarity. But in both cases these lines are sharp and differentiating, not translational and crosscutting. Gökalp explicitly subordinates the "weaker" (because broader) solidarities of civilization and religion to that of nationalism, and Shari'ati similarly subordinates all solidarities to his master force of religion. For Gökalp the cosmopolitanism of the Young Ottomans is precisely what is to be rejected, as is the liberal religious compromise for Shari'ati. Strangely, it is only Chen who studies cosmopolitanism in practice. Indeed, his study of the overseas Chinese, although inevitably positioned from the Chinese point of view, tells us much about the practical reality of intercultural contact: the complexities of remittance, the second families begun overseas, the swirling differences of language, culture, and political rights.

Sarmiento's book stands apart from this concern with cosmopolitanism. Sarmiento's political work—his long transformation of Argentinian education—of course involved a cosmopolitan engagement with the metropolitan societies, and his own passages through France and the United States practiced cosmopolitanism of the most elite kind. But *Facundo*

itself is not a work of cosmopolitanism, but rather a study of its reverse: intergroup violence. There is in *Facundo*, to be sure, an admiration of middle-class liberalism respectful of minor differences. But the major difference of town and country, of civilization and barbarism, is not only featured but even valorized by Sarmiento's ambivalent analysis. Sarmiento is again and again swept up in admiration of the "authentic" if violent Juan Facundo Quiroga. For the *gaucho*, the peaceful cosmopolitanism of middle-class Buenos Aires is living death.

For Sarmiento, this authenticity of the *gaucho* is partly tied to the enviroing grandeur of the Argentinian landscape itself. Such romantic admiration of landscape appears in other writers but without the violent overtones. Sarmiento's hymn to the countryside is echoed in Ramabai's joyful moments on the storm-tossed Atlantic and Srinivas's quiet decision to study Rampura after watching the sun gleaming on the town's tiny reservoir. A similar if metaphoric romanticism finds its way into Chen's admiration of his venturesome countrymen, Gökalp's dreams about the Turkish homeland of Turan, and Shari'ati's increasingly fervent belief in the possible *umma*. Perhaps then this is not so much romanticism as it is a more generalized passion about and for the human world.

Our writers this year were not just students of the world, they were its makers. Even the quietly academic Srinivas rejected a position at the world's most famous university for a chance to create a new discipline in a new country. Yet some of them believed in making new differences while others believed in bridging old ones. For the most part, these two aspects of the social process dance through these works without problem. But not always. On the one hand, *Facundo*'s violence reminds us that however necessary difference is to human life, it often takes ugly forms. And on the other hand, Shari'ati's glowing hymn to social unity inadvertently reveals at the same time the threat that unity represents—a life without difference.

Sociology may not be a combat sport, as one of its doyens long ago remarked. But as we see in these books, both individually and collectively, it is a morally unsettling pursuit. We shall continue that pursuit in the new year.