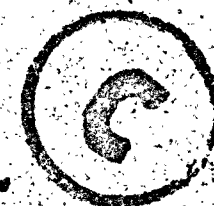


SHAMPA

1384
93

Lauje No 1

Vol 7 year 1927



3L
m2, n215H
n27
169464

Sham a'a

A Magazine

of Art, Literature & Philosophy

Vol. 7

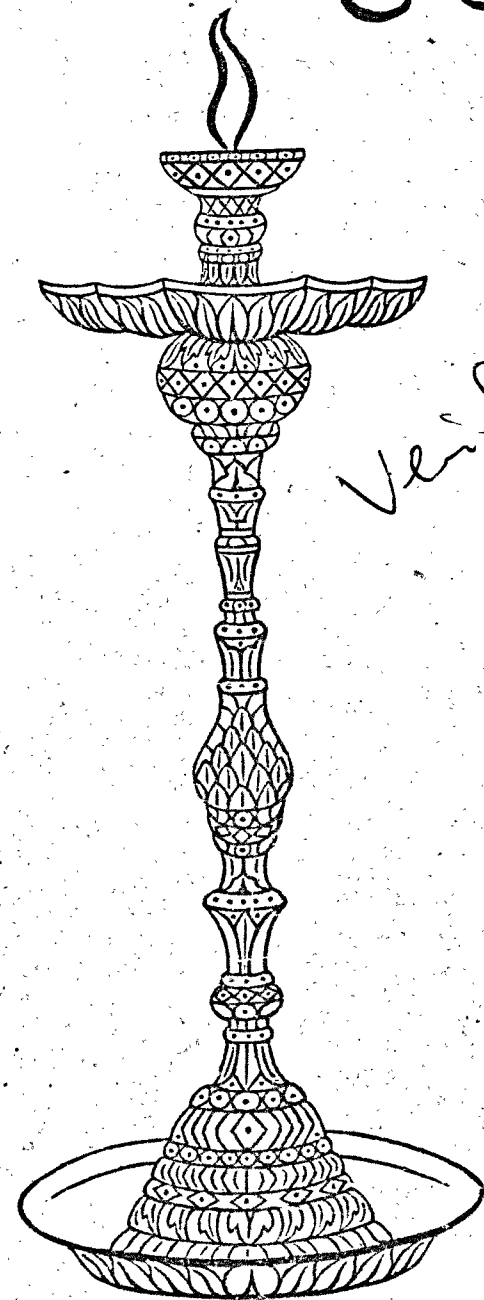
No. 1

January

1927

Verified
m

MS
7/19/93



-2-

SHAMA'A

EDITED BY MRINALINI CHATTOPADHYAY

VOL. VII

JANUARY 1927

No. 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Frontispiece—</i>	
A Note	
Mahishasuramardini, by N. C. Mehta	3
Priest and Nature-Poet, by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch (<i>illustrated</i>)	6
Five Poems, by E. E. Speight	10
The New Art and the Kinema, by W. G. Raffe	15
Reflections on Portuguese Literature, by Ethel Rosenthal	19
Pranava— <i>A Picture</i> —by P. K. Chatterji.	
Love in an Eastern Garden, by J. Vijayatunga	37
The Caves of Western, Southern and Eastern India, by Dr. K. N. Sitaram	42
Self-Portrait— <i>A Picture</i> —by Thea Schloussner.	
Notes and Comments	48
Reviews	63

THE SHAMA'A PUBLISHING HOUSE,
AGHORE MANDIR, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

Agents in England—Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, Cambridge

Agents in Continental Europe :
Information Bureau, Berlin-Charlottenburg Reichstrasse, 104, Germany

Sole Agents for U. S. A. and Canada :
The New Orient, 12, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.

செப்பனிருபவர் பெயர்
செப்பனிருவதற்காக ஏடுக்குக்
கொள்ளப்பட்ட நாள். 8/93
செப்பனிரு முடித்த நாள் 9/93
செப்பனிருக்கும் ஆராய்ச்சி
மு.பா.எ. உதவியார்
கையொப்பம். கையொப்பம்.
1927

"THE NEW ORIENT"

A Journal of International Fellowship

Edited by SYUD HOSSAIN

"THE NEW ORIENT" provides a meeting-place for the keenest, most sincere, and most sympathetic minds of East and West

The Contributors to "THE NEW ORIENT" include:

"Æ"

Tehmed Abdulla

C. F. Andrews

L. Adams Beck

Annie Besant

Rauf Bey (former Premier of Turkey)

Edwin Björkman

Claude Bragdon

Prof. Edward G. Browne (of Cambridge, England)

L. Granmer Byng (Editor, "Wisdom of the East Series")

Witter Bynner

Ananda Coomaraswamy

Prof. John Dewey

Grace Ellison

Mahatma Gandhi

Kahlil Gibran

Horace Holley

John Haynes Holmes

Benjamin Guy Horniman

Lieut.-Commander the Hon.

M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

Count Alfred Korzybski

Robert Morss Lovett

Naardyn Lyska

Alexander Meiklejohn

Prof. Paul Monroe

Sarojini Naidu

Yone Noguchi

Giovanni Papini

Marmaduke Pickthall

Paul Richard

Romain Rolland

The Hon. Bertrand Russell

Dr. J. T. Sunderland

Prof. William R. Shepherd

Rabindranath Tagore

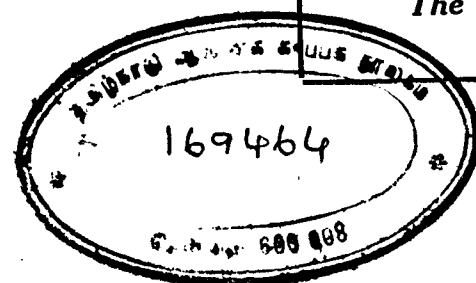
B. P. Wadia

Blanche Watson

H. G. Wells

"THE NEW ORIENT" seeks to cover the entire field of political, economic and cultural relations between East and West from a constructive and forward-looking viewpoint, and to interpret the Renaissance that is dawning over the East against the back-ground of her age-long civilization

The New Orient, 12, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.



32
m2, 121511
1922

OUR FRONTISPIECE

MR. N. C. MEHTA, to whom we are always deeply grateful, has kindly sent us the photograph of the image which is reproduced as our frontispiece. The forces of evil, *asuras*, appear in many hideous shapes, *Mahisha*, buffalo, was one such. It had fierce strength, and was overcome only by the great efforts of divine powers. We have here a forcible interpretation of the conquest, discomfiture, *mardana*, of the demon of darkness by the force of righteousness.

SPIRIT is the crown of universal existence; Matter is its basis; Mind is the link between the two. Spirit is that which is eternal; Mind and Matter are its workings. Spirit is that which is concealed and has to be revealed; mind and body are the means by which it seeks to reveal itself. Spirit is the image of the Lord of the Yoga; mind and body are the means he has provided for reproducing that image in phenomenal existence. All Nature is an attempt at a progressive revelation of the concealed Truth, a more and more successful reproduction of the divine image.

But what Nature aims at for the mass in a slow evolution, Yoga effects for the individual by a rapid revolution. It works by a quickening of all her energies, a sublimation of all her faculties, while she develops the spiritual life with difficulty and has constantly to fall back from it for the sake of her lower realisations, the sublimated force, the concentrated method of Yoga can attain directly and carry with it the perfection of the mind and even, if she will, the perfection of the body. Nature seeks the divine in her own symbols: Yoga goes beyond Nature to the Lord of Nature, beyond universe to the Transcendent and can return with the Transcendent light and power, with the fiat of the Omnipotent.

*But their aim is one in the end. The generalisation of Yoga in humanity must be the last victory of nature over her own delays and concealments. Even as now by the progressive mind in Science she seeks to make all mankind fit for the full development of the mental life, so by Yoga must she inevitably seek to make all mankind fit for the higher evolution, the second birth, the spiritual existence. And as the mental life uses and perfects the material, so will the spiritual use and perfect the material and the mental existence as the instruments of a divine self-expression. The ages when that is accomplished, are the legendary Satya or Krta *Yogas, the ages of the Truth manifested in the symbol, of great work done when Nature in mankind, illumined, satisfied and blissful, rests in the culmination of her endeavour.*

It is for man to know her meaning, no longer misunderstanding, vilifying or misusing the Universal Mother, and to aspire always by her mightiest means to her highest ideal.

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE.

(From the "Arya.")

* Satya means Truth; Krta, effected or completed.

MAHISHĀSURAMARDINĪ

A symbolism of the conflict between Good and Evil

BY N. C. MEHTA

The story of the struggle between the radiant goddess Durgā and the spirit of Darkness embodied in the shape of the buffalo is a favourite motif of medieval *plastik*. A specially pleasing specimen depicting the Puranic myth comes from the Gorakhpur District, executed in the beautiful, black chlorite stone, which is capable of taking a high degree of polish, and which appears to have been extensively used in Bihar, above all in Nālanda and the eastern districts of the United Provinces for purposes of image-making. The story is usually understood to be an allegory summarising the perpetual conflict between the forces of Righteousness and Evil. The details of the episode however as narrated in the various Purans vary. The Mārkaṇḍeya Puran devotes a separate chapter to the exploits of the deity, which is known as the Durgā or the Chandi Pātha. The latter is one of the most widely read poems of popular Hinduism of to-day. The verses of the Durgā-Pātha were pictorially translated during the resurgence of Hindu art about the middle of the 18th century and there are several excellent series of the Durgā-Pātha pictures—mostly by Pahari artists, extant in various collections.*

It is very probable as suggested by the late Gopinath Rao that the 'story indicates the substitution of the buffalo-totem worship by a form of goddess worship, amongst certain early primitive tribes in the country.' (See page 354, "Elements of Hindu Econography," Vol. I, part 2; also pages 345—354.) It should also be remembered that the animal chosen for important Hindu sacrifices is the buffalo. Whatever the origin of the myth may have been it is clear that the figure of the Mahishāsūramardinī—the slayer of the buffalo demon, as the goddess is styled, became widely popular at the end of the Hindu period about the 11th century A.D. when architecture with its attendant art of sculpture flourished as never before, throughout the length and breadth of Hindustan.

The goddess is portrayed as a young woman with all the freshness of her youth and, wielding the choicest weapons given to her by the various deities for her great fight with the demon. Shiva gave her the trident, Vishnū the disc,

* See my "Studies in Indian Painting."

Varuna the conch, Agni the dart, Yama the iron rod, Vāyū the bow, Sūrya the quiver with arrows, Indra the thunderbolt, Kūbera the mace, Brahmā the rosary and the waterpot, Kāla the sword and shield, Vishwakarmā the axe and other weapons and Himavāna the lion—the vehicle on which she rides; and similarly other gods presented her with arms and ornaments. The majority of the sculptures dealing with the theme are more or less ineffective, for the subject is sometimes treated rather melo-dramatically or the details of the Puranic prescriptions overshadow the bold lineaments of the goddess herself. The specimen reproduced here shows the goddess firmly pressing down the buffalo with her right foot and thrusting the trident in the abdomen of the demon held upside down. The buffalo is held by the hind legs with the neck firmly secured to the quiver resting on the ground. The helpless of the animal is effectively contrasted with the invincible might of the proud Chandi bearing a variety of weapons in her various arms. A pair of *vidyādhara*s are swaying in the air, probably bearing the garlands of victory. The goddess bears a sword, a disc, a trident and holds a quiver; a shield and a bow in her four right and two left arms respectively. The multiplicity of these limbs instead of detracting from the strength of the image or weakening the tension of its contours, actually heightens it by their symmetrical disposition; and the broad sword held aloft and passing just behind the high-peaked *jatā-mukuta*, enhances the feeling of irresistible power to the goddess who is the very embodiment of concentrated rage and unchangeable resolution. Vigour, irresistible vigour, is the keynote of this dramatic sculpture. The helpless posture of the animal and the wonderful expression of the deity with her eyes wide stretched, the lips compressed and the muscles of the face in a tension of ungovernable rage and not the least the pair of peaceful divinities hovering in the air make up a situation full of action and feeling. The victory of Good over Evil is shown powerfully and decisively in the terms of the Puranic mythology. The story apart, the æsthetic quality of the sculpture is perfectly obvious in the boldness of its outlines, in the symmetry of its disposition, in the strength and the restraint of its execution. The goddess is dressed in a piece of cloth winding up to the waist and reaching up to the knees which is indicated by the folds on the body as is customary with medieval artists. She is elaborately decked with jewels—ear-rings, necklaces, particularly large bracelets, girdles and anklets.* Ornament is the birthright of Indian womanhood, in fact, the outward symbol of its maturity and undying glory.

It should also be noted that the sluggish buffalo has been chosen as the incarnation of darkness, for blackness is the hue of evil and ponderousness the quality associated with it. Plastic symbolism must ultimately be based on the

* I am indebted to Babu Prayag Dayal, Curator of the Provincial Museum, Lucknow, for a beautiful photograph of the image and the particulars about it. The image measures 1 foot 10 inches by 10 inches.

facts and experiences of daily life and its vocabulary must not radically diverge from the common modes of expression, if it is going to be generally understandable and to interpret visibly and effectively the vague ideas and imaginings of the people. The deity of Righteousness has rightly been rendered as the radiant mother—youthful, indignant and irresistible. Her mount is the lion.

N. C. MEHTA

PRIEST AND NATURE-POET

Some account of Saigyō Hōshi

BY W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH.

Lovers of the Japanese colour-print, an ever-increasing number of people, do not require introduction to the fine master, Kōriusai, who lived in the second half of the 18th century. But among his works there is one which, it may well be assumed, is in general little understood by those of his admirers, who are not compatriots of the artist. The distance is occupied by Mr. Fuji, and in the foreground there is a mendicant, the aspect of whose face suggests that he is lost in dreams. Far from being a representation of some wanderer, whom Kōriusai had actually seen, this picture is an imaginary portrait of Saigyō Hōshi, who lived at a time, about 600 years before the presentment of him was fashioned. Inasmuch as the woodcuts of the 18th and 19th centuries were an art for the commonalty, the subjects delineated were as a rule such as necessitated no explanation for that class, even those of them who were virtually without education. What was it then, about Saigyō Hōshi, which rendered him still, so long after his own period as the seventeen-hundreds, a personage in whom the great plurality had an interest?

It was into a social sphere, widely other from that with which the world usually associates mendicants, that Saigyō was born in 1118. He was a scion of a noble house, heretofore of particularly high standing, and as a young man he became greatly intimate with the Mikado Toba. At the age of about 20 Saigyō began to earn renown at the Imperial Court through a strange combination of talents. For on the one hand, he was a signally skilful archer; and on the other, already he wrote verses which elicited admiration, especially from his royal friend, Toba. It requires anything but a flight of imagination, to conceive people speaking of the archer-poet as a youth with a great future before him, one whose entire circumstances were eminently conducive to his holding before long, important office under the State. But if this was the current feeling about the young patrician, at 23 he took a curious step. He had lately been married and children had been born to him; he now turned away from his family, and entered the Buddhist priesthood which body demanded celibacy of its members. Apparently, he never received a permanent charge at a temple; for he wandered ceaselessly, living a most frugal life. He preached sermons; he recited poems and he carried a skull on the end of a stick, doubtless with a view to reminding

JANUARY 1927]

PRIEST AND NATURE-POET

7

his hearers of the brevity of human existence. Here was change indeed, from Saigyō's previous position, as the object of admiration at a court and the favourite of a monarch.

In some degree Saigyō Hōshi was a normal outcome of the temper of the age he lived in. After enjoying for a long time the boom of comparative tranquillity, Japan was now rapidly approaching a condition well-nigh combustible. The Imperial Government was weak; poverty was widespread with the masses; pirates tormented the shores of Nippon; and bandits swarmed in outlying parts of the land. There were fierce feuds among baronial houses, and the Buddhist priests were in large measure corrupt. With luxuriousness rife among them, they tended to perform religious offices only for the rich, leaving unshepherded the boiling myriads. And not only were the hierarchs much addicted to using the sword, but likewise they meddled ceaselessly with political affairs. Here then, in the plight of the country, as also in the ways of the clergy, were factors very likely to fan into a blaze, religious ardour in a gifted young man like Saigyō. The stronger a person is, the further that person goes, along every path he or she takes. And the axiom has sound illustration in the scion of nobility, who transformed himself into a mendicant preacher. Nothing could satisfy him, save complete renunciation of the world.

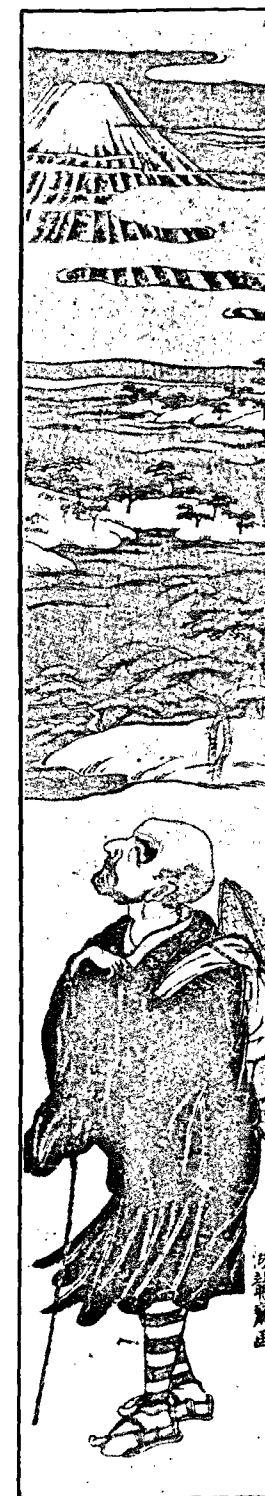
The vagrant poet was not wholly done, however, with relationship with people in high places. The condition of the Buddhist clergy, in his day, is only too well exemplified by the doings of Mongaku Shonin. For it was the abortiveness of an endeavour by him, to kill a man to whose wife he had been paying amorous addresses, which led Mongaku to enter the church, in which he came to hold important position. In his interferences thereafter, with the political intrigues in the Imperial Palace, he dealt in notably unscrupulous methods. And it was he who, loudly denouncing Saigyō and his wayside preaching as the scandal of Buddhism, threatened to kill the itinerant poet-priest, should opportunity present itself. In 1156, there came the spark which brought combustible Japan into a blaze of civil war. The fray was protracted for no less than thirty years, and the victorious commander was Minamoto no Yoritomo. Soon the gaze of all Nippon was directed towards this brilliant soldier, for he was well-nigh omnipotent in the country. If he was a cruel man, he was to demonstrate presently that he had remarkable talents for statesmanship, and in years just after the war, his home was Kamakura. Wandering, still wandering, Saigyō chanced to come to that town, and a friendship sprang up between him and Yoritomo. To the military leader, archery was perforce a subject of the last interest. And as the itinerant priest had been an expert with

the bow, in days before he forsook the world, it is not surprising to find that bowmanship was among the things which he and Yoritomo discussed. Moreover, the triumphant soldier was himself an occasional writer of verse, wherefore again wonder is not felt, on learning that poetry was of the topics which he and his priestly friend talked about.

Yoritomo conceived no ordinary esteem for Saigyō. Anxious to express this sentiment, the martial commander gave the poet a small sculpture, a study of a cat, carved in silver, or by some accounts, in gold. But it happened that, a little afterwards, the desire to be kind to a child came up in the mendicant. And with characteristic disdain for things of value, as the world counts it, he handed to the child for a toy, the cat in precious metal. Giving up pilgrimage, Saigyō settled in a hut; and his death occurred in 1190, his age then being 72. No doubt his intimacy with so striking an historic figure as Yoritomo, along with the romantic character of the poet-priest's life as a whole, were in some measure what made him remembered by the Japanese populace, up till the time when the imaginary portrait of him was fashioned by Kōriusai. But whereas there have been people who, leading adventurous lives, have produced writings which are absolutely without literary excellence, Saigyō Hōshi won by his verses an enduring if not very lofty place, in the literature of Nippon. He was perhaps if not certainly, the best Japanese poet of his generation.

The mendicant was preoccupied with the *tanka*, a medium which has only five lines. Through ages before him, the men and women of that courtier class, to which he belonged by birth, were enormously addicted to writing social verse, and the formula they generally used for it was the *tanka*. The very fact, that this had been employed with such prodigality, for mere repartee or the paying of compliments, serves to throw into high relief, as it were, the merit of Saigyō's work. Expressing as it does, emotions of considerable depth, it is the antithesis of social verse, the thing which people write, so that they may get praise for their cleverness. Ever and again, on his wanderings, the poet-priest would crystallise in the five-line form, something which had indeed stirred his heart. What exactly were the things, which quickened his pulses?

As is normal in the poetry of an earnest churchman, the devotional sentiment finds utterance in the work of Saigyō Hōshi. Nevertheless, would a particular category be named, as the one to which he may be assigned, that class is not the religious lyrists but the nature-poets. There is a piece by him, in which he tells of sailing far over the salt sea, and hearing away up in the heavens, the call of the wild goose. There is another by him, in which he tells of journeying on ponyback, with snow falling and still falling, covering the pony's



tracks. There is another again, in which he recounts his longing to sleep beneath the fair blossoms of springtide, with the moon shining overhead. Scanning the fishing-boats putting out to sea, he registers the sight. Looking on the boats returning to harbour, he enunciates the conviction, that he too will pass safely through his voyage of life. And there is a poem where he says—

“I realise why there seizes me, despite my will, the feeling of sadness.
It is because at nightfall, in autumn, I find myself in this solitude
of Sigi-tatsu-sawa.”

It would be difficult if not impossible, to point to a thing by Saigyō Hōshi, which is distinguished by a beautiful and haunting music, but how wonderful his descriptive talent is! What vividness in his boat on the waves, with the wild-goose flying far above, what vividness again in the pony, plodding through the ceaselessly-falling snow! Nor does the writer merely describe things so that they are seen, but likewise so that they are felt. The emotions, which they evoked in the poet, are conveyed to the consciousness of his audience; they feel themselves passing through the circumstances, which are related in the poem. Reading the lines about Sigi-tatsu-sawa, there is duly known for a moment, if but for a moment, the savour of a lonely place, in autumn at nightfall. There is duly experienced for an instant, if only for an instant, the pensiveness which a place of that kind is prone to call up. And it is this strong sense of reality, in the tiny descriptions by Saigyō Hōshi, which is in likelihood the best quality in his work.

There do not seem to be extant yet, any of the sermons by the poet-priest. If by his frugal life, he set to the corrupt hierarchs of his day an excellent example, he did not do this in vain; for in the time just after his, there occurred a big evangelical movement in Japan. There were now numerous churchmen of great earnestness and activity, of such men being Shinran Shōnin. It might be said that Saigyō, in turning away from his wife and family, showed a religious fervour of a wrong sort, and played in too consistent a mode, his part of renunciation of the world. Is it possible, that this action by the nature-poet, was partly what led Shinran to sanction marriage for the clergy, in the Buddhist sect which he founded?

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

Poems

THE LADY IN THE GARDEN

Beyond the quiet brooklet,
Where the hidden pathways go,
Fast asleep there lies a lady,
In a garden lying low.
You must go into that garden
Very gently, on tiptoe,
And you must not wake that lady
From her slumber, O no !
You must creep about in silence,
You must never let her know
That you're peeping at her pansies
And petunias, O no !
For if she hears your footsteps
Though so gently they may go,
She will vanish in a twinkle,
And you'll never come to know
Where she's gone to, or the garden,
Though you travel fast or slow,
You will never win her pardon,
Never, no !

THE GIRL AND THE NIGHTINGALE

Evening came, and faint and far
The blue clouds bore a golden star.
Rachel through the orchard passed
She found a red rose tree at last.
And as she sat embroidering
A nightingale began to sing.
Sing, little sister, let us see
Who sings the more melodiously.
If better songs than mine you sing
You shall cut off each foot and wing.
But if my singing be more fair
I will cut off your streaming hair.
They sang for two days and for three
And Rachel had the victory.
O sister, spare these wings, I plead,
Three little ones are mine to feed.
O sister, do not cut my feet
My little ones they are so sweet.
Dear nightingale, go gather food
And comfort all thy little brood.
And give me one, when they are grown,
One little one to be my own.
To sing me into dreams at night
To wake me with the morning light.

THE GLEANERS

Call from the dewy uplands every
Weary harvester ;
Lo ! here we come to the shadowy ford
Beneath the moon's bright sphere.

And what have you gleamed in the furrows of life,
What is your long day's dole ?
A golden song to cheer the heart,
A prayer to ease the soul.

PENCIL DUST

By accident one evening lately
I found myself astonished greatly
At my own handiwork. I took
Some blunted pencils. On a book,
In languorous vacuity
I gave those points acuity,
And puffed away the powdered lead
And curly shavings they had shed.
Then rose my wonder. As I shook
The paper covering that book,
Lo and behold, of their own selves
The pencil points had pictured elves
And prehistoric warriors,
Bacchantes, whirling matadors,
Susanne, Pavlova, angry snakes
And many figures madness takes,
With cryptic, embryotic forms,
And pine-trees peeping out of storms
On mountain-sides. I was amazed ;
Baffled, incredulous I gazed
At that miraculous masterpiece,
Wondering why had come release
So suddenly from consciousness ;
All vacant I had nevertheless
Drawn from the caverns of my mind
Keen caricatures of many a kind,
Tangled in such a vivid dance
In that arena found by chance,
They will not stop, they leap, they dive,
Tanagra tumblers turned alive,
Frantic youth and frenzied girl,
They will not stop their dizzy whirl.
So I must put the volume by
For fear that cover takes my eye,
And I go pironetting out
Of memory with that roystering rout.

THE ORCHARD FIRE

Mother, I watched the fire
The gardener made this evening
By the orchard gate.

First it blazed higher and higher
As if it would leap to the moon
And could not wait.

Then it began to glow
Quiet and deep as the sky
When evening closes.

At last it was very low
Just like grey ashes round
A few red roses.

And all those roses died
One after the other, until
There was only one.

Suddenly it opened wide
As if it would sing like a bird,
And then it was gone.

How lovely they did seem
Blossoming there in the darkness
By the orchard gate.

Mother, was it a dream
That fire of the gardener
That would not wait?

He cannot make me another
So beautiful, I am sure,
Never again.

It called me somewhere, Mother
Like the last words of a song
That went out then.

E. E. SPEIGHT

THE NEW ART AND THE KINEMA

BY W. G. RAFFE

In every age the teachers of religion and philosophy have used most of their extant methods of art to enshrine and to symbolise the truths which they revealed to mankind. As each different phase of the One Religion has been given to each people for whom it was designed as a particular form of religion, so the arts and crafts then current were utilised to the fullest in that great service. The hidden truths have been symbolised in all kinds of form. They appear in architecture in the Great Pyramid, in Grecian and Mexican and Indian temples. They appear in Chinese and other paintings. They have been born in poem and drama, in temple ritual and ceremonial, and even seemingly non-religious rites. They grew from apparently simple geometric symbolism into our numerals, figures, and letters branching off in a mnemonic departure as hieroglyphs, for our letter forms are not descended from them any more than men are descended from monkeys. This form of symbolism is luxuriant in our own day as literature, in a mighty architecture composed of multiplied symbols which convey ideas from mind to mind through the craft form of words. Pictures were invented for the simple vision which cannot read more abstract symbols.

There are still millions of people who can read little more than photographic pictures or simple pictorial prose. But a wonderful thing has happened. The picture is no longer bound to suggest or to represent the single static moment. While still seemingly confined to the two dimensional surface—though stereoscopic cameras now reach beyond even this limitation—the cinema picture is itself dynamic. Its vital power of suggestion outweighs any other art method now before the world. Even the living drama cannot exceed its emotional appeal in many respects, for its very unreality grips and bestirs the imagination of the silent watcher as no static work of art can do. The great day of the painted picture as the highest art force is now past, even as the Grecian day of the sculptured images of the gods is gone, never to return. The spirit of art is finding another focus; its dynamic function will lead humanity through new forms, in a new realisation of the one life.

The art of the cinema is the greatest creative discovery of the modern era. It is so profound that it has hardly yet been recognised for what it is. The cinema is bound neither to time nor space. It can avoid the necessities of temporal rhythm which are the first restrictions of poetry and music. It is not

possibly achieve; where words fall short, where static pictures are grossly inadequate and even misleading; where a sculpture may be relegated to the nursery; where stage drama is too limited in space and time and by the unavoidable realism of the players. In this new symbolism for ancient truth, all manner of visual substance and phenomena may be adopted and adapted to reveal again the unknown god whom we ignorantly worship. Instead of making a speed-up version of plant growth, we can make a slow motion film of mind growth, whether in the individual or in the species. We can symbolise anew the invisible powers of Nature, no longer bound to gross anthropomorphism or even to the finest poetic metaphor, but visualised for him that hath eyes to see, in terms of vital dynamic interaction. By the hand and mind of a truly artistic producer, the graceful or terrible motions of their living powers can be symbolised in moving forms, some solid and tangible, others yet more powerful in suggestion, in wreathing smoke and dancing water or leaping flames, in flickering light and shadow, and also colour, with all their reflections and changing forms, invested with new meaning and endowed with strange powers, even as the simple lines of ordinary geometrical figures, squares and circles, exercise their hidden powers when they are formed into letters and numbers, constructed into words, and flung from mind to mind so swiftly that the mercurial god is quicker than vision itself. Long familiarity with the written or printed word has robbed us of the sense of its wonder, but to those who must use words as a medium of art, this sense may never be lost. The wonder of usage of Nature's forms or even of art forms, as newer symbols for the camera's eye, is of vaster extent, since all that is visible and all that possesses motion, all that displays life, may be made into symbols for the unveiling of that which is itself the fount of life. Thus symbols and reality may approach nearer than they have yet done in all the history of art, which is the story of humanity, and the artist's selections from visible reality may reflect a still truer measure of the abstractions of intangible reality. In such a way may be instilled the faith in the brotherhood of humanity as a simple and obvious fact, in the same mode of faith as it is accepted that all the atmosphere will carry all wireless waves, by the obvious fact that they work, which is proved by the transmission across space of symbols, perceptible by the ear. The cinema can transmit across time, symbols visible to the eye, though its type of symbols was reversed, as the telegraph came before telephone, symbols before speech. Yet here is the new power of the cinema, for those who are enlightened enough to take it and use it, not merely as a means for amusement, but as a vehicle of revelation.

W. G. RAFFE

REFLECTIONS ON PORTUGUESE LITERATURE

BY ETHEL ROSENTHAL

I

João Baptista de Almeida Garrett (1799—1854) was an author of many parts and wrote some of the finest modern dramas in the Portuguese language. During his absence from Portugal he acquired a vast knowledge of international literature, and his magnificent historical tragedy, "Frei Luiz de Sousa," is reminiscent, in style, of Goëthe's "Egmont." Garrett treated his subject with majestic simplicity, and created an atmosphere of foreboding and dread with a skilful stagecraft worthy of the ancient Greeks.

When the curtain rises on the First Act, Dona Magdalena de Vilhena is discovered with a book in her hand. Slowly she repeats the last sentence which she has been reading—"In that deception of blind soul which fortune will not permit to be maintained for any length of time." By her remarks it becomes evident that her life is spent under a cloud of fear, which she endeavours to conceal from her second husband, Manuel de Sousa, whom she married, in the belief that her first husband, Dom João of Portugal, had been killed at the famous Battle of Alcacer Kebir, in 1578. King Sebastian of Portugal was defeated by the Moors on this occasion, and was never heard of again. For many years, however, the superstitious peasants maintained that their beloved ruler would escape from captivity to liberate his people from the Spanish yoke, under which Portugal groaned from 1580 to 1640. Magdalena harbours a belief that Dom João may return also and discover that she has been unfaithful to his memory. The only child of the second marriage is Dona Maria de Noronha whom both Manuel and Magdalena adore.

Dom Manuel was a patriot who hated the Spanish rule. Rather than entertain the Spanish governors he gives orders for his home to be set on fire. As the curtain falls at the end of Act I flames spring up and destroy his mansion, while Magdalena and her daughter escape, accompanied by their terrified servants. Magdalena opposes Manuel's wish to take refuge in the palace which she and Dom João had occupied together some twenty years previously, but Manuel is adamant. There is no other residence available, and Manuel chides Magdalena for her alarm. "I never saw you in such a state before, I never imagined that you would be weak enough to believe in superstitions. There is only one true fear, Magdalena, and that is the fear of

God. What is there on your conscience to make you timid? Your heart and your hands are pure; for those who go before God earth has no dread, nor hell any terror. We will pray for the soul of D. João of Portugal in that blessed chapel which is part of his house. Do not think that his holy soul will return from Heaven to persecute us in this world. He fell in righteous combat, a martyr at the hands of infidels, fighting for his God and his king."

In Act II Dom João returns to his old home disguised as a pilgrim. He informs Magdalena that during his captivity in Jerusalem a fellow-prisoner charged him to escape, and to bear a message to her, saying—"Go to D. Magdalena of Vilhena, tell her that a man who loves her very dearly is here alive.....so much the worse for him.....and that he has not been able to escape or to send her news for twenty years, because he has been a prisoner." Magdalena is thrown into a state of woeful anxiety, and the Pilgrim informs her that his friend was captured at the Battle of Alcacer Kebir, and was transported, subsequently, from Africa to Jerusalem. When asked to identify his portrait the Pilgrim points immediately to the picture of D. João. Magdalena utters a piercing cry of—"My daughter! My daughter!" and flees from the room. Manuel's brother, Frei Jorge Coutinho, questions the Pilgrim respecting his antecedents. In reply, the Pilgrim points again to D. João's likeness and says he is "Ninguém!" (Nobody!)

The dénouement takes place in the Third Act. Adversity has not hardened Dom João's heart, and he resolves to withdraw into obscurity, leaving Magdalena, Manuel and Maria in peace. He charges Telmo, his faithful servitor, who recognises him after his twenty years' absence, to inform Magdalena that the Pilgrim was an impostor. He says—"It is necessary to remedy the evil that I have done. I was imprudent, unjust, hard and cruel. D. João of Portugal died on the day that his wife said he died. His honoured and virtuous wife whom he loved.....Oh! Telmo, Telmo, with what great love did I love her! The wife whom he can love no longer without dishonour and shame! I died in that self-same hour in which she believed in my death."

For purposes of comparison, it is interesting to study this passage in conjunction with the following extract from Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," which treats of Enoch's decision to allow his wife, Annie, to remain in ignorance of his existence, and to continue her life of happiness with Philip, her second husband:—

"He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'

'Dead,' clamoured the good woman, 'hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round!'
'Swear' added Enoch sternly 'on the book!'
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.

* * *

'Woman disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her.'

* * *

'And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good!'

At the close of Act III, Manuel de Sousa is admitted into the Order of Dominican Friars and becomes Brother Luiz de Sousa, while Magdalena takes the veil. As the Prior bestows his blessing upon them both, Maria rushes into the church and interrupts the ceremony, pleading that her father and mother may be restored to her. "Mother you must not die without me.....Father lend me a portion of your garment.....I want to conceal myself here, before that man from the other world approaches and declares to you and me,—before all these people—'This girl is the daughter of crime and of sin!'....." "I am not; say Father that I am not,.....tell all these people that I am not!" (She approaches Magdalena.) "Poor Mother! you cannot do so.....poor thing! you have not the courage.....you have never told a lie? Well, lie now to save your daughter's honour, so that her father's name may not be taken from her."

When the Pilgrim appears at the back of the stage, Maria hides her face on her mother's breast and moans—"I die.....of shame." She drops dead, Manuel and Magdalena prostrate themselves beside the corpse and the Prior exclaims: "My brothers, in this world God afflicts those whom he loves. The crown of glory is bestowed in Heaven only!" The curtain is lowered to the sound of the organ.

In the following description of the historic characters which figure in "Frei Luiz de Sousa" Garrett emphasized their heroism. The summary was included by him in an address which he gave at the Royal Conservatorium of Lisbon in 1843. "The beautiful figure of the handsome Manuel de Sousa Coutinho beside the resigned and angelic form of D. Magdalena, protecting, by

arms intertwined with hers, the innocent fruit of their mutual and fatal love, forms part of a group, such as I would have hewn from a block of Carrara marble, could I handle the chisel of a Canova or a Torwaldsen. I would have imbued it with life more easily, and certainly more successfully, through the medium of sculpture than by means of the three acts of my play." Garrett likened the story of Manuel de Sousa to a Greek Drama. "Chaste and severe as the tragedies of Aeschylus, passionate as those of Euripedes, energetic and natural as those of Sophocles, it possesses a certain calm and delicate sensitiveness, diffused by the Christian spirit, which softens, by tears of contrition, what, amongst Pagan peoples, would have been desperate anguish."

"Frei Luiz de Sousa" has been translated into German, Italian, Spanish, French and English. Elkin Mathews is the publisher of the excellent English version by Edgar Prestage, which appeared in 1909, under the title "Brother Luiz de Sousa." The famous Portuguese critic, Mendes dos Remedios, considers "Frei Luiz de Sousa" to be one of the finest modern contributions to the literature of the Portuguese stage.

Very different from the subject-matter of Garrett's "Frei Luiz de Sousa" is the plot of his "A Sobrinha do Marquez" (The Marquis's Niece) produced in 1848. This is an eighteenth-century costume comedy suggestive of Molière, and Garrett composed it, like his other plays, for the repertoire of the national theatre which he founded. War between the upper and middle classes constitutes the main theme of the drama which scintillates with wit.

The scene is laid in the last days of King Joseph's reign (1750—1777). The noted Marquis of Pombal, famed for his expulsion of the Jesuits from Portuguese territory, was prime minister at this period. In his introduction Garrett wrote—"It is idle to mention that the Jesuits and the great nobles were opponents of the Marquis of Pombal. However it is very necessary to remember that in order to oppose them he established the middle class, if he did not actually create it. He separated it from the people, martialled it under the command of the Crown, and reigned by means of both parties which he dominated, raising and constraining them by one and the same hand.

"Entire annihilation of the aristocracy, or complete triumph of the bourgeoisie—amounting to the same thing—meant abdication into their hands. Rather than abdicate, the minister of King Joseph would have resorted to any measure. Such the vein of thought, and such the epoch of the Marquis of Pombal."

Garrett chose the administration of the celebrated statesman as the background for his picture. He represented the terror and hatred which the Marquis of Pombal inspired in the breasts of the aristocrats and the Jesuits, who hailed the death of King Joseph with relief. Both parties were aware that the accession of Joseph's successor, Donna Maria, meant the fall of the Marquis, and they hoped to regain thereby the power of which Pombal had deprived them. The middle classes, also, feared Pombal and detested his severe discipline. According to Garrett, it was as irksome to them as boots are to the raw recruit on the first days of a march. Apart from the Marquis each character in the play is fictitious.

The Marquis is anxious to arrange a marriage between his niece, Marianna, and D. Luiz de Tavora. D. Luiz's father is the Marquis's mortal enemy and has languished in prison for over fifteen years. In his desire to effect this alliance, Pombal agrees to release the elder Tavora on the day that Luiz weds Marianna, and he promises a safe-conduct to Luiz to enable him to visit his father, immediately provided that Luiz accepts Marianna as his bride-to-be. Pombal sends Marianna to Simões, a merchant who is in league with Pombal, and also with Luiz. Disguised as Simões's niece, Marianna captivates Luiz, who is working in Simões's business as book-keeper, while pretending to be Simões's nephew. Many comic misunderstandings arise by reason of these impersonations, but all the complications are satisfactorily unravelled at the close of the play. Luiz's father is released, and, in the last act, Luiz asks the Marquis of Pombal for Marianna's hand in marriage. The Marquis consents, and thus a feud of many years' duration is terminated.

Pombal still retains his grudge against the Jesuits however, as revealed in the following conversation, which takes place between him and the Jesuit priest, Father Ignacio:—

THE MARQUIS—"Come Father, your hand" (Shakes hands) "As a friend?"

IGNACIO—"We will see.....And the Society?"

THE MARQUIS—(Dropping the father's hand) "Never!"

IGNACIO—"Then war!"

THE MARQUIS—"Yes."

IGNACIO—"To the death!"

THE MARQUIS—"Let it be so. I shall fall, but....."

IGNACIO—"You certainly must fall."

THE MARQUIS—"But the Jesuits will not rise."

IGNACIO—"We shall see!"

FINIS

In 1869 Pinheiro Chagas's "A Morgadinha de Valflor" was produced for the first time at the benefit of the great actress, Emilia Adelaide, who created the title rôle of Leonor, the morgadinha or heiress of Valflor. It attained remarkable popularity, and occupies a niche apart in the gallery of modern Portuguese dramas. In the preface to the third edition, published in 1891, the author remarked that it was very exceptional for a demand to arise for three editions of a Portuguese play within the space of a few years. He added: "I do not write these few words of preface, with a desire to flatter my vanity, or in a spirit of self-glorification, but solely for the purpose of thanking those great artists who have interpreted the various rôles, with extraordinary insight, at the hundreds of performances which have taken place both in Portugal and Brazil."

The play has been translated into Spanish and Italian, and possesses sociological and historical interest for, once again, class distinction is the leading motive, and the eighteenth-century setting, with the voice of the proletariat heard in the distance, afforded an admirable opportunity to the author for introducing dramatic contrasts into his tragedy.

Luiz, the hero, is an artist who has imbibed democratic ideas during his travels in France and Italy. On his return to Portugal, he is attracted by his little cousin, Mariquinhas, whose father, Leonardo, regards him as a prospective son-in-law. Mariquinhas has been reared in a conservative atmosphere, and believes implicitly in the divine right of kings and noblemen, as proved by her remark to Luiz—"There is no doubt that ladies are different from us. God knew what He was about when He established class distinctions." Mariquinhas informs Luiz that the heiress of Valflor is an only daughter, and tells him that she is proud and haughty, and although she can be charitable and gentle—whenever she speaks, she betrays her deep-rooted conviction that she is a superior being.

Towards the close of Act I, Luiz, who is alone on the stage, reflects upon Leonardo's obvious intention to bestow Mariquinhas's hand upon him in marriage. Luiz is aware that this union promises peace and domestic happiness—and yet?—He has seen the great world, and has been strangely stirred by the exquisitely dressed women whom he has watched entering theatres and operas. His musings are interrupted by a loud knock. A storm has arisen and, as he opens the door, Leonor "the morgadinha," dressed in male attire, enters Leonardo's house as though it belonged to her. Luiz, who has never seen her before, is unaware of her identity. He is intensely irritated by the disdain with which she treats him and to Leonor's annoyance he commences to air his democratic views. Referring to Marie Antoinette

he remarks: "Women with blue blood in their veins believe they can trample under foot, with impunity, the most elementary ideas of morality." He adds: "This too, probably, is the belief of the heiress of Valflor?"

LEONOR—"What do you say about the heiress?"

LUIZ—"I say were the heiress of Valflor a plebeian, she would be the laughing stock of the neighbourhood, with her disdainful habits and her contempt for modesty."

LEONOR—(Choking)"Do you know her?"

LUIZ—"I have never seen her, and I wish I might never see her."

LEONOR—"Then why do you go to the palace?"

LUIZ—"Because I am fulfilling a contract there as a painter."

LEONOR—"And you insult her without knowing her?"

LUIZ—"This frivolous heiress who spends the night in the woods will wake up one day to find herself despised by all who consider themselves to be men of worth."

LEONOR "Ah! you are very insolent!"

At this juncture Leonardo enters. He is horrified to find the morgadinha dressed as a man, and hesitates before allowing Mariquinhas to enter, as he fears she may be demoralised by the sight of a woman in trousers.

When Leonor leaves Leonardo's house, accompanied by the servants who have come in search of her, she flicks off Leonardo's nightcap with her riding whip, before he has time to remove it and bow. Leonor exclaims to Luiz when she has departed—"Isn't she a demon?" Luiz replies in an aside—"Or an angel. Who knows?" The curtain falls.

In Act II the scene is laid in the Valflor palace. Luiz is discovered alone, engaged upon his painting. He admits to himself that he is madly in love with Leonor. He longs for his plebeian pride to revolt against this attachment, but every time that he meets the proud aristocrat, who goes out of her way to insult him, he becomes more and more a slave to his passion. He adds: "Not a spark must be seen of the mad flame which consumes me, though my heart be reduced to ashes!"

Ultimately Leonor confesses to Luiz that she is in love with him. The situation is an impossible one for all concerned, and is aggravated by the fact that Leonor is engaged to be married to her cousin, Rodrigo. When Leonor is discovered in Luiz's arms, her mother, D. Thereza, requests him to leave her house. Luiz charges Rodrigo to fight him, but Rodrigo replies that he is not in the habit of duelling with his servants' relations. Ultimately

Rodrigo agrees to a duel, after Luiz has threatened to strike him, and Luiz gives a sigh of relief. At last he will have the opportunity of meeting his rival in open combat! Luiz is mortally wounded in the duel, but Mariquinhas nurses him with unswerving fidelity. In sickness, as in health, however, it is Leonor round whom Luiz's thoughts centre, and he expires with her hand clasped in his. With his dying breath he prophesies that a time of liberty will arrive when sister souls will be permitted to unite on earth.

To twentieth-century readers "A Morgadinha de Valflor" may appear a trifle melodramatic. The author's skill at characterisation however, invests the tragedy with a vital interest, for he has executed a clear-cut silhouette of each personality. Amongst the secondary characters D. Thereza, Leonor's mother, is particularly arresting. She stands at the parting of the ways between the old and the new regimes. Although when any crisis arise she proves to be a slave to tradition, she is emancipated sufficiently to realise that members of the proletariat may possess nobility of character. Moved by the spirit of self-sacrifice, revealed by Luiz when he begs her to speak slightly of him to Leonor, in order to dispel Leonor's affection for him, D. Thereza admits that many aristocrats might envy him his heroic instincts. She adds, however, that the laws of the world are severe and must be obeyed. "I do not conform to prejudice, but to the will of God, who instituted hierarchies, even in Heaven . . . If I were your own mother I could not be better disposed towards you."

In England, at the present time, it is customary to lament over the dearth of fine dramas available. Producers would do well to turn their attention towards the masterpieces which Portugal can offer. As a nation the Portuguese possess great dramatic and histrionic talents. These national gifts have stood their playwrights in good stead, and it would be a relatively easy matter to translate and adapt many Portuguese works for the London stage. They would offer the charm of novelty, an asset of paramount importance, when it is necessary to cater for the jaded tastes of critical audiences.

One of the most popular nineteenth-century novelists of Portugal was Camillo Castello Branco (1825 or 1826—1890). He was a prolific writer, and his complete works comprise some hundred and fifty volumes. In his "Studies in Portuguese Literature" (Oxford, Blackwell 1914) Mr. A. G. F. Bell described the output of Camillo Castello Branco as—"The sincere expression of a temperament singularly restless and nervous, and, at the same time impressionable as wax with regard to his surroundings and his readings." Chagas classified Branco's style as—"Pure marble from the national quarry." Branco possessed a remarkably extensive vocabulary, and his work constitutes an

admirable medium by which students may enrich their knowledge of the Portuguese language. The scenes which Branco depicts are interesting by reason of their brilliant colouring and forceful setting. His characters are emotional and romantic, but nevertheless they appeal by reason of their very human impulses. Their creator could have been only a warm-blooded Southerner, whose genius had matured under sunny skies. Branco lived much and loved much, and depicted all sorts and conditions of men. Despite his predilection for playing to the gallery, he was the possessor of undoubted genius, and Branco, the brilliant writer, as distinct from Branco the clever poseur, is deserving of respect and admiration.

One of his most characteristic novels is "A Mulher Fatal" (The Fatal Woman). If set as an opera, it should prove as effective as "The Tales of Hoffmann," for each episode is a complete drama in tabloid form. Many of the remarks in the introduction to this work are caustic and pithy, and enable the reader to penetrate the mind of the author. He stated, for instance, that—"the acme of human knowledge consists in glimpsing the reverse side of social tragedies, in which, perforce, the comic element appears. The ignorance which sterilises, withers and renders bald, allows but one side of the picture to be reflected." He wrote further:—"To immortalize laughter in books, verse and speech it is necessary to have wept." "A Mulher Fatal" contains many pages of unsullied lyrical beauty interpolated between passages of biting satire and subtle irony. Philomena's loyalty to her contemptible husband, Carlos, which is the theme of the second half of the story, is handled with the reticent sympathy of the idealist. Philomena's dignified self-reliance is momentous. She bravely supports herself and her children by her own earnings, and contributes towards the maintenance of her unfaithful spouse, at a period when the wage-earning married woman of the educated classes was a negligible social factor. Moreover Philomena was Portuguese, and, to this day, the women of Portugal, in common with those of other southern European countries, are not so independent as their sisters in more northerly lands.

In "Lgrimas Aben Coadas" (Blessed Tears) Branco abandoned entirely the rôle of cynic and painted the good and pure in life. In a few introductory phrases he summarised some of the ideas which inspired this romance. They included the following reflections:—"That happiness is possible on earth."—"That the only true happiness must be sanctioned by conscience."—"That tears constitute the price of happiness, as the consolation of salvation is experienced only after the suffering, caused by the agonies of shipwreck." The author added that the last remark might appear paradoxical to persons unacquainted with true happiness, who had not shed the blessed tears of resignation. The

life of Maria, the heroine of "Lgrimas Aben Coadas," is traced from her infancy, and when describing her up-bringing Branco proved to be in favour of the higher education of women. Her teacher was her uncle, a monk known as Frei Antonio: "An enthusiast where his compatriots and his fatherland were concerned, Brother Antonio inculcated into his niece a love of sixteenth-century Portuguese poetry with all its dignity. By means of the epics she learnt history by heart, and cultivated her taste by developing an appreciation of the genius who taught resignation to the unfortunate. To Maria, Camoes was more than a poem to be studied by heart. Her master interrupted her at each verse, and, as explained by the father, the poem became a fertile source of moral teaching. Exclusive devotion to the literature of his own country did not satisfy the learned man. Brother Antonio liked certain French books and Italian works of all periods. By the time she was ten years old Maria knew both languages, and read, with remarkable insight, in her spare evening hours."

Maria's family had lost their wealth owing to political disturbances, and she contributed to their depleted finances by the manufacture of artificial flowers. Hers was no life of idle luxury, and she grew up with an affection for work that was nothing short of remarkable. In due course she married Alvaro, a wealthy nobleman, whom Brother Antonio had reclaimed from a life of vice. Alvaro's conversion, however, was only temporary and he returned to the company of his evil associates soon after his marriage. In the course of a few years he squandered the whole of his fortune, and during this period Maria retired to a convent where she supported herself by her earnings. Ultimately her courage and steadfastness are rewarded, for Alvaro returns to her, chastened and impoverished. Realizing, at last, the strength and grandeur of Maria's character, he appreciates his wife at her true worth. They are reunited and live together in perfect happiness, notwithstanding their poverty. Subsequently they inherit a large fortune and remove to Alvaro's ancestral home, where they spend their time in doing good. The book closes with a note of peace and of religious comfort, very different to the storm and stress in which Camillo Castello Branco frequently indulged, when giving vent to his fondness for tearing a passion to tatters.

From his father, Branco inherited a morbid strain which led to his terminating his life by his own hand when over sixty years of age, after he had acquired great fame as a novelist. The idea of death appealed to him, and he described it frequently with the sure touch of a great artist.

One of the sentences in "Lgrimas Aben Coadas" which must appeal in particular to poets and musicians, is put into the mouth of Maria, who says

to her uncle, Frei Antonio:—"Intelligence is an electric wire. There are vibrations in my soul, which if unheard by you, would be lost, like the notes from an Aeolian harp, when the wind sweeps across its strings, as it hangs on the summit of a deserted sepulchre." The electric wire of Branco's intelligence vibrated in sympathy with his creative power, which was stimulated to feverish activity by every gust of inspiration.

II

One of the most celebrated names in Portuguese literature is that of A. Herculano (1810—1879), sometimes styled "The Portuguese Walter Scott," and described by Romero Ortiz as "the most erudite novelist and most conscientious historian of nineteenth century Portugal. His fiction includes two of the finest historical romances in the Portuguese language, "O Bobo" (The Jester) and "O Monge de Cister" (The Cisterian Monk). "O Bobo" first appeared in instalments, in 1843, in "O Panorama," a weekly journal founded by Herculano for the purpose of diffusing scientific and literary knowledge amongst the people. The author revised "O Bobo" several times, until, in its finished form it became a masterpiece. The scene is laid in the twelfth century, in the days when Portugal was suffering from the growing pains, attendant upon the development of a young nation.

The protagonist, "O Bobo," occupies the important post of jester at the court of Donna Theresa, widow of Count Henry of Burgundy, who died in 1114, and mother of Affonso Henriques, who assumed the title of first King of Portugal, in 1140. At the commencement of the novel Herculano gives a remarkable summary of the duties of the mediæval jester:—

"In those days similarity existed between the duties of jester and those of Roman censor. Passions were gratified openly which were condemned subsequently as ignoble. . . . Hatred and revenge were genuinely fierce, licence was sincere, tyranny was exercised without the restraint of concealment. . . . In the midst of the fearful silence caused by incredible endurance and enforced suffering one person, alone, was free to ascend and descend, at will, the long staircase of privilege. From every step he was at liberty to utter reproaches, to punish crime by bitter abuse and to expose the meanness of the powerful. By this method he frequently avenged, unconsciously, the oppression to which the poor were subjected. This privileged person was the jester . . . a mysterious institution of the Middle Ages. Now-a-days his social significance is contemptible, impalpable . . . then it constituted a mirror in which was reflected, with cruel sincerity, the hideousness of a society in the throes of disorder. The jester

who lodged in the palaces of kings and nobles fulfilled a terrible task. He was both judge and executioner, and, in his private court, with the aid of satire, he punished, not the body, but the spirit of the criminal who stood before him."

In "O Bobo" Herculano refers to the guilty love of Donna Theresa for Don Fernando Peres de Trava, which ultimately proved the source of her undoing. Mr. H. Morse Stephens refers to this incident in "Portugal" (Story of the Nations Series, London), one of the finest books of reference on Portugal in the English language:—

"Donna Theresa devoted herself to her love for Don Fernando Peres de Trava, and thus aroused the hatred of her boy-son, Affonso Henriques, and of Paio Mendes, who, in 1121, had succeeded Maurice Burdino as Archbishop of Braga. Her quarrel with Paio Mendes commenced in the year after he became archbishop, and well illustrates the attitude of the Portuguese bishops. As long as Theresa had remained the living symbol of Portuguese unity and independence, the bishops had followed her, but as soon as she showed her love for a Gallician nobleman they turned against her."

In 1127 Theresa was forced to acknowledge Alfonso VII of Castille as her suzerain lord, but, to continue in the words of Morse Stephens:—"Affonso Henriques, however, though only a boy of seventeen, absolutely refused to recognise the submission made by his mother and his tutor, and, in 1128, he raised an army with the declared intention of expelling Donna Theresa and her lover from the country. In this movement the boy was encouraged by Archbishop Paio, and his brother, Sueiro Mendes. . . . Donna Theresa also collected an army, consisting chiefly of Gallicians, but she was defeated by her son at the battle of S. Mamede, near Guimaraens and taken prisoner, and was shortly afterwards expelled, with Don Fernando, from the country she had ruled so long."

In the concluding chapter of "O Bobo," Herculano deals with the fall of Donna Theresa, and the commencement of the new and brilliant epoch, in which Portugal took her place, as an independent kingdom, amongst the nations of Europe.

In O "Mongede Cister" readers are transported into the reign of João I of Portugal (1385—1433). Vasco da Silva, on his return from the battle of Aljubarrota, at which the Portuguese obtained a noted victory over the Castilians, in 1385, finds his lady-love, Leonor, married to his wealthy rival, Lopo Mendes. His sister has been seduced and abandoned by Don Fernando Affonso, and his father has died from the effects of shame and grief. To avenge his wrongs, and those of his family, Vasco assassinates Lopo Mendes, and, in the guise of a monk,

persecutes Don Fernando Affonso. In the introduction to "O Monge de Cister," Herculano describes his source of inspiration:—

"One day, when passing through the Arab quarter of Lisbon, on my way to the Roman portion of the city, I noticed, by chance, the site of the former Convent dos Bons Homens de Villar or Conegos do Evangelista (The Convent of the Good Men of Villar or Canons of the Gospel), and stopped to study this spot. My examination was both long and conscientious, according to the phraseology of two institutions in which conscience usually is relegated to the background, namely legislative assemblies and the political press. In vain I tried to discover some traces of the primitive building, mentioned by me in the first chapter of "O Monge de Cister" . . . my efforts were fruitless Sorely grieved by my useless expenditure of time and energy, I was continuing my walk, when I was struck by the remembrance of an ancient manuscript which I had perused. This document contained details respecting a certain occurrence, recorded by Fernao Lopes in his chronicle of the reign of João I (1385—1433). The historian makes but passing reference to this incident, but it is circumstantially described in the unpublished record, and it is intimately connected with the history of this former college of the Bishop of Lisbon. . . . I resolved to infuse fresh life into what is only a name at the present day, and, by the time I returned home, I had so far classified my recollections that I had roughly outlined the plot."

The following sketch of Lisbon, which occurs in Chapter IV, gives a good idea of Herculano's descriptive powers:—

"Towards the end of the fifteenth-century, and principally during the course of the sixteenth-century, Lisbon—that city of wonder to foreigners—began to cover the heights of Sancta Catharina, and to spread across the western hills and valleys. Hitherto it had hidden behind its ramparts, and had sought protection from its Moorish castle. At a distance it was almost invisible, and, as though ashamed of its diminutiveness, the city had taken refuge behind the walls with which Don Fernando had screened it, when jealous of its beauty. In those days it was the innocent virgin daughter of Portugal—the honoured warrior. Alas! this good soldier of the Middle Ages, rendered dissolute by wealth of conquest and intoxication of glory, degenerated before his time. Lisbon, his beautiful and modest daughter, was pure in her poverty. When reared in abundance and luxury she broke the girdle bestowed by Fernando (1367—1383), the last king of the first dynasty. Ascending the eastern hill, like a lost woman she smiled and beckoned to strangers, who, more corrupt than she, satiated her with vice and abomination."

One of the most sympathetic figures in the world of Portuguese letters is Joaquim Guilherme Gomes Coelho (1839—1871), better known by his pseudonym of Julio Diniz. Educated at Porto (Oporto), where he completed his medical studies, and commenced to practise as a physician, Julio Diniz was attracted in his youth towards the magic realm of literature. In his country idyll, "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" (The Wards of the Rector), Julio Diniz emphasizes the contrast between the conservative doctor of the old world, and the representative of modern methods, whose theories respecting the origin and cure of disease are regarded with distrust by the magnates of the village.

Julio Diniz's creative work is as healthy, and clean smelling, as new-mown hay. In his preface to "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" Alberto Pimentel wrote the following appreciation of Diniz's fiction:—"There is no sweeter, no more consoling literature than that of Julio Diniz—no literature more imbued with refreshing tears for the vanquished, and serene joy for the victors, on whom the laurel wreath of triumph has been bestowed."

Herculano declared "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" to be the finest Portuguese romance of the nineteenth century, and this tribute of the "Walter Scott" of Portugal to the "Portuguese George Eliot" has been confirmed by many critics. In the following excerpt from this interesting romance the reader is introduced to an ancient method of celebrating the harvesting season:—

"An enormous mound, built of ears of corn, occupied the centre of the open space, whilst the doors of the farm buildings were thrown back, in pairs, and revealed large baskets, destined to receive the ears from which the husks had been removed. Relations, servants, neighbours and acquaintances were all seated round this pyramidal alter, for such folk congregate in large numbers at these festivals, without troubling about invitations. On this occasion there were no reserved seats. Everyone sat down haphazard, or, to be more accurate, everyone chose the position which he, or she, preferred. Perfect equality reigned amongst the company. When occasion demanded nobody could maintain his dignity better than José das Dornas, but at this function he abandoned all formality as head of the family, and played tricks as jovially as the youngest labourer

He was the first person upon whom fortune smiled, or, in other words, he was the first person to find an ear of corn of reddish hue. When he made this discovery the character of the festivities changed completely. Hilarity reigned on all sides, and the farmer was beset by requests to comply with the laws of the feast and to bestow the first round of kisses. The jolly countryman did not wait to be asked twice, and a comic scene ensued as he rose from his seat, and

embraced all and sundry in observance of the festal rites. His vivacious temperament enabled him to perform this task most efficiently, to the accompaniment of jokes, which were greeted by peels of laughter from the listeners."

Of all Julio Diniz's novels "Uma Familia Ingleza" possibly makes the most direct appeal to British readers. Written in 1861-1862, the staging and dressing of the story inevitably are out of date. Humanity transcends all dictates of fashion, however, and the members of Diniz's English family are none the less lifelike because their costumes are antiquated. The hearts of Jenny and Cecilia beat as warmly beneath their tight-fitting bodices, as do the hearts of modern heroines beneath jumpers and sports coats. Jenny, her father, Richard Whitestone, and her brother Charles might be seen any day in continental cities where English merchants reside. Below is the portrait of Mr. Whitestone:—

"In appearance Mr. Whitestone was characteristically English His complexion was of the usual, almost brick-like hue, and his somewhat prominent blue eyes sparkled like sapphires. His reddish hair and whiskers resembled flames which illuminated his thin cheeks. His regular pearl-like teeth were as white as snow-capped mountains. He held himself erect, his movements were swift, and there was a look of constant satisfaction on his face. His clothes were true to type and were English to the last thread."

Mr. Whitestone had lived in Portugal for twenty years and had acquired a fine appreciation for the merits of genuine portwine, but his British fibre revolted against the exigencies of Portuguese grammar. He ignored every rule with lordly disdain, and treated every branch of the language with majestic irreverence.

"Lobato and Madureira must have turned in their graves whenever Mr. Whitestone attempted to speak Portuguese. He mutilated the most trivial rules of syntax, in a manner so cold-blooded, that he might have been likened to a member of the Jocky Club trampling upon a lounge on the course, or a competitor who had been thrown from his horse."

Indeed, in his speech, Mr. Richard seemed to attempt an agreement between substantives and adjectives, in opposition to all objections raised by gender and number, as though he wished to modify the whole grammatical structure of the Portuguese language.

Very different from the web and woof of Julio Diniz's work is the texture of the fiction of Eça de Queiroz, a realist who depicts vice denuded of its glamour, and shorn of all illusion. With great dexterity Eça de Queiroz shows both sides of his pictures—the attractive guise in which temptation at first appears, and the hideousness which subsequently is revealed to the victim who listens to the voice of evil. Eça de Queiroz served as Portuguese consul in Cuba, Bristol

and Paris, and in this capacity glimpsed life from many viewpoints. In 1919, in a passage of enlightened criticism, Manuel Gaio observed that now-a-days it may be asserted that Eça de Queiroz exercised a healthy influence, despite opinions held to the contrary. The atmosphere which he created was salubrious, rather than edifying, and acts as a moral stimulant. Surely all unbiassed readers of his two famous novels, "O Crime do Padre Amaro" (The Crime of Father Amaro) and "O Primo Bazilio" (Cousin Bazilio), must endorse Manuel Gaio's opinion, for both works demonstrate sin under revolting aspects. Amelia in "O Crime do Padre Amaro" and Luiza in "O Primo Bazilio" are two silly little fools, who deliberately throw away virtue, happiness and peace of mind,—most precious of human possessions, whilst Amaro and Bazilio, who lead them astray, are so utterly despicable that, of necessity, they arouse the ire and contempt of all readers.

In the preface to the second edition of "O Crime do Padre Amaro" Eça de Queiroz referred to certain Portuguese and Brazilian critics, who alleged that "O Crime do Padre Amaro" was written in imitation of Zola's "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret." He demonstrated the inaccuracy of this theory, by reminding the public that "O Crime do Padre Amaro" was written in 1871, and published in 1874, whereas Zola's novel was written in 1875 and appeared in the same year. Beyond the similarity between the titles there are no points of resemblance between the Portuguese and French romances. The principal episode of "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" consists of the allegorical picture, representing the first man and first woman and their initiation into the mysteries of love, whereas the main theme of "O Crime do Padre Amaro" is based upon clerical intrigue in a provincial town of Portugal.

No greater contrast to the self-indulgent Amaro could be found than the figure of the unworldly Abbe Ferrao—an ideal parish priest, described by Eça de Queiroz with loving care and respect.

"There he remained, dwelling amongst the villagers in the midst of a poverty-stricken, unfertile area. He lived upon bread and milk, and was clad in a clean cassock, which resembled a map by reason of its many darns and patches. Regardless of distance, or of the inclemencies of the weather, and at a moment's notice, he would hasten to the home of a parishioner who was suffering from toothache, or he would spend an hour ungrudgingly, consoling an old woman upon the death of a goat. Forever in a good temper, he never failed to produce a coin from his pocket for the benefit of a necessitous neighbour. He was exceedingly popular with all the small boys, for whom he made boats out of corks, and he was always ready with a 'God bless you pretty maid!' when he met a handsome girl,—an incident of rare occurrence in his parish."

22

In the following description of High Mass in a provincial cathedral Eça de Queiroz rivals Gabriele d'Annunzio as an artist in words. The Italian writer's account, in "Il Trionfo della Morte," of a pilgrimage to a remote corner of Italy belongs to the same picture gallery as the Portuguese author's canvas.

"The church was full. A mass was about to be sung in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. According to a custom of the diocese the accompanying instruments were a rebeck, a violincello and a flute, on account of the presence of the Host. This contravention of ritual was rigorously censured by Father Silverio, who paid strict attention to the details of the liturgy. The altar, upon which the relics were exposed, was elaborately decorated, and stood out with festive whiteness. Canopy, frontal missal ornaments—all were in white with pale gold reliefs. Pyramids of white flowers and leaves crowned the vases. The velvet decorations, suspended like sails on each side of the tabernacle, resembled to white vast extended wings suggestive of the Holy Dove. The yellow flames of the twenty candles formed a throne of light, and illuminated the monstrance, which displayed the Host—an opaque disc, placed on high, in its setting of shining gold. Throughout the crowded church there was a low murmur—here and there a sufferer from catarrh expectorated, and a child whimpered. The smell of incense filled the air, which was exhausted by the exhalations from the crowd. The figures of the musicians moved amid the choir stalls and desks, from whence there proceeded a tuneful sigh from the rebeck and a wail from the flute. . . . Two acolytes entered from the sacristy, one was as stiff as a pine tree, the other was stout and slovenly. They bore before them, high and straight, the two consecrated candlesticks. Clad in a vestment that was too large for him, and carrying the silver censer, the cross-eyed Pimenta walked behind them with slow, pompous steps. . . .

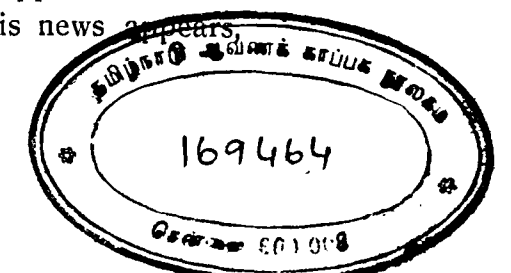
The choir attacked the introit. The church vibrated to the tones of the full organ. With mouths wide open, the choristers sang with all their might. . . . Carried away by the frenzy of the performance, the conductor waved, despairingly, the roll of plain song which served as a baton."

In "O Primo Bazilio" Eça de Queiroz describes with meticulous care the psychology of Luiza, Jorge's youthful wife, and her infatuation for her scoundrel cousin, Bazilio. To Luiza, reared in a quiet domestic atmosphere, and to whom travel is unknown, Bazilio is the symbol of the great world. To her eyes he is shrouded in the charm of mystery, and she is captivated by his suave manner and elegant appearance. The leading motive of the tragedy is indicated in the opening chapter, when Luiza reads to her husband the announcement of Bazilio's forthcoming return to Portugal, after an absence of several years spent in Brazil, where he is supposed to have accumulated a fortune. The editor of the paper, in which this news appears,

32

1927-1928

N27



adds that Bazilio has been travelling extensively in Europe, and that he will be warmly welcomed by his large circle of friends, upon his arrival in the capital.

During Jorge's absence from Lisbon, Bazilio visits Luiza, and, before long, she becomes his willing slave. As the scales fall from her eyes, and she sees Bazilio in his true colours, Luiza is overcome by remorse. Her agony of mind is intensified by the persecution of Juliana, the middle-aged housemaid, who steals some of her love letters, and blackmails her with heartless persistence. Juliana is one of the most sinister characters in fiction. From the moment when she enters the room, at the commencement of the narratives, the reader feels that she is a bird of ill omen :—

"Juliana entered, fumbling nervously with her collar and brooch. She must have been forty years of age, at least, and she was very thin. The dull yellow of her sharp featured face denoted heart trouble. Her large, sunken eyes were bloodshot, and roved inquisitively and uneasily, under her reddened eyelids. She wore a huge cap of plaited design, which made her head appear enormous, and she had a nervous affection of the nostrils. Her bodice was drawn flat across her chest, and her short skirt, distended over her stiff petticoats, set off her small shapely feet, which were encased in tight little boots with patent leather shoe caps."

Both in "O Crime do Padre Amaro," and "O Primo Bazilio," Eça de Queiroz allowed no digressions to interfere with the course of his narratives, which flow on relentlessly to their tragic conclusion.

Beyond the confines of Portugal and Brazil, Portuguese fiction is deserving of far great recognition than it hitherto has received. Possibly a useful introduction to the study of this interesting literature may be furnished by perusal of the novels mentioned in the foregoing pages, and, for the benefit of readers, who may experience difficulty in obtaining them outside Portugal, details of publication are appended.

"O Bobo" and "O Monge de Cister" (two vols.) are obtainable from the publishers, Messrs. Aillaud, Alves, Bastos & Cie, 73-75, Rua Garret, Lisbon; the publishers of "O Crime do Padre Amaro" and "O Primo Bazilio" are Messrs. Chardron de Lalo & Irmao, 144, Ruadas Carmelitas, Porto, (Oporto); "As Pupillas do Senhor Reitor" and "Uma Familia Inglesa" may be procured through either of the above mentioned firms. Booksellers in Nova Goa, Portuguese India, stock all the standard Portuguese novels, of which those selected for the basis of this article are but a few examples.

ETHEL ROSENTHAL



PRANAVA

P. K. Chatterji.

LOVE IN AN EASTERN GARDEN

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

It is pleasant to have that reluctant feeling in the early morning, when it comes to exchanging the snug warmth of a well-blanketed bed for the raw air of the bedroom and the bath. It is pleasant to be able to go for a long walk at midday and to be able to sit through a long evening in front of a big log-fire, with just the right kind of book and in just the right kind of arm-chair. Were this the weather that India had to provide all the year round, the country would be a perfect climatic paradise. But alas ! within two short months from now the particular place at which I am living will have lost every trace of this transient illusion of the West. Its sun will be burning, venomous, dangerous. Its air will be parched and torrid, and, as every week passes, it will develop a more ruthless and unsparing temperature, until, by the middle of May, it will have become (what it annually succeeds in becoming) one of the hottest places on this terrestrial globe.*

Well, is that not a true description of this big Eastern garden—India ? And would you not expect Love within a garden of such markedly extreme climatic conditions to be equally marked, extreme and all-devouring. Now I must confess that for some time past I have been in love—mostly in imagination. And I have tried to imagine what it is that makes loving under a tropical sun so intensely passionate ; what it is that gives the steely, lingering quiver to Tara's embrace ; what stolen nectar was there in her kiss to intoxicate you every time your mind dwells in that happy valley of a moment. What is it that, brooks no dispute nor foreign claim ; briefly what is there distinctly Eastern in our " Love."

If it were a Love that begins as a mere caprice, a romantic fancy, it will pass off as easily as it came. No ! It is a love that is kindled in the inmost recesses of the heart ; it is a throb that stopped somewhere before in a previous birth and starts again when the dew of recognition falls on it. It is a prize regained from Fate, for even Fate is not powerful enough to rob " Memory's dear domain." Thus the Indian lover challenges Fate :

" Why will you vex me with your futile conflict,
Why will you strive with me, O foolish Fate ?

* E. A. Wodehouse in " Nondescript Notes," *New India*, 24th January, 1923.

You cannot break me with your poignant envy,
 You cannot slay me with your subtle hate
 For all the cruel folly you pursue
 I will not cry with suppliant hands to you.

You may perchance wreck in your bitter malice
 The radiant empire of mine eager eyes . . .
 Say can you rob my memory's dear domain
 O'er sunlit mountains and sideral skies?
 In my enduring treasures I hold
 Their ageless splendour of unravished gold." *

The unravished gold of love that shines with increased lustre at the magic touch of recognition! This recognition is not a recognition of mere face, hands or hair, nor the recognition of mere sounds of words. It is a recognition of Souls, it is a language of heart to heart.

"Then something in my heart began to sing
 And secretly I longed to see the king." †

Zira who is a captive being taken to the capital of the Sultan, overhears the talk round the camp-fire. Let her tell her own story:

Behind those jagged mountain's lilac crest,
 Once lay the captive bird's small rifled nest,
 There was my brother slain, my sister bound;
 His blood, her tears, drunk by the thirsty ground.

Then while the burning village smoked on high,
 And desecrated all the peaceful sky,
 They took us captive, us, born frank and free,
 On fleet strong camels through the sandy sea.

Yet, when we rested, night times on the sand
 By the rare waters of this weary land,
 Our captors, ere the camp was wrapped in sleep,
 Talked; and I listened and forgot to weep.

"Is he not brave and fair," they asked, "Our King,
 Slender as one tall palm-tree by a spring;
 Erect, serene, with gravely brilliant eyes,
 As deeply dark as are these dessert skies." ‡

* Sarojini Naidu.

† Laurence Hope.

‡ Laurence Hope.

Then something in my heart began to sing There it is! A tune heard before surely; else the *vina*-strings of her heart would not have responded so readily. A familiar picture sure enough, else she would not offer her heart to a Lord who was yet far away. She made no mistake, she felt no doubt and thenceforth he is "My Lord." At the sight of the city where he dwells, she sees him in her mind as vividly as if she had seen him in the flesh and she succumbs to that Indian virgin's adoration of her lover.

All speech forsook me and my eyelids fell,
 Since I already loved my Lord so well.

There you see the love of the Indian wife. She knows him well; she knows they have met in many previous lives. Therefore it is not necessary for her to see him to love him. Instead with drooped eyelids she sees him with her mind's eye.

Zira is brought to the Sultan's palace and day after day she expectantly listens to the sound of his feet. But they tarry long, perhaps, owing to affairs of State, and when her poor satisfaction lies only in listening over again to the servants' praises of him, she bursts out:

What need, what need? the women wasted art;
 I loved you with every fibre of my heart
 Already. My God! when did I not love you,
 In life, in death, when shall I not love you?

Naturally, then, such deep love does not expect to be treated lightly. She has not loved with her whole being only to be a mere object with pleasing looks and words which may be discarded when these cease to please. No: That day when she heard the music of the flutes at the marriage of Lalita, her friend, she too raised her fluttering heart in sole dedication to him who will on a like day be hers, to serve, to love, and to die for. When Piyari, her brother, returned home the proud victor at the village wrestling bout, she had seen in her mind, the form of a strong-limbed, victorious husband. When at the temple she offered the pieces of cocoanut she remembered in her prayers one who was on his way to her. When in the evening she sang those songs to Krishna and fetched the music from her *sitar* she sang to him. Such is love under "this burning, venomous, dangerous sun" born.

If by any mishap the hopes of us lovers are unfulfilled, what misery can be greater.

But O Beloved Unknown, my heart is weak,
 And scarce can live through loving thee in vain—

Thou art so fair, for all thy peach brown skin
 So delicately chiselled, sweetest, best,
 And I would gladly pay the price, sin—
 To hold thee, for one moment, on my breast.*

Let the hands of a foe snatch such keenly sought-for and guarded
 treasure. Here is an instance :

Soorj Dehu was the Lord of the Rajputs of Naurpoor. Shureef Khan, a
 Muslim was his enemy. One day he was captured by his enemies and

. . . swore fiercely Shureef Khan
 That Soorj should die in torment or live a Mussulman.†

As the brave Soorj would not stain a Rajput's honour, he was mercilessly
 tortured. News of this was brought to his wife, Ranee Neila. She disguised
 herself as a nautch girl, went to Shureef's camp, and spoke to her imprisoned
 lover.

"Ah Soorj"—so followed answer—"here thine own Neila stands,
 faithful in life and death alike—look up and take my hands."

Then leaving him with more words of comfort she announced herself as
 a nautch girl and was brought before Shureef.

Then all before the Muslims aflame with lawless wine
 Entered the Ranee Neila, in grace and face divine
 Sang the melting music, swayed the languorous limb;
 Shureef's drunken heart beat—Shureef's eyes waxed dim.

Intoxicated by both music and wine, he
 Glared his eyes on her eyes, passing o'er the plain
 Glared at the tent—purdah—never glared again!
 For the kiss she gave him was his first and last—
 Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart, and past.

She rides back to her brothers with the head of her husband's enemy.
 Soorj himself is already dead under the strain of the tortures he underwent. A
 funeral pyre is made, and,

"In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,
 Laid his head—she radiant, like a queen the while,
 Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is poured—
 Soorj, we burn together; O my love, my lord!"

* Gladys' Emanuel.

† Sir Edwin Arnold.

Such is Indian love, consecrated even on the funeral pyre. It will not
 bend any violation of this age-long tie. Often death is its climax, but Death does
 not limit Eastern love. It is a breath blown over the portal of Death to be caught
 on the other side. In the theme of every poet who has sung of Eastern love, Death
 is mocked, flouted in its very face, for love lives beyond. Hear the secret lover,
 wounded by the husband.

The thirsty desert sucks up my blood
 From that wound in my back—but I do not mind,
 For Tara loved me a whole night through;
 Yes, one whole night she was kind—

I can smell her champa-scented hair,
 I can hear her anklets clink
 I can see her cool brown slender hands
 Held cup-like for me to drink

And then he came in the early dawn
 She was not expected till noon
 I saw the knife, I heard her scream,
 I must have drooped in a swoon.

* * * * *
 Let him finish off if he like.
 What matters it to me?
 For Tara loved me a whole night through
 And 'tis worth eternity.*

J. VIJAYATUNGA

THE CAVES OF WESTERN, SOUTHERN, AND EASTERN INDIA

BY DR. K. N. SITARAM

Roughly speaking, the cave districts in India comprise about fifty different and distinct groups though the majority of them are to be found within the limits of the Presidency of Bombay. All told the caves both those which were only natural formation ones, and those specially hewed from out of the sides of the living mountains or detached rocks big enough for the same purpose, number easily more than a thousand, although some of these are no bigger than mere manholes, which house some of the slum population in the least sanitary parts of the city of Bombay, while others, like those of the CHAITYA Halls that lend dignity and charm to Karla, Kanheri, Ajanta, Bedsa and Bhaja, are structural excavations of whose 'Tour d'force' any nation in the world might be proud of.

There are others which were Viharas once, and housed either a college or only a community of meditating monks, which though secondarily for architecture, but still primarily are now invaluable for the students as well as connoisseurs of art, throughout the world, because of the precious fragments of frescoe which still adhere to their walls, ceilings and pillars, in some of which the colours are still as fresh as when they left the hands of their masters nearly two thousand years ago.

If the caves in the Ramgarh Hills can claim priority because of their antiquity, and as the earliest to delineate in colour the joy in life which the ancient Indian felt, then the caves of Sittanavasal, twelve miles from Pudukottah, near Trichinopoly, contain some of the loveliest cave paintings which the hands of the Jain masters of the brush has as yet given to us. Ajanta contains the largest number of paintings executed in glorification of the Mahayana form of the Buddhistic Faith, though some of the paintings are far from being either religious or Buddhistic. One may say that the paintings of Bagh (Gwalior) are more or less contemporary with the latest of the wall paintings at Ajanta, even though from the point of technical achievement and the colour scheme, some of them may be said to be superior and gayer even to those at Ajanta, especially the scenes in the Rangamaharaj which depict Indian dancing. Those which are in the island of Ceylon, and the gem among them, namely, Sigiriya which still contain some precious fragments of frescoe do not come within the scope of this paper as it strictly confines itself only to the caves of India.

Besides these caves abovementioned whose celebrity is due to the precious fragments of coloured frescoe which still tenaciously cling to their

JANUARY 1927.]

THE CAVES OF INDIA

43

walls and pillars, there are others, which contain sculpture probably some of the most beautiful and forceful which the human chisel has yet given to us, which were once at least covered with coloured stucco. Instances in point are the sculptures at Elephanta (seven miles from Apollo Bunder, Bombay), Badami, Mahabalipuram (35 miles from Madras by water and 53 miles by road) and Kanheri (six miles by cart from the Borivili station on the B.,B. & C.I.).

There are others in which this coloured stucco coating is not visible, which may be due to the fact that they have frayed away because of time, or torn away by vandalism, or they might have been instead coated only with prepared oil or wax by a process resembling the GANOSIS practised by the ancient Greeks; and still continued in South India, without either sense or artistic motive. The chief caves which come under this category are those which are found scattered, and practically grouped round either the Barabar Hills, near Gaya, or a few miles from Bhuvaneswar in Orissa and cut out either in the range known as the Khandagiri or the Udayagiri, the prominent amongst these caves being the Raja Rani, the Ganesa and the Hathi Gumphas, which seem to be neither Buddhistic nor Jain but Hindu, though strongly coloured by Jain tendencies like the caves at Jogeswari and Matapeswari (a few miles from a railway station of the same name, Jogeswari on the B.,B. & C.I., next station to Andheri, away from Bombay).

Among all these cave groups mentioned above, namely, those belonging to South India, Berar and Orissa and Western India, the latter group easily occupies the first rank not only because of their sheer numbers, but also because of the wonderful "chef d'ouvres" of Indian art which they represent from the viewpoint of architecture, sculpture and painting.

Nowhere in the world, not even in the chief cave-rich countries of the world like Egypt and Italy, are so many to be found nor excavations which show man's mastery over the intractability of Nature as manifested in living mountains and hard masses of amygdaloid trap formation. The nature of the mountain formation in this part of the Indian continent not only invites man, but even compels him not to let go this precious opportunity furnished by Nature, without converting these perpendicular masses of volcanic rock, close grained and hard without a flaw into habitable structures where Religion and higher Thought can brood on, stimulated by Nature at some of her loveliest and grandest manifestations. For these are hard to beat not only because of the difficulty of their achievement, but also because, they are by far the loveliest spots in these ranges where the mind of Man can draw its inspiration from Nature showing herself at her best.

Among these, whose number easily reaches a thousand if we calculate even the smaller excavations and the caves which cluster round a central Hall as individual caves, the earliest are those which are found scattered round about Kolhapur, and especially those which are on the Panhala range, and those which are to be found on one of its outlying spurs, namely, the Hill near to the village of Pavala, a few miles from Sontali (about nine miles from Kolhapur). Of these, those known locally as the Pandava Dara are picturesquely hewed out at the extremity of a delightfully wooded chasm, looking down from a height of a thousand feet on the surrounding plain which itself, since it forms part of the Southern Maharatta plateau, is nearly 2,000 feet above the sea-level. Away from human habitations with its fresh gurgling spring of water sweet like the newly drawn juice of the sugar-cane, it is a thousand pities that so little should be known about this little bit of Mother Arnyani's Paradise. Since the interior of the caves is delightfully warm in winter and refreshingly cool even in the worst dog-days of June, they must have afforded an ideal shelter for those Bikkus (Monks) of ancient India, to think out their problems, concerning, the whence, the wherefore and the why of human existence. The scarp which is situated at the extremity of this wooded ravine is as beautifully curved as the crescent-like formation on the rocks of Ellora, and rise to a height of twenty-five feet, the chord across which measures about thirty-eight yards. The entrances face the rising sun, and contain apartments originally used for living purposes, with a cell at each extremity of the scarp. One of these principal apartments appears to have been a temple or place of worship, and the other a lecture hall, while the other eight cells of varying dimensions seemed to have served the monks as residential quarters. At present, a decent part of these structures as well as the terrace seem to have fallen in, partly due to an earthquake but more so due to the Musalman zeal for destroying Hindu buildings. So, at present, only four cells remain still "in situ" with some mutilated carvings, and only the fragments of pillars are left standing in stumps like the truncated arms and legs of a wounded soldier in the Great War. In one of these, Stupa architecture can still be traced, with capitals of mutilated pillar shafts which once bore the symbolism of the 'Turning of the Wheel of Law'—a representation of the first sermon which the Lord delivered at the Deer Park at Saranath, near Benares.

A few miles from Sontali deriving their name from a neighbouring village, namely, Pavala are another series of caves which are also as old as those that compose the Panch Pandava group. These consist of a Stupa shrine, a big lecture Hall, inside and connected with which are some rooms

or cubicles intended for purposes of residence. Besides these, there are also some separate residential cells, and the usual never-drying cistern for the storage of rain-water, which is a characteristic of all the caves of Western India. The big lecture hall is nearly as big as the biggest cave at Karad, and at least three-quarters of the cave at Jogeswari. It contains side rooms and cubicles and if some attention is paid to this and the cave is once more cleared of the rubbish that chokes it and if the dampness and the oozing moisture also are stopped, this will be one of the finest and noblest caves in this part of India. The other, its neighbour is a Stupa shrine, which now contains only the Hemispherical Anda or dome, as well as parts of the Tee which once connected it to the roof. Here also vandalism has done its worst, and human neglect has now made this place, a regular sewer, wherein there is always even at the driest season, at least two feet of water.

The next in point of antiquity to these earliest Hinayana Caves of Western India (anterior to the second century B.C.) are those which are found at a few miles distance from Karad, forty-nine miles from Kolhapur towards Satara. These also belong to the Hinayana type and are as old as the sculptures and the Stupa of Barhut, now dismantled and housed in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. One of these invaluable fragments of probably the earliest Indian Stupa now known to us to contain sculpture, to which also are subjoined an inscription has a piece saying that a particular thing there was an offering from the pilgrims hailing from Karad.

The caves here are located on three separate ranges of Hills and in all total about sixty-three, though by far, the biggest ones are to be found on the so-called Agashiv Hill, numbering nearly twenty-eight. Among these, the most important one is that Stupa shrine which still contains a perfect Stone structural Stupa, though a little part towards its top has not escaped the hands of vandalism. On the entrance to the shrine, are carved two down-turned lotus capital pillars, mounted on each of which is the beautiful usual Dharma Chakra with its thirty-two spokes, guarded by lions, and the art displayed is as naive and antique as the one represented at Barhut itself. There are other shrines also containing structural Stupas, at least three more in number, but none of these can approach the previously mentioned one either in point of beauty or spaciousness. Evidently, here we can put one finger and say that this was the ancestor of the Chaitya Halls of Bedsa, Bhaja, Kanheri, etc., but more so of that best among them, namely, the one at Karla. Besides the relic or the Stupa shrines, there are also others, containing near them beautiful cisterns for the storage of rain-water or small springs, a very large number of caves among them being used as lecture

Halls while others served for residential purposes. Those used for lecture Halls are indeed very spacious for this type of architecture, while those which strictly served only to house the monks against the inclemencies of the weather contain stone benches, and originally their entrances must have been protected from the chill air and the rains by means of wooden screens, the places wherein they were mortised into the stone walls being still visible. One of these a central Hall with half-a-dozen rooms opening into it has been converted into a modern shrine by a votary, and possesses inside it now, two Linga shrines on the head of which Phallus perennial water is always dripping from above. On the entrance, this contains on its side walls two pieces of sculpture, one of which represents a Stupa and an ogee-shaped window and the other contains remnants of a Stupa, which is adored by flying figures of Gandharvas and Apasarasees, of which only the faintest traces now remain, because of mutilation. Altogether these form a very interesting group, especially so, because of their very difficult accessibility. The other caves belonging to this same Hinayana type are those which are found at Junir, near Poona, and the Ganapati Pula, and the Khed cave, near Ratnagiri. Next in point of time to these, come the semi-Hindu, semi-Jain caves at Mantapeswari and Yogeswari, a few miles from Andheri on the B.,B. & C.I. Railway and later on the Indra Sabha (Ellora). In its days of prime, before destruction overtook it, the Yogeswari must have been one of the finest caves of Western India, and even now it contains, though as yet it is not immune from the drunken hands of some of the worst slum dregs of the Bombay underworld, some really fine pieces of sculpture, which are in no way inferior to the finest achievements of the Indian chisel whether it be at Elephanta, or Mahabalipuram. One such is the marriage of Siva and Parvati and another which depicts the temptation of a Saint by the troops of Mara or The Evil One. The remnants of architecture, stamp it as typically South Indian, and the Dwarapalas have a close resemblance to the unifacial Parakham statue, now in the Mathura Museum.

The Rani Gumpha, the Ganesa and the Hathi Gumphas, near Bhuvanewar, the tiger cave near Cuttack, and also some of the Hindu caves at Mahabalipuram belong to the same epoch of excavation, though lack of space forbids us to describe them. Yet they contain some of the finest specimens of ancient Indian sculpture.

The caves at Nasik, like the Nahapana, the Gautamiputra and the Yegna Sri, come next in order of time since all of them owe their origin to the spacious days of the Andhrabritya Dynasty, a hoard of whose dynastic coinage as yet unknown to the world of numismatics forms now the cherished possession of the KOLHAPUR Durbar. These caves lead us on into those of the Mahayanist



SELF-PORTRAIT

Thos Schloussner.

group, like those at Bedsa, Bhaja, Kanheri, Karla and Ajanta, wherein, that Saint who most emphatically said that the postulation of a God was not necessary for human salvation, and who defined the Brahmanic searching after an abstract Brahman, as the attempt of a man who was looking for a black cat in a dark room on a new moon night when the cat itself was not there, became himself deified into a God, with hosts of attendants, both male and female. Among these Mahayana caves Karla contains the largest and the finest Chaitya Hall where the entrance of Light is so adjusted that it falls in one undivided volume only on the main central object of worship, namely, the Stupa, and is purposely kept cut off or subdued from the other objects in the shrine. The Chaitya Halls at Bhaja and Bedsa are only imitations of Karla, on a smaller scale with less of ornament and sculpture, but otherwise, good copies. Kanheri contains more than a hundred caves, among which the best is the two-storied building containing a Stupa similar in construction, pillar arrangement, etc., to the Chaitya Hall at Karli. On the entrance to this is a rail, now covered with moss which strongly reminds one of the technique of Amaravati (near Bezwada, Krishna District), now housed both in the Madras Museum, as well as in the British Museum, London. The figures of the donors on the front wall of the Chaitya, along with their wives are strongly reminiscent of similar work at Karla, while the two Buddhas, on the walls to the right and left, challenge comparison with the giant Dwarapalas at the Linga shrine of the biggest cave at Elephanta, and tell us that the days of the Gomateswara, Karakala and Yenur statues of the Jain Tirthankaras (South Canara) are not far off.

Among the Brahmanical caves, those at Badami, (especially No. III) at Mahabalipuram like the Yamapuri, the Varaha Avatar, the Milkmaids, etc., contain some of the finest sculptures, closely followed by Viswakarma, the Ravana, the Dhumar Lena, the Dasavatar, etc., which cluster round that gem of Clyptic Architecture, namely, the Kailasa at Ellora, a masterpiece of what South India can achieve in this titanic mode of architectonics. As the latest among these wonderful specimens of Indian patience and religious effort, come the caves of Bagh, as well as the groups near to it, at Dhumar and Kholvi, just as the earliest among these, come the caves on the Barabar Hills, near Gaya, namely, the Satapanni, the Karna Chopar, the Sudama, the Milkmaids and the Lomas Rishi, of which the Satapanni seems to be the oldest, for, in front of it was held the FIRST Buddhistic Sangha or convocation nearly six hundred years before the temple walls of Jerusalem echoed with the teachings of Jesus Christ.

DR. K. N. SITARAM

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SHAMA'A

Throughout 1925 and 1926 we were in receipt of repeated suggestions from many sympathetic friends and subscribers to change the official year of *Shama'a* from October to January. In response to this demand we have decided, as already notified individually to our subscribers, to begin every new volume in January, the other numbers to be, as usual, those in the months of April, July and October. We hope that this change will be widely appreciated and will meet the convenience of one and all, inasmuch as every volume will hereafter be complete in the year itself. In other respects *Shama'a* remains unchanged and will continue to devote itself, in its own humble way, to the full development of cultural and artistic life. It is in these spheres that we see the pure workings of the Spirit which brings mankind closer and closer together, revealing the highest and the best in every individual as well as in the various groups of people, whether called nations, empires or continents. For, the limitless Spirit is conditioned not so much by the *maya* of manifestation, as by the vastness of human ignorance. We are blessed if our tiny Light carries with it a little of that ancient fire which inspired the sage to address the whole world as "Ye! Children of Immortal Bliss!"

We are deeply thankful to the encouragement and support extended to us during these six years from various quarters in this country and from abroad. But yet much work remains to be done. The exploration of the hidden treasures of the past with a view to the true understanding of the landmarks of our cultural background; to formulate the tendencies of the Indian Renaissance as well as be a channel of its expression; and to note some at least of the great world-movements in art, literature and philosophy—these shall be our endeavour, and in the years to come we hope to be more and more equal to it.

G. K. C. AT THE EMPIRE POETRY LEAGUE—ANNUAL GARDEN FETÊ

Poetry and the Play, "the only quarterly in the British Empire devoted exclusively to lyric and dramatic poetry" announces that with the issue of July—September, 1926, it will appear as a quarterly instead of a monthly magazine and will be issued by the Empire Poetry League. The editorial further says that an article of exceptional interest upon the contemporary poetry of the Indian Empire will be forthcoming in the next issue. As we are going to Press we have received the October—December number which contains two articles (1) The Spirit of Indian Poetry, (2) Modern Indian Poetry; translations and originals, extracts from the latter of which are given below.

The Empire Poetry Annual Fetê was held at Oaklands, Handsworthwood, near Birmingham. We take the following from the presidential address of Mr. G. K. Chesterton:—

"The aberrations of some modern writers have the intellectual interest of raising the question of what poetry is or is not.

"Many people go by their likes and dislikes in the matter—which is very happy for them, but not helpful in furthering the establishment of criticism.

"It is not much use to tell the young poet who writes in the zip-bang-whizz fashion that he ought to write in the style of "Paradise Lost." He will very truly reply that he cannot spend his whole life writing to write like Milton, and then undoubtedly being told that he cannot do it. He

JANUARY 1927]

NOTES AND COMMENTS

31

49

will say 'There must be some function for me which is not the function of Milton.' That is the foundation of all experiment and change in verse. People are perfectly right when they try to do things slightly different from the things their fathers were doing, but the test they are making of the direction in which this should take place seem almost of the reverse of the right ones.

"Some modern writers have said that poetry has been too rhythmic in the past, and they have wanted it to go irregularly—simply making poetry into prose. We ought rather to make prose into poetry. Our conversation is by no means so real and true as the poetry that we write—and we all write poetry, though only a few unfortunate people are driven, by economic necessity, and other things, to publish it.

"Poetry is a more complete and more real language than our ordinary language. Can we not imagine an Utopia in which poetry is introduced into the ordinary conversation of the postman and the policeman, the tram conductor and the shop-keeper—when they all join in one great chorus? That would be poetry supreme in the world.

"We shall not see it, any more than we shall see any other good thing completely supreme in the world, but at least we might try for that and not for the very opposite.

"If we have an innovation in poetry, should it not be the very opposite of the staccato type? Should we not aim to introduce the poetry and harmonies of the sonnet into our daily speech? If I were able to do so at this moment, I would address you in one crystal torrent of song." Finally, Mr. Chesterton said that what we needed to-day was not the destruction, but the vitalising of the patterns in which we worked.

RHYTHM IN ENGLISH VERSE

Mr. Fowler Wright contributes a very lucid and thoughtful article on "The Bases of English Verse" in the July—September number of *Poetry and the Play*. The first part begins with an amplification of the statement that the basis of all modern English verse are a trinity of accent, metre and inflection—ornamented by the devices of rhyme, assonance and alliteration. The writer quotes the opening stanza of the Elegy and enquires why in spite of countless stanzas written in that metre, we do not get the same result? He then points out that "there is usually sufficient difference between one poet and another to enable us to say on hearing a stanza read: "That is by Tennyson," or "that is by Rossetti," and this without any reference to the subject-matter, and through the metrical form be one that is the common property of a hundred poets. Still more can we observe such a difference between the verse of one century and another." The suggested explanation, which the writer says he has not noticed in any book on prosody, is "that we have misled ourselves by thinking of accents as though they were all alike, and of syllables as though they were of only two lengths. Syllables are of many lengths (it-bit-bite-blight), and accents vary, both in their degree of stress, and in their position on the syllable to which they apply. . . . The point which I have italicised may prove to be of unobserved importance. If we take the syllables 'point' and 'port' from the last sentence we shall readily observe that the accent falls earlier on the first than on the second. It will also be observed that though they would both be classed as long syllables, the one is at least half as long again as the other. There are variations here which can be combined in literally millions of different ways within the compass of the simplest stanzaic form, from which it follows that it is not only easy to avoid monotony of construction, but that it is extremely difficult to repeat the music of a stanza of any pronounced individuality, unless we repeat the actual words or a majority of them. In this may be the secret of the popularity of a refrain at a time when our language was feeling its way towards a settled accentuation, and when its pronunciation was less settled than it has since become." Coming to the consideration of rhythm, the writer says:—

"The meaning of metre is simple and unmistakeable. It deals solely with the length of lines or of the syllables which compose them. The meaning of rhythm is more complex, and possibly

more disputable. All passionate speech is rhythmical, but it may not be metrical—at least not so if we consider 'metrical' to imply a repetition, a pattern of lengths. There are metrical laws, I think, underlying all rhythmical speech; but that, if it be so, is outside our present subject.

"Not only all speech which is prompted by emotion—in fact, by heart-beats—is rhythmic, but all good prose is so. Rhythm is the foundation of 'style' in prose. Rhythm, as I understand it, is the result of rising and falling waves of sound, which must have length, and must therefore be metrical, regularly or irregularly, but they differ from the idea of metre in that they depend upon accent and inflection for their effect, with neither of which metre has any concern. In some prose styles these waves are short and sharp, in others they are long and slow; in some they rise abruptly and fall slowly, or rise slowly and fall abruptly. The appreciation of these cadences depends to some extent on the reader. There are those who cannot perceive them. If they read prose aloud they do it in a dull level of monotone. If they read verse they do it in a 'sing-song' way, because, they have just sufficient ear to perceive the regularity of accented syllables, and they suppose the beauty of verse to be solely in the position of these accents! Fortunately such people are not numerous.

"In verse, as in prose, the use of rhythm, constitutes the *style* of the poet, by which his work may be most certainly recognized. The choice and control of rhythm, and the capacity to repeat it stanza after stanza, varies greatly among the leading English poet. *In Memoriam* is the most conspicuous example of the successful repetition of a four-line stanza, so that (almost) everyone could be recognized at a first hearing as belonging to that poem. The form of stanza has been used by others before and since, but never with a similar rhythmical result.

"*Omar Khayyam* owes its success mainly to the exceptional rhythmical unity of the whole poem. The stanzas echo and re-echo the same cadences until the dullest ear can hear them. To one who is normally sensitive to verse the effect is cumulative.

"A poet who can create a new rhythm for a common stanza, and who can emphasise it by continuing it with variations throughout a poem of a suitable content, has made a bold claim for immortality. Unfortunately for himself, he is liable to die before it be recognized. Poetry which depends for its effect upon such qualities usually wins recognition very slowly. It seems to take years—sometimes, many—before the new music becomes audible.

"The first edition of *Omar* was unsaleable. It might never have sold at all, and have been already forgotten, if Rossetti and Swinburne had not stumbled upon a copy in a twopenny box—or so goes the legend which is too good to be false. It seems strange enough to us. So may a young dog wonder why his grandfather was killed by a motor, he himself having been born with a capacity to avoid such danger.

"It scarcely needs to be said that this repetition of rhythmical effect could be obtained very easily, could a poet use words without regard to their meaning, as a musician may use his notes, because he would have many thousands of words to choose. His difficulty—which might seem insuperable had we not the evidence that it can be overcome—is to produce the music and convey the thought at the same time. Poets have varied greatly in the relative importance which they have attached to these two objects. It was the prosodic strength and the poetic weakness of Tennyson that he always put the sound first, if choose he must, however patiently he might labour to satisfy both requirements. Faced by the same difficulty, Scott would always make the opposite choice, though I think he must have had the finest ear of any English poet, except Swinburne and Gray—and, perhaps, Milton. Swinburne approached most nearly to the method of the musician. He depended more definitely than any other English poet upon the sound of the line to convey the sense. To reach the ultimate

heights of poetry it is necessary that the thought should be expressed in words which are at once perfect in themselves and in their rhythm, and that that rhythm should be suitable to the emotion which they contain.

"Unshaken, unseduced, untterrified," is such, and so is—

"Hell heard the insufferable noise, Hell saw
Heaven running from Heaven, and would have fled
Affrighted, but strict fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations."

"The earlier parts of *Paradise Lost* contain many such passages, but they require great labour as well as genius, for their construction, and the latter portion of that poem contain also some of the poorest blank verse which has been published in our language."

With much of all this we no doubt agree. Mr. Fowler Wright was perhaps limiting himself to the analysis of the physical basis of the poetic movement. The wondrous power of poetic utterance lies deeper still. Sri Aurobindo Ghose's articles on "The Future Poetry" in the *Arya* are the most remarkable studies we have so far seen. In the chapter on "Rhythm and Movement" the question is thus taken up.

"The mantra, poetic expression of the deepest spiritual reality, is only possible when three highest intensities of poetic speech meet and become indissolubly one, a highest intensity of rhythmic movement, a highest intensity of verbal form and thought-substance, of style, and of a highest intensity of the soul's vision of truth. All great poetry comes about by a unison of these three elements; it is the insufficiency of the one or the other which makes the inequalities in the work of even the greatest poets; and it is the failure of some one element which is the cause of their lapses, of the scoriac in their work, the spots in the sun. But it is only a certain highest level of the fused intensities that the mantra becomes possible" Then, emphasising rhythm as "the first fundamental" and discussing the attempts of Whitman, Carpenter and the experimentalists in *vers libre* in France to get rid of metre and referring to the "queer poetical thrones" of the Macaulays and Kiplings, Sri Aurobindo goes on to state "But even high above this level we still do not get at once the great sound movement we are speaking. Poets of considerable power, sometimes the greatest, are satisfied ordinarily with a set harmony or a set melody, which is very satisfying to the outward ear and carries the æsthetic sense along with it in a sort of even, indistinctive pleasure, and into this mould of easy melody or harmony, they throw their teeming or flowing imagination without difficulty or check, without any need of an intenser heightening, a deeper appeal. It is beautiful poetry; it satisfies the æsthetic sense, the imagination and the ear; but there the charm ends. Once we have heard its rhythm, we have nothing new to expect, no surprise for the inner ear, no danger of the soul being suddenly seized and carried away into unknown depths. It is sure of being floated along evenly as if upon a flowing stream. Or sometimes it is not so much a flowing stream as a steady march or other even movement: this comes oftenest in poets who appeal more to the thought than to the ear; they are concerned chiefly with the thing they have to say and satisfied to have found an adequate rhythmic mould into which they can throw it without any further pre-occupation.

* * * * *

"Poetic rhythm begins to reach its highest levels, the greater poetic movements become possible when rising from and beyond any of these powers, the soul begins to make its direct demand and yearn for a profounder satisfaction; they awake when the inner ear begins to listen. Techni-

cally, we may say that this comes in when the poet becomes, in Keat's phrase, a miser of sound: a syllable, economical of his means, not in the sense of a niggardly sparing, but of making the most of all its possibilities of sound. It is then that poetry gets farthest away from the method of prose-rhythm. Prose-rhythm aims characteristically at a general harmony in which the parts are subdued to get the tone of a total effect; even the sounds which give the support or the relief, yet to a great extent seem to be trying to efface themselves in order not to disturb by a too striking particular affect the general harmony which is the whole aim. Poetry on the contrary makes much of its beats and measures; it seeks for very definite and insistent rhythm. But still where the greater rhythmical intensities are not pursued, it is only some total effect that predominates and the rest is subdued to it. But in these highest, intensest rhythms every sound is made the most of, whether in its suppression or in its swelling expansion, its narrowness or its open wideness, in order to get in the combined effect something which the ordinary flow of poetry cannot give us.

"But this is only the technical side, the physical means by which the effect is produced. It is not the artistic intelligence or the listening physical ear which is most at work, but something within trying to bring out an echo of hidden harmonies, a secret of rhythmical infinities within us. It is not a labour of the devising intellect or the æsthetic sense which the poet has achieved, but the labour of the spirit within itself to cast something out of the surge of the eternal depths. The other faculties are there in their place, but the conductor of the orchestral movement is the soul coming forward to get its own work done by its own higher and unanalysable methods. The result is something as near to word-less music as word-music can get, and with the same powers of soul-life, of soul-emotion, of profound supra-intellectual significance. In these higher harmonies and melodies the metrical rhythm is taken up by the spiritual; it is filled with or sometimes it seems rolled away and lost in a music that has really another and spiritual secret of movement.

"This is the intensity of poetic movement out of which the greatest possibility of poetic expression arises. It is where the metrical movement remains as a base, but either enshrines and contains or is itself contained and floats in an element of greater music which exceeds it, and yet brings out all its possibilities, that the music fit for the mantra makes it audible. It is the triumph of the spirit over the difficulties and limitations of its physical instrument. Its listener seems to be that eternal spirit whom the Upanishad speaks of as the ear of the ear, he who listens to all hearings; and 'behind the instabilities of word and speech' it is the inevitable harmonies of his own thought and vision for which he is listening."

MODERN INDIAN POETRY.

But to continue with Mr. Fowler Wright. The following is the article we have referred to above:—

"Language, written or spoken, is the foundation of human intercourse. That is the argument for a universal language.

"Language is the expression of personality. In a larger sense, it is the expression of nationality. That is the argument against a universal language.

"It is significant fact that no language, within recorded millenniums, has yet succeeded in asserting even a temporary supremacy. The tale of the Tower of Babel suggests that this has been the greatest obstacle to human 'progress.' Probably that may be so on material issues. If we approach the question from spiritual or æsthetic standpoints we find less ground for assurance.

"Latin, at one period, seemed to approach the possibility of such dominance, at least in Europe. Had it secured that position, it might have spread further. It was a great language. It had exceptional vitality. Even now it is scarcely dead. In the hands of poets and orators it proved an instrument of beauty and dignity.

"But Latin could not survive as a living tongue when the Roman Empire perished. It had the qualities of the race that formed it. Even in its homeland it could not continue when those qualities had departed. It was succeeded by Italian, a language of very different accents and cadences, suitable to the spirit of modern Italy.

"Should we regard this failure of the Latin tongue with satisfaction or regret? There seems cause for regret in the fact that the literary beauty, if not the substantial contents, of the works of Latin genius are receding every year into a deeper twilight. In the end they must perish; as works in other forms of art, of less durable nature, have done already.

"We learn that art has no permanence: that beauty of all products of human hands or brains must pass like a sunset.

"The law of change appears to be fundamental. Individual life does not continue. Life succeeds life, sunset succeeds sunset, language succeeds language, with inexhaustible affluence.

"If there be loss there is gain also. In each language, there are different possibilities, as in every sunset there is a different beauty. The riches of English poetry would not have been produced in the Latin tongue.

"A language may be compared to a musical instrument. A drum differs from a flute; an organ from a violin. Each of these may give out great music in a master's hand; but their possibilities differ, and we should be poorer without them all.

"Now the English tongue, though very far from universally spoken, has spread to an extent which causes it to be used by many peoples to whom it is not native, and it appears to be taking a firm root—in some cases it has already taken such root—among many different races. It is spoken by the peoples of Ireland and Wales, who are radically much further separated from the English than are some of the nations of India. It is spoken by millions of Africans, both in the United States and in their own Continent.

"This fact may appear to defeat the contention that a language is inseparable from the spirit of the race which formed it; but if we look more closely we shall find confirmation even here, and a question that follows.

"For we find, first, that the English tongue, with the expansion of its use, has grown also in vocabulary, and in the flexibility of its constructions, beyond any known precedent. And we find, second, that every race which adopts it modifies it according to its own genius, introducing its literary manifestations—which usually aim at correctness—new words, new constructions, and, most particularly, *new rhythms*, by which it is further enriched and extended. If we consider the melodies of Irish, Scottish or Negro song we shall observe the language put to purposes which we may be quite capable of admiring, which we may be able to imitate, but which no Englishman would have originated in a million years.

"It appears to me that one of the decisive questions for the world's future (scientific devilishness permitting that our civilisation have any future at all), and especially for that of the United

States and the British and Indian Empires, is whether a unity of language can be established and preserved over areas so wide, and among races so diverse.

"Mere improvements of intercourse will not do it, though they may be helpful.

"Pronunciations will change. Coloquial speech will become different.

"Even in England, natives of Yorkshire and Dorset find it difficult to exchange ideas by oral speech.

"I suppose that if there be a possibility of the establishment of a common tongue over so large a portion of the earth's surface it can only be through the written word. It must be the work of the starved disciple of literature, and in particular, of the poet, because poetry is universal in its appeal, and self-assertive in its pronunciation.

"In the light of these considerations it becomes a matter of great interest, on several grounds, to discover what is being done by those of Indian birth and culture in the English tongue, and in what directions, if at all, they are likely to modify or enrich the new medium in which they are writing.

"With this object, and with the intention of bringing the poets of the Empire into touch with one another to its farthest limits, which is one of the fundamental purposes for which the Empire Poetry League was established, and with the valued assistance of many correspondents, among whom Mr. J. H. Cousins deserves special recognition, some examples of contemporary Indian poetry have been collected, both in translations from the vernacular and in original English compositions.

"Now the first point which these poems demonstrate is that which I have made already on other grounds—that the Hindu is racially more akin to the Englishman than is the Celt, the Erse, or (of course) the Negro. For while they show sufficient evidences that the authors are using a language which is not their native speech, yet in rhythm and structure they are almost identical with the work of typical English poets, and particularly so in rhythm, which I regard as the most radical difference between the poetry of different races.

"The points at which they diverge are intellectual and emotional. Religious mysticism is more dominant, and overshadows the erotic elements. Indeed it is difficult to discover any quantity of love-poetry which is not metaphorical and mystical in its ultimate interpretation.

"That is the basic difference between Indian and English poetry.

"It is also more exotic in tone, and with something which I cannot define better than a passive voluptuousness.

"It is more constantly aware of the infinite, but its attitude (with exceptions) is more fatalistic, and more submissive.

"The subjects considered suitable for poetry are fewer than with English poets, and Indian poetry is little concerned with occupations of daily life, or individual reactions to it."

Here follow about Seven poems from some of the writers from India who have written some verse. These examples, as the writer admits, are taken very casually. The specimens of vernacular poetry number about eight—from Bengali, Marathi, Punjabi, Tamil and Telugu. Mr. Fowler Wright remarks: "Surveying Indian poetry as a whole—and we must not forget that it is the poetry of a semi-continent, and of many languages—we are inclined to think that its greatest deficiency (an Indian poet would use a different word) as compared to that of Europe, is the absence of what we call love-poetry

of the higher kind. There is sufficient that is frankly sensuous, if not sensual; but if we find a poem which appears to exalt the relations of men and women which we regard as the most sacred, we shall probably find that it is the language of metaphor, and that we are actually reading a mystical or devotional poem.

"Yet even this difference must have exceptions. Professor Seshadri, of the Benares University, has just published an English translation of a Kashmir poem of the eleventh century, A.D., *Bilhana*, which might well be regarded, were not the gulfs of space and language too absolute, as the parent of the romantic poetry of western Europe.

"Professor Seshadri, having had the advantage both of Sanskrit and English, states that the original is of the quality of Keats, but that the author's outlook is mostly akin to that of D. G. Rossetti. Both these things may be, but the concluding portion will suggest Swinburne most forcibly to an English reader. . . ."

A SELF-PORTRAIT.

We have reproduced elsewhere a self-portrait by Thea Schloussner. She is one of the great artists of Germany to-day. Albrecht Weber, the well-known orientalist (see *Shama'a*, April, 1926) was her grandfather—it is therefore but natural that she is a friend and helper of the Indians in Germany. We thank her for the original from which our reproduction is taken.

EXHIBITION AT THE TOWN HALL OF BOMBAY, SEPTEMBER, 1926.

OLD INDIAN PAINTINGS AND TEXTILES.

The exhibition of old paintings and textiles awakens both curiosity and admiration. The common everyday view of Indian Art of one who has seen an old painting, or textile, or carving, is, that whatever its merits may have been in the past, it is uncommonly dead to-day. In this state of suspended animation, this exhibition will serve its purpose by showing how full of vitality it was in the past. There were the beginnings when native strength borrowed inspirations from Persians, there was the dash of youth which developed on its own lines. There were the supreme heights of accomplishments under the Great Moguls—lastly, there was a frailty of age: its hesitations, its fruitless experiments, finally there was the complete collapse which now may strive hopefully, and with the promise of success, to build itself again.

Among the loan collections are those of Sir Dorab Tata, Messrs. Guzdar, Mavjee and Sirdar Muzumdar of Poona. It would be a hopeless task to attempt a detailed description of the exquisite paintings of richness and delicacy born of infinite labour. There are some priceless gems scattered in the hall, and they impress one afresh with a conviction that this is the most essentially aristocratic fashion of painting in the world. In the portrait of Ibrahim Adhem the artist's imagination is poetic and dignified; the technique is perfect; the single outstanding figure behind the Sufi Saint is admirably part of, and aloof from, the atmospheric intention of the darkness of the background; the spirituality of the saint is delicately enhanced; the foliage of the tree points to the happy manner of the Indian artist, for the convention of the leaves is near to the perfect compromise between an effect of realism and artistic formalism. The portrait of Jehangir shows the double mastery of convention over interpretation.

TEXTILES.

The noteworthy textiles of India have a history that is lost in the dim ages of obscurity. Their tradition identifies itself with poetic beauty and charm, where craftsmanship and interpretative or creative art seem to merge one into the other clearly indicating that from very early times the

Indians were born artisans and lovers of the æsthetic and the beautiful. There is an immeasurable pleasure in the glow of their wonderful colours which have stood the wear and tear of several centuries mellowed by the passing of time. The filmy mulls of Dacca—the brocades of Ahmedabad, Baroda and Surat, the shawls of Kashmir, the carpets of Amritsar, the intense richness of the Kabnan Mukhmal (velvet), the countless silk, woollen, and cotton fabrics, embroideries and stitchings—have been the subject of profound and everlasting admiration. Poets have sung praises of the gossamer airiness of “Sherbeti” (name of mulmul) the formalised symbolism of the intricate pattern weaving of the shawls has baffled the imagination of the painter. The multi-coloured evenness of “Himru and Mishru” throws the modern textile mill-owner and expert in agonies of despair, and silently witnesses his complete defeat.

In ancient India a trade guild institution protected the weavers, dyers and painters (and all artisans) from outside cares and impositions. Special officers were appointed to look after their comforts in every possible way, and under such congenial and peaceful surroundings, living in the companionship of Nature, and studying in that university, the sleek, dark bodies of keen eyes and deft fingers, contemplated upon unrivalled schemes of colour and harmony, assisted by a deep introspection of higher things produced such incomparable and great works of art that has elicited universal wonder and that despite all modern efforts at inventing huge machinery at gigantic fortunes and personal discomfiture—(thereby entirely upsetting the economic and natural arrangement of calm existence), the present-day productions are cheap, vulgar and worthless, appeal superficially to the outer sense, and last only while the season lasts. Sentiment and feeling play no part whatever, the chief idea being “quantity and not quality” of producing a heap of rubbish and not one single work of art.

The entire process is reduced to being stereotyped and mechanical. There is the iron machine with its grating grinding sounds—there is the poor mill-hand, once an art artisan of the village, labouring stupidly—there are the unintelligent masses, buying the commonest, ugliest stuff in the market, the three combined complete the hideous unpardonable system of modernism, with the result that the incomparable art handicrafts have died local deaths—the artisans have scattered away from their native abodes, in search of bread by some strange garish occupation that does not belong to them, the industry is ousted, the talent is crippled, the enticing tales of the art fabrics of India are of the past and forgotten!

The present exhibition of textiles and paintings is the laudable premier attempt towards associating ourselves with old works to simplify their inspection and familiarity; and facilitate future research in their traditional and historical details. As you enter the Town Hall, you feel a sense of harmonious relief. The subdued colourings commune with the inner sense and you see the picture of a pretty village, with a group of gaily coloured maidens engaged busily in arranging indigenous dyes, extracted from flowers, roots and wood in a systematic sequence, dipping the strands of cotton or silk with an unerring judgment in accordance with the shape it is going to take; weaving the cotton of hair breadth fineness invisible to the eye, with a precision and accuracy beyond all imagination, and you are tempted to wish earnestly according to the immortal Hafiz گرو نمی پسندی تعیزده قضا را “If you do not like the present arrangement change it and create your own.” This senseless drudgery—this insane rush and strife—this hideous striving for something that does not belong to you, thereby becoming unnatural and unhappy, upsetting nature and life into a chaotic confusion!

The maxim that the born collector knows no limits of category or period of his ideal could scarcely find better proof than these which Bombay is privileged to see in the collections in Town Hall.

Mr. Guzder's textiles and paintings, as a whole, are the most important. He has not been guided by a partiality to what is merely curious or antique but every item possesses a real value, artistically and historically. The greatest movements in art have been primarily inspired by religious motives and it follows that ecclesiastical motives and influences frequently govern designs. There are three large textile panels in which the beautifully painted spaces of mythological motifs from pieces of mural decoration originally intended for temples. The decided drawing shows the precision with which the brush was handled almost to mechanical accuracy.

The group of “Asavri” Chanderi holds one in a mystic spell, and the exquisite harmony of jewelled ‘Minakari’ (enamel weave) revealed the feeling of beauty that must have characterised the temperaments of the painstaking weavers. The Mogul period was one in which all sciences and arts rose to the zenith of perfection. There are seven rare specimens of ‘Cummerbands’ (waist bands) of ‘Malboosé Khas’ (Royal wear). The waxy smoothness of surface—the delicate merging of one tint into another—the perfection of form and grace—completeness and unity of pattern combined with a tender manipulation of ornament, is unsurpassed.

From the ‘Cummerbunds’ you turn to the jewelled paintings in which you see the ‘Cummerbunds’ adorning the waists and giving a finishing touch to the robe.

PERSIAN INFLUENCE.

With Muslim intervention the Persian and Indian artistic tendencies intermingled with each other in carpets, shawls, velvets, ‘damishque’ (mis-named ‘damask,’) paintings, calligraphy, and gardens—and the Indians were born artisans, they only equalled in richness of colouring and quality, but never excelled the highly romantic and poetic, ultra emotional, and sensitive feelings of their Persian neighbour. In Mr. Mawjee's collection are one or two genuine specimens of the far-famed Kashan velvets—origin of the velvets of the world. The freshness of these wonderful fabrics displays the nature, judgment and deep scientific knowledge of the dyers and weavers. There is a black Kashmiri shawl which has the Royal peacock design in the finest ‘Tilli’ stitching in an excellent state of preservation. It is a magnificent example.

There is also a large number of Pataolas of Patan scattered in the Hall. In them is seen the free use of geometrical and formal patterns for decorative tableaux, of black, white, yellow and crimson, the colours that characterise Pataolas. It is an auspicious cloth used on certain sacred ceremonials and its fascination is everlasting.

Samples of Kimkhab, Mishru, Himru, Malmal, Makhmal, dying and printing and a number of textiles placed in cases illustrating the imagination of restless genius seeking new methods, and to express new ideas. There is one piece of delicate handspun, hand-woven Mulmul round which a wistful charm lingers, and one turns to the dainty maidens in the paintings grouped expectant, or shrinking in the vicinity of the shade and pools draped in the gossamer webs of this exquisite fabric which scarcely hides their charms. There are also some specimens of jewel like richness of brocades displaying an academic technique, warmed to life by the under-lying fire of the imaginative conception of the designers.

In the three Royal ‘Jamas’ (robes) may be traced the elaborately pleated and convoluted draperies massive and dignified, representing the husk of a great tradition. The surface of a green Maratha ‘Jama’ is covered with a pattern of ‘impress’ work, manipulated with hot irons—a speciality of Bijapur art. The garment is a well worn one, and yet the impress has withstood long ages and is amazingly intact.

IMPRESS ART.

There are two varieties of this impress art. That which is worked on plain silk surfaces with a hot iron point, is called '*Utlee*,' and lasts for centuries; the other is manipulated with long finger nails, and the impression is worked in daily on kurtas (shirts), angarkhas (coats) and on delicate white mulmuls. The effect which is shadowy and ethereal, is called '*Nastalique Nakhoon*' or writing of the nail. There is one 'Jama' of fine mulmul—the weight of which is one and a-quarter pound, and a circumference 38 feet. The technical proficiency and the naturally gifted individuality of the weavers acting upon the crystallised symbolic influences are asserted in these beautiful creations and confound the senses. Mr. Parikh displays three panels of mythological interest; they are hand-painted Pudukotta temple screens of historical value; they are artistic in colour and effect. The excellence of the preparation of the surface shows an extraordinary aptitude for delineating the characteristic compositions of religious 'Kathas' (stories) with unfailing regularity. These panels are decorative as large beautiful mural paintings.

The beautiful hand-painted and dyed fabrics of Masulipatam bear unmistakable evidence of the most skilful craftsmanship and of the source that inspired the ability of the designer and tender love of the wearer. The great secret of these arts is lost in the growing gloom and depression of the present time, but a careful study of each work will enable the observer to enter into the spirit of the ages, and admire the craftsmanship of their ancestors.

**RUPAM ON THE PRIZE OF DELHI SCHEME AND OFFICIAL PATRONAGE
OF INDIAN ART.**

Our readers will remember that we had in a previous issue (see *Shama'a*, April, 1926), referred to the proposals for the establishment of a Central Art Institute at Delhi. In this connection the April number of *Rupam* contains the following remarks, which emphasise an aspect so persistently ignored, that we take the liberty of quoting them in full: "To the string of agitators who conspire to make the life of Government officials uncomfortable in India has recently been added the champion of the cause of Indian artists for official recognition. In the wake of agitation for political rights, civic privileges and economic demands has come the claim of the living Indian artist. Excepting one solitary occasion the Indian National Congress has never put forward the legitimate demand of the modern Indian artist in the scheme of things in India. In Mr. Havell an ex-official of the bureaucratic Government, the Indian artist was fortunate to possess a warm friend and an enthusiastic champion. It was he who discovered for England, as well as for New India, the unique quality and character of Indian art. And for years together this distinguished champion has been dinning into official ears the claims of Indian art, with a view to awaken the sleeping bureaucratic conscience and to help to realise the heavy burden of the White Man's responsibility in this phase of Indian problem. To the denationalized Indian, impervious to all kinds of art culture, and particularly to the great art of traditions of his own country, Mr. Havell's exhortations have been couched in equally unpalatable terms. When the schemes for the construction of the New Delhi were hatched in official nests, Mr. Havell carried on a systematic campaign, very seldom assisted by Indians, for a recognition of the claims of the indigenous architects in connection with the new buildings at Delhi. He was able to convince unbiassed public opinion in England that the Indian master builder was not a figment of his imagination but a living reality the truth of which was demonstrated by an enquiry as to the present state of architectural talent in India. The report of Gordon Sanderson proved beyond all doubt that a living school of Indian craftsmen have actually survived who are capable of executing schemes of architectural construction of any pretension or magnitude, and that they have actually carried out, right up to the present day, magnificent edifices of all shapes and kinds, civil and religious, in the states governed

by the Native Princes, while the Public Works and Educational Departments of the Government of India by propagating European architectural ideas of questionable brand and antiquated methods of art teaching have been sapping the foundations of Indian art and architecture in British India. It must be stated that, notwithstanding a general anglicising of outlook, the Native Princes of India have kept up the finest building traditions of India. However that may be, notwithstanding the opportunity that presented itself to allow the native Indian craftsman to make a living contribution to British Indian history and, incidentally, to encourage a great architectural tradition to live and prosper, the claims of the native architect were ruthlessly set aside, ignored and trampled upon in favour of the imperial artist imported over the seas. There can be no doubt that notwithstanding the Delhi schemes being inspired, engineered and designed by British architects, the actual building operations have for many years afforded work for native Indian *mistris* principally in menial and mechanical operations. They have, indeed, been able to pick up the proverbial crumbs from the rich man's table, but the fat commissions and really remunerative fees have not come to their lot. Apart from the question of sordid economic considerations, the Delhi operations have not afforded any real artistic co-operation between the European architect and the Indian craftsman, as in the fruitful days of the Moghul Emperors. The Indian *mistris* may, indeed, have come in contact with the *saheb* 'master' from overseas, but it has not brought about any healthy intellectual fusion or fertile æsthetic *rapprochement*. They have not understood, much less influenced, each other. The New Delhi has been built, British architects had come and gone pocketing their fat commissions, the Indian *mistry* has earned his miserable pittance, but the fate of the Indian artist and the future of Indian art are as black as ever.

"In the meantime a group of hopeful young Indians have been busy with a sincere, earnest and devoted worship of a new ideal in Indian painting. They began from a small group, drawing tiny little pictures inspired by the traditions of old, and built up an ideal of art for their own edification, not caring for patronage or commissions, official or private. Their pictures gradually attracted attention, warm recognition, and educated appreciation. These came principally from European connoisseurs for the educated Indians had no eye to understand or appreciate works of beauty, art being a forbidden fruit in the Indian universities. Amongst the jeers and taunts of Indian critics, the new Indian school pursued their newly formed ideals, producing now and then, little masterpieces of beauty and inspiration, now and then catching the flavour of old Indian art, in a new and exquisitely conceived form, but always working with hope and love. At last their courage was roused and they sent their little pictures across the seas for exhibition in Paris, the *cul-de-sac* of the art of the world. It was a triumph, for the whole of artistic Paris gave the new Indian artist their bows of appreciation. It was one of the memorable achievements of new India and the revelation of a new Indian consciousness in a new renaissance. Indeed the "école de Calcutta" was actually acclaimed by Parisian Connoisseurs as a new artistic manifestation of great significance and beauty. The name and fame of the new school spread in all directions and invitations poured in from all quarters for exhibitions of the works in all centres of Europe. And in due course—South Kensington imitated the examples set by Paris. This may be said to be the first official recognition of Indian art by the British people. The war came with its message of Death and dark days followed. The little pictures came back to India, with their laurels, having won many new friends amongst non-official art circles in England and elsewhere. The English officials in India, as in England, looked on with amused curiosity and even indulgent smiles but hardly thought it necessary to give it any serious attention, much less consider it worth an official encouragement. Vincent Smith was still upholding with his solid British prejudice that Indian art was a bastard of the Greek genius and Birdwood had just delivered himself of his infamous, but now historic, calumny of the ideals of Buddhist sculpture. Fortunately the master-pieces of the Far East had already prepared

a section of English critics to a sensitive understanding of new forms of art and Birdwood's ignorant denunciation met with a solid protest from educated critics of eminence and standing. The official "authority" on Indian art at South Kensington had to step down from his official pedestal. Scales began to fall from even official eyes and an uncomfortable sense came over the British attitude towards Indian art. Many began to revise their old notions and attempted to brush aside their time-honoured prejudices. After all Havell might have been right. Indian art may have made novel contributions to the art of the world. Even the faith of archaeologists, built on intimate contact with Indian monuments for several years, began to tremble. The Greek "Stunt," (they began to feel), in Indian art has been overdone a bit. After all the school of Gandhara sculpture was not pure Greek art; it was the Hellenistic phase. If the Greeks have not inspired Indian art, they may have given lessons in technique and stimulated productions of stone sculpture in large quantities. However, these "small mercies" shown to Indian art had some useful effect, though it did not entirely change the angle of vision. It became fashionable to assume a pose of sympathy to the claims of Indian art. Official heads of Art school in India became anxious to tell that they were 'friends' of Indian art and had a respect for its aims and ideals. In the meantime the illuminating studies of Dr. Coomaraswamy opened vistas through which respectable European critics looked with greedy eyes. The revelation of the great message of Indian art is one of the outstanding land-marks of the opening years of the twentieth century. Rogar Fry, Laurence Binnyon and William Cohn took off their hats and gave Indian art their gracious tributes. And finally one of the finest collections of old Indian art, represented in its many phases, found its home in the heart of America through the enlightened appreciation of Dr. Ross, a great authority on Art education in the United States. The art of India has now found its niche of honour in the temple of the world's art.

"Such briefly is the career of old Indian art in the estimation of the world. In the natural course of things living artists of India have claimed their share of attention. The programme prescribed in the official schools of art for a long time handicapped the native Indian expression. But forces and eventualities which we need not discuss here brought out a new outlook. And modern Indian artists in all parts of India have during the last few years showed distinct signs of a new life and, incidently, have established their right to their great inheritance. In Bengal the sympathy and sagacity of a highly gifted official made it possible for the new movement in painting to enlarge its scope and means of development. And the first official recognition and encouragement to living Indian art came to be extended in Bengal for the first time. Following this worthy example, an *ex-Governor* of Bombay boldly pleaded the cause of the living Indian artists for a share in the decorations of the buildings at New Delhi. Taking this as a clue, a Committee was formed in Bombay, after a public meeting, to press on the Government of India the eligibility and the rights of modern Indian artists for a share in painting frescoes and executing other decorative works in connection with the official buildings in the Imperial City, and in this connection a "Prize of Delhi" scheme has been suggested on the analogy of the "Prix de Rome," which could be competed for by talented artists from all parts of India after going through an advanced course of Art education in a Central Institute at Delhi. The matter has been persistently agitated in the Council and in the columns of daily Journals, chiefly through the indefatigable energy of Mr. Vakil, to whom Indian artists cannot be too grateful. The labours of the Committee has borne some fruits and as a result of the demand a Committee was appointed by the Government with the official heads of the Government Schools of Art in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras (Lucknow and Lahore being excluded) with a view to make suitable recommendations on the demands raised by the Committee, *viz.*, first, for the employment of Indian talent on the decoration of the New Delhi; secondly, for providing facilities for the advanced training of Indian artists. The Committee is reported to have formulated their views in the shape of a note in which the Committee have suggested the establishment of a Central

37

Institute of Art at Delhi for advanced teaching in mural painting, sculpture and certain other branches of the Fine Arts. Incidentally the Committee is reported to have recorded certain views as to the value of the available artistic talents in India at present. They are reported to have expressed the opinion that "Indian artists qualified to tackle important works of this nature do not at present exist." (!!!) It is our painful duty on behalf of Indian artists to record our emphatic protests against the hollowness of this charge. It has been one of the peculiar characteristics of Indian culture and civilization that it has not, even under the most depressing political or economical conditions, given any signs, at any time, of any failure of energy, cultural or otherwise. We have already alluded to the survival of the great architectural tradition of India. Metal statuary of singular excellence and power and various kinds of distinguished craftsmanship have continued to live and thrive in Nepal right up to the present day. During the anarchy that followed the disruption of the Moghul Empire, distinguished works of miniature painting, upholding all the qualities of the glorious Moghul period have been produced by the talent and genius of Indian artists very nearly up to the end of the nineteenth century. In the recesses of the Himalayas the native Indian school of painting has produced (during practically the whole of the nineteenth century and to some extent covering a period contemporary with the introduction of English education in India) a remarkable series of mural as well as miniature paintings which have commanded warm appreciation in all parts of the world. It is only when the indigenous talent has come in contact with the methods and outlook of European painting, as taught in the official schools of art that the native genius has to come to grief. The new movement in Indian painting, to which we have alluded above, has thoroughly succeeded in counteracting unhealthy influences, and in restoring the traditions of Indian painting on a secure foundation without, in any way, sacrificing the peculiar genius and flavour of Indian art. It must be well known to some members of the Committee that the new school of Bengal has produced artists of great talent and technical accomplishment who are fit to take their places as living masters of modern art in any part of the world. It may be useful for the members of the Committee to acquaint themselves with the estimate at which their works have been valued by art circles in Berlin, in 1923. It will be sufficient to quote here one authority: "The Indian art exhibition in Berlin struck us with the full force of a revelation. We witnessed the tense lining up of a broad column of talents whose works and aims are rooted in, and carried by, the general uplift of a promising life. The attention and admiration of the German art lovers has been roused by the Indian individuality of the pictures which have come to us. The old manual facilities, the deep dreamy sentiment, the distinction and refinement of principles, these elements which were the outstanding features of the great old Indian art, have not died out" (Dr. Max Osborn). It may also give the worthy members of the Committee some useful education to ascertain what appreciation the works of Nandalal Bose have met with in the hands of Mr. Taikan and Mr. Simamura Kanzan, two of the greatest living artists of Japan.

"We can emphatically claim that there are many members in the Bengal group alone, who are eminently qualified to execute the frescoes and other decorations for the Imperial City. And to assert otherwise is to offer a gratuitous insult to the talent and capacity of living Indian artists. Apart from Bengal, we have been told by at least one member of this Committee that the School of Art at Bombay has produced artists with special inclination and training for fresco painting, and as an official recognition of this claim a Governor of Bombay thought it a privilege to employ some of these talented artists to execute frescoes on the walls of the Governor's residence at Bombay. It is difficult for us, under the circumstances, to follow how the member of the Committee from Bombay could subscribe, without dissent, to the proposition that there does not exist at present Indian artists qualified to tackle important works of the nature required at the Imperial City. There may be thousand and one reasons, perfectly valid and honest, which could preclude the employment of Indian artists, at

the present moment, on the Delhi decorations, but surely lack or dearth of local talent cannot be put forward as anything like a legitimate excuse. Assuming for a moment that the available native Indian talent is not quite a flaming genius in fresco painting (England, by the way, is not particularly strong, in this branch, for the present), the beauty of the Imperial City cannot be tarnished by the designs of even a second-rate Indian decorator. On the other hand, the call to native Indian talent to make a contribution to a serious work of this nature might bring forward that radiant fire which is lying dormant for lack of exercise and worthy opportunity. It is the signal failure of political wisdom to refuse to make any demand on the talent and heritage of the Indian artist. The Moghul Emperors, made that demand and were able to bequeath to the world its greatest architectural masterpiece. We are still awaiting the supreme gift of the British artist to Imperial India. After all the history of the employment of artistic talent on civic and public monuments in England itself is not very encouraging. George Fredrick Watts was never allowed to paint the walls of a railway station, which was the ambition of his life. And it was by a capricious chance that Madox Brown was able to paint the Town Hall of Manchester. Mr. Herbert Baker, the collaborating architect of the "New Delhi" has recently read a paper before the Royal Society of Arts, in which he pleaded for a museum of old Indian pictures and other objects of art at Delhi. Of what use is to place in an Imperial museum the precious old Indian relics of beauty and skill, if there is no evidence in our new public buildings of any of this vitality to-day? Professor William Rothenstein has furnished a more suitable rejoinder. "We may as well be content to sit with folded hands while the singing birds of the country-side are destroyed and then in their stead arranged some stuffed specimens in cases for the education and happiness of the people."

REVIEWS

Life of Sri Ramakrishna, International Metaphysic Institute, Masters of Modern Art, Renoir,

Life of Sri Ramakrishna, Published by the Advaita Ashrama, Mayavati, Almora, U.P.

To attempt a comprehensive life of Ramakrishna Paramahansa is indeed a task of utmost difficulty. His famous disciple Swami Vivekananda—that "very lion among men"—as he marched from triumph to triumph, unfurling the banner of Vedanta and the deep truths of Indian Spirituality even in the very heart of the proud and hostile countries of the West, impressed all eyes with the spectacular magnificence of his career. But what of this man, his guru—shall we say, the power behind the throne? Here are no external and thrilling excitements, no dramatic incidents and none of the grandiose panorama of modern life. He was a simple priest, who worshipped in the temple of Dakshineswar, to whom the deity was the Mother. To all outward appearances he was but an ordinary priest performing his *puja* with an extra amount of zeal and perhaps even fanaticism. But withal he was a spiritual being, the puissance of whose *tapasya* could alone give back to this country its fast disappearing spiritual life.

Twenty years before the Mutiny, India had perhaps touched the worst depths of misery. Amidst political turmoil, economic prostration and social evils, the ancient Hindu Religion seemed almost dead and Yoga itself had retreated into forests and mountain fastnesses. The young and militant religions were making their easy inroads into its ranks and its own reforming zeal had only produced here and there rebellious creeds and sects which, though owning nominal allegiance to the orthodox religion, had but scarcely veiled contempt for its many rituals and images. Then was born on the 18th of February, 1836 the infant—Gadadhar—in the Chattopadhyaya family of the village of Kamarpukur, situated in the western promontary of the Hoogly District in Bengal. As he grew up he was known as Ramakrishna Paramahansa and many devotees gathered round him and worshipped him as a god. Death occurred on the 16th of August, 1886. But apparently nothing happened . . . when, lo! and behold on the 19th of September, 1893 that august assembly in Chicago found revealed before them a new world of the spirit. We all know the rest; how the great disciple swept everything before him as no one else has ever done. Science, materialistic science, had reared its formidable head in Europe and even Christianity was offering but feeble resistance to it. At such a time the re-birth of Hindu Religion in the very citadels of science is a matter of the deepest significance. Sri Ramakrishna combined in himself the central truths of that religion as well as its myriad forms. Buddha, Sankara and other celebrated masters of the past had all gone forth into the world, preached and taught and lived a life of activity. But Sri Ramakrishna was a unique personality who had accomplished in his life a complete passivity, yet so intense, that with an un-erring hand he had opened the flood gates of spiritual forces. The book under review published by the Advaita Ashrama is by far the fullest account we have of that life. The ceaseless *sadhana* of the early days when he passed through the various arduous paths of Yoga; the stern worship and consecration at the feet of *Kali*; the meditations at Panchavati; the varieties of religious experiences which included not only every phase of Hinduism with its much mis-understood Shakta forms, but also those of Christianity and Muhamadanism, nay even the "sex-idea"; the rare and purified transcendental relationship with women devotees; the life

with the disciples; the visions and *samadhi*; and that atmosphere of ecstasy and *ananda* which "make ordinary moments wonderful," and which perennially surrounded the master as with a divinity—are all described in this book. Most important of all are the numerous collections of the master's utterances on difficult points of God realisation. Sri Ramakrishna not merely felt the presence of God, but lived and moved and had his being in that higher plane of super-consciousness. It was *that* he revealed to his disciples and helped them to attain. He did not talk dry philosophy or metaphysics or discourse on the holy scriptures, but in a few simple sentences, often by mere touch of his hand, conveyed to them, in the measure of their understanding and nature, the meaning of Yogic experiences and of the fact of the existence of God. His life was simplicity itself—no child was more innocent than he. Yet scholars and famous men like Keshab Chunder Sen, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Michael Madhusudhan Dutt and many others had no doubt of the strange power he had to reveal the hidden truths of religion. It will not be possible here to choose from out of the many sayings recorded in this book. Sri Ramakrishna points out two pitfalls in the path of the Yogi—*Kam Kanchana* (lust and wealth) which the *sadaka* has to conquer by renunciation and discrimination. Above all he insisted upon faith and realisation—faith in God, faith in the Mother. Indeed the history of Vivekananda's discipleship, which might have been dealt with more fully in this book, is the history of the struggle between faith and intellect—the mental intelligence of the lower Buddhi, till it was finally illumined by the truth of Brahman. When the master had done that he had conquered for Vedanta and the Hindu Religion its fiercest enemy—the materialistic, rationalistic mind. Whether this conquest is complete or not is yet too soon to say. Nevertheless it is a distinct step in human evolution. It remains to be seen if the mind will only be mere mind, powerful but blind, imperfect and uncertain, or whether it will fulfil its highest purpose of exceeding itself and becoming a perfect instrument in the hands of the Divine. A vast synthesis awaits the future.

Before concluding, we may be pardoned for referring to the somewhat apologetic remarks in the "Publisher's Note" on what is called the 'Supernatural element' in the book. The 'trances,' which word but feebly expresses the supreme poise of *Samadhi*, and other phenomena, recorded in the book, have centuries of Indian religious experience behind them; the science of Yoga is founded upon them. We must also notice the broad insistence in the book upon the idea of "incarnation." Is not Sri Ramakrishna above all special pleading, beyond all labels and formulas?

The book is well got up and neatly printed and should be in the hands of everybody desirous of understanding spirituality and Yoga in India.

International Metapsychic Institute. Review Metapsychic, 89 Avenue Niel, 89 Paris.

We regret we were unable to notice before this the very important work planned by the International Metaphysic Institute, Paris, as can be gathered from the Committee appeal and scheme for research sent to us. Believing that "human thought" should be "the exclusive object of philosophical and religious conceptions" and conscious that the scientific world was "devoting its whole time and efforts to the exploration of certain superficial planes of the human psychism, which taught nothing respecting the fundamental qualities of man, and was completely ignorant of the existence (even) of transcendental planes of psychism whose manifestations (once it is known how and where to produce them) are provable by experiment, and which alone are capable of enlightening us concerning the real nature of our thought" this Institute, founded by Jean Meyer, came into existence. Its three aims are stated to be—

"1. To pursue scientifically the study of dynamopsychism in its so-called metapsychic manifestations, and, at the same time, if necessary, in all manifestations of unknown intelligent forces.

"2. To give demonstration of these phenomena to the scientific elite in order that the greatest possible number of possible investigators should be encouraged to undertake to research along this line.

"3. To obtain, within an early period of time, the admission of the solid acquisitions of metapsychics into the domain of universally accepted science."

Dr. Osty, the Principal of the I. M. I., presented a programme of research which is full of interest. Space does not permit us to quote *in extenso* even the portion of his report that appears in the Committee appeal. We shall content ourselves with some extracts. "To consider in their totality the phenomena of metapsychics it is advisable, in practice, to distinguish two classes: those which concern the property of superanormal knowledge and those which relate to superanormal action of the human being (telekinesis, teleplastics) it being understood that 'supernormal' does not mean 'supernatural' as certain persons persist in translating it, but something superior to the normal, the exceptional as contrasted with the habitual." They are referred to the various experiments involved in the scientific study of these phenomena. "In seeking to know what the faculty of supernormal knowledge is, and how from every point of view its production takes place, it is necessary to explore the unknown planes of thought which conceal the greatest mystery of life in the 'detected,' that is the normal man and in every human being: that faculty of knowledge transcending the common limitations of space and time." The immediate efforts of the I. M. I. according to Dr. Osty should be—

"1. To demonstrate to the scientific world that there is such a thing as metapsychical science, that there is a human supernormal region, by offering the circumstances in which to observe this phenomenon, plain, healthy and easy to examine, and the primordial importance of 'metagnomy of human objectivity.'"

"2. To pursue by means of experiments devised in different ways the progressive study of the psychological, physiological, and physical determining laws of this phenomenon, which represents what is most important in man, and is the most unknown to us; the capacity of recognition and the nature of man's thought."

The subject of "transmission of thought" is dealt with in some detail, in view of the reluctance of the scientific world to at all accept it. The following are the observations about a certain state of 'trance':—"we know that metagnomic subjects discover their paranormal faculty as soon as they put themselves into the psycho-physiological state, still mysterious, known as 'trance.' To a greater or less extent, according to the subject, this state brings about the eclipse or passivity of the conscious state, and what is more, the appearance of a special sense. What is it that changes in the functioning of a human body which cause (in some persons in an instant) the appearance of a new sense and the temporary monopolisation of a brain by a metagnomic activity? There is nothing to authorise the belief that attempts to act upon the organism by physical or chemical means to encourage, accentuate or inhibit the trance state would not succeed directly, or by repurcussion upon research in finding out the secret of this existing enigma, teaching us at the same time what are the physiological reasons for the fact that hypnosis only produces in the majority of hypnotic subjects suggestibility or imaginative construction whilst in some few only it opens (owing to some special differentiation of the sensibility) a window looking out on the normally imperceptible."

According to Dr. Osty the discovery of 'thought radiations' will lead to very important results and psychology will have very largely extended its territory by the perception of the "energetic quality of thought which passes from one psychism to another."

Then, coming to the "knowledge of the past life of the deceased," the problem is stated thus:—"Is it from a universal consciousness that he obtains the history of some particular life? Is it elsewhere and where? And in any case, how? Thus, does the problem of the fundamental nature and destiny of the human being which humanity has vainly discussed by pure speculation since it has been capable of thinking, thus does it present itself to experimental research, with every hope of arriving at solid explanations and at certainties."

Finally, "the culminating manifestation of human thought" is when "it grasps his (man's) future"—"I desire to say that the demonstration of precognition of the individual human future to the scientific world would be an event of great importance. A new dawn would enlighten a new world. The science of man would at once become transformed by it. To offer a clear, indisputable definite proof that this phenomenon exists would convince the scientific world that knowledge precedes reality—in other words, that thought conditions matter, and that the time has come to abandon the belief in the converse. To offer the proof that it is through mental collaboration that the subject obtains knowledge of our individual futures, would render it probable that the transcendental faculty of cognition and of thought thus presumed to exist in the psychism which is in each one of us, is not the product of one single brain." We are also told that "practically . . . every human being placed in certain physiological conditions should be able to gain knowledge about his future." In fact, the object is to demonstrate all this scientifically. "It is unknown man, the unseen immensity of his psychism, which we give ourselves as a mission to explore, and to translate into exact, demonstrable, verifiable knowledge."

European science is often baffled by some of the "mysterious" and "eccentric" developments of the human mind. As for religion, science has very little to do with it. Fortunately for India its Yogis have revealed the truths of religion not by mere mental approximation but by actual realisation. They may not be 'proved' according to the standards of modern logic. But, the time is long past for the acceptance of Yoga as the most potent instrument for the uplift of the human race. The inner life of every individual is a vast field for research, complex enough for the boldest and most difficult scientific venture. It is there that we discover the ranges behind our personality and how only the veriest surface is all that we see of this moving world. Perhaps the Institute will succeed in lifting the veil in a manner acceptable to European thought. The methods of Yoga and its experiences cannot now be said to be a sealed book. Sri Aurobindo Ghose has surveyed the field in the illuminating pages of the *Arya* and has expressed, as far as possible, in the terms of modern thought the vast discoveries of Yoga. The Institute has as its organ of publicity for its proceedings the "Revue Metapsychic" in French. We welcome the Magazine as a very useful endeavour. These may be the beginnings of the scientific endeavour to envisage the unity of life and to see in man the progressive self-manifestation of nature.

Masters of Modern Art, Renoir, by Francois Fosca, Translated by Hubert Wellington (Published by John Lane, The Bodley, Ltd., 5s. net).

It is in the fitness of things that Renoir should be among the first volumes in *The Masters of Modern Art*, series announced by the well-known firm of John Lane. For, according to Walter Pagh in *The Masters of Modern Art*, "modern art is, if not exclusively French, an art having Paris as its hearth and focus." Though Renoir was born in Limoges, soon after his birth his parents moved to Paris. He entered the studio of Gleyre and soon came in contact with various personalities. The genius for painting was irrepressible in him. Even as a child he painted on tea-cups and on transparent paper to imitate stained glass. We have heard that his paintings number nearly four thousand. It was not to mythology or to ancient legends that Renoir turned for inspiration. He

40

found his subjects at the Louvre, in the suburbs of Grenouillere, in the public ball rooms, restaurants, boating parties and the seemingly tiresome and vulgar country folk.—"Renoir brings back for us a whole world of the 1870—80 period. We find it again in several of the books of de Maupassant described with great exactness and precision but with less delicacy and charm. Renoir takes the stong, vulgar, full-blooded poetry of the riverside, these rowdy, merry fellows in striped jerseys, with their reckless young women, sun-tanned like apricots, lightens it all and transfigures it. For he is no realist. He never merely transcribes reality just as it presents itself: he selects from it what he wants—subject and materials." The author quotes M. Vollard* "one day, when I was in ecstasies over a Fragonard, a *shepherdess*, with a dream of a petticoat which in itself made the whole picture, I'm blessed if I did't hear someone behind me say that the shepherdess of that time must have been as dirty as those of to-day! What the devil I care! And, besides, supposing they were, ought't we to admire a painter who, from the dirty subjects in front of him, makes us a jewel instead?"

It was not Renoir's way to laboriously build up his canvass with rigid outlines and excessive details. He creates the form as he paints and with brilliant strokes of his brush arrives at the precision he is looking for. This is to some extent responsible for the unequal character of his works.

"It is Renoir who is the great artist of the XVIII century, the man who was to that age what Rubens was to the 17th," says our author. The various stages through which the artist passed show, according to the author, the evolution of his talent. In the early period up to 1875 the young painter seems to have wavered between several influences, those of Courbet and Delacroix in particular. The *Box* and *Dancer* reproduced in this book belong to this period. Then came the impressionist period. It was then that the peculiar type of feminine beauty dear to Renoir began to take shape. In 1880 the artist left for Italy and lived at Rome and Naples. There he was struck by Raphael's frescoes at the Farnese Palace and by the paintings at Pompeii, the marbles at the Vatican and great collections of ancient art at Rome and Naples. Our author thinks that Renoir was profoundly influenced by Ingres, and that his art was thereby enriched in its development, so much so that he calls this period the Ingres period. Towards 1900 illness took him to Provence—the "Hellas of France." There surrounded by the beautiful country he painted his later landscapes. Finally, we find the artist trying his hand at sculpture—the Statue of Venus.

Such in brief outline is what the author has dealt with in this book. He has shown us the growth of the artist's technique as well as the gradual unfolding of his genius. So far as we know there is no other book in English which gives in a small compass the essentials of the subject so lucidly. The forty illustrations are chosen with discrimination. A number of paintings of children are given. We think Renoir had a real insight into the child-nature—its innocence and waywardness. There are also some of the landscapes reproduced. The pictures showing the life of the people—the riverside lunch, etc.—are done in the manner already stated. We must make special mention of the reproduction of the pictures of nude women. Renoir was one of those artists to whom the beauty of human flesh had an endless fascination. As Joyant said:—"To paint a woman excites him more than if he were caressing her."—No doubt these pictures are sensual. But they are healthy; it is the artist's dream that we see in form and colour.

* Renoir (1841—1919) an intimate record by Ambrose Vollard. This book is now available in English, translated by Harold L. Van Doren and Randolph T. Weaver (Knoff 8s. 6d.).

THE REVIEW OF NATIONS

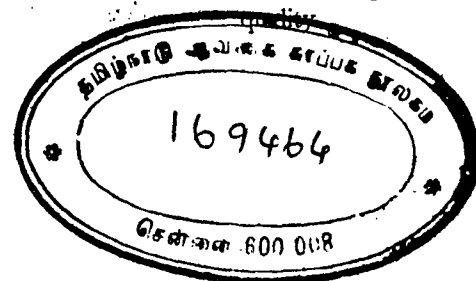
C/O BANQUE DE PARIS AND DES PAYS BAS, 6 RUE DE HOLLANDE, GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

We have just received the first copy of *The Review of Nations*, "an organ for Pan-Humanism and Spiritual Freedom" published in Geneva under the editorship of Felix Valyi. Among the writers are many scholars and men of light and leading from various parts of the world including Switzerland, Germany, France, India, China and Japan. One feature of the present number is that some of the articles are in French and some are in English. A *fac simile* of Mahatma Gandhi's message is the frontispiece. Though such subjects as, The Minority Problem, Japan's Pacific Policy, The Spectre of Colour, the Evolution of the League, Poland and the League of Nations, The Negro Problem in America—are all outside the scope of *Shama'a*, yet the objects of the publication are stated to be, "The New International Magazine, of which this is the first issue, is an enterprise of universal character. Universality in the true sense of the term is our aim: universality of mind, of sympathy for all nations, universality of knowledge and of science, including in our field of research and study everything human, political science as well as history, philosophy and psychology of nations as well as economics, world finance, international law, sociology of religions, the social teachings of old civilisations as well as the sympathetic consideration of new efforts towards the synthesis of human culture as a whole. Universality, sympathy, synthesis: these three words express our religion of knowledge. . . . After sixty centuries of incessant struggle . . . time is ripe for an attempt to attain purification of the human soul, to attain synthesis through knowledge . . . We recognize one single form of conquest: moral and spiritual conquests. . . . We believe in moral and spiritual values . . . we believe in the benefits of knowledge in the sense in which all great religions, all great thinkers, all great spiritual movements did. Spiritual subjugation by genius, freely accepted, is the unique form of domination which does no harm to the human soul. It means Hierarchy through freedom, not subordination by violence. . . ."

Every attempt at synthesis on spiritual basis shall receive our warm recognition and co-operation. But we do not become spiritual by merely talking about it. *Our* faith is not in unity through mere political adjustments or diplomatic labyrinths or intellectual propaganda. Unless the world consents to be spiritualised, by deep and persistent efforts, there will be no end to quarrel and strife. Nevertheless we welcome every attempt to reach the goal and wish this new venture from Switzerland every success.

Among the English articles, D. W. H. Solf deals with Mahayana (this we are told was a lecture delivered before the Asiatic Society of Japan). Jawahar Lal Nehru, on the Psychology of Indian Nationalism, seems to have dealt with more on the *facts* rather than the psychology of it. Marmaduke Pickthall writes on Education in Islam. Of the articles—not in English, we note, The Spirit of Asia and Asiatic History by Felix Valyi; Vital Sources of Chinese Poetry by Richard Wilhelm; Afterlife in Oriental Thought by Paul Masson Oursel.

Our readers will thus see the variety of subjects that are discussed in this number itself. The printing and general get-up are of a very high order and leave nothing to be desired. Subscription is ten dollars per year or fifty Swiss francs—quite a reasonable amount for a monthly of such excellent



The East & West Trade Developer.

The only Commercial Monthly of its kind in India specially devoted to the promotion and consolidation of the International trade connections. It will keep you in intimate touch with the latest news, developments, and progress of the trade in India and abroad. It will help you to secure agents or agencies in any part of the world. Subscription Rs. 10 or £1 a year.

The Mercantile Directory of Germany

Gives an up-to-date list of prominent Manufacturers, Merchants, Exporters, Importers, etc., in Germany, dealing in each class of goods, classified under alphabetical trade headings. Rs. 10 or s.15.

The Mercantile Directory of Japan.

This publication contains an up-to-date list of Merchants, Manufacturers, Importers, Exporters, etc., in Japan, dealing in each class of goods, classified under alphabetical trade headings, as also useful facts and figures concerning Japanese trade and industry.

Rs. 10 or s.15.

Publishers:

The East & West Trade Developer,

RAJKOT, India.

THE ISLAND REVIEW

(with which is incorporated The Librarian)

EDITED BY

S. W. R. D. BANDARANAIKE

AND

J. VIJAYATUNGA

The only Magazine of its kind dealing with matters of
political, social and artistic interest pertaining to Ceylon

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

Single Copy Half-rupee :: Annually Two Rupees

THE EDITORS

42, SILVERSMITH STREET

COLOMBO

A Great Sanskrit Classic

Bhartrihari's *Niti—Shataka*

THE CENTURY OF LIFE

English translation by

Sri Aurobindo Ghose

Price Rs. 1-14

THE SHAMA'A PUBLISHING HOUSE
AGORE MANDIR, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

Printed by Mr. F. W. Garton, Superintendent, Addison Press (Addison & Co., Ltd.), Mount Road, Madras, and Published by Miss Chattopadhyay, Agore Mandir, Mount Road, Madras.

THE SHAMA'A PUBLISHING HOUSE

Aghore Mandir
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS (India)

SHAMA'A

An International Quarterly of Art, Literature and Philosophy

EDITED BY MRINALINI CHATTOPADHYAY

Annual Subscription : India	...	Rs. 12	Post Free.
Foreign	...	" 15	" "
Single Copy	...	" 3/8	" "
Double Number	...	" 6/8	" "

A few Sets of Volumes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 are available at Rs. 15 each.
Vol. VI at Rs. 12.

THE BOOKSHOP.

Books by

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE

Love and Death (2nd Edition)	...	...	...	Rs. 1/4
Yogic Sadhan	...	...	...	As. 9
The Ideal of the Karmayogin	...	...	...	Rs. 1/12
The Renaissance in India	...	...	...	" 1/12
A System of National Education	...	...	...	Re. 1
The Superman	...	...	...	As. 8
Evolution	...	...	...	" 8
Isha Upanishad	...	...	...	Re. 1
Thoughts and Glimpses	...	...	...	As. 6
Yoga and its Object	...	...	...	" 8
Uttarapara Speech	...	...	...	" 4

HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

(Poetry)

The Wizard's Mask	...	...	...	As. 10
Out of the Deep Dark Mould	...	...	...	" 10
The Feast of Youth	...	...	...	Rs. 3
The Coloured Garden	...	...	...	As. 8
The Magic Tree	...	...	...	Rs. 3
Perfume of Earth	...	...	...	" 3
Ancient Wings	...	...	...	Re. 1
Grey Clouds and White Showers	...	...	...	" 1

(Verse-Play)

Lives of the Saints' Series

Pundalik	...	Re. 1	Jayadeva	...	Re. 1
Sakubai	...	" 1	Raidas, the Cobbler-Saint.	...	" 1
Tukaram	...	Re. 1			

(Prose-Play)

The Sleeper Awakened	...	...	...	...	Re. 1
----------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	-------

The Modern Indian Artist Series at Rs. 16 each

- Vol. I. The Art of Mazumdar, by O. C. Gangoly.
" II. The Art of Asit Kumar Haldar, by James H. Cousins and O. C. Gangoly.