stood for an inclusive Indian nationalism, merging communities within the INA and setting up a women's brigade. Civilian Indians on the Malay plantations were happy to join to escape the prospect of enforced Japanese labour, the sepoys did so more reluctantly. Some 40,000 troops, known derisively in India as JIFS (Japanese Inspired Fifth Columnists), joined. On 21 October 1943 Bose set up his Provisional Government. Its radio propaganda was widely listened to. Bose was hugely charismatic, attracted large crowds, flinging jewellery at his feet. Karnad sees him as "plainly the most esteemed Indian officer anywhere in the world" (p. 168). Yet Khan doubts if the INA was ever fully integrated into the Japanese war effort. Only 8,000 INA troops were at Kohima. But the Raj completely misread Indian opinion and its trial in the Red Fort in 1946 of three INA officers, one from each major community, became a rallying cry for Indian freedom. It had to be abandoned. Karnad comments: "Bose's valiant, violent failure would burnish the trophy of the Congress's pacifist path" (p. 241).

And all this climaxes with India's Forgotten War, with its conversion of the North East: India's overgrown and neglected backyard into a war zone, the decisive battles of Kohima and Imphal and the liberation by the 14th Army of Burma. Here the story of Bobby's war comes into its own, with a graphic account of the Japanese attempt at Kohima and Imphal to break through to Dinapur, where huge Allied supplies would answer their overstretched supply lines. Bobby was to lose his life pointlessly in a game of Russian roulette. We learn about the Chindits, who took their name from the Burmese guardian spirits, half-dragon, half- lion. Tribute is paid to General Auchinleck, without whom the 14th Army would never have been properly equipped. General Sir William Slim is an undisputed hero. We forget that the 14th Army was `the largest army ever raised by the British Empire" (Karnad, p. 156). This was "Britain's largest land campaign in the world war" (Karnad, p. 173), and it was Japan's greatest defeat. There were huge losses on both sides, the Allies 12,500 at Imphal, 4,000 at Kohima, 53,000 Japanese. Yet this victory was to be overshadowed by events in Europe and was oddly to be forgotten in newly modernising India. As Khan explains, "The story of the war did not sit easy with the new era. It belonged to the old colonial world: archaic, illegitimate and even irrelevant" (Khan, p. 321). And Karnad agrees: "the JIFs had lost and badly, but the future was on their side. Bobby's army had won but it had fought on the side of the past" (p. 211).

And there was a real tragedy to follow. Maybe the Raj was all too keen to demobilise this unwieldy unpredictable army as soon as possible But the demobilised sepoys returned, often armed, to their villages in the Punjab and in 1947–48 were to be both defendants of their own communities and murderers of their rivals.

One alternative source for this story is by the late Christopher Bayly and T N Harper, *Forgotten Armies: the End of Britain's Asian Empire* (Penguin, 2005). <A.R.H.Copley@kent.ac.uk>

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My Search for Ramanujan: How I Learned to Count. By Ken Ono and Amir D. Aczel, pp. 238. New York, Springer, 2016.
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In March 1918, at the peak of both the First World War and the British Raj, Britain's Royal Society elected as a fellow Srinivasa Ramanujan. Born in 1887 into an undistinguished family of Tamil Brahmins, Ramanujan was a penurious former accounts clerk at the Madras Port Trust who had failed to obtain any university degree in India but who had somehow created important but largely unproven

mathematical theorems. In 1913, desperate for recognition, he mailed some of these out of the blue to a leading British mathematician, G. H. Hardy, who was so fascinated by them that he invited Ramanujan to Cambridge University. "The limitations of his knowledge were as startling as its profundity", Hardy wrote after Ramanujan's death in 1920. "His ideas as to what constituted a mathematical proof were of the most shadowy description. All his results, new and old, right or wrong, had been arrived at by a process of mingled argument, intuition and induction, of which he was entirely unable to give any coherent account". Eventually, after collaborating with Hardy, Ramanujan proved his worth as a mathematician: one of the great mathematicians of all time, it is now generally accepted, whose theorems yield new and surprising discoveries a century after his premature departure at the age of only 32.

Ramanujan was only the second Indian to be elected an FRS, and the very first since the reform of the Royal Society in the mid-nineteenth century into an organisation of professional scientists, rather than gentleman scholars with aristocratic connections. Other Indians followed his lead during the twentieth century, including C. V. Raman, the first Indian Nobel laureate in science. In 2015, the society elected its first Indian-born president, the Nobel prize-winning structural biologist Venkatraman Ramakrishnan. Appropriately, Ramakrishnan presided over the launch of a new feature film about Ramanujan, *The Man Who Knew Infinity*—based on the US academic Robert Kanigel's compelling 1991 biography of the same title—at the London offices of the Royal Society in 2016. I attended and casually asked Ramakrishnan what he thought present-day India could learn from Ramanujan's astonishing life-story. Not much, he implied—because Ramanujan was unique.

The Japanese-American mathematician Ken Ono—whose career in US universities has been dedicated to exploring Ramanujan's theorems, notably the Rogers-Ramanujan identities, and who acted as the mathematics adviser to the actors playing Ramanujan and Hardy in *The Man Who Knew Infinity*—would surely not disagree with this candid assessment. And yet, Ramanujan radically changed Ono's life. Ramanujan's unique career in the 1910s saved Ono from both personal and professional crisis in the 1990s, as he describes in his intriguing and sometimes moving memoir, *My Search for Ramanujan*, with its ironic and touching subtitle, *How I Learned to Count*.

Written with the assistance of science writer Amir Aczel (author of *Fermat's Last Theorem*), who sadly died just before publication, *My Search for Ramanujan* interweaves Ramanujan's life and mathematics with Ono's own struggle to become a mathematician—including a suicide attempt in 1992 (ditto Ramanujan in 1918)—in the shadow of his hard-driving Japanese-American 'tiger' parents, especially his distant mathematician father, Takashi Ono, born in Japan in 1928. They—with the help of a distinguished French-American mathematician, André Weil—emigrated from war-devastated Japan in the late 1950s to the United States, where they suffered from considerable racial prejudice and retained their Japanese citizenship until 2007. Their son Ken, born a US citizen in 1968, remembers his home life as a child as "a small-scale version of isolationist Japan during the Tokugawa period (1641–1853), when the shoguns, leaders of the military government, enforced a policy called *kaikin*, which largely prohibited contact with foreign countries. The original edict that enforced this policy had 17 rules, including one that Japanese who secretly attempted to travel abroad were to be executed, and any Japanese residing abroad who returned to Japan were also to be executed".

Then, one day in 1984, Ken's father received a letter on delicate rice paper from Madras, which is reproduced in Ono's book. Uncharacteristically, he shared it with his rebellious teenaged son. "Dear Sir", it read. "I understand from Mr. Richard Askey, Wisconsin, U.S.A., that you have contributed for the sculpture in memory of my late husband Mr. Srinivasa Ramanujan. I am happy over this event. I thank you very much for your good gesture and wish you success in all your endeavours". Signed "S. Janaki Ammal", it came from Ramanujan's widow, now a destitute woman in her eighties who had cherished the wish for a statue of Ramanujan ever since his death. Not surprisingly, the letter, and the name Ramanujan, meant nothing to Ono junior. "Who's this guy Ramanujan? What did he do?" But after Ono senior told him Ramanujan's story, Ken recognised that his father was deeply

stirred by the letter because in many ways his own life had mirrored that of the Indian mathematician. Like Ramanujan in India, Takashi Ono had been rescued from dire straits in Japan by his talent for mathematics and been taken abroad through the generosity of a foreign mathematician. And like Ramanujan in Britain, Ono senior had been rewarded in the United States for his achievements "despite the indignities and hindrances to success that they suffer[ed] due to racial prejudice", writes Ono.

For his own life, the letter turned out to be a passport to independence. After months of heated shouting matches with his parents, Ken finally cited Ramanujan to his father as an example of a successful college dropout, and was allowed to go his own way. At the time, he was greatly surprised that his father gave in. Only in 1997, after he had started to make his own mark as a professional mathematician in the eyes of his father, did he discover the reason, when Takashi Ono introduced him to his 1950s mentor, Weil, then aged 91. It turned out that Weil, too, had long been an aficionado of Ramanujan, and had told his young Japanese colleagues, including Takashi, the inspiring story of the Indian mathematician in an impromptu after-dinner talk at a mathematics conference in Tokyo in 1955. After long years of estrangement, Ono junior and senior at last realised that they were bound together by admiration and affection for Ramanujan. "The enigmatic Ramanujan had helped make my father", writes Ono, "and because of that, he was somehow helping to make something of me." andrew@andrew-robinson.org

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Anna Suvorova, Benazir Bhutto: A Multidimensional Portrait. By Anna Suvorova. pp. 348, 28 plates. Oxford, Oxford University Press, 2015.
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Among a number of writings by journalists and political analysts on Benazir Bhutto, Anna Suvorova's book on her is a rare scholarly account of the life and legacy of the only female prime minister of Pakistan. This well documented book is partly based on Suvorova's personal interviews with people who surrounded Benazir Bhutto as her friends or colleagues, which adds living, characteristic features to her 'multidimensional portrait' skillfully 'painted' by the researcher.

In the Acknowledgements to her book, Suvorova writes that her portrait of Benazir Bhutto arose through a 'slow' or 'focused' reading of Bhutto's own books, articles and speeches, which uncovers unexpected aspects of her motives and behaviour. It is precisely for this reason that Suvorova defines her book as an anthropological portrait, a picture that is multidimensional, like "the works of certain European Old Masters, who depicted their subjects in full face, profile and three-quarter views on a single canvas" (p. x). Suvorova's goal was to follow the chain formed by living history, individual biography, autobiography, and cultural myth. Although Bhutto seems to never distort confirmed facts in her books, the emphases, repetitions, omissions and interpretations of these facts had been a product of her self-reflection and make it possible to read much between the lines. In Suvorova's opinion, "Benazir's destiny bears the undeniable mark of mystery – an ineffable duality of myth that will never be exhausted by the recollections of eyewitnesses. There is, above all, the mystery of her personality, which one can begin to uncover only by attentively reading her own words" (p. xi).

Suvorova's quest has culminated in an impressive narrative of Benazir Bhutto's life, published first in Russian and now in English. It is an insightful and moving account, highlighting both the highs