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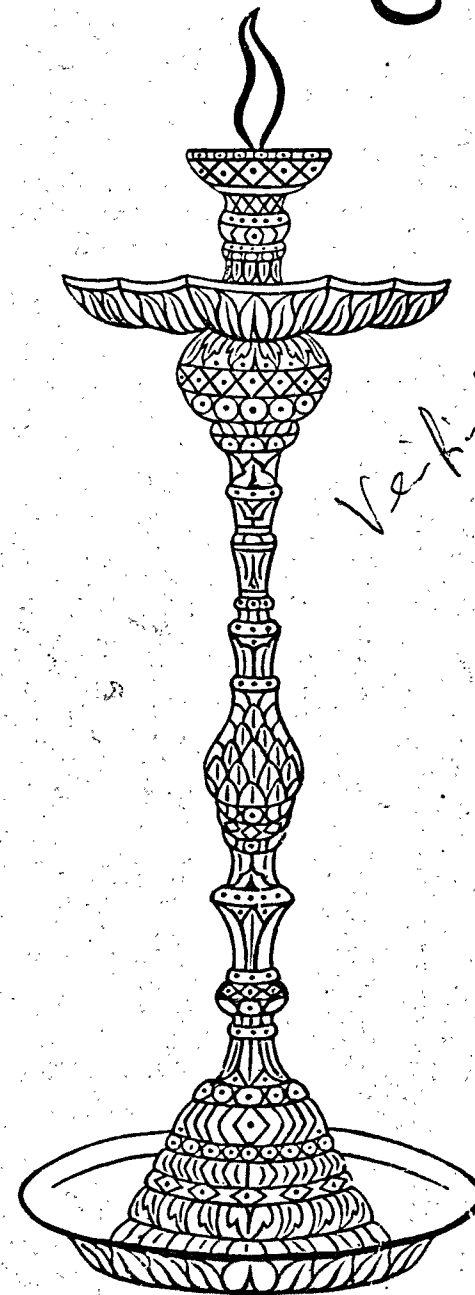
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A Note

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A Journal of International Fellowship

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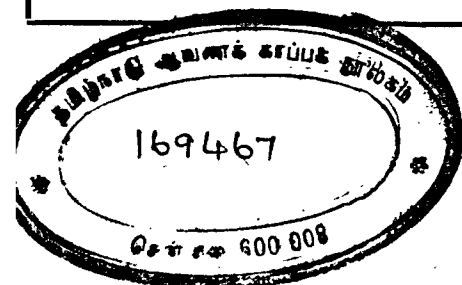
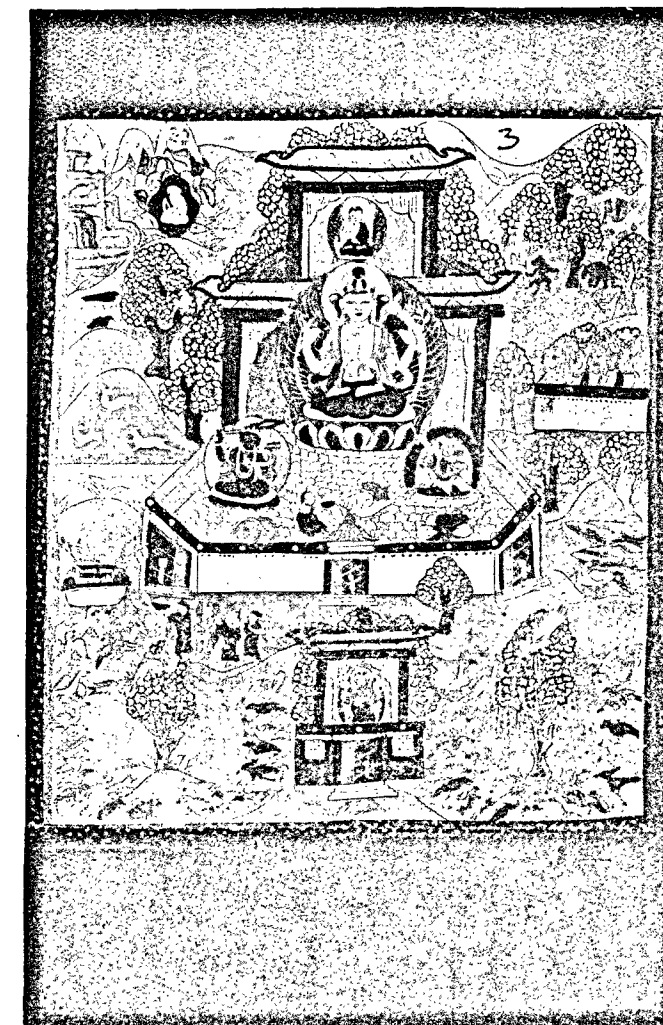
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OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR frontispiece is a reproduction of one of the Tibetan Banner paintings. These banners deal with a variety of subjects intended for the teaching of simple folk. The Himalayan peoples were not always able to read and write. But that did not mean that they had no religious knowledge or culture. 'The banners are a pictorial mnemonic summary of stories written in Tibetan script in books made of loose leaves.'

The story of how an Indian saint came to Avalokiteswara and how the birds came to be instructed in the doctrines of the Buddha, is the subject of *A Tibetan Banner*, a review of which appears elsewhere. We are indebted to Dr. J. H. Cousins for lending us the block for reproduction.

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*MAN is a spirit veiled in the works of energy, and moving to self-discovery. He is a soul growing in Nature to self, a divinity and eternal existence, a wave of the God-ocean, an inextinguishable spark of the supreme Fire, identical even in reality with the ineffable Transcendence from which he came, greater even than the godheads he worships. The natural half-animal being which he chooses for a while to seem, is not his whole or his real being. To find his real and divine self, to exceed his outward, apparent, natural self, is the greatness of which he alone of beings is capable. He has the spiritual capacity to pass to a supreme and extraordinary pitch of manhood, and that is the first aim which Indian culture proposes to him, to live no more in the first crude type of an undeveloped humanity, **na yathā prākrito janah**, but to become a perfected semi-divine man. But he can do more, become one with God, one self with the Spirit of the universe, one with the a self that transcends the universe. To be shut up in his ego is not his perfection; he can become one with others, with all beings, a universal soul, one with the supreme Unity. To aspire to that perfection and transcendence through his mind, reason, thought and their illuminations, his heart and his unlimited power of sympathy, his will, his ethical and dynamic being, his aesthetic sense of delight and beauty or through an absolute spiritual calm, largeness and peace, is the high ultimate sense of his humanity.*

SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE
(From the "Arya.")

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN: AN APPRECIATION

BY ETHEL ROSENTHAL

Ludwig Van * Beethoven died in March, 1827, and during the present year homage is being paid to his memory in every part of the globe. Beethoven, the greatest of all composers, was born about the year 1770, at Bonn. He was the child of humble parents of Belgian origin, and was consecrated to his art from his earliest childhood. His father was a tenor singer at the court of the Elector of Cologne, and was anxious to conceal the exact year of Ludwig's birth, in order to derive honour and pecuniary benefit from Ludwig's performances on the violin, as an infant prodigy, for as long a period as possible. Johann, the elder Beethoven, was unfortunately addicted to drink, and his wife and family suffered grievously from his intemperate habits. The lack of happiness in his childhood affected the sensitive, artistic temperament of the composer, who was prone to brood over insults, real or imaginary. His father's undignified conduct wounded him to the quick, but genius transcends all obstacles, and despite the drawback of sordid surroundings, Ludwig made great progress in his musical studies. He was intimately associated with the musical life of the Electoral Court, and at the age of eleven he acted as deputy organist. A few years later Beethoven's name figured as second organist on the list of musicians belonging to the orchestra of the new Elector, Max Franz, brother of the Emperor of Austria. Impressed by his brilliant playing and improvisation, the Elector arranged for Beethoven to visit Vienna, and his sojourn in the Austrian capital proved a turning point in the career of the young composer. Mozart was then at the zenith of his fame, and Beethoven had the honour of playing before him. Mozart paid little attention at first, thinking that Beethoven's performance had been prepared in advance. At Beethoven's request, however, Mozart gave him a theme upon which to improvise, and Beethoven displayed such ingenuity and mastery in his treatment, that Mozart exclaimed :—' Pay attention to him ; he will make a noise in the world some day.' Beethoven left Vienna sorely against his will, and soon after his return to Bonn he was plunged into domestic anxiety and responsibilities, owing to the death of his mother, to whom he was devoted. His sense of duty was highly developed, even at this early age, and Beethoven immediately assumed the rôle of parent and protector towards his younger brothers.

* The Dutch 'Van' is not a sign of nobility, like the German 'Von' or the French 'de.'

In 1792 Beethoven repaired again to the Austrian capital which was destined to remain his home until the end of his life. Mozart had died in the previous year, and it was arranged that Beethoven should study under Haydn, then the greatest living master. On Beethoven's departure from Bonn, Count Waldstein* wrote in the composer's album:—'You are travelling to Vienna in fulfilment of your long-cherished wish. The genius of Mozart is still weeping and bewailing the death of her favourite. With the inexhaustible Haydn she found a refuge but no occupation, and is now waiting to leave him and join herself to someone else. Labour assiduously and receive Mozart's spirit from the hands of Haydn.' Time has proved that Beethoven far exceeded Count Waldstein's expectations, but the commencement of his Viennese career was beset with difficulties. As a pupil Beethoven was self-willed, and he preferred to acquire knowledge on the stony path of experience, rather than to follow unquestioningly the instructions of a teacher in whom he did not place full confidence. Haydn (1732—1809) was too conventional, too easily satisfied and too cursory in his mode of instruction, to appease Beethoven's cravings for knowledge, and the young musician was quick to change his professor when Haydn visited England in 1794. The impression that he created upon Albrechtsberger, his new counterpoint master, however, was far from satisfactory. In Thayer's excellent 'Life of Beethoven,' it is mentioned that Albrechtsberger pronounced the following warning with respect to Beethoven:—"Have nothing to do with him, he has learnt nothing and will never do anything in decent style." Beethoven's autodidactic strain assisted him greatly in his self-development, but he alienated the sympathies of conservative contrapuntists by his opinion, cited by Czerny, that it is wise "to learn occasionally what is according to rule, that one may hereafter come to what is contrary to rule."

Beethoven's creative work is classified usually according to one of three periods, namely, the first or tentative period comprising the compositions up to the year 1800, the second period from 1800 to 1814, in which Beethoven achieved formal maturity, and the third period from 1814 to the year of his death, in which perfection of form became subsidiary to poetic expression. Although his earliest works were conceived on the models of Haydn and Mozart, his genius rapidly transcended the confines within which his predecessors had worked.

To the second period belong many of his greatest masterpieces including his only opera, "Fidelio," the overture and incidental music to Goethe's tragedy "Egmont," and the second to the eighth symphonies. It is greatly

* In 1805 Beethoven rendered Waldstein's name immortal by dedicating to him the sonata, op. 53, which is generally known as the 'Waldstein Sonata.'

be regretted that "Fidelio" is heard so rarely, for it is a magnificent work with emotional depths and purity of expression characteristic of the noble simplicity of the composer, who estimated that his neighbours possessed a moral code as honourable as his own. During the winter of 1804, Beethoven was engrossed in the completion of the "Eroica Symphony," No. 3, which was originally dedicated to Napoleon Bonaparte, Consul of the French Republic. To Beethoven, Napoleon was the symbolic figure of democracy, but before the symphony was transmitted to Paris the composer learnt that Napoleon had assumed the title of Emperor. With characteristic violence, Beethoven immediately tore out the title page and trampled it under foot, for his esteem of the great Frenchman was at an end. The symphony was subsequently dedicated to Prince Lobkowitz, who purchased the right to use it, and in 1806 it was published under the title of 'Sinfonia eroica per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un gran' uomo.' ('Heroic symphony to celebrate the remembrance of a great man.') It was conceived on a grandiose scale and bears the impress of the composer's vigorous creative force.

The great C minor Symphony, No. 5, was commenced about the year 1805 and was produced in 1808. This is one of the works which has suffered much at the hands of modern conductors who are inclined to over-accelerate the pace of Beethoven's quick movements. When the speed is exaggerated, it is impossible for the listener to grasp the full meaning of the music. In his biography of Beethoven, published in an English translation by Moscheles, in 1841, Beethoven's intimate friend, Schindler, mentioned that even during the composer's lifetime conductors were liable to hurry unduly. Schindler recalled Matheson's observations, in his 'Vollkommener Kapellmeister,' relating to speed. To obtain intelligent renderings, Matheson maintained that the greater the number of performers, the slower must be the tempo. Modern orchestras are larger than those in vogue in Beethoven's day, and twentieth century conductors would be well-advised to bear in mind Matheson's dictum. The tendency of editors to affix too rapid metronomic signs to his compositions has also encouraged a false estimate of Beethoven's speed values.

The 'Pastoral Symphony' is another epoch-making work belonging to Beethoven's second period. In it the musician revealed his passionate love of nature. Beethoven did not originate 'programme music,' but imbued it with a dignity and power which it had not hitherto possessed. At the production of the symphony in 1808, the following explanation was prefixed to the description of the symphony:—"Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerie." (More expression of emotion than tone-painting). This remark might surely be applied to all those

compositions bearing programmatic titles, bestowed by Beethoven himself such as the 'Sonata Pathétique,' the 'Eroica Symphony,' the 'Pastoral Symphony,' the Sonata 'Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour,' etc.

Strange anecdotes are recorded of the great musician's need of fresh air which led him to stroll, or rush, through the streets of Vienna, bare-headed, regardless of snow or rain, when the rapture of inspiration was upon him. As a young man he contracted the habit of employing a sketch book, consisting of sheets of coarse music paper, in which he jotted down his ideas. He never moved without one such sketch book and pencil, and a book was placed regularly beside his bed lest inspiration should come to him during the night. Some of these sketch books are still intact, and one of them is preserved in the Manuscript Department of the British Museum Library. Perusal of these sketch books reveals the marvellous fertility of Beethoven's creative genius. Each sheet is covered with notes, many of which extend into the margin, and discloses the intimate working of the composer's brain. Beethoven possessed the infinite capacity of the great genius for taking pains and he wrote and re-wrote every passage that did not satisfy him until he had discovered the perfect form in which to clothe his ideas. He was in the habit of working at three or four compositions at the same time, and each one evolved gradually in his mind until it reached maturity.

Beethoven was much interested in the relation of music to poetry and about the year 1810 he was greatly impressed by the force and beauty of Goethe's poetic work. He composed settings for numerous poems by Goethe, including 'Sehnsucht' ('Yearning') of which four versions were written. In 1811 he wrote to Bettina von Arnim, the mutual friend of Goethe and himself, as follows:— 'Whenever you write of me to Goethe, select any expression that you can use so as to convey to him the most fully my profound respect and admiration. I am however purposing to write to him myself concerning 'Egmont' which I have set to music; and this solely from love of his poetry which makes me happy; but, indeed, who can be sufficiently grateful to a great poet, the most precious jewel that a nation can possess.' The 'Egmont' overture is equal to the great 'Eroica Symphony' in dignity and force. Beethoven greatly appreciated Goethe's broad treatment of the character of Egmont, the hero of the Netherlands, who lived during the period of the Spanish dominion, and his music constitutes a dramatic and arresting supplement to the tragedy. Unfortunately performances of the 'Egmont' incidental music, in conjunction with Goethe's drama, are as rare as

* About the year 1816 Beethoven intended to publish the programmes of many of his compositions in a revised edition of his works. It is regrettable that this project did not materialize.

those of 'Fidelio,' and like all compositions related to the stage, the overture suffers when it is separated from its context and performed as an individual concert item.

In the third period Beethoven's matured art was revealed through the medium of his performance, as well as through his style of composition. His playing was likened occasionally to musical declamation, and he stipulated that to generate tone and make their instruments sing, pianists should raise their fingers as little as possible. He abhorred excessive staccato, and termed it 'finger dancing or manual air-sawing.' The creations of the third period include the 'Missa Solemnis' and the 'Choral' or Ninth Symphony. The great mass was sold in 1824 to the publishing firm of Schott. It is a monumental work in which all the religious fervour of the composer found expression. In a letter addressed to Archduke Rudolph in 1821, he allowed his correspondent to have an insight into his beliefs, stating that he strove 'to fulfil all the duties imposed on him by humanity, God and nature.' He copied out the following passages, and kept them constantly before him:—'I am that which is!' 'I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man hath lifted my veil.'—'He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being.'

One of the present writer's most inspiring musical recollections is of the annual pre-war performances of the 'Choral Symphony' in Dresden Opera House, on Palm Sunday. Intense fervour pervaded the atmosphere, for the listeners who regarded these concerts as sacred, went to them as though to a pilgrimage, and perfect sympathy existed between artists and audience. Heard under these circumstances the last movement of the 'Choral Symphony' with the setting of Schiller's 'Ode to Joy,' produced an impression which will never be effaced. Since his youthful days in Bonn, Beethoven had entertained the idea of supplying music to Schiller's soul-stirring poem, but the idea did not materialize, until he composed the finale of his immortal symphony in the full glory of his creative strength. As early as 1793, a resident of Bonn had written to Schiller's sister, informing her that a young composer, of the name of Beethoven, intended to provide a musical background to Schiller's 'Freude':—'He intends to compose Schiller's 'Freude,' and that verse by verse. I expect something perfect, for, as far as I know him, he is all for the grand and sublime.' It is sad to think that the poet passed away many years before Beethoven's intention was realised. Beethoven's introduction of Schiller's 'Freude' into the 'Choral Symphony' furnished conclusive proof to Richard Wagner that the composer found instrumental music, alone, inadequate for the expression of

deepest emotion,* and Wagner based many of his fundamental doctrines, respecting Music-Drama, upon the construction of the last movement of the Ninth Symphony.

Beethoven enlarged the symphony and sonata form to suit the requirements of his own genius, and was governed chiefly by the thoughts which he desired to express. He was less influenced by considerations of form than his predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, although he glimpsed instrumental composition in general from the view point of the sonata.

Beethoven's regard for women was noble and pure, and many of his works bear the names of distinguished women friends who appreciated his genius. From the days of his early manhood, however, social intercourse was a source of discomfort to the composer, as signs of deafness began to trouble him before he had reached his thirtieth year. Despite medical treatment, his affliction increased, and a remark in his will, dating from 1802, discloses the anguish of mind that hardness of hearing caused to the musician. Beethoven unburdened his heart when he wrote:—'Ye men, who believe or say that I am inimical, rough or misanthropical, how unjust are you to me in your ignorance of the secret cause of what appears to you in that light. . . . Born with a fiery, lively temper, and susceptible to the enjoyment of society, I have been compelled early to isolate myself, and lead a lonely life; whenever I tried to overcome this isolation, oh! how doubly bitter was then the sad experience of my bad hearing, which repelled me again; and yet it was impossible for me to tell people, Speak louder, Shout, for I am deaf!' A pathetic collection of ear trumpets used by Beethoven is preserved in the Royal Library, Berlin, but none of these instruments proved efficient, and from the year 1822 onwards until his death, all conversation with him was carried on in writing. Some of the conversation books are still extant, but they do not reveal many of Beethoven's opinions for they contain, principally, the remarks addressed to the composer, to which he replied in speech. One of the most tragic incidents caused by his deafness occurred in 1824, at a concert of his own compositions. Beethoven was unable to conduct, as he could not hear what was being played, but he stood in the orchestra with his back to the audience during the performance of the 'Choral Symphony,' and was quite unconscious of the storms of applause with which it was received, until one of the musicians made him turn round to see the clapping of hands.

'Oh! What would I not give for one day of pure joy!' Beethoven frequently exclaimed, but his was too intense a nature to find satisfaction in

* See the author's article on 'Poetry interpreted by Music' in 'Shama'a, vol. 6, No. 4, pages 233-34.



BEETHOVEN

From the chalk drawing by
Aug. von Kloeber, 1818

trivial pleasures, and he drank the cup of artistic suffering to the very dregs. He regarded his art as part of the divine revelation, and never did he permit materialistic considerations to extinguish the pure flame of his idealism.

He remained unmarried, and he lavished the whole wealth of his affection upon his nephew, Carl, the son of his brother, Caspar. Caspar had been in receipt of pecuniary assistance from his genius brother for several years, and before his death, in 1815, he charged Ludwig to provide for Carl, then a boy of about nine years of age. The lad proved to be thoroughly unworthy of Beethoven's trust and devotion, and the harassing responsibility, which the composer experienced in connection with his ward, contributed towards his ill-health, and culminated in his death at the age of fifty-seven, when he was at the height of his creative activity, fully occupied with plans for future compositions. He retained his fatherly love for Carl to the last, and his letters to the scapegrace demonstrate the touching simplicity and tenderness of the writer's character.

Both March 26th and 27th, 1827, have been named by varying authorities as the actual day on which Ludwig Van Beethoven passed away. Just before the end a sudden clap of thunder aroused the master from his death struggle, and opening his eyes he shook his clenched fist. As the hand dropped Beethoven breathed his last. An immense concourse of mourners attended the funeral, and accompanied the coffin to its last resting-place in the Währinger Cemetery, Vienna. In the course of time the grave fell into disrepair, and in 1863 the Gesellschaft der Musik-freunde exhumed and reburied the remains of both Beethoven and Schubert. A plain tomb-stone was erected over Beethoven's grave bearing the simple name 'Beethoven.' In the early forties of the last century, a fund was opened for the erection of a Beethoven memorial in Bonn, but the response was inadequate. It was due to the munificence of Franz Liszt, who paid for the completion of the monument, that a Beethoven festival, at which the statute was unveiled, was held in Bonn in 1845. On that occasion a poem was recited, of which an English version is given below as it constitutes a humble tribute of respect to the memory of the world's greatest composer.

'Beethoven, mighty heart! I see thy form,
As fancy shewed me thy similitude—
On brow and features hangs a thunderstorm
And lurid lightnings in thy eyeballs brood.
Thy massive figure like a hero's strong,
And on thy sturdy lips some wayward mood,
Yet every feature doth to love belong—
Magician king of sound we greet thee well!
Who pours't thy spirit into ours by song

Whose song all nature hears and owns the spell !
 "Beethoven, mighty heart ! hero victorious
 Great standard-bearer for the times to be !
 What though few follow yet thy banners glorious,
 Soon all the world shall own a chief in thee.
 Thou lead'st the way, but yet thy wing has flown
 Above the range of weak humanity !
 Prophetic hear I all mankind as one
 Peal 'Men are brothers' in thy glorious lays !
 O cease my song, peace with thy feeble tone,
 The master's song alone can sing his praise."

The above poem is included in a little-known book entitled "'Furioso' Passages from the Life of Ludwig Van Beethoven," which was published in an English translation in 1865 (Cambridge, Deighton Bell). It throws many interesting side-lights on Beethoven's youthful days in Bonn and describes the commencement of his life-long friendship with the refined and intellectual Vor Breuning family, in whose home he acquired a love of literature, and became acquainted with the works of both German and English authors. Many interesting volumes have been written on Beethoven, all of which assist the reader in forming some conception of the dignified character of the great genius. The most reliable biography is the monumental work, compiled with patient research and unflagging energy, by A. W. Thayer, who inherited the memoranda collected by Otto John, as the foundation for his Life of Beethoven. The various collections of Beethoven's letters constitute most interesting reading, for they are imbued with the personality of the writer.

It is impossible within the confines of one article to enumerate all Beethoven's works. Suffice it to add that all his compositions—opera, symphonies, chamber music, concertos, sonatas, songs, etc., bear the impress of his transcendent genius.

ETHEL ROSENTHAL

THE TAOIST WAY TO WISDOM

A STUDY IN CHINESE PHILOSOPHY

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

Laotze, the founder of the Chinese system of thought and conduct known as Taoism, was probably born in the year 604 B. C. in the Province of Tchu. He was therefore a contemporary of the Buddha and a generation senior to Confucius. There is a tradition that the three sages met, but history does not record a visit of the Buddha to China. It is fairly certain, however, that the two Chinese sages met about 517 when Laotze was eighty-seven and Confucius thirty-three.

Little or nothing is known of the early life of Laotze ; but from the fact that late in life he was Curator of the Royal Library of Kao, it is clear that he was socially unimpeachable and personally intelligent. He had also impressed a circle of friends by some special sagacity, for when he came to the point of retiring from active life into that other peculiarly oriental form of activity, meditation, he was asked to write down some of his teachings. The result was the "Tao-Teh" which is usually translated "The Path of Virtue." Commentators followed, the chief of them being Chuantze, two or three centuries after the master. These developed the intellectual and emotional implications of the packed expressions of the intuition. In the middle of the second century B. C. the doctrine of the Tao was studied in court circles. The servant of monarchs of four centuries previously was now their spiritual master. The little sheaf of wise utterances had become a classic (*King*), and henceforth is known as the "Tao-Teh-King" or The Classic of the Path of Virtue.

What is Tao? Laotze himself says :

"There is an Infinite Being which was before Heaven and Earth. It lives alone and changes not. It moves everywhere but is not affected. We may regard it as the universal Mother. I know not its name. I call it Tao."

Scholars liken Tao, as thus defined, to the Cosmic Wisdom called in Sanskrit *bodh* (buddhi, illumination, intuition.) A profitable area of synthetical study is here opened up, but, being beyond the scope of the present paper, is merely indicated. Laotze's definition has parallels in the *Upanishads* of India. His attributing of feminine personality to Tao suggests affinity with the Shakti philosophy of Hinduism. There are similar affinities inviting study in Christianity and other systems.

of the One Life, the first Wave preparing the substance of the universe-to-be ; the second vivifying it into organised entities and groupings ; the third infusing self-consciousness and volition. These are not casual similarities. They are signs of humanity's response to a universal order. Their study leads away from attachment to the letter towards allegiance to the spirit, in which direction lies the future peace of humanity.

The implications of Chuantze's classification of the tripartite nature of humanity are also of much value. All sense of superiority or inferiority as between the outer and inner aspects of one's being is modified by the idea that they are all derived from and animated by the Cosmic Life (*Tao*). The "delegated image of God" commands reverence ; the "delegated of harmony of God" discountenances discord ; the "delegated snake-skin (*exuviae*) of God" (not an objective image or subjective harmony but the very body of God, the monadic sheath of the Theosophists, demands a Godlike deportment. The Indian poet, Tagore, singing from the same central vision, has put the whole conception and attitude of the Taoist discipline in the following dedication :

"Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that thy living touch is upon all my limbs

I shall ever try to keep all untruths out of my thoughts, knowing that thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart, and keep my love in flower, knowing that thou hast thy seat in the innermost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavour to reveal thee in my actions, knowing it is thy power gives me strength to act."

The Taoist doctrine of discipline for the release and expression of one's natural wisdom may be put into a phrase : "True self-development is only attainable through selfless development," which thing is a paradox ; and, as Laotze said six hundred years before Christ, the deepest truth can only be told in paradox. The virtue of *Tao* is inherent in all things ; it needs only to be set free. Its flow will naturally have preliminary obstructions and deflections as it passes through the imperfect lower nature of humanity ; but the signs and tokens of its quality are plain. Says Laotze :

"The superior virtue is not recognised as such ; it is therefore the very essence of virtue.

The inferior virtue assumes the distinction of virtue ; therefore it lacks the essence.

The superior virtue is spontaneous, and makes no claim to merit.

The inferior virtue is designing, and lays claim to recognition."

To this standard of values for personal conduct is added a diagnostic scale for the measuring of the general public health in a descending order from spontaneous virtue to scheming expediency :

"When virtue is lost, benevolence takes its place.

When benevolence is lost, justice ensues.

When justice is lost, expediency follows.

But expediency is the mere shadow of what is right and true, and is portentous of confusion."

An examination of these contrasted qualities of the superior and inferior virtues shows the characteristic Taoist emphasis on the subjective side of Life. The eye of the superior virtue looks openly inward towards the simple centre : the eye of the inferior virtue glances furtively among the details of the external life. Both, however, are virtues, for at the heart even of folly lies the universal Wisdom (*Tao*).

We note also that the mind of the sage eight thousand years ago moved in an order parallel to that which has been felt by other sages and by modern thinkers to be a natural progression of the spiritual nature of humanity—from the intuitional degree of the inner life (*buddhic, Tao*) where unity prevails ; outward through action guided by intuition, that is to say, *yoga* skilled action, of which "benevolence" is not a quite satisfactory translation to modern ears because of its sentimental and arbitrary associations, though etymologically (good or true action) it is the right word ; still further outwards through the rules and regulations that the lower mind (*manas*) finds necessary to impose (through "justice") in order to hold in some dim reflection of the primal unity forces that are moving towards the threatened anarchy of details where action is energised only by "expediency" or the impulses and needs of the moment. The reverse order is that of human evolution, and is reflected in the gradual rise of humanity from primitive individualism to the sense of law in community life ; thence to the humanitarianism that is beginning to modify human relationships in our time ; and beyond that to the coming era of the intuition which philosophers (Bergson for instance) are beginning to descry. From units, through community to unity : is not that also the process seen by physical science in the very stuff of the universe ?

There is something also characteristic of the Taoist attitude in the fact that its mind moves automatically from the higher to the lower degrees of life.

From the point of view of the *Tao* all else is but a degradation of itself. Standing on the pole of its universe, everything lies everywhere to the south of it. This is seen in a passage in the "Tao-Teh-King" in which Laotze follows the order of descent from wisdom into worldly shrewdness and thence into a very human, if not very Taoist, mood of satire :

"When the great Tao is lost, men follow after charity and duty to one's neighbour" (which may or may not be a side-stroke at the doctrine of the young Confucius.)

"When wisdom has met with honours, the world is full of pretenders" (as Rabindranath Tagore found after he had been awarded the Nobel Prize.)

"When family ties are severed, filial duty and parental indulgence take their place" (see the western world to-day.)

"When a nation is filled with strife, then do patriots flourish" (observe the mischievous twinkle on the word "patriots" and look at India, and America, and Ireland, and other places.)

Here again the movement from inner to outer is from an internal unity to an external dislocation. This is the whole doctrine and discipline of Taoism. It did not, however, prevent the successors of the sage following the way of all flesh in evolving a theology and ceremonial that are as far removed from the spirit of Laotze as the outer expressions of all the world's religions to-day are removed from the spirit of their founders. But that is another matter.

JAMES H. COUSINS.

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ABHANGAS

[Dhundiraj G. Vinod is a young Marathi poet. He employs Tukaram's Abhanga for his mystical self-expression. The following are his own translations into English, for *Shama'a*, of some of his many thousand Abhangas—*Ed.*]

I evolved my soul into a perfect body
and this was the Almighty God !

I changed my passions into a strange pain
and this was the joy of Love !

I moulded my life into a nothingness
and this was my eternal Breath !

To the sight of my experience all truths
have been changing their meanings.

O God—let this my universe be also a dream;
this knowledge mine, just an inference
this my love, only an hour's illusion !

O God, like all my past idols be yourself
a need of just this moment !

My knowledge is rooted in a belief,
My Logic is built upon a feeling,
And this Universe is born of pure nothingness.
All glories spring from pain,
All loves—from some blunder,
And all songs from some mystic pang.

The Impossible has rounded my being everywhere
O ! my desires—do not wing down into
the world of realisation, which will
always fling you back to myself.
—Can you wing up for ever in the high
heaven of disappointments?
Then only you are blest !

The Infinite Goddess is a devotee ;
 So she offers me her prayers in the shape
 of these Inspirations for singing.
 I am pleased with your Heavenly
 minstrelsy, you may ask for a boon,
 O ! Infinite Goddess !
 The boon she asked of me was to be myself
 her eternal devotee, singing my songs to her !

I killed the ancient God,
 And quickened myself into the Infinite.
 I erected my own being that was
 lying prostrate before Him for countless ages.
 O God—Your corpse is lying here
 now that I am awake !

My highest values in experience
 are small apertures through which
 to feel and see the Infinite Light.
 Those values are God's own spirit
 present in the flesh of my finite being.

My sobs rise up in the air—touch the blue
 and pass behind it—in search of thee
 O God !—

I sit weeping, here. Speak to me where
 your heart dwells—there my sobs will
 fly.

O God ! time, space, man, sky, and
 nature—all these, you could create
 in a while.

But, infinite was your labour to
 make this human tear !

God is born in the shape of a soft
 feeling of pity in my heart.

I must bring up the new-born God in me.

I must teach him how to play freely
 in the wide field of my life !

My heart's eyes are shedding the rain-tears
 of songs, but the pang is still inside
 mysteriously hiding itself.

Yes—rain-drops are seen falling down
 but where does Lightning secretly
 linger ?

In my faded dream I thought it was your own lips.
 But alas it is only this petal from the broken
 garland lingering on my lip.
 And is it—the great God in my mystic
 trance is a like mental illusion—the
 mighty passion of this Spiritual Love only a
 nature of my gross body ?

This knowledge is a white mist—
 It obscures the reality of things.
 This joy is a vague self-less-ness—
 It asks me to forget myself.
 This love creates a distance of duality between
 you and me.

O God !—let me not know you in my knowledge
 let me not be joyous in you (in my usual
 way)—let me never love you !

The God I saw in the burnt ashes
 of my being was no other than myself !
 Even Eternal Beauty was made in
 my own image.

O ! God—do you need my love ?
 Then, come bathed in a shower of pain,
 Let your eyes be dim with cold tears
 of a human sorrow.

Let your breast heave up with an earthy grief,

Pity is my religion—to weep for a stranger's pain
 is my one ritual—to speak love to those
 in sorrow is my one vedā.

O! God—I told you my Faith.

I worship those who must weep.

Dinatā—the Pity-deserving—is my
 only Goddess. An eternal love to her is
 my one passion.

Dhundiraj, the disciple of Krishna, the devotee of
 Buddha, the darling son of Christ, will worship
 neither these three nor their gods—but Dinatā!

Pleasures are mine, yours, and theirs.

Pain is divine.

It is given to the loved ones of God.

The Pathway to God is bejewelled with

Shining tears of sorrow—and God, too, comes into
 the human soul—placing his foot-steps upon
 each jewel of sorrow's tear.

You could see the lustre, yet the star

Will remain unseen for ever!

You have fondled the fragrance in your mind—but
 you can never tell me where the bud has blown!

You may have heard my love-songs,

Yet, my heart, dedicated to the Infinite, is a veiled
 mystery to you—my beloved!

Silence for the deaf,

Darkness for the blind

And Universe is mortal

For my evanescent self!

No God for those who refuse to know Him.

No spirit for the Obstinate flesh.

Ang for one in illusion!

DHUNDIRAJ G. VINOD.

PATRIOT, SOLDIER AND ART-PATRON

SOME ACCOUNT OF FIELDMARSHAL,
 LORD ODA NOBUNAGA

By W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

What exactly is a great portrait? In the paintings of people by Reynolds, Whistler, or Francois Boucher, commonly there is nothing save high decorative excellence. In the work of Rodin, as also in that of Hogarth, usually what commands homage is the able reflection of the sitter's character. But in the effigies by Goya, as in those by Velasquez, the decorative element is nearly always wedded with fine characterisation. It is when these two qualities are united, in a given presentment, that it may fairly be hailed as a great portrait. And is there not something, if only something of this union, this dual achievement, in the picture of Lord Oda Nobunaga seated?

In mediæval Japan, the Mikados are no more than figureheads. Venerated although they are, as kings by divine right, they do not take any active part in legislation; for this is conducted by the Shoyuns, or military dictators. In the mid-14th century, the Shoyunal office is made hereditary with the family of Ashikaga, and now the Land of sunrise enters on a period of awful sorrow. The Ashikaga dictators are utterly unable to check the bellicosity of the nobles. Man after man of them builds a huge castle, that he may be a law unto himself, defying the Shoyunal authority. The interminable vendettas, waged on each other by the holders of these fortresses, bring harrowing poverty for the toiling myriads. Nor are things sweetened by the advent in the 16th century of Christian missionaries, from Portugal and Spain. In 1558, the Mikado Ōgimachi accedes, the Shoyun in office being Yoshiteru, 13th of the Ashikaga line. And the new Emperor's coronation has to be deferred for three years, the imperial purse being quite without the money requisite for the ceremony. Small wonder if Ōgimachi ponders sadly on the desperate condition of Nippon, and wonders where he will find a man, dowered both with the ability and the desire, to right the wrong.

The province of Owari lies on the Pacific Coast, far in the south of Hondo, main Isle of the Japanese archipelago. This province is the feudal domain of Lord Oda Nobunaga, who is born in 1534, and his family are duly embroiled in the civil-wars of the time. Soon he gives proof, not of high courage only but of skill in generalship; and in 1560 a notable victory by him, over the forces of

another nobleman, begins to make widely familiar the name of the Owari peer. So there comes a day in 1562, when the Mikado Ogimachi secretly despatches a messenger to him. Will he rise above the current pre-occupation, with mere vendettas? Will he employ his gifts instead, to confront and break the turbulence of the baronage as a whole, and thus rescue his country from anarchy? Such is the message, sent by Ogimachi to Nobunaga, who on receiving it is only 28.

It is precisely the busy men, who never speak of being without leisure. And it is at the very time, when Nobunaga is engaged in mobilising his army, that he performs the actions which give him a little niche in the annals of Japanese art. Few if any things in this art are finer than the pottery, and at the town of Seto, lying within Nobunaga's feudal domain of Owari, there are kilns which in his day already enjoy repute. He personally visits his ceramist retainers, and in 1563 he exempts them from certain taxes. If the building of fresh kilns is a difficult task, in so stormy an epoch, Nobunaga with firm hand facilitates such building at Seto. And shortly, the things fashioned at that town acquire a renown of the widest. In consequence, the term, *Seto-mono*, this word *mono* signifying thing, becomes and is to this present moment, a common generic designation for pottery in Japan. Furthermore, Nobunaga commissions Choyu, a distinguished potter at Kyoto, to make specially for him some black cups. And these are wrought after a design, which is furnished to the Owari peer by his friend, Sen no Rikyu, who is remembered as a prominent expert in the *Cha-no-yu*, or Tea Ceremony. With votaries of these elaborately formal tea-parties there was a keen taste for a combination of plainness with beauty, in the ceramic utensils used. And it may therefore be assumed, that it was for *Cha-no-yu* purposes, that Nobunaga desired the black cups.

A wonderful rapidity marks the movements and successes of Field-Marshal Nobunaga in his campaign. Far over Nippon his sword flashes, and a whole host of baronial castles are taken by him. Asked once what he thinks about the quick spread of Christianity in Japan, he replies cynically that, with so many different churches already existing in the country, the incoming of yet another is a matter of small moment. His allusion is to the very numerous sects, into which Buddhism has become divided; and alas, false to the tenets of their beautiful faith, the Buddhist clergy of the Sunrise Land vie with her barons, in predilection for fighting. Some of the Buddhist monasteries are almost definable as fortresses, bristling as they are with arms, the inmates actually undergoing military drill. And if Nobunaga's cynical words above-mentioned suggest, that his care for religion in general is slight, he soon zealously favours Christianity. For he cannot but observe that those feudal lords, who have been converted to the Western faith, can bring to the field big armies of retainers. And he

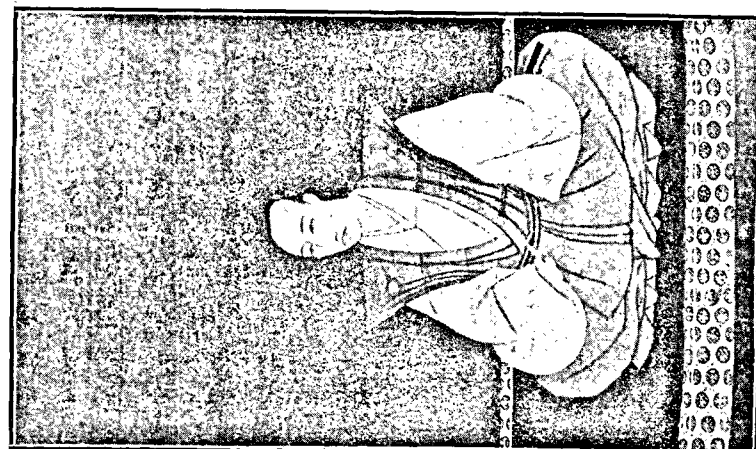
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contrives to get these Christian nobles to rally to his flag, and fight under it along with soldiers, who are avowedly devotees of Buddhism. Of the monasteries of that creed which are the enemies of tranquillity, the most notorious is one on Mt. Hiyei, near Kyoto. And leading his men up against this sacerdotal stronghold, Nobunaga drenches it with the blood of the warlike monks, then burns the place to the ground.

In the army fighting thus ruthlessly to bring peace to Japan, a prominent officer is General Akechi Mitsuhide. He is charged by the great Field Marshal, to lead an expedition against Lord Hatano Hidēharu; this foeman surrenders to Mitsuhide, but is put to death by order of Nobunaga. And the retainers of the slaughtered Hidēharu take revenge, by capturing and slaying the mother of Mitsuhide, who therefore conceives hatred for his inclement Commander-in-Chief. One evening there is revelry in the camp of Nobunaga, who, like Alexander the Great long ages before, himself takes part in the saturnalia. He playfully takes under his arm the head of General Mitsuhide, and beats time on it to the singing. Doubtless, the Field Marshal forgets all about this schoolboy action, for which he is nevertheless to pay an awful price. For the thing fans into a blaze Mitsuhide's hatred of his leader.

It may well be asked what, in these years of battle, has become of the so-called rulers of Japan, the hereditary Shoyuns of the house of Ashikaga. The 15th of them, Yoshiaki, menaced on every side by enemies, implores aid from Nobunaga, who duly takes him under his protection. But he presents to the Shoyun a document, in which he precisely names 17 points, on which he demands reform in Shoyunal administration. Yoshiaki's pride is wounded, by being given orders in this way. He hatches a plot to assassinate his protector, who on hearing of it is generously content with having the Shoyun imprisoned. And so there passes into the night for ever the Ashikaga dictatorship. Nobunaga's star now soars to apogee; the gaze of all Nippon is directed towards him. He is received in audience by the Mikado Ōgimachi, within the serene and cool chamber in the imperial palace, and the king by divine right heaps honours on him. Still favouring Christianity, the triumphant soldier facilitates the building of a Christian church, and takes a prominent part in bringing about the sending of a Japanese embassy to the Pope in Rome.

Nevertheless, the fighting is not yet wholly over in Japan. In 1582, one of Nobunaga's officers, who is conducting a campaign far in the south, is desperately beset by foes. He beseeches reinforcements from his Commander-in-Chief, who is then resident at Kyoto. He has taken as his quarters there, the Buddhist fane, Honnōji. And the man to whom he sends word, to go with an



Memorial Portrait at the
Buddhist Temple.
Daitokuji, Kyoto, Japan.

ODA NOBUNAGA



ODA NOBUNAGA

織田信長公

army to the help of the distressed, is Akechi Mitsuhide. Mobilising the requisite forces, the traitor leads them, not into the south, but up against Kyoto. There comes a moment when Nobunaga, in his temple barracks, hears a sound which he recognizes as that of troops marching towards him. Puzzled, he goes out; a moment later he is struck by an arrow; and knowing resistance futile, he retires into his quarters. According to the code of honour with a Japanese cavalier there can be in this dark hour only one right course of action. Fearless even unto death, Oda Nobunaga sharpens his sword, and takes his own life by the awful mode, disembowelment.

The soldier of the iron hand is but 48 when he goes to his death, a victim to hatred. And his mortal remains lie to-day at the Buddhist temple, Saitokuji, near Kyoto. Men of his dynamic temperament do not command love, nor is it easy to forgive him for his callousness towards the faith of his fathers, the Light of Asia. He failed in the quest to which he gave his meteoric life, for the pacification of Japan went unaccomplished, till the century after that of his passing. But his failure does not make less admirable the Field Marshal's action in rising above mere personal ambition and endeavouring to serve his country as a whole. He stands out, one of the greatest figures in the history of the Land of Sunrise; and even now there is no schoolboy there who is not familiar with the deeds of the Owari peer. The bust-portrait of him proclaims itself by its style, quite a modern thing, probably of the mid-19th century. The painter, no great draughtsman, has chosen to set forth the soldier in the heyday of his youth, when he was evincing his interest in Seto pottery. But the presentment of him seated would appear from its manner, to be a true memorial work, done on the demise of the son of strength. And now that his exploits and significance have been unfolded in words, it will be realised the better, what a striking achievement lies in that painting. Here indeed is biography in line and colour, for the picture tells so explicitly of a person, ruthless, determined and brave, yet thoughtful.

W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ZOROASTER

BY K. N. SITARAM

The life of no other founder of religion, or a revivalist of old creeds, is more draped with the mists of fancy than that of him who gave to Iran and the Iranians, their national faith, which made them twice at least the greatest Empire-builders of humanity.

The life of Mahomet, the last of the great seer sons of Asia, is so truly represented to us that even to-day when one reads of his doings and movements, it is possible to visualise how he appeared to his countrymen and how his smile and the extreme kindness of his nature lighted up even the barren monotony of a bleak Arabian hill-side to a real joy of service and true brotherhood which the world has not too often known among followers of other faiths. The preaching and suffering Nazarene if he is not already familiar to us through the most dexterous chisels, and the most charming brushes ever employed in the service of Art, is yet as familiar a figure as was stamped on the handkerchief of Mary Magdalene. The life of the beloved Tathagata or the Buddha and his personality, look and appearance are as familiar to every student of Indian culture, as his own dear mother's face and have become made a part of his own personal memory.

Even more delightful in its associations to every Hindu is the ever happy face of the Lord of Gokula. To hear the ripples of his laughter, broken only by the still happier symphonic notes of his divine flute, one has only to read a few chapters of the Tenth Skanda of the Bhagavata Purana or to permit himself to be lost body and soul in the Yamuna of that music of cadenced Sanskrit, namely, the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva.

But, however, clearly portrayed, or at least definitely silhouetted on the background of their own achievements on the world's canvass, these three, namely, the Prophet Mahomet, the Saviour Jesus, and the Divine Krishna, appear to us, still the most penetrating vision of sympathetic observers, aided by the long range telescope of accurate data as drawn from writings, Greek, Persian, Roman and Arabic, can with difficulty discover in the Prophet of Ancient Iran only the clarity and outlines of a star of the first magnitude, but nothing more. In fact, his personality is as a shadow erased by swiftly passing clouds and the outlines of his personal and intimate life are as indistinct as the forms and shapes of the houses, the flora and the background of towering Hills of a Kolhapur

landscape when viewed from the knoll of Timlai on a cool bracing early morning in December, when the city lies covered in a robe of thick cloudy opal designed for this Queen of Southern Maharashtra, specially from the golden looms of the dawn.

Even about his birth, there is a difference of opinion. The Greek and Roman Historians place him in the dim mists of hoary antiquity. They tell us that he existed clear six thousand years before the advent of the historical Xerxes or many millennia before Moses, or at least five thousand years, before the first human war for a woman was waged on an international scale by the then senseless sections of civilised humanity. The later day Parsi sources of information bring him quite near historical times, and according to the version of the Arda Viraf, he preceded Alexander the Great by only a bare stretch of three centuries. Another equally unhistorical calculation reckons only two hundred and seventy-two years as having elapsed between the Death of Alexander, and the conversion of the First Kingly Patron of Zoroastrianism, namely, King Vishtaspa, at whose court the Prophet of Ancient Iran lived and preached. This supposition, though mistaken, would agree with another equally biased but none the less tolerated as the other, namely, that Zoroaster planted a cypress in honour of King Vishtaspa's conversion near Kishmar in the Persian Province of Khorassan, and that this tree was cut down after having been wafted by the breezes of Iran for nearly one thousand four hundred and fifty years by the orders of the Tenth Abbasid Khalif (846-860 A.D.). If this assumption is correct, then the year 604 B.C. works out as probably the time during which the Prophet flourished and taught in the court of King Vishtaspa (Greek, Hystaspes). Therefore the determination of the period of King Vishtaspa, settles also the date of Spitama Zarathustra, as the one question revolves round the other.

Now is this King Vishtaspa in whose court the first historical founder of the religion going by his name, lived and preached the Hystaspes of History—the father of Darius, I., or is he a similar named king who ruled in a different province of Iran altogether, as yet not clearly differentiated by historians, owing perhaps to a confusion arising on account of similarity of names? Such a confusion is quite probable, and one has only to refer to the dynastic list of kings as found in the Hindu Puranas, which though otherwise quite reliable from the point of historical genealogies, still occasionally are not above making the contemporaries who ruled in different parts of India, successors to each other in a particular kingdom like Ayodhya or Mithila. Even though such an old and reliable writer as Agathias leaves this as an open and undecided question in his own days, still even now a small coterie of scholars are not wanting, who because their lights of research show them that particular way,

or because they have implicit faith in the chronology of the modern Parsis, who for the celebration of their national festivals have necessarily to adopt and stick up to some chronology, have made bold to declare that Vishtaspa of the Gathas is none other than the father of the historical Darius! To make their untenable position seem tenable, they have resorted to a more than a generous stretch of the imagination, and made some jugglery by way of permutation and combination with several of the names found in the Avesta to suit their already made up theory. But in spite of such wasted breath of learned research, the bottom of the theory is easily knocked off to the ground, when they cannot sufficiently explain, or satisfactorily equate as consistent with reason, the differences in the names of king Vishtaspa's father according to the variant versions, as handed down to us by Zoroastrian historical sources. For the Avesta says distinctly, and in no unequivocal terms, that the father of Vishtaspa was Aurvataspa (Aban Yasht, XXIV, 105 etc.), and also repeats that statement, and calls the same Aurvataspa as the father of Zarir when it has occasion to mention that hero's name, and also there are distinct statements as in the Bundahish (XXXI, 29.) that he (Vishtaspa), his brother Zarir (Av. Zairivairi) and other brothers were begotten of king Kai Loharasp, who is no other than the Aurvataspa of the Avesta (Aben Yasht). These statements are also backed up by the authority of that immortal classic of Firdusi, namely Shah Namah, where Loharasp is designated as Luhrasp.

While such are the reliable data concerning the father of Vishtaspa of the Avesta, the name of the father of the historical Darius, is Arschama, as can be easily gathered from the inscription which that monarch caused to be incised on the rocks at Behistun. Therein, on that perpendicular scarp of rock, are incised also the names of other people from whom he traced his descent up to Achemenes, the founder of his dynasty, the last representative of which was the ill-fated king who lost the ancient empire of his ancestors to the invincible bravery of the Great Macedonian.

Further evidences also are not wanting, which strongly militate against the theory of identifying, Vishtaspa of the Gathas with the father of the historical Darius. One such is furnished by Eduard Meyer in his Journal of the comparative study of languages, wherein he says that the name Mazdaka is found mentioned as the name of a Median in an inscription of the Assyrian king Sargon (713, B.C.). This reminds one very forcibly of the name for the Chief God, in the teachings propounded by Zoroaster, namely, The Powerful Spirit of All-Wisdom, Ahura Mazda, the supreme God of the Zoroastrian pantheon, if one can be permitted the use of such an expression. Hence we can say with a certain amount of definiteness, that probably before the beginning of the eighth century before the nailing to the Cross of the Nazarene, the Mazda

belief, of which the chief corner stone and article of faith was the reverence to be accorded to this "Spirit of All Pervading Wisdom," Ahura Mazda, had spread through large parts of Media, though from this time onwards inscriptions and other reliable historical materials fail to give us any further clue, and once more the Prophet of Ancient Iran and his kingly patron, descend to the realm of unhistorical speculations, being covered over merely by the deceptive cloak of legendary story-mongering.

Thus in our attempt to repaint his genuine portrait from the faded colours of occasional mention and notice by the Greek writers and the fragmentary personal allusions in the Avesta, we are delighted to find, that their statements very often approach each other in similarity. In this respect only the Gatha portions of the Avesta can be considered as genuine material, and a rule can be generally laid down, to which exceptions are only very few, that the earlier the book or the source of authority of our information, the more reliable it is, and the later the books, the statements contained therein, have always to be taken with a grain of salt.

The Gathas are the latest remains or survivals of Zoroaster's speeches, sermons and discourses as they had stamped themselves impressively on the growing religious community of the Faithful he founded, and as such have been handed down to posterity without much tampering or interpolation at the hands of the later codifiers or redactors of the fundamentals of the faith and of those enthusiasts who tried to glorify them sometimes even at the expense of truth or historical veracity.

Hence the image of the prophet as it stamps itself on the pages of the Gathas is very human, and is far from being legendlike or misty, wherein the attempts at correct and sharp focussing have not been replaced by a free use of the artist's touching pencil. Therefore the Zoroaster of the Gathas has got all the outlines, and the correct filling up of human proportions, traits, features and lineaments for which we vainly look in the later documents, overcoloured as they are with bizarre paints, which stand out against each other in a spirit of violent non-co-operation. This fact becomes more and more pronounced the younger the documents are about his life, which in a certain number of cases at least are garishly decked out with truly an oriental magnificence in the display of colours, which in a large number of cases are glaringly primary monotonous. Thus in the work called "The Zarathustra Nama," belonging to the year 278 A.D., we find that Zarathustra or Zoroaster becomes a semi-mythical being, and his life is one continuous cycle of miracles and other things ordinarily impossible for a man of our generation to perform. Still there is not the least doubt that this book bases

its accounts on far far older material, at least a part of which is indeed genuinely historical. For already in the Younger Avesta (as Professor Geldner would call it) the prophet has been attributed supernatural powers, and gifted with super-human attributes and faculties. Thus miracles attend him at every step, and he always apparently achieves the impossible. The whole of Nature, sentient and non-sentient, rejoices at his birth, even as it did at the birth of Sri Krishna at Gokul, as recorded in the Bhagavata and other Vaishnava Puranas, and even as the Ramayana gives us to understand it did at the birth of the four sons to king Dasaratha of Ayodhya, for in both these cases, it was not an ordinary mortal that was ushered into the world, but the very Vishnu himself, the Lord and protector of the Universe, and the very Origin of even the Primeval Germ of All Living, and the Grandfather of the world (Pitamaha) or Brahma. Thus like his brother the Indian Aryan, the Iranian too freely drew upon the unlimited stores of his fervid imagination, and this treatment was freely borrowed and drawn upon by Xity later on for its purposes, and regiven a shape to suit its own circumstances and the mentality of its adherents and early converts. This contagion spread even unto Buddhism, as every one knows that the Tathagata of Lalita Vistara and Mahayanism, is an entirely different being from the one depicted in the early Pali Pitakas.

Accordingly we find that not only angels and other divine aid surround and protect his mother, but that the prophet laughs outright at his birth, thus throwing into a perspiration of fright the seven nurses who attended on him. Then his childhood, till the age of seven, is passed in overcoming the various plots and machinations laid against his life by the Karaps and various other ill-intentioned and wicked sorcerors who saw in his birth a really great man who would soon end their own misdeeds. Thus as soon as he was born, his father Paurushasp seeing the miracles attending on the birth of this child sent for the most renowned witchdoctor of his days, one Durasrobo, who like the Putana of the Krishna mythological cycle tried to kill this wondrous child by squeezing with his claws the tender Sirishālike crown of the Prophet. But instead we find that the biter was bit and the claws instead of entering the head of the divine child turned into the fleshy palms of the evildoer himself. After this unexpected shock, since wickedness must ripen to its ugliest extent before it can burst itself into annihilation, he so poisoned the mind of the father of the child that the latter entrusted the babe to the tender mercies of this rascal, to be disposed of as he liked. So once again he placed the child amidst the pile of firewood specially collected for the occasion and commanded his underlings to set fire to the same, so that in the conflagration that ensued the child might perish. Here also as in the case of the Prahlada of the Hindu legends, we find that the Son of Ahuramazda refused to

light up and so, when the day dawned the mother of the prophet rushed up to fold in her darling once more in her loving arms, and great indeed was her delight when she found her babe sitting on the top of the faggot with his smile which was soon to make not only his own generation happy, but countless generations more to come. The next atrocity which the Karap planned was to have the tender babe trampled under the feet of oxen. But here also the divine hand interfered, and the foremost ox stood guard over him, and prevented the rest of his species even from approaching him, as if it was aware of the fact that in the precious life it was guarding, it was discharging a deed of trust on behalf of him who was to be the future Pratipalaka (Protector) of their whole species, one who would rescue their necks and guard their bodies from being offered at the holocaust of Deavayasniya sacrifices. Once more the ever-loving mother came and was again rejoiced to see her babe alive. Since even the oxen refused to do this act of atrocity, he tried whether the horses would help him in his crime. Here again he was baffled, as the foremost horse not only refused to do this deed of horror, but stood instead protecting the divine child, till once more the Eastern horizon crimsoned over with the blushing cheeks of the Dawn Maiden, and the mother of the babe came over to cuddle her beloved once more in her loving arms. The herbivora thus baffling him in his attempts to compass the ruin of the child, he next took the child into a den of wolves, and after slaughtering the cubs that had been left there by the mother wolf when she went out foraging, he returned cocksure that this time at least the child would not live to open its tender laughing eyes once more to the Dawn. But as before, even the wolf lost its savagery, its mouth was struck dumb, and even though it might have cursed in its wolfish heart this uncalled for injury on the part of the sorcerer, still it refused to touch or do the least harm to the superhuman child, which once more its ever-loving mother found laughing in the den of wolves. Thus in this way passed his infancy in dangers and trepidations, till finally at the age of seven, this rascal of a Karap along with a fellow scoundrel of his made his last attempt to destroy the babe, but which resulted in his own destruction as he dropped down dead from his own horse, as he was riding home after a full meal he had partaken because of the hospitality of Zarathushtra's father. From now on till the age of thirty, the prophet led on a life of social usefulness, by succouring the needy, helping the old and weak to ford the streams and rivers, extending his special protection to the dogs, bringing fodder to cattle, feeding the fire with the sacred wood, squeezing the Hon. into consecrated water, offering his own righteous prayers, and never even for once offering anything but abuses to the evil intentioned demons.

At this stage came the turning point in his career, for when once he was on his way to attend the spring festival, he saw as in a vision, that the whole world was following in the footsteps of his cousin, Medyomah, who himself came to him to be his first disciple to spread his new faith through the length and breadth of all the seven continents. Soon after, this vision became a reality, when he saw face to face the Archangel Vohumano, when he was preparing to take the sacred water for the Hom from the fourth confluent of the river Datiya. The angel was dressed in a robe of white silk iridescent like light itself and was nine times as tall as the prophet himself. By him he was led to the Assembly of Archangels surrounded by whom "The Divine Spirit of all Beneficent Wisdom," Ahura Mazda himself sat surrounded as if by his own good qualities and attributes. There he was subjected to ordeals out of which all he emerged triumphantly successful, to proclaim to the seven continents of the Earth the inspiration of his new light which he had inherited from high.

So this heavenly apparition is the starting point of the new religion and the beginning of an entirely new epoch in the spiritual and material progress of the human race. This first conference with the Archangel Vohumano was followed by six other interviews in each of which Ahuramazda prepares and refortifies him for his great divine task of the regeneration of the then rotten state of the humankind. Thus the deep convictions of this religious visionary, turned very soon in his mind into sense-perceived realities urging him onward to be the benefactor of the human race, and the initial failures and sarcasms he met with from an unknowing and malicious public, only spurred him on to his highest powers, with the result he became the earliest seer voice of Asia.

As to his younger brother seer of Asia, Jesus Christ, and to the Lord Buddha, so also came to the prophet of Ancient Iran, the Prince of all wickedness and sin to tempt him from off his self-chosen arduous path of virtue. Similar tactics were employed as in the case of the Tathagata, first an attempt at destruction and then when that failed, temptation. First The Spirit of lie sent on the wicked built to rush on him and encompass his ruin. The loud soul stirring chant of the Ahuna Vairya prevented this and sent away the fiend trembling and confusion-stricken to its wicked master to complain of its impotency against the steel armour of safety provided by this all potent Mantra. So finding his chief lieutenant useless for this purpose, the great generalissimo of Lie himself advanced against the prophet realising full well that where Danda was ineffective Sama or Pacification and temptation might have a chance of success. So he tempted him that he would make him Emperor of the Earth, and give even power and prestige and greatness even as was enjoyed by that arch-fiend of human iniquity, Zohak. But the prophet being forewarned by his

conscience was forearmed and so marched on to meet this adversary of the human race brandishing in his hands stones as big as houses, which the Ahura Mazda had sent on to him and so stood facing him on boldly with a contempt born of inward strength on the banks of the Datiya upon the slopes of the holy mountain, till finally worsted in the encounter and unable to stand the missiles of righteousness, namely the words of the Ahuna Vairaya Mantra, the fiend rushed on to hell there to eat out his wicked heart in a despair of impotent rage.

For two years after his first conference with the Spirit of All Wisdom, the prophet is seen converting various people to his newly discovered Faith. The first of these is Aurvaitadang the Turanian, who though in the initial stages he listened very carefully to the message of the prophet, still because of the pernicious influence of the Kigs and Karaps who surrounded him refused finally to be converted even though to his credit it must be said that finally the good counsels of his son prevailed and he forswore to put the prophet to death, acting on the wicked counsels of his court party of Kigs and Karaps headed by his nefarious brother. Then the prophet betook himself to Vedovoist, a rich Karap to preach to him his new doctrines and to ask of a gift of horses and slaves, but which was haughtily refused. The prophet then hearing of the fame of Parshadgau in Sagastan, went to him and as an act of kindness cured his best bull with the sacred Hom water, for which that hypocrite even though he joined him in worship, still refused to do so in public. Then occurred the incident alluded to in a previous para, his vanquishing of the Demon Buiti and the victorious overcoming of the Prince of lie himself, followed by the successful withstanding and the defeat of a Karap who masqueraded himself in the form of Spendarmad. Finally two years after the conversion of his cousin, Medyomah, the finger of Providence points to the seer, the Court of king Vishtaspa, exactly a dozen years after his first meeting with the Angel Vohumano at the fourth confluent of the river Datiya. Therefore here the prophet hastens himself and is heard with the greatest respect by the king, and comes out successful after answering the thirty-three questions propounded to him by the Karaps and other wicked councillors who surrounded this righteous king. But happiness was not yet to be his lot or share, for small and miserable natures cannot stand the prosperity of the just and the deserving. So these sorcerers hid in the residence of the holy prophet all abominable things generally used by the nefarious ones of their own kind and accused the seer before the eyes of the king of necromancy and black arts. The king causing a search to be made, and the prophet's nature being too generous to suspect any one of underhand dealings, no wonder, the things that had been previously secreted in his house were found with the result that the prophet was thrown into prison. But within a week after that the favourite

magnificent black charger of the king had a mishap. It felt sick and all its four feet were found to be drawn up into its stomach. The loud lamentations of the king and his subjects as well as their complete abstinence from food because of this grief had absolutely no therapeutic effect on the horse. Nor were the counsels of the black magicians who had wrought evil to the seer any effect either in restoring to the limbs their normal condition. But against his will the prophet also had to subscribe to the universal Ekadesi (a total Hindu fast day) observed by the subjects of the king for his jailor also was so overcome by grief, that he entirely forgot to carry the usual food to his ward and only turned up late in the evening with a face as serious and miserable as a Scotch Calvinistic Sunday. The prophet told his jailor that he could cure the animal, if the king so desired, which conversation was faithfully reported to his master. Once more the seer was brought before the Court, and he told the king that he would do so only for a consideration, and that for a permanent and effective cure of each of the four legs of the animal, the king should promise to give a boon he asked. The monarch agreeing, the cure was effected by holy words and holier water of the Hom. The first three of these boons were that the king, his queen and his son Isfendyar should accept the faith of the prophet, and the fourth was that those rascals who caused his imprisonment by clandestinely and maliciously hiding in his quarters the filthy things of black necromancy should meet with their deserts. The king true to his promise fulfilled all the conditions and the prophet had soon the pleasure to see that this fair earth was no more contaminated by Ahirmanic presence which had so long poisoned not only the ears of the king but wrought also incalculable evil to the Aramaiti herself by their very bodily presence.

This conversion of the righteous king, his noble-hearted queen and their strongest and best warrior son was rendered possible probably by the previous terms of affection and intimacy which prevailed between the holy seer and his king's two ministers, namely, Frashaostra and Jamaspa, who were also brothers, belonging to the family of Hvova or Hvogva, which plays a creditable part in the spiritual annals of early Zoroastrianism, as the family of the Naotaride to which the righteous souled king himself belonged (probably also with his queen or because of his marriage), plays in its militant or martial annals. Hence no wonder that the names of these two wonderful brothers, the greatest warriors of their age, and the two staunch pillars, on whom rested the Tromph de arc (Triumphal Arch) of the great prophet's teachings, have justly been handed down to a grateful posterity, in the same way as the names of the Famous Rishis and Rishipatnis (wives of the Rishis) have been handed down to every Brahman even to-day. Similarly as in the ceremonial of the Rishi Tarpana of the Brahman, so also in that of the pious Zoroastrian, whenever he invokes the

Fravashis of the Good and great ones of his glorious race these two worthy brothers also are invoked therein with a fervour and grateful remembrance, next in the spirit of loving regard only to their great Holy Prophet. Further not only these two brothers were the greatest and the most appreciative friends the holy prophet had at the king's court, but also one of them became the father-in-law of the great seer himself, and the other his son-in-law. Thus Frashostra became the seer's father-in-law by giving to him to wed in holy matrimony his own daughter, Huvogvi, while his brother, Jamaspa became his son-in-law by taking to be the wife of his bosom, the beloved daughter of the holy prophet himself, namely, Paurocista. This incident of the wedding, and the feast which followed it, of the holy prophet's daughter and the doughty champion and bosom friend of the seer, namely Jamaspa, is preserved to us to-day in immortal letters of ringing glory containing also as complement to it the advice which the loving father gave to his daughter on this eventful occasion, as an epithalamium. So to even the greatest sceptic who is tempted to view the existence of the prophet as a mere theory or abstraction, even this single incident itself which is so simple, yet so actual and true to life, this domestic incident in the family affairs of the seer pure as the thrice driven snow of the Gangotri glacier, must send its heart stirring appeal.

For in these most human passages of the Gathas (Yasna, 53 lines, 3 ff), we Hindus can actually visualise, the wedding of the holy prophet's daughter and the hero Jamaspa, much in the same way as in the immortal description of the Ramayana we can clearly pourtray before our mind's eye the wedding of Sita and Rama; and just as that wedding picture, would be incomplete, without the presence of the Rajarishi, Janaka, so this eventful wedding picture also of the ancient Aryan race would be void without the image of the holy prophet who like Janaka gave also his daughter in marriage by a similar form of the marriage ritual, namely, the Brahma, if one may be permitted the liberty to apply ancient Aryan Indian customs and parlance to the forms and religious ceremonies of his own Aryan brother, the ancient Iranian. Besides these intimate personal touches, which make several parts of the Gathas quite historical, there are enumerated also other incidents in the life mission of the holy seer, which are beyond cavil of even the most prejudiced of Western critics, to whom even though scholarship and fair mindedness point one way, still axe-grinding of a personal misplaced religious fanaticism, makes them doubt the very conclusions arrived at by their own research. One such incident in the Zoroastrian scriptures is the noble part played in the propagation of the Faith by the beloved and devoted wife of king Vishtaspa himself whose rôle here is even greater than that played by the mother of king Constantine himself in the Christian versions of the

early spread of that faith. But still we find that though volumes have been written on the theme and the debt which Christianity owes to that lady, still the name of Hutaosa, who played even a greater and more noble part in the spread of the earliest defined religion of the Aryan race, namely the Faith propounded by Zoroaster, has not met with the deserved gratitude of appreciation at the hands of scholars, whether Indian or European. Surely a grateful humanity ought to rescue her from this most undeserved oblivion, and to exalt her to a place among the great galaxy of heroines of the world to whom our own present civilisation owes so much. Here again if one reads the Avesta in a spirit of broad-minded criticism, if not of veneration, we find another extremely human touch which makes the whole world kin be that world black, brown, yellow or white. One such is the prayer which the holy prophet addresses to the beneficent Dravaspa (Gos Yasht. vi. 26), so that he may grant him the boon whereby this noble woman, Hutaosa may become an admiringly faithful follower of Mazdaism. Another such is a similar appeal addressed for the same effect with all the holy fervour of the prophet to the great Ashi Vanguhi by the river Daitiya, with Homa, with the sacred Barsom, with the wisdom of the tongue, with the holy spells, with speech, with deeds, with holy libations and with appropriately uttered words so that by her divine grace, the good and the noble Hutaosa might be induced "To think according to the law, to do according to the law to speak according to the law, to act according to the law, to spread the Holy law and make it known, and finally bestow beautiful praises upon the deeds of the prophet." (Ashi Yast. viii. 46). Besides these central historical figures in the early spread of the Faith propounded by the great prophet of Ancient Iran, namely, the two ministers of the righteous king who befriended him and stood through thick and thin in all his tribulations, worries and anxiously troublesome moments, and the chief heroine of the nascent faith, we find as a central diamond bringing into the relief of sparkling beauty, all these priceless sapphires of the cluster at the Iranian court, the brave and righteous king himself, Chakravarti or Shah Vishtaspa, who with his trusty sword cleared the way to let streaming in the light of truth and to become its chief strength and support.

In the Afrin Paighambar Zarathust and the Vishtasp Yasts, we find a very faithful and lifelike picture of the first meeting of the holy seer of Ancient Iran and this young valiant king of that country, Vishtaspa, who was to that infant faith what Constantine was to Christianity, or Asoka and Kanishka were to Buddhism. Herein we find the blessings with which the noble prophet approaches the valiant young monarch, which is strongly reminiscent of similar passages in the scriptures of the Hindus, wishing the monarch ten sons, (The marriage Mantra of the Hindus which also says the same, Desan Putran Me Ade Dehi, Patim

Ekadesam Kriti, etc.,) one of whom he says shall be as brave and strong like Jamaspa himself. Afterwards Isfendiar proves to be this son of the king and the staunchest pillar of the faith, and a general who combines in himself not only the valour of Richard the lion-heart, but also more than his religious enthusiasm. The prophet blesses that of the others, three ought to be Athravans, corresponding to the Brahman of the Hindu caste system in the Iranian division of castes, three to be warriors, corresponding to what the Hindus understand by a Dharma fulfilling Kshatriya, and the remainder three of the nine to be the finest tillers and cultivators of the soil, for in Zoroastrian as in the early Hinduism, especially in its Vedic stage, agriculture was considered to be as honourable a calling as the assisting at sacrifices, though later on this crystalised itself into a higher sacredotal varna or caste to be known as the Brahman. He also blesses him not only with this glorious and useful progeny, but also bestows upon him praises which are strongly reminiscent to a Brahman student of Sanskrit culture of the blessings with which the first born of the Sutas and Magadhas, (from the Paitamaha sacrifice) showered their Asirvadas on the first primeval king of the first Manwantara (or the Age of Mankind), namely Prithu from whom the Earth itself took her name as Prithivi.

As soon as the favourite charger of the king Vishtaspa is cured by the mantras as well as by the sacred Hom water of the truthful prophet, the king requests the prophet to pray for information to the Spirit of All Wisdom, as to Shah's future position in the other world and couples therewith also a fervent desire to become while on this earth, invulnerable, omniscient and all seeing as to the future trend of worldly affairs and also if possible to become even as one of the good angels, namely, immortal. The prophet tells him that he will become acquainted very thoroughly as to his first question, but concerning others since after all he was a mortal, however, good and great he might be, his wishes would not be attained. So the next day when the holy prophet was seated with the king at his court, Ahuramazda sends two horsemen, who were none other than the two good angels, Bahman and Ardabahist, carrying in their hands the spirits of the Son of Ahuramazda, namely, the Khurdad and Cusap Fires. With these flaming evidence of truth and of the will of the Spirit of All Beneficent Wisdom, the two angels abjure the king to accept the truth of the prophet's teachings, for these words proceeding from the holy prophet were not his own words or inventions, but the very ordinances or the commandments proceeding from the Source of All Good himself, he who sat enthroned in the Eternal Light of Truth in the Garonmana itself. The Shah seeing this divine apparition bows reverently to the Message of The All Profound and Pervading Truth and becomes converted. Thereupon the holy seer performs the Darun

ceremony, and while that was drawing to a close gave to the king to drink the sacred Madhu or wine, after prefacing this act by reciting from the sacred Avesta powerfully potent prayers surcharged with deeply divine religious feelings. The king drinks of this sacred potion and falling into a trance (Sk. Samadhi) is able to see as clearly as an Amalaka or gooseberry in one's own right hand, not only his own future position in the Land of Symphonies (Garonmana) but also that of his other fellow-workers in the cause of the new sacred Faith preached to them by the holy seer.

Out of the other remnants (Sk. Ucchistha) of this holy ceremony, the seer gives the cup of consecrated milk to be drunk by the king's son Peshotun, which straightway makes him immortal. Likewise the perfume used in the sacred ceremony is given to Jamaspa, who thereupon receives the divine illumination as to make him what the Hindus call as a Trikalagnani, i.e., he sees all the future as it unrolls itself even unto the final resurrection. The last item of the sacrifice, the pomegranate is then given unto the hands of another of the king's sons, namely, Isfendiar, and before he had finished eating one seed of this fruit, he becomes invulnerable. When all these miracles are over and the kingly house is bound to the prophet by bonds and ties more strong than a mere man could devise, we find that the whole of this wonderful scene ends, by the holy seer reading out to the king, the immortal pages of his divinely revealed book, the Avesta, and finally concluding it by offering up his heart-felt soul-searing prayers to the Lord Almighty, the Giver of All Good, and the Embodiment of Supreme Wisdom.

Thus the faithful king and his court having received the revelations of the new faith, the interest of the story flags, as the prophet had already discharged the divine mission which was entrusted to him, and for which he took birth on this Earth, being commissioned to do so by Ahura himself, in response to the primeval lament of Goshurvan in the Assembly of the Deities, in the same way as the Primeval Cow wailed at the Court of the Vaikunta of Vishnu, and the Lords, Krishna and Balarama were born in response to that tortured lament of the Mother Earth Soul. So the other chief important events are only the conversion of an unbelieving king the son of Kundah, the defeat of Arjasp and the Khyon host at the hands of the Shah Vishtasp, the birth of Vohumen, and the writing down of the Avesta or the sacred book by Jamaspa with the approval of the holy prophet himself. Two years after this the greatest and holiest soul of the ancient world and of Iran in particular passes away in his seventy-seventh year, fortieth day after his birth or incarnation or descent into this mortal world, followed within half-a-dozen years to be translated into the "Regions of Supreme Song" by his friends, relatives and fellow workers, namely

the two faithful minister brothers Frashaostra and Jamaspa, who had stood by him through thick and thin and befriended him to the very last. Some say that the holy seer was absorbed into the sacred fire (Atar) at the altar of the chief Fire Temple at the capital, Balk, while others, opine that the prophet met his death at the hands of assassins, while he was at prayers, done to death at his sacred post of the duty by the cut-throats sent therein by Archataspa during his second sack and capture of Balkh.

Thus draws the curtain of immortality over the life and achievements of one who was the earliest seer of the Aryan race, one through whom Asia delivered its first spiritual message, as it were the infant voice of the Mother of Religions.

K. N. SITARAM

THE TALE OF SARASWATI

BY REHANA TYEBJI

"Vishnu," I said, "have another cup."

"I thank you, Khala bibi, I have had quite enough."

"Vishnupunt more!"

"Well, Khala bibi?"

"You are not ill, I hope, my son?" I enquired with unfeigned anxiety.

"Four cups of tea is your average. You have had one, and you tell me that is enough. And you expect me to take it with calmness!" He smiled charmingly.

"Dear Khala bibi," he explained, "it is not fever, but ill-temper."

There was a pause.

"I am waiting," I said suggestively.

"It is that moorakh Dikshit!" he broke out. "Oh, that someone would take that creature by the scruff of his bony neck and drop him—*not* gently—into the very deepest well that ever was dug!"

"Ma'az Allah!" I murmured, "Ma'az Allah!"

"Don't protest that he is a nice man and has a dear wife and sweet children, Khala bibi, or I shall smash your tea-cups!" Vishnupunt warned me passionately. "I am not in the mood to-day to think of his dear wife and sweet children. That detestable one deserves to be hanged. He has destroyed my appetite!"

"Allah akbar!" I said sorrowfully.

"Yes, awful! Don't know what the world is coming to!"

"He has actually—*actually*, Khala bibi—refused my latest story!"

"What!" I breathed, horror-struck.

"Actually!"

"But why?"

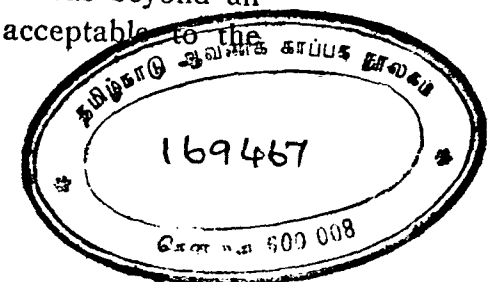
"Why? because he's a howling lunatic!"

"There must be some other reason, too?" I suggested gently.

"Said it was too sad!" The disgust on Vishnu's face was beyond all description. "Too sad! Yes! Said it would not 'be acceptable to the general public.'"

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Yes! 'They want, you know, something . . . light and amusing,' fluttering his hands.

Vishnu's mimicry was so perfect that I lay back in my chair and laughed until the tears came.

"That is his voice exactly!" I gasped. "Oh Vishnu, how in the world do you manage those thin, ready tones?" "Considering mine is a bass, and his a quavering falsetto, it is a creditable performance, certainly," said Vishnu placidly.

"And then? I asked."

"And then? I told him with force, and at considerable length, exactly what I thought of him, and came away with my rejected offspring tucked away under my left arm, and my right fist clenched at my side in the proper dramatic manner. Oh, that Dikshit! Khala bibi, another cup of tea, please."

"It must be cold!" I said regretfully.

"Never mind. I am in the mood to-day for death and destruction. And since I can't have Dikshit's ghost, I shall e'en content myself with the ghost of your excellent tea. So, Khala bibi, another cup, please!"

"Nonsense!" I said decidedly. "Call Hameed."

"The thin butler or the stout cook?"

"Yes, isn't it awful?" I sighed. "They are both Hameed, and they *will* answer each other's calls, and it makes such a muddle! I must change their names. . . ." Over a fresh cup of tea, which he sipped with his usual delicate appreciation, (a manner that never failed to warm my heart towards him, for I am very proud of my rare China brand), Vishnu gazed at me with an abstracted eye which warned me something unusual was coming.

"Well?" I smiled.

"Tell me about yourself and my mother," he said abruptly.

"You've heard it a thousand times, Vishnu."

"Never mind." Do, Khala bibi!"

"Well," I began, settling myself comfortably in my chair.

"My Muslim Girls' School had been flourishing for three years when one cold, bleak December morning there came a timid knock at my office door. I rose and opened it, and there, shivering, trembling, like a little frightened squirrel, stood a young Marathi girl. I drew her in quickly, shut the door, flung

my shawl round her poor thin shoulders, and pushed her into a chair. Then I waited for her to speak. She seemed almost too frightened to breathe, the first few minutes! But gradually I learnt that she lived close by, that they were very poor, that her husband was ill, her little boy starving, and would I please keep her as a teacher in my school?

"What will you teach?" I asked.

"I know a little sewing," she said timidly.

"I had a sewing mistress already, but I couldn't resist the charming little creature before me. I engaged her on the spot as assistant sewing mistress. That's how your mother came to me."

"Advantages of having a private school of your own!" commented Vishnu. "Well, Khala bibi?"

"She started on her duties that very day," I continued, "and I liked her, and the more I saw of her, the better I liked her. I helped her all I could. . . . She got on very well after a while. And then my sewing mistress was offered a better post in a big High School for girls somewhere in U. P., and Saraswati was promoted to her place. She was very happy, and such a fresh, light hearted, brave child! But—your father didn't like her working and earning so much. She made quite a bit with the private sewing she took in, too, you know."

"Yes. And then?"

"And then, after a while—two years, to be exact, when you were a tiny, curly haired littled imp of four,—your father died, leaving debts. That was a great trouble! Saraswathi had to sell the house you were living in—it belonged to your father—and to give away all her savings to the creditors. She was quite helpless and destitute."

"She had no relations, no friends—"

"She had you, Khala bibi."

"Well—I loved her. No one could have helped it. Being a lonely old woman myself—"

"Old! Oh, Khala bibi!"

"Well, I was forty," I retorted. "I wish you wouldn't keep interrupting, Vishnu! Any way, I begged her to stay with me as companion. She agreed."

People talked, of course: Some said I had become a Hindu, and some that she had become a Mussalman. The Mussalmans thought of boycotting me, and the Hindus thought of out-casting *her*. It was an exciting time! But while poor Saraswati begged me not to keep her, and let her be such a source of trouble all round, I was resolved that no matter what happened I would keep her by me."

"You were more afraid of the wrath of Ar-Rahman Ar-Rahim, I suppose, than of the howling of bigots!" Vishnu put in with a smile.

"Exactly."

"And then? Did they boycott you and outcast her?"

"They did *not*! The Muslims reminded each other that there was only one school in the whole city for Muslim girls. They allowed their solicitude for their daughters to override their religious enthusiasm. Religion, you know, like charity, begins at home—or ought to." "Our first duty is to our daughters!" they declaimed on platforms, and felt hugely satisfied with their own liberality and broad-mindedness. . . ."

"And the Hindus?"

"Oh, *they* talked a good deal, and then decided that a poor obscure widow was hardly worth making such a lot of fuss about. So they let her alone."

"And so she lived with you, Khala bibi, all these years like a sister."

"Yes, until she died a year ago. . . ."

"And you have been a mother to me ever since," said Vishnu thoughtfully. "Hindu Mussulman ki Jai! What a romance life is, really—a mixture of farce, tragedy, and melodrama! Khala bibi"—He stopped short, gazing at me with such a queer expression in his eyes that my heart began to beat uncomfortably.

"Well?"

"What—what happened—while I was away studying?"

"While you were at boarding school, you mean?" I asked with what calmness I could muster, perfectly aware that the colour had ebbed from my face, and that my eyes had betrayed my sudden consternation.

"Yes."

With an effort I mastered my voice, and clenched my hands under the table so that he should not see their trembling.

"Nothing," I said. "What should have happened?"

"Then why are you so pale?" came the query, swift as a pistol shot.

There was a silence.

"Vishnu," I said at last, very low, "how much—what—what have you heard?—and—when?"

"A most astonishing thing, Khala bibi. Yesterday."

"And from—whom?"

"Karandhikar, the Secretary of the Cosmopolitan Club."

"Ah!—I am sorry—"

"Is it true?"

"I must know first what he has told you," I said, pulling myself together.

"Just the bold facts. He did not know I am her son, but he took no names, and was very discreet. It was like this. He heard that I write stories, and that set him off on his pet theme—the "hidden dramas of life," as he calls them. He told me of some of the extraordinary things that had happened to him, and then—"

"I see. Yes. He was mixed up in that affair," I nodded. "He is one of the few people in the world who really know the facts. Were there any other people—?"

"No. He and I were alone. Few people come to the club before seven o'clock, you know, in this hot weather."

"Yes, but what did he tell you? How much do you know?" I was quivering with impatience.

"As much as he does, Khala bibi. I'll tell you the whole story, not as he told it, but as I saw it in pictures that showed themselves in lightning flashes on the screen of my imagination while I listened. Are you free this evening, Khala bibi?"

"Yes."

"Then—you shall hear. But before I begin I must say one thing. Don't you worry! I know that she was incapable of doing anything unworthy, and that you were incapable of allowing her to, in any case. Karandhikar's suspicions are absurd! I am so convinced of this, that the story has pained me far less than it might have done. Its a story, simply, as *he* told it."

I drew a long, quivering breath, and lay back in my chair to overcome with relief and thankfulness to be able to say a word.

Vishnu looked at me a moment, then, springing up, began pacing the floor with long strides. I looked at him mutely, at this tall, handsome, charming boy, no less dear to me than my own son would have been had I had one. Had I done wrong to keep that one awful chapter in his mother's life a secret from him, I wondered. And was he judging me now? What was he thinking? Was he feeling resentful, injured? He had a perfect right. . . .

"Don't worry, Khala bibi!" his clear voice broke in upon my painful reverie. "I told you not to worry. . . ."

"I can't help it, Vishnu," I said miserably. "I feel so doubtful whether I have done right in not telling you, in letting you run the risk of hearing it from others. . . ."

"You did what you thought was right," said Vishnu decidedly. "That's enough for me. The conclusions that people might draw don't affect me in the least. I know you, and I knew my mother, far too well to heed the cackling of ignorant fools. The story obsesses me because it is so dramatic, so romantic, that is all. I am going to tell it to you as a story, and that's how you must listen to it. Simply forget that it has any personal significance for you. Do you see, Khala bibi?"

He caught my shoulders in that masterful way of his I loved so much and compelled me to look up at him.

"Very well, Vishnu," I sighed.

He drew himself up, passed his hands through his curly black hair, cleared his throat, and began:—

"Listen to the tale of Saraswati, Khala bibi, with both your ears. One fine morning in January, about eleven years ago, one of our Sardars took it into his head to go out for a ride. Accompanied by his brother-in-law, he rode out of the city and up the Race Course way. He was an indolent young man as a rule,

out the sight of the fresh turf, the fragrance of the early morning breezes, the bracing cold, suddenly roused the sluggish blood in his veins.

"Karandhikar," he said, "I feel inclined for a gallop!"

"I don't," said Karandhikar, who never trotted when he could canter, and never cantered when he could walk.

"I am tired. I haven't ridden for an age, and we've come a long way as it is."

"Lazy fellow!" scoffed the Sardar. "Well, you wait for me here, I'm off."

"He was off with the word, and Karandhikar watched his flying figure for a moment, then turned away and wheeled his horse round, looking for some place where he could dismount and sit at ease. And there we will leave him and follow the Sardar.

This worthy, unaccustomed to violent exercise, grew rather short in the breath after a while. He slackened his pace and was mopping his perspiring face and throat when there came to his ear the scream of a child in pain. He started, turned, and caught sight of a young woman who, seated on a log beside the road, was trying to comfort a weeping boy of about seven. Something in the pose of the girlish figure, some grace in the curving throat, some beauty in the shapely down-bent head, weighted with a great lustrous black "ambora," must have attracted him powerfully, for he stopped, and gazed, and gazed, and gazing, began to approach the woman slowly, as though drawn thither against his will. The little boy saw him coming and ceased his wailing, wonder drying the tears in his round, childish eyes. . . .

The woman looked up.

That was the beginning of the trouble.

"What is the matter?" asked the Sardar at last, pulling himself together with an effort. "Can I help?"

"No, thank you," said the girl gratefully, in a voice that was all music, "It is nothing. My little boy fell down, and has hurt his knee. . . ."

"Yes, it is bleeding," said the Sardar, and added with genuine solicitude, "do you live far from here? How will you take him home?"

Her sweet brown eyes were very anxious.

"I don't know!" she murmured. "He'll have to try to walk,"

She rose with the words, and held out her hand to the child, who had begun to sob again.

"Come Vishnu," she said tenderly. "Come, my child. It is not far. We'll put something nice and cooling on that poor knee when we get home. Come, be brave, or what will Khala bibi say? She won't kiss you, if you cry like this. . . ."

(Oh, that sweet voice, like the cooing of a dove! Shall I never forget it, Khala bibi?)

"Oh, he can't walk, it will hurt him! cried the Sardar impulsively. "Let me take him on my horse!"

She opened her lips to refuse, but the wistfulness in the little boy's eyes as he looked at her, his obvious, eager pleasure in the prospect, melted her.

"Very well," she said softly. "Thank you. It is not very far. . . ."

And that is how Sardar Morupunt came to know where Saraswati More lived.

She made him set Vishnu down at a little distance from her house, inclined her head in mute thanks, took the child by the hand, and walked away, leaving the susceptible Sardar mortally wounded. Saraswati herself was far too occupied with her child's bruises to give much thought to her adventure. She related the incident to the person with whom she was living,—such a dear, saintly muslim lady called Bibi Zubeida Ansari, who had been an angel of mercy to her in her time of trouble, and was a veritable elder sister to her now,—and thought no more about it. The Sardar's kindness had impressed her, but not his appearance. But she speedily forgot him. But the Sardar—! Ah, that was a different matter altogether! It is said that for days after he was as a man in a dream. He did the most extraordinary things! His servants were at their wits end what to do with him. He would call them to give an order, and when they came before him, would gaze at them vacantly, as though they were so much empty space. Suddenly he would start up and "Gol" he would shout angrily. "What have I to do with men? I want an angel!" Or, "Your eyes are black. Bring me brown eyes, brown eyes!" It is said that about this time he burnt all his black boots, and bought dozens of brown ones, and then sat and wept, because he had unthinkingly insulted the lustrous black tresses of his beloved!

("Vishnu!" I interrupted half vexed, half laughing, "What a nonsensical boy you are!")

"Since he has to be a Majnun, he had better be a thorough Majnun, Khala bibi", retorted Vishnu coolly and continued.—And never, never will Morupunt's relatives forget the day when he attended a banquet at the palace dressed in exquisite clothes and blazing with jewels, and—with tattered "champals" on his feet! Or that day when, having been called into the presence of our gracious Rani Saheba, he refused to bow to her because she had not a white saree on, and was not a widow! The ladies of his family say it was love, and weep copiously in sympathy. But every one else says it was drink. . . . You remember that story, told by his gardener, of how, catching sight of a white ass near his garden gate one morning, he ran to where it was standing and strove to catch it, crying "let me embrace thee, let me embrace thee, my trusty steed, thou that didst bear her child on thy blessed back!"

("Vishnu!" I protested, torn between a sense of propriety and a sense of humour).

Well, Khala bibi, it is said that he was quite mad for a time—seriously! And it is certain that he did not forget her, for a week afterwards, Saraswati, out for her usual morning walk round the Race Course, saw him again, and again two mornings after. And after that, almost every day. And always he turned and looked at her, and bowed, and smiled, and sometimes spoke a word or two, with a most courtly politeness. This went on for several months. One morning, however, he went farther. His greetings surprised and somewhat disconcerted her with their warmth and eagerness; and he walked beside her, and asked questions about her life, and her work, and, altogether, showed such a desire for greater intimacy that she was alarmed, and stopped going to the Race Course altogether. Four years passed in peace and quietness, and then a great problem confronted Saraswati—the education of her son. There was no good school in their city, and she could not afford a private tutor. What was to be done? It was then that Zubeida bibi bethought her of a friend in Poona, who ran a well-known boarding-house for boys, and to whom people entrusted their sons with a perfect faith in his wisdom, fairness, and fatherly affection. His wife, too, was a very capable woman, wise and strong, and motherly withal.

So Vishnu was sent to Poona.

"And now it is time to dress for dinner, Vishnu," I said with a sigh. "There are people dining with us to-night."

"What a bother! Will you tell me the rest to-morrow?"

"Surely" said Vishnu. "Yes, I had forgotten."

The Deshmookhs are coming, aren't they? and professor Abdul Aziz and his brother?"

"Yes, do you know—the Deshmookhs are distant relatives of Sardar Morupunt?"

"Are they? I say! Do they know—?"

"No, nothing."

"Then—I say, Khala bibi, get them to talk of Morupunt!"

"Very well," I said. "But look here, Vishnu, you really must try to be polite to Miss Deshmookh. You went to sleep the other day when she was telling you about her painting. I felt so ashamed of you!"

"It was not exactly sleep, Khala bibi. It was a sort of a dream, what'd you—call—it . . . a swoon. . . a sort of Samadhi . . . an ecstasy of boredom . . . Lord!" he sighed. "Lord! Hé Vishnu! Hē—Thou protector of the weak and helpless! Do Thou support and sustain me to day. Miss Deshmookh is sure to talk of her music!"

II

The dinner passed off well enough. Mr. Deshmookh was a charming old gentleman, quaint, old-fashioned, and fond of talking, but most refined and gentle, with manners that would have graced a court. His daughter was a rather clever young woman, frank and good-natured, but rather pert and flirtatious, and with a great opinion of herself. Professor Abdul Aziz was more or less like most other professors—obsessed with his own particular subject, which was history, and with a deplorable passion for improving the minds of all he came in contact with. His brother was a nondescript young man with a pimply nose and a silly laugh.

I put Miss Deshmookh between the professor and his brother where she was quite happy flirting with the latter, and squabbling amiably on the question of how the present system of purdah came into being in India, with the former. This left us free to talk to Mr. Deshmookh. We touched lightly on affairs of the state, the administration, the Royal family, the Sardars, who were now much in power, and thence, naturally enough, I led the conversation round to Sardar Morupunt.

"I hear he drinks a great deal?" I said casually.

"Oh, too much! Too much!"

"He's rather—er—excentric, isn't he?" asked Vishnu, also very cas

si-

"Eccentric? I should think so! He went quite off his head a few years ago—ten years ago or so. Ran off with a dancing woman or something, tried to murder his wife, . . ."

"Is that true?" I asked with well-feigned incredulity.

"Well—we only heard rumours. But I know that he was not quite right in the head. I had occasion to see his eccentric ways more than once."

"Tell us about it," I begged.

"Well" began Mr. Deshmookh, passing me the bread "I never went to see him if I could help it. But one day I had to go on a matter of business. Something to do with some property of ours—you know he is a distant relation of ours?—There were some papers to sign. Well, so I went. He kept me waiting for half-an-hour, and, when he came in at last, seemed not to recognize me! He seemed to be in a dream. . . His first words were "Oh, hullo! Have a drink?" "No thanks," said I, "I am in a hurry. I have come on business." "Oh business—business—," he murmured, "Business! Business? Bis—bis—bis—" he seemed to go off into a trance. Then, rousing himself, "don't you think Marathi women very pretty?" I was taken aback! "I have not come here to talk about Marathi women," I said rather sharply. "I have come here to discuss matters relating to our property in Saoni." Whereupon I explained the business to him. He listened attentively enough, and then I took out some papers from my pocket for his signature. He looked at them for a moment. What's this? What's this? Oh, papers! White and black—I see. . . I say, Jadhav, don't you think those white sarees with black borders are very pretty?" I was simply furious! But what could I do? He was just like a child. Another time my wife called on the Sardarni. They were sitting chatting upstairs when suddenly they heard a tremendous row—oh, an uproar! On enquiry they found that Morupunt was beating his cook with his red 'jora', you know, these slippers Marathi people usually wear?" "Yes," I said.

"Well," continued Mr. Deshmookh "my wife and the Sardarni ran to the staircase to see what was happening. They were horrified to see the Sardar clutching their Brahman cook by the scruff of his neck and belabouring him unmercifully! "You fool! you ass!" he was roaring, "What do you mean by saddling my gray mare when I asked for the brown?" The servants all stood there, not daring to say a word. As for the Brahman, he was too busy howling and jumping about to explain that he was not the "Saees." The Sardarni, quite hysterical with laughter, called out at last "Maharaj, Maharaj, is the cook, not the coachman!" Her voice seemed to bring him to his

senses. He stopped beating the poor Brahman, looked at him carefully, then released him, saying, "hullo, Maharaj! very sorry. You are fat, the Saees is fat, so I thought you were the Saees! Excuse me!"

"Cold comfort for the poor Brahman!" I commented drily.

"So that was the Brahman!" murmured Vishnu.

There was no chance then to ask him what he meant. Conversation, after this, became general, and soon, dinner being over, we adjourned to the garden, and sat under the stars and enjoyed the cool breezes, so welcome after the heat of the day. It would have been very pleasant if Miss Deshmookh had not insisted on singing us four songs, one after the other.

The next day Vishnu, back from his secretarial labours in the State Library, and having disposed of his four cups of tea, took up the tale of Saraswati at the point where he had left it. I was as eager to listen as though I had never heard it before, much less taken part in it. There was a strange fascination in raking up those old dead facts, and seeing them glow with life and colour under Vishnu's magic touch. It was like watching an artist make a painting out of a pencil sketch.

"Where was I?" said Vishnu. "Oh yes. The boy was sent to Poona, and Saraswati was left quite alone. She would have felt rather lonely if she had had the time to think about it, but she was kept so busy with her work in the school and private orders besides, that she hadn't. The days flew, and Vishnu had been away two months when one morning a Sawar from the palace brought a note for 'Shrimati Saraswati bai moré!' Saraswati was amazed! She took it to Zubeida bibi without opening it. . . ."

"That is quite true," I interrupted. "How did you know?"

"I knew my mother," he smiled. "Well, and so the two ladies read it together. It was from Her Highness' Secretary asking Saraswati bai moré to go over to the palace the next morning, as Ma Saheb wanted to see her. Saraswati could hardly believe her eyes. 'What can it mean?' She asked. 'More work and more money,' replied her friend. Her Highness was in one of her pleasant moods the next morning, and received Saraswati most graciously.

"Sit down," she said, nodding in response to Saraswati's salutation "You are sewing-mistress in the Muslim Girls' School?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"I have heard very good reports about your work. I hear you sew polkas very well."

"That is my speciality."

"I want two silk polkas. How long will you take?"

"That would depend on the sort of polkas your Highness wanted."

"Oh, quite simple—Only I want them very soon. I heard you were a quick worker. That is why I sent for you."

Saraswati thought a moment.

"All hand-work, of course," added Her Highness. "I don't like machine-work."

"To-day is Monday," said Saraswati. "I think I could manage to finish them by Wednesday."

"Very well," said Rane Saheb graciously. "I shall expect them on Thursday. Bring them yourself, and I'll give you more work if I like them."

Thereupon she sent a maid servant to her room to fetch the silk and a sample polka.

While they were waiting a door behind Rani Saheb opened to admit a tall, very handsome young lady of about Saraswati's own age. She came forward slowly, and with studied grace bent before 'Our Royal Mother,' (as our officials say in their public speeches), touching the ground with the tips of her folded hands in the lovely Marathi way. (Don't you love the way they do it, Khala bibi? "Yes, very pretty," said I. "Go on" He continued).

Then she turned and stared a moment at Saraswati. Saraswati, however, had dropped her eyes on the ground after the first glance at the new-comer's haughty, though beautiful, face. A boldness in the large black eyes, a coarseness in the rather thick, cruel-looking mouth, had repelled her. She had no desire for another look. ("It is funny how a bad expression will spoil even the most beautiful features." I put in thoughtfully. Vishnu nodded and went on).

"Is this the sempstress" asked the new-comer of Her Highness after a while. Her voice was hard and metallic. "Yes. I am having some polkas made."

"If they are satisfactory, Ma Saheb, will you send her to me? I hate to bother with these "darzis." They're a nuisance."

"Yes, certainly," said Ma Saheb.

The polkas were finished in time, and on Thursday morning Saraswati set out for the palace again with a beating heart. Her Highness was pleased to express unqualified approval of the beautiful workmanship, and her words of praise brought a flush of pleasure to the young sempstress' cheek.

"I have no work for you personally to-day," said Ma Saheb, after she had tried the polkas and found them a perfect fit, but Sardar Morupunt's wife wants to get some of her sewing done by you. You remember, she was here the other day when you came.

"Yes, your Highness."

She lives close by. I'll tell one of the maids to take you to her now. Do her work as well as you have done mine." And with a nod of dismissal she turned to a little table beside her, and was soon immersed in the study of some official looking papers.

Saraswati hesitated. She did not in the least want to go to Sardar Morupunt's wife. She cast a timid glance at the ample figure before her, opened her lips, thought better of it, and glided noiselessly from the room. An order was an order. And, as Saraswati knew well, Ma Saheb's orders were most especially orders.

Sardar Morupunt's wife, Durga bai, was upstairs in her room, eating 'pân' and talking scandal with a few of her boon companions, when Saraswati was taken up to her.

"What is it?" She asked, looking up as the door opened.

"Oh, the sempstress! Has Ma Saheb sent you?"

"Yes, bai."

"Good. Come and sit down. Did Ma Saheb like those polkas?"

"She was pleased to say so."

"You shall make some for me. Can you make children's clothes?"

"Yes, bai."

"Can you mend?"

"Yes."

"A saree of mine got badly torn last night. See if you can mend it." Then, turning to her companions, "I am going to be busy now," she said

abruptly. "Come this evening. Hé', you, Radha bai, bring that saree and my box of coloured threads from my room."

"Do you want me to mend it here?" asked Saraswati in surprise, as the maid left the room.

"Yes. I want to see how you do it."

"It might take some time, if it's a bad tear," murmured Saraswati doubtfully.

"Don't be afraid! You shan't starve," said Durga bai with a laugh.

"The Sardarni seemed to have taken a fancy to this timid young sempstress. While Saraswati sat and mended her saree, she talked and laughed with a wit and light-hearted gaiety that made time fly, and so captivated our heroine that she never noticed when, sometime later, a door behind her opened and some one peeped in, and then stood by the narrow aperture devouring her with his blood-shot eyes. Had Saraswati known she was being looked at, and by whom, her composure would have been considerably shaken! ("She said she felt uncomfortable," I interpolated again, "but did not like to look round." Oh! said Vishnu "I see.")

It was late afternoon when, having fed her to repletion, and quite won her heart by her gracious kindness, Durga bai at last allowed Saraswati to depart with an armful of fresh work which it would take her a week, at the least, to finish.

"Bring it yourself," was the Sardarni's parting injunction. "I like you. I'll keep you well-supplied with work."

She was as good as her word. No sooner had Saraswati finished one batch of clothing than a fresh one was ready, waiting for her. She had no idea one woman could need so many clothes! Moreover the Sardarni, unlike most of her class, was punctual with her payments. Her fondness, too, for Saraswati, seemed to increase with each meeting, and she was so kind that the latter could not help liking her in return, apart from the gratitude she felt for such unheard of graciousness from a member of the Royal Family to a poor working-woman like her. One morning, however, she found the Sardarni in an anxious mood.

"I don't know what to do, Saraswati," she said, as they sat together in her bedroom. "The Sardar is so ill that his Vaid insists on a change of air, and perfect rest and quiet. So we have decided to go to Saoni, a small village that belongs to us, about fifteen miles from here. Now my sister's wedding is

coming off in about three months, and I have to get heaps of clothes prepared for her. I don't know how long we shall have to be in Saoni, and when I shall get all that sewing done. It's really a weight on my mind." "Will you entrust it to me?" said Saraswati gently. "I'll see that it is finished in time."

"That is very sweet of you, you dear girl! and I would with the greatest pleasure. But my mother insists—that I get it done under my own supervision, and she'll worry so if I don't do as she says."

"Oh!" said Saraswati thoughtfully.

The Sardarni was plunged in anxious thought for some minutes. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Saraswati?" she cried, "I have an idea! Why should you not come with us to Saoni?"

"I? Saoni? But. . . ."

"No no! You must come! I won't take a refusal."

"But—the school—my work—," murmured Saraswati.

"Surely you can get a month's leave!" said Durga bai impatiently. Then, with irresistible pleading.

"Oh, Saraswati, don't disappoint me! Please, please, I'll be kind to you."

"You have always been that."

"Well then—will you? Say you will!"

"I'll see. I'll ask. . . ."

"You must!" said Durga bai.

* * * * *

"Why, yes, my dear child," said Zubeida bibi, when Saraswati told her about Durga bai's proposal, "Go, by all means. We'll manage without you for a month. I'll take your classes if it's necessary. Don't worry."

"Apa, you are an angel!" exclaimed Saraswati.

"Take your pen-painting materials with you, they might be useful," was all the reply she got.

They *were* useful, but not in the way Zubeida bibi had meant! (By the way, Khala bibi, *was* it you who suggested the paint-box?" "I forget, I said. But what does it matter? Go on.")

That night said the Sardar Morupunt to his wife.

"Well, have you asked her about Saoni?"

"Yes, I think she will come."

"Good! You are very clever, my dear wife."

"Oh, yes, no doubt!" was the bitter retort.

"Now, now, be calm," said the Sardar soothingly.

"Remember, the day you succeed those diamond bracelets are yours. And not even Ma Saheb has better stones in her collection" ("I wonder what became of these diamonds," Vishnu paused at this point to wonder. "They must have been converted to liquor with the rest of the family treasures." I said with a regretful sigh. I suppose Karandhikar told you of this bargain? "Yes—well—")

(To be concluded)

THE WEARY BLUES

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,
 Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,
 I heard a Negro play,
 Down on Lennox Avenue the other night
 By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light
 He did a lazy sway . . .
 He did a lazy sway . . .
 To the tune of those Weary Blues.
 With his ebony hands on each ivory key
 He made that poor piano moan with melody.
 O Blues !
 Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool
 He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.
 Sweet Blues !
 Coming from a black man's soul.
 O Blues !
 In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone
 I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—
 "Ain't got nobody in all this world,
 Ain't got nobody but myself.
 I's gwine to quit ma frownin
 And put my troubles on the shelf."
 Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor,
 He played a few chords then sang some more—
 "I got the Weary Blues
 And I can't be satisfied.
 I ain't happy no mo
 And I wish that I had died."
 And far into the night he crooned that tune.
 The stars went out and so did the moon.
 The singer stopped playing and went to bed
 While the Weary Blues echoed through his head
 He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

LANGSTON HUGHES

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE MAHABHARATA

A New and Critical edition

There is no more important announcement than that of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research institute of Poona that the text of the first two adhyayas of Adiparvan of the Mahabharata is now in the press and will be shortly out as the first fascicule of the main critical edition undertaken by the Institute in 1919. Mahabharata is a stupendous compilation unique in the history of world literature. In sheer bulk itself it is nearly seven times as much as the Illiad and the Oddey put together. In point of antiquity some historians will place the battle of Kurushetra somewhere about 3000 B.C., though the great epic itself seems to have come into existence much later. From that dim dawn of man's earthly career for how many centuries must this work have been preserved only in the memory of man and handed down with sacred reverence through all the vicissitudes of human affairs! The influence and lasting hold which the Mahabharata has on the mass-mind of India are its most striking characteristics. In that vast treasure-house are literature, philosophy, moralising, religion, sociology and an enormous collection of the most vivid stories. It has inspired some of the finest works of poets and united in a common bond of devotion and culture the teeming millions of this country as no other single work or religious teacher has done.

Therefore one might wonder why there has been as yet no critical and reliable edition of such a classical work. But few people realize the vastness of the task and the labour involved. There are various manuscripts in different parts of the country, many of them in unknown corners treasured up in private houses. Those again are in different languages. Already about 26 different editions have been printed beginning with the work published in Calcutta in 1834-9 down to the Kumbhakonam edition of 1906-10. It was left to the genius and enterprise of Sir R. G. Bhandarkar to inaugurate the work of a critical edition and it was undertaken by the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute under the patronage of Shrimant Balasaheb Pant, Chief of Aundh. The method of working and sifting of the material is scientific and critical. "In the first place a good number of these manuscripts might come to be rejected as mere copies of older ones, and secondly, the application of a geographical and scriptal principle of classification should offer a good solution in dealing with this material. . . . The known manuscripts of the work will be, in the first instance arranged provincially. The original province of a manuscript can be settled according to the script used in it. The provinces to be thus dealt with will be evidently (1) Bengal, (2) the rest of Northern India, (3) Mahārāstra, (4) the Dravid provinces including Mysore and Trivandrum, (5) the Andhrā country. It is possible that if the scriptal principle were to be strictly adhered to, some manuscripts would have properly to be included in a group outside the place where the manuscripts might happen to be deposited now. Such cases, however, would be comparatively few. Next an attempt will be made to co-ordinate (wherever possible) each one of the groups of the manuscripts so formed with the printed edition or editions, coming from that province. The manuscripts together with the corresponding printed editions will thus form for the purpose of collation one set, the readings of which will be duly noted on the collation sheets specially prepared. All the variations will be taken account of except purely clerical mistakes. Only after this is done, would an attempt be made to fix the text of one particular province. After the different provincial texts have been thus fixed, the settling of the final text of the M.B. would be undertaken. Due weight here will have to be given to the variations in verses, and to the variations in individual readings, from among the different provincial texts. This

method, it is hoped, will ensure accuracy, and will at the same time, be of great use in enabling one to form a reliable estimate of the genuineness and relative worth of the different manuscripts and of the different provincial recensions. And for the purpose of carrying on this work of collation, it would of course be necessary that the text of one of the current recensions will have to be made the basis of the whole work."

We are glad to find that such an important and arduous work has been steadily progressing in the various centres established for that purpose. We find that collations from about 200 manuscripts most of them Nagari, has been done and the southern and other manuscripts are now being collated at different centres in India. Visvabharati is collating the bulk of Bengali manuscripts and Tanjore some Grantha, Telugu and Nagari manuscripts. The institute has also been fortunate in securing some rare Nepali manuscripts through the sympathy of the Nepal Durbar.

Every attempt has been made to secure completeness. The edition when complete is expected to run into ten thousand pages (quarto, in ten volumes) including critical and introductory matter, text of the poem with Harivamsa, full page coloured illustrations, and a Pratika Index or a verse concordance to the whole text.

The Bhandarkar Oriental Institute has earned the deep gratitude of this country by this foremost of national ventures. But let us remember the amount of capital and labour required. The cost of collation alone is estimated at 2 lakhs. The cost of preparation is on an average of Rs. 1,000 a month. Already 8 years have passed. Thanks to the generosity of the Chief of Aundh and grants from Government it has been possible for the Institute to carry on their work. But more funds are wanted and it is the duty of the public to help with liberal contributions. It is also necessary to co-operate with the Institute in trying to secure important manuscripts.

The editorial board consists of many distinguished scholars who have besides made use of various commentaries. The edition promises to be a monumental work.

THE PARASNIS PICTURES

The announcement is made in the Bombay papers that the famous Parasnis collection of historical pictures is now definitely in the market and that negotiations have been opened with America for its sale there. The Parasnis collection is in two parts, one comprising valuable documents and books which were housed in the Parasnis Museum at Satara, the other a collection of old Indian paintings now at Happy Vale in Satara. Nearly a year ago the Museum was opened by the Bombay Governor, but before the trust deed was completed, the donor, Rao Bahadur A. D. Parasnis died. Then the Government of Bombay sealed up the building and finally the family surrendered the collection of documents and books and accepted the offer of the Bombay Government of a monthly pension of Rs. 200 in perpetuity. The pictures, however, remained with the family. These collections have attracted various artists and historians. They are in many respects unique and it will be a great pity if India were to lose them altogether. It has been said that a nation's attention to art is the prime test of a nation's civilization, because art values are real values in that they are actually a subtle uplifting influence serving as the centuries pass to keep a nation in the forefront of civilization. It therefore behoves us not to let these collections pass ungarnered. The matter now demands urgent attention in view of the statement of Mr. Parasnis that in order to free the inheritance from its financial obligations he is obliged to sell them at the highest price. We very much regret that the All-India Shivaji Memorial Committee has practically shelved the question. These paintings could very well be the nucleus of a National Art Gallery. Let us hope that at least private munificence will save the departure of this collection into foreign countries.

Mr. E. B. HAVELL AND BENGALI "PAT" DRAWINGS

My article on "Mr. Ajit Ghose's collection of old Indian Paintings"—being the first of a contemplated series of illustrated articles on the Art-Collections in Calcutta—appeared in the *Modern Review* for January, 1926. Among other things this article noticed the old Bengali "Pat" drawings in the collection. This was almost a revelation, because the art-critics and collectors had not yet any knowledge of them, and readily attracted the attention of Mr. E. B. Havell to whom a reprint was sent. The expert view of such a great connoisseur of Indian art as Mr. Havell may serve to educate public opinion on the topic. So his letters to Mr. Ghose and myself may be read with interest by all lovers of Indian art.

HVIDE HUS,
HEADINGTON HILL, OXFORD,
January 31st, 1926.

(1)

DEAR MR. BASU,

I am very much obliged for your interesting article on the Ajit Ghose collection. . . . I entirely agree with what you write regarding the old "Pat" drawings. If there are many of the same quality as the one you illustrate they are invaluable material for Bengali Art Students and if the tradition is still current judicious encouragement would be the best way of reviving Art in Bengal.

If Mr. Ghose would spare me photos of . . . some of the best "Pat" drawings I should be very grateful.

Yours sincerely,
E. B. HAVELL,

At this request of Mr. Havell some photographs of old Bengali "Pats" in the Ghose Collection were sent to him by Mr. Ghose to whom he wrote as follows:—

HVIDE HUS,
HEADINGTON HILL, OXFORD,
March 27th, 1926.

(2)

DEAR MR. GHOSE,

Very many thanks for your letter of the 27th ultimo, and for the photographs of Bengali "Pat" drawings you so kindly sent me. I quite agree that they are extraordinarily interesting and I sincerely hope that something may be done to keep the old tradition alive. No doubt it has degenerated, but the reason is plain—the lack of interest on the part of Bengalis in their own art. Perhaps if they had been called "Rajput" instead of "Bengali," many collectors would have found them fine. I must congratulate you on your discrimination in finding out their qualities without waiting for critics to pronounce judgment on them.

I think it is very important that the men who now carry on the technical tradition should receive judicious encouragement and be given opportunities of seeing the fine examples of their ancestor's work which you have collected. In this way the old artistic tradition could be recovered, if not in this generation, certainly in the next. I am sure that Dr. Abanindra Nath Tagore would co-operate with you in this matter, and keep a friendly eye on the men's work.

I should very much like to see some modern examples if you could send me some.

Some time ago I wrote to Mr. O. C. Gangoly suggesting among other things a monograph on the Bengali "Pat" drawings which I think I could induce the India Society to publish.

Yours sincerely,
E. B. HAVELL

In connection with this letter two notes may be found useful. As regards the modern specimens of Bengal "Pats" it may be pointed out that I had three sets of them made, one for myself, and the rest for two friends of mine, in August, 1925. Though the art has degenerated and been conventional, yet, judging from those modern specimens, we may still cherish hopes of its recovery if only our cultured people would extend their patronage to these folk-artists who, in order to cater to the popular taste, are fast diverting their traditional skill to the manufacture of cheap trinkeries. Some of these drawings in my collection, especially the three figures of Yogi, conclusively show that the surety and dexterity with which these artists manipulated their brush are not wholly absent even now. I shall have these printed very soon.

As to a monograph on the old "Pats" Mr. Ghose had already written a most informing and attractive paper which was read before the India Society of London by Mr. Havell, and is since published in the *Indian Art and Letters*, Vol. II, No. 2 and also in the *Rupam*, July-Oct., 1926.

Many old arts and crafts have completely died out. And what are we going to do for those which are still gasping and struggling for life? The "Pat" drawing is one of those dying arts. We cannot do better than re-produce here what Mr. Havell says in his review of a work by Dr. Stella Kramrisch, in the *Rupam* (July-Oct., 1926, p. 77):—

"To illustrate the wonderful brush-line fundamental to Indian pictorial art, Dr. Kramrisch takes three excellent examples from Ajantā, which unfortunately have not lent themselves to reproduction in half-tone; and three miniature paintings of very mediocre quality from Kangra and Rajputana, but none of those extremely interesting Bengali "Pat" drawings and paintings described by Mr. A. Ghose in the present number of *Rupam*. Here Dr. Kramrisch had close at hand admirable material for her monograph. The strong rhythmic flow of line in this Bengali folk-art, which if not so refined is much more vigorous than that of the court painters, definitely links the indigenous art of Bengal with that of Ajantā and Bagh.

"It is pathetic to think that while the Bengal Government has been spending large sums on art education, and the lecturers of the Calcutta University have been expounding the theories and principles of Indian art, the indigenous Bengali tradition representing these principles has been allowed to die out from mere neglect. The last representative of the school in Calcutta, an old man of 85, is leaving, I am told, no heir or pupil to carry on the tradition. No academies, lecturers or learned monographers can make up for a loss of this kind which carries with it the estimation of a widespread artistic culture.

"The crying need for art in India is that the exponents of it should get into touch with living realities, and not merely explain its theories and principles."

Let these straightforward words of Mr. Havell serve as an eye-opener to those who are concerned.

RAMES BASU

THE ART REVIVAL IN INDIA

Mr. James H. Cousins, writing in *The Madras Mail* says:—

Ten years ago one gave three or more months to the gathering of materials for an exhibition of Indian art, and planned only for a little room and an audience probably fit and certainly few. To-day it is possible to organise a large show of valuable works of art in a couple of weeks, and the demand for such exhibitions comes now from all parts of the country, and with an awkward simultaneousness in the months of December and January. Not being a politician I do not know if the Indian National Congress continued this year the practice that it seemed inclined to adopt three or four years ago of associating art with oratory. So far as press telegrams have indicated, it has been all for one form of textile art which in itself is good, but kept by itself is likely to have its good diminished through an exclusiveness which is ultimately inartistic. Elsewhere, however, there has been considerable activity in artistic demonstration. A telegram drew me from an art exhibition in Benares to one in Calicut. On the way I saw the striking annual exhibition of the Indian Society of Oriental Art in Calcutta; and my day's break at Madras led to the stripping of my own walls for an exhibition in Georgetown. Moreover, had time and space been less restricting than at present they are, I should now be running an exhibition in Colombo and arranging preliminaries of one in Travancore.

True, this activity, in relation to the area and population of India, is microscopic compared with similar activities in other parts of the world. There are more art exhibitions in a week in Paris than have been in India in the past ten years. But progress has to be measured from within, and it has been my good fortune to be intimately associated with the revival of interest in Indian painting during the past ten years, I can say from inner measurements that the movement is proceeding with very marked rapidity.

This progress is seen on both the creative and appreciative sides of the movement. The number of good painters is increasing, and Indian artists reared in the tradition of South Kensington, as dimly followed in the Government Schools of Art in India, are turning towards their own natural way of expression. European lovers of art are becoming increasingly alive to the special qualities of Indian painting and are amongst its best patrons. It is interesting to observe the change that individuals pass through in this respect. When I brought the first exhibition of the Bengal school from Calcutta to Madras in 1916, an European friend, a highly cultured university man, scoffed at the pictures. At the second exhibition he bought two. At the third he bought several. When he left India he carried with him a precious collection of which he was proud.

Indian patronage is also steadily turning away from poor efforts by Indian painters in the western manner and from the unrepresentative pictures from Europe that find their way to India. A show of Rajput and Mughal miniatures and of works by the Bengal school and its offspring in other parts of India is fatal to bad taste such as that which regards the Ravi Varma reproductions as works of art. Some real experience of artistic education has come to an Indian gentleman who, in the preparation days before an exhibition, is very much concerned about where a life size oil painting of himself will be placed, and who, after a couple of days of contact with lovely works by Promade Chatterjee helped by some knowledge from a lecture on the long history of Indian painting, causes his portrait to be removed.

The two exhibitions in which I have been concerned during the past few weeks are typical of what is taking place as regards the arts in India. One broke new ground, the other coincided with the establishment of a permanent gallery and school of Indian painting and music. The exhibition

at Calicut was the first event of its kind on the Malabar coast. Like all first art-exhibitions in a land where the æsthetic sense has been almost starved and tortured to death (I mean India as a whole) it was an appalling mixture of bad and good in art. One could only preserve one's patience by keeping a steady faith in the ultimate victory of the good, and faith was encouraged by signs of response to artistic beauty and truth in many who had not seen a good original painting in their lives before. The exhibition was organised under the auspices of the local branch of the Women's Indian Association, and with most commendable enterprise the promoters had had three hundred reproductions of Indian pictures framed for sale at a rupee each with a view to spreading them in the homes of the people. It is not unlikely that another exhibition a year hence will include good work done in Malabar itself. This is not an announcement, but a fairly confident speculation. The inhabitants of the west coast are enterprising and intelligent. A people what has preserved unspoiled (save for the blatant anachronism of the harmonium) the wonderfully powerful and intensely artistic dramatic art of "kathakali" that can hold a big audience in its grip for many hours without a break is not far from æsthetic redemption.

The exhibition at Benares was the now customary accompaniment of the annual Convention of the Theosophical Society. On the same occasion in December 1923 the exhibition was held in the main hall of the Central Hindu School, and local collectors enabled us to present a remarkable series of masterpieces of the mediæval Indian schools of painting, along with works of the modern schools. They were there waiting for us. Thereby hangs a tale that shows how things are progressing in art and that cheers one with the revelation of human generosity and idealistic enterprise.

In 1920 a Benares young man, Rai Krishnadasa, began to collect examples of Indian art. The usual thing happened: "increase of appetite did grow with what it fed on." He has now a thousand pictures of the Persian, Mughal and Rajput schools, a good number of the modern schools, and a collection of choice sculptures of the classical era and of illuminated manuscripts and textiles. All these he has given over to an organisation, the Bharat Kala Parishad (Indian Art School), whose work is to make them permanently accessible to the public. The authorities of the Central Hindu School have given the Parishad the use of a wing of their buildings, the old physics laboratory, and here, in addition to the display of as many pictures as can be hung and the handy storage of the rest for reference. Indian painting and music will be taught. By happy good fortune the Convention's exhibition and the opening of the permanent gallery coincided. The large middle room was given over to the mediævals, and Rai Krishnadasa and the Parishad kindly placed at my disposal a set of four smaller rooms which lent themselves admirably to the grouping of the moderns in their various affinities. One room was given over entirely to the ancient frescœra and to some examples of Chinese and Japanese reactions to early Indian artistic influences. Thus the Convention exhibition had an excellently displayed mediæval department waiting for it, and the Parishad had the advantage in publicity of a gathering of eight hundred delegates from all parts of India most of whom visited the joint exhibition at least once. It is the intention of the Parishad to add continually to its collection, and gather for the use of students as large a set as possible of photographs, reproductions and lantern slides of ancient and modern Indian paintings and sculptures.

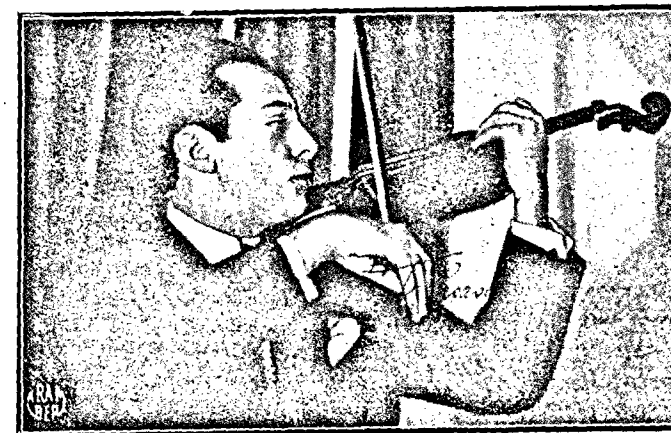
Two things seem to me to be specially needed for the wise and effective fostering of this admirable movement towards the full expression of the authentic genius of India in the arts, one an energetic and efficient organisation for bringing artists and patrons in touch with one another; the other, a good All-India Magazine in English for linking up all worthy art movements in India and for making them known abroad.

DEATH OF GEORGE BRANDES

George Brandes died at the ripe old age of 84. Though he was born in Copenhagen and educated at the local university he lived in various parts of his life in the continental countries and in England. He lived in France and Italy in 1866-7, and again in 1870-1, in Berlin 1877-82, in Poland and Russia 1886-87, and in Italy from 1898 to 1913. He thus acquired intimate knowledge of the literature of various countries. His best known work is "Main Currents of the Literature of the 19th century." He wrote studies of Shakespeare Ibsen, Goethe and Voltaire. Other works include "The Jesus Myth" "The World at War," "Danish Poets," "Impressions of Russia." He was a member of the Royal Society of Literature and the Institute of British Poetry, London.

JASCHA HEIFETZ

Jascha Heifetz is a brilliant young Russian violinist. According to the *Times of India* he is the highest paid violinist in the concert world to-day. Recent contracts include Rs. 1,20,000;



JASCHA HEIFETZ

20 concerts in Japan, Rs. 22,000 per night in Shanghai, Rs. 20,000 per night in Hongkong, Rs. 25,000 per night in Singapore. His first concert in Bombay was on the 19th of February this year. The perfection of his technique and his gifted exposition of western art are spoken of in always superlative terms. He had a most successful time in America. Many think of him as a perfect violinist. "There can be one Heifetz in a century" said a writer. Another says "Heifetz stands at the top of the profession, the first of living violinists" In fact his place is, among the veterans, Vitalai,

Mendelssohn, Lals and Debussy. We hope that Bombay has been benefitted by the visit of this great exponent of western art.

THE FACULTY OF ARTS, BANGALORE

We have received the account of the activities of the Faculty of Arts, Bangalore centre. It is a branch of the Faculty of Arts, London, itself founded about 5 years ago for "the federation of Arts and Arts Societies and the enlistment of national interests in the creative arts." The main policy is stated to be "to popularise art and to aim at giving the creative arts power and influence not less than that possessed by the organised professions, and finally to secure adequate representation for creative arts in national and international affairs." The Bangalore centre was formally inaugurated in March, 1924, and means to endeavour to bring art into the everyday lives of everyone and not reserve it so much for exhibitions and picture galleries, and thus establish much towards the maintenance of saner and healthier atmosphere throughout the world." This is indeed a very laudable object and we hope the society will persevere in that direction. We find from the review of past work that three All-India Fine Art Exhibitions were arranged and that besides paintings from almost all leading Indian artists, wood-carving, metal-work, lace and embroidery work, musical

instruments, poster designs, etc., have all been exhibited. The Faculty announces that arrangements have been made with Mr. H. Wolinski, artist, painter and decorator from Poland, for imparting instruction to the members of the Faculty in batik work, stencilling, lacquer work, etc. The Faculty also offers facilities to painters, sculptors, musicians, writers and dramatist.

We heartily wish the institution every success.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE HINDU DANCE

East-West is an illustrated Bi-monthly published in Los Angeles, California, by Swami Yogananda. It is the official organ for the Mount Washington Educational Center in Los Angeles, Headquarters of the Yogada and Sat-Sanga Movement in America. The following article on the Indian dance will be of interest to many of our readers:—

In India the dance has been one of the chief forms of religious expression since time immemorial. Shiva, Lord of Creation, was the first dancer. In the mythological heaven of Indra, God of Rain, and encircled by the celestial host of gods and goddesses, Shiva danced, his form infinite and eternal, expressing in an ecstasy of motion the great cosmic activities of Creation, Preservation and Destruction.

Sri Laksmi, Goddess of Wealth and Beauty, and wife of Vishnu, the Preserver, was the first classical dancer of heaven. Adorned with jewels and wearing anklets of bells, she danced with a divine grace that completely won the acclaim of Indra's court and made her at once the peer of the heavenly nymphs to whom she taught her art. She is supposed to have imparted this divine knowledge to human beings as well.

The Hindu religious conception is conjugal rather than filial. God, in his various aspects or manifestations, is therefore associated with a feminine counterpart. The consort of Shiva is Parvati or Gouri, who represents the powers without which there could be no creation or evolution. Laksmi, the Hindu Venus, is the wife of Vishnu, the Preserver; Sita, queen of chastity, is the wife of Rama, incarnation of Vishnu.

The romance of Krishna, the Divine flute-player, and Radha, his consort, who danced together in the moonlight attended by many enamoured maidens, has an underlying spiritual significance. The music of Krishna's flute is the Celestial Song of Songs calling the individual soul to God. Radha represents human emotional experience. Thus the appeal of the Infinite and Eternal to the souls of men is a beautiful narrative of love and devotion.

Hindu folklore abounds in romantic tales and fables of gods and goddesses. The mischievous pranks perpetrated by them on each other, and on human beings as well, are often related in song, dance and drama.

To the ancient Ayrans, the dance was an expression of spiritual energy on the earthplane through the senses and intelligence. The old Sanskrit Shastras included treatises on the arts of dancing, music and drama in their sacred texts. Hindu philosophy recognizes and identifies the human emotions as emanating from a Universal Source. The moods and expressions of the physical and sense-life are realized but without a sense of individual ownership.

It may be said that all Oriental conception of art is rooted in deep spiritual soil. When the greatest Sufi poet of Persia, *Jala-uddin*, introduced music and dancing as part of the Sufi funeral rites, he explained his innovation thus: "When the human spirit, after years of imprisonment in the cage and dungeon of the body, is at length set free, and wings its flight to the Source whence it came, is not

this an occasion for rejoicings, and thanks, and dancing?" The mystical dances (*sama*) of the Sufis were designed to represent the circling processes of the spheres, and the *dervishes* seek to portray the return of the soul to God by cyclic whirls of movement.

According to Hindu definition there are thirteen emotions called Rasas. They are Sringara, also called *Adi* or the original sex rasa which lies at the very root of creation; Vira, meaning valour or courage; Karuna, pity and compassion; Advuta, the sense of wonder; Hasya, laughter; Bhayanaka, fear; Bibhatsa, the sense of the grotesque; Raudra, or the terrible; Shantu, or absolute quietude; Dasya, devotion and service; Saukhya, friendship; Vatsalya, the parental feeling; Madhura,* romance or conjugal life.

These thirteen Rasas find expression in the Hindu dance modes according to definite rules of technique for rhythmic body movements, head and hand postures and facial expressions. There are more than a hundred such modes, which give an ample variety of dance figures to suit religious and secular tastes.

Hinduism teaches emotional culture through music and dancing; not only as a means of worship and spiritual understanding, but as a necessary method of character development. Character means well-regulated emotion. Dancing and music are excellent regulators of the emotions. Ill-regulated emotion ruins life and destroys happiness.

The venerable Brahmins who defined and practised the fine arts in the past, never meant to include the Charleston or jazz music in their curriculum of emotional culture. I am sure that the movements and music of jazz dancing would have been labelled by them as "ill-regulated emotion."

The point I want to make clear, however, is that in Hinduism the emotions are spiritualized, idealized and universalized as emanating from the Source and Substance of all our various emotions.

The Hindu nautch is, for this reason, impersonal and animated by a sense of inner spirituality. Whether it be a ritualistic temple dance, or an expression of romance, or joy in Spring-time, there is a certain sweet dignity and restraint, a refinement of expression which is derived from the traditional spiritual conception of art that belongs to India.

BROADCASTING AND THE FUTURE OF MUSIC.

Some of the discussions at the Musical Association of England are thoughtful and instructive. This and the following are taken from *The Musical Times*—(February Number).

On December 7 the members of the Musical Association conducted a discussion on 'Broadcasting and the Future of Music,' which took the place of the usual paper. It was opened by Mr. Percy A. Scholes, who spoke under three heads, *viz.*, (a) Advantages; (b) Disadvantages; and (c) Some prophecies. Dealing with the first, Mr. Scholes pointed out that the advantages of broadcasting were tremendous. There was music for everybody, locality being no barrier, nor even a moderate degree of poverty. Everybody enjoyed opportunities of hearing music which enabled them to become intimate with the best or worst sort, as they preferred. It might be claimed that there was some fine music every night, which was a wonderful advantage to the population, for there must be thousands of musical natures in this country which were formerly starved, and which now had a chance of development.

* By the scientific construction of Sanskrit, "the language of the gods," the sound of words as they are pronounced, convey the actual meaning. Thus, is not Hasya a laughing word? Has not Bibhatsa a grotesque sound? Does not Raudra convey terror? Is Shantu not a peaceful word?

The introduction of broadcasting was the natural and logical culmination of a chain of activities which had led to the democratization of music. There was a time when everybody enjoyed the same kind of music, and it was open to all. Then it began to run into two branches: folk-music remained as simple as ever, but art music tended to become more and more complex, and to get beyond the comprehension of the ordinary man. That divorce had existed right down to our own day, though things began to be made good when the first public concerts were given at the end of the 17th century, and music came back gradually to the people whence it had originated. Then came the gramophone, and, after that, broadcasting, and with it the complete democratization of music. Thus the biggest thing in the history of music had taken place in our own time—something which ought to stir us. What was the good of composers writing wonderful symphonies and string quartets and beautiful songs, if these were not heard? The more people who heard and enjoyed them and got something out of them, the more profitable was the composer's job, in the best sense of the word. One of the minor advantages was a diminution of personality worship. Also, silly applause was ruled out and so were encores. There would be a general raising of the standard of expectation in performance, for people were becoming a good deal more critical than they used to be. At one time, many of them objected violently to what they called highbrow music; now there was evidence that their taste had changed, and that they had come to love what they had detested. One great social advantage of broadcasting was that, in strong contrast to the cinema, it kept people at home.

Then as to the disadvantages. To begin with, it had probably been a great discouragement to the home performer, who found that he or she could not do so well as even the ordinary broadcasting stars, and so gave up playing or singing, thus losing that inside knowledge of music which was so valuable. The consequence of this was discouragement also to music teachers, some of whom were finding their livelihood affected. Then there was less reading and thinking going on. It was amazing how many people spent the whole evening in listening to broadcasting: they seemed to have the head-phones permanently attached, or a loud speaker that could not be turned off. What was more serious was that as broadcasting brought a demand for the more popular kind of music, there might result discouragement for serious composers. Then might come a cheapening influence, on the principle that what people got without effort was not likely to receive as much consideration as it ought to be receiving, or to be listened to as attentively as it deserved. At one time the development of the art of music was practically in the hands of particular classes; now, the whole population had a say in the matter.

Then there was the loss of the competitive element between different concerts and orchestras, and there might no longer be that artistic emulation which had so far existed. This was something very serious. Our orchestral standard in this country was already extremely low. Admittedly, no society or series of orchestral concerts here enjoyed the opportunities for rehearsal which obtained in almost any other European country, and certainly nothing like the opportunities enjoyed in America. Where we had to be content with one or two rehearsals, abroad they had as many as ten or twelve for a concert. When the whole thing came into the hands of the British Broadcasting Corporation, they would be in a position to cut down rehearsals, for a concert, and thus we might drift into a state of having to be satisfied with merely third-rate performances. With this might come a loss of ear for good tone, a deterioration which was already going on, otherwise people would not tolerate so many bad loud speakers, and so much awful gramophone tone.

As to the future, Mr. Scholes expressed the opinion that we should get very much better reception. There was no reason whatever why the art of broadcast transmission, which had progressed so rapidly in three or four years, should not give us actual perfection within another four or five. Then we might hope for a rising standard of value in programmes and performances. Probably there

would be fewer stations, and probably there would be better programmes and more alternative programmes. We might have cheap pocket sets, and be able to listen-in in the train, or tube, or on the river.

What would be the effect upon the harmonic sense? The people who opposed new music generally did so because the harmonies offended them, consequently composers were not developing harmonically, as they might do if they could carry their audience with them. Might we not conclude that the hearing of so much music would make possible the speeding-up of the development of harmony? A similar question might be asked in regard to the development of form and upon the art of orchestration. The introduction of new harmonies, new forms, new types of orchestration, was dependent upon the receptivity of the audience, and with so much music going on, we might in a hundred years accomplish as much in the evolution of music as we should otherwise have accomplished in a thousand years.

The discussion was continued by Mr. James Swinburne, who was of opinion that while the great future effect of broadcasting was exaggerated, and perhaps fallacious, there was no reason why perfect reproduction should not come about, whether in wireless or in the gramophone. It was illogical to suppose that if you gave the uneducated person good music he would like it. You could not do good at anything that wanted acquirement, such as music, literature, poetry, or art, unless the individual himself worked hard. You could not become a musician by merely letting music trickle through your head, which was what most people did. Broadcasting was going to be an immense boon to a great number of people, but you must not think you could educate them by simply giving them something for nothing.

Mr. K. A. Wright claimed on behalf of the B.B.C. that wherever it could the Company encouraged amateur performances, and where choral societies put up really good shows it endeavoured to include them for an outside broadcast. The fact that certain societies were using broadcast performances in order to gain an idea how better to produce the works they had in hand, was a very good sign. Regarding individual performances, the standard was being raised. What the B.B.C. needed was not necessarily the performer who pleased audiences, but one who possessed personality and fidelity to his art, who could bring music into the home and make it an intimate thing. The speaker did not think that either broadcasting or the gramophone would ever supersede performance. The disadvantage attaching to the gramophone was that one always knew the interpretation which was to come; whereas with wireless, music was not potted once for all in a particular way, but was always displaying an infinite variety of interpretations. After all, a person could hear the music much better in a hall than over the wireless; but at the same time he could get a very good idea of it through this medium, and many people were being tempted to concerts on this account.

Mr. J. Mewburn Levien said that the question of tone was very important; it was essential that the taste of the people should not be spoiled in any way. It would also be a pity if broadcasting were to destroy our habit of assembling together to hear music. He deprecated the elimination of personality; he liked to see great performers.

Mr. F. Gilbert Webb pointed out that broadcasting had come to stay. It was enormously educational, and musicians ought to welcome it. But it never could be equal to the ordinary performances, nor could the great loss of personality be compensated for by any wonderful transmission of sound. It was not always realised how vitally important was the question of tone. Wireless would do an immense deal to help music, and we ought to encourage it; but its defects must also be pointed out.

Mr. John E. West asked whether it was a fact that the crystal set gave more of the original quality of tone in transmission than the loud speaker.

Mr. Rex Palmer answered in the affirmative. Really good reception was a close second to hearing the sound in a hall, and in some halls, even better; but not ninety-nine loud speakers out of a hundred were anything like perfect.

Mr. K. A. Wright added that with the crystal set there was only one stage through which the sound had to go after reaching the aerial. A loud speaker must necessarily be driven by a much more powerful set, which involved more stages. Every one of these might bring in defects, and the result was more distortion than one got on a good crystal set. On the other hand, it was possible to get extremely good reception by means of a powerful valve set coupled to a well-chosen loud speaker.

Winding up the discussion, Mr. Scholes agreed that many people all over the country were going on with imperfect apparatus. Parliament ought to have included a clause that all wireless apparatus in the country should be forthwith destroyed and replaced, and that should occur five years hence. If that had only been thought of and put into effect, the standard of broadcast reception would have been much improved. There was such a lot of old pieces of apparatus of all kinds, and home-made devices of sorts, throughout the country, that numbers of people were not getting half the pleasure from broadcasting that they ought to do. If they did in fact get pleasure from that kind of tone, it was a pity, because it showed that their ears were being debased.

EUROPEAN BALLADRY.

The Musical Association held its first meeting of the fifty-third session at Central Hall, Westminster, on November 2, when the lecturer was Mr. Arthur A. Pearson, who presented 'European Balladry' as his subject. Mr. Pearson said that the traditional ballad had attracted not only the student of literature, the musician, the folk-lorist, and the philologist, but also those who were concerned with all matter of human interest. It had the peculiar distinction of having fascinated both simple peasants and men of high intellectual attainment. He used the word 'ballad,' not in the sense that it was often used now-a-days, to connote the sentimental drawing-room song which had its vogue and then passed away, but to indicate that group of romantic and realistic poems which were produced by unknown authors, or were, perhaps, evolved by the community—verses which survived on the lips of simple, unlettered country people, and did not find their way into print until comparatively recent times.

It was not perhaps surprising that their existence was unknown to town dwellers, but even the more cultivated people who lived in the country were, for the most part, totally unaware that a species of poetry and song was nurtured by farm labourers and old women in a sort of secrecy that was amazing. It was due to the activities of a few people with a taste for antique letters that these poems and songs were disclosed to the world. In England and Scotland those who have been associated with the rescue of the country ballads were Bishop Percy, Ritson, Walter Scott, David Herd, and a few others. Until Percy published his collection very little was known about traditional poetry. Possibly most people were sceptical about its existence, and were scornful of anything that might be gathered from the mouths of common peasants. Percy's collection, first published in 1765, created a profound impression all over Europe. It was followed by Herd's collection of Scottish Ballads in 1769, by Ritson's series of volumes from 1783 to 1795, by Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' in 1802, and by many others of less importance. These were all gathered together by Francis James Child, who, from 1882 to 1898, published the ten parts of the monumental work entitled 'English and Scottish Ballads.'

The activities of folk-song collector during the last thirty years had added many more versions of previously known ballads, and a few new ones. The folk-song movement moreover had shown us how important were the melodies associated with these ballads. The collectors of the 18th and 19th centuries did not lay enough stress on the fact that the old ballads of the country people were sung. The men who collected and published them were men of letters with little, if any, knowledge of music. We knew that Sir Walter Scott loved the tunes to which the ballads were sung, and made a collection of some of them, but they were not published at the time, although Lockhart, in a later edition, printed a few melodies. We were rather suspicious as to the accuracy of the notation of tunes by the older writers, for it was only in recent years that the cult for scientific accuracy in these matters had grown up. Just as the main work of rescuing the words of the ballads was carried on over a hundred years ago, a similar work had been done during the last thirty years to rescue the tunes which were associated with those words.

We called this music "folk-music" because it was the folk or peasant people who alone possessed it, and the work of collecting was undertaken at the most critical moment in the history of traditional song, *viz.*, on its death-bed. In fact, the collectors were noting down its last Will and Testament, and we were the fortunate heirs to the estate. The will and testament of our traditional song was inscribed in scattered notes after a long—a very long—life, lived for the most part in the modest, shy surroundings of remote country villages.

The origin of traditional ballads had caused almost as much difference of opinion as the question of the origin of species, and like that, was very far from being settled yet. Some had contended that ballads came by many and devious routes from the East; they had been tracked down to the solar myth of primitive times. It has also been claimed that they were forgeries. Many took the ballads back to pagan times, while others suggested that they owed their origin and form to the drama that developed under the auspices of the Church. Then we had the somewhat elaborate theory of communal origin, and eminent scholars had declared that the ballads could only have been produced by the peoples of old during the excitement of their ancient dances. That was one school of thought.

Another school was inclined to place the origin in a higher social sphere. It was the high-born ladies and gentlemen in Western Europe who danced the *caroles* or chorus-dances, but it was by accident that they were evolved in the excitement or inspiration of the dance. But it was far more likely that their expert poets or minstrels wrote and composed these dancing songs, and they were sung to the accompaniment of harp or lute. They took their subjects sometimes from ancient lyric-epic-poetry, or from whatever romantic or humorous theme occurred to them. It was a fashion, presumably, and, as high-born people are notoriously fickle, the fashion passed quickly, and left no immediate clear trace of its existence. The ballad, however, did not pass away completely, but was taken up by the humble folk, who found in it a means of recreation peculiarly fitted to relieve the monotony of their lives. It passed to them not for a further efflorescence, but to be preserved tenaciously. That represented the views of those who, like Gaston Paris and Alfred Jeanroy, recognised the value of the traditional ballads, but refused to accept the view that they were due to any sort of communal effort. Without delivering judgment on the disputed point, most would agree that talented minds did intervene at one time or another in the evolution of many, if not all, of the ballads.

In Italy, the most successful collector was Count Constantino Nigra. Ballads were not sung in the Southern part of the Peninsula, where the songs of the people were of an entirely different complexion. The peasant songs of middle and southern Italy were purely lyrical. It would appear that the ancient ballads, like rebels from the invading army of modernity, retreated to the mountains,

for it was there they were found in abundance. Nigra conducted his researches chiefly in the hills round Turin and the neighbouring country. The ballads he collected were for the most part in the Piedmontese dialect, and were of close affinity to the ballads of France and North-Eastern Spain. Intensely dramatic dialogue characterised nearly all of them. In the South of Spain one did not often find narrative songs in popular use. It was more in the remote, hilly districts that ballads had survived. The ballads of Spain were of very great historical and literary importance, and had been preserved by oral tradition.

Taking France, if we glanced at the great *chansons de geste* before the 11th century, or the work of the Troubadours in the 12th and 13th centuries, we found little or no trace of the traditional ballad. The *chanson de geste* was a long, rambling narrative bearing little resemblance to the ballads, which were often masterpieces of concise statement, and told their story in such a way as to produce on the mind a sense of strangeness, of awe, and a tragic horror. As in England and Scotland, the folk-ballad did not appear till the collectors of the last hundred years gathered them from the lips of the country people. We could not doubt that they had been sung for hundreds of years before. The German ballads were famous, but for the most part they were by eminent poets of the 18th and 19th centuries, who were attracted by the Romantic movement and found the ballad form particularly suited to their genius. The true ballads of tradition were not so well known, and were not very plentiful.

At various points in his lecture, Mr. Pearson sang a number of examples illustrating the ballads of various nations, including 'Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor' (England), 'Donna Lombarda' (Italy), 'Gerineldo' (Spain), 'Le Roi Renaud' (France), 'Die Lillien' (Germany), 'The Fair Maid of Northumberland' (Scotland), and 'The Farmer's Cursed Wife' (Ireland).

In the discussion which followed the lecture, Dr. J. C. Bridge uttered a warning against decrying the Middle Ages. He doubted very much whether there was then so much ignorance as people supposed. It was a very curious fact that the main bulk of our ballads lay between the borderland of England and Scotland. He was no believer in the communal theory of origin, and thought that if we only had the annals of those past times, we should find that there was one very great poet North of the Tweed who did a great deal for the balladry of this country.

REVIEWS

Studies in Indian Painting by N. C. Mehta with 17 plates in colour and 44 half-tone plates.

(Published by D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Hornby Road, Bombay. Rs. 56.)

Mr. N. C. Mehta is a well-known worker in the field of Indian Art. He requires no introduction to the readers of *Shama'a*. In the ages to come he will be remembered not so much for his activities as a member of the Indian Civil Service, but for the invaluable services he has rendered to the cause of artistic revival in Modern India. Any book coming from the pen of such a person is bound to raise our expectations, and the book under review amply satisfies the high standards of luminous exposition of subject-matter; brilliant reproduction of rare masterpieces; and able editing.

The book begins from the times of the great Pallava ruler Mahendravarman I (Circa 600-625 A. D.) who ruled the Dravida land with his capital at the famous Kanchipuram, and who first conceived the "idea of spreading in the Tamil country the mode of cutting temples in the rocks." Those were the days of Apparswami and Tirunanasambandar and the Shaivite reaction began by Manikya Vasagar—memorable to the students of art for the grand conception of Shiva as the Dancing Lord (Nataraja). Pallava art reached its climax during the reign of Narsinhavarman the great, with whose name is associated the sculptured temples of Mahabalipuram. Mr. Mehta's book does not deal with these latter or even with the famous caves of Ajanta and Bagh. For, as the sub-title says, the book under review is a survey of some *new* material. The first chapter is thus a study of the fresco-paintings in the shrine of Sittannavasal, situated in the midst of the Pallava country on the southern banks of the Krishna. There are five illustrations. Says the author. "It was left to the artists of southern India to crystallize into immortal form, the rhythm of dance and the energy of dynamic movement, as is seen respectively in the glorious figures of swaying Apsaras, 'loaded with jewelled ornaments, broad-hipped, narrow-waisted, powerful and graceful as panthers,' and in the noble conception of Shiva as Nataraja—the Divine Dancer."

The chapter on the secular painting in Gujarat has more of historical and academic interest rather than artistic. No doubt the motif and style are there, but the importance of the illustrated manuscript, *Vasanta Vilasa*, will be apparent from the author's remarks at the beginning of the chapter—"The death of Harshavardhana of Kanauj in A. D. 648 marks the end of a well-defined epoch in the political as well as in the pictorial history of India. The most glorious chapter of Indian painting, which had spread over a space of six centuries, had just closed when the last of the immortal frescoes was completed in the cave temples of Ajanta. The remains of Sirguja, Ajanta, Bagh and Sittannavasala are the only surviving remnants and also the most mature fruits of early Indian painting ranging from the first to the middle of the seventh century. Beyond a few rare illustrated Jain manuscripts said to belong to the 12th and 13th century nothing is known of the pictorial art of Hindustan, during the centuries intervening the death of Harshavardhana and the accession of Akbar." According to Mr. Mehta these pictures are only mis-called Jaina, but are really Hindu—"artistically in direct line of descent of the older schools or fresco-painters." Again "It is a noteworthy fact that all the great masterpieces of ancient Indian painting came from the south and the west of India. Agra and Delhi were unknown as centres of artistic traditions till the munificent patronage of the Timurid princes reared up a school of painters who continued to work till the extinction of the political

supremacy of the Moghuls." Mr. Mehta points out the lines of future research when he says "A systematic search of the old Jaina chandars or libraries at Taisalmir, Patan, Ahmadabad and Sonagir in the Datia State is bound to throw additional light on this intervening, period of darkness and ignorance, for the absence of any considerable remains of pictorial art belonging to the pre-Mogul period is largely due to inadequate survey of the existing material."

It is in the third chapter that we have the re-production of the exquisite pictures of *Rasamandala* and *Govardhana-dharana*, as well as some of the striking achievements of Rajput portraiture. Jaipur in the 18th century witnessed the first signs of the artistic renaissance that took place in the closing years of the 19th century. Just as the Shaivite revival of the 6th and 7th centuries made its impress upon the caves of southern and western India, so Vaishnavism in the north gave us not only Chaitanya and Tukaram and Nanak and Tulsi, but also inspired the artists to some of the grandest achievements in pictorial art. In this connection certain observations of our author are so instructive that it is necessary to quote them in full: "It is a commonplace of even untutored criticism that Asian art ignores perspective. It is because eastern painting, even in its most realistic phases such as the productions by the Court painters of the Moghul emperors, is essentially a mental summary of visual perceptions rather than a mere faithful reproduction thereof *from a certain point in space*. The unities of time and space are therefore frequently disregarded from an European point of view; and even where the subject-matter of a picture is strictly real or historical, the oriental artist strives to depict within the range of a single painting a series of tableaux or incidents which he could not have physically witnessed at the same time from any given point. Hence Indian group pictures are often confusing to people used to western paintings and unfamiliar with the conventions of oriental art. Asiatic art has generally discarded western perspective because it obstructed the flight of its vision, and interfered with its fundamental notions of mental and imaginative visualisation. In a picture such as the *Rasa-Mandala*, the artist has no fixed *point de vue* as a western artist always has and who arranges his composition as if it is being enacted on a stage and viewed from one side only. Depth is an essential element in western technique, while it is generally absent in eastern art, primarily because the oriental standpoint is fundamentally different and also because in a large majority of cases the comparatively small size of productions does not require it. Eastern miniatures are to be scanned and 'read' as books. The painters often describe themselves as writers or composers. They make use of what is called 'aerial perspective,' that is to say the picture is beheld, as it were, from above and not from a horizontal plane. The convention is admirably adopted for its purpose, for it enables the artist to deal exhaustively with his theme within the limited frame of a single picture, which is as complete in itself as a verse or quatrain of oriental poetry. Aesthetically it matters little what language of symbols and conventions the artist uses, so long as it is intelligible and effectively conveys his meaning."

We have heard it sometimes stated that ancient India discouraged portraiture, for Sukracharya is said to have laid down the law "It is far better to present the figure of a god though it is not beautiful than to reproduce a remarkably handsome human face." If such a text exists we hope there will be a commentary somewhere which will convincingly explain it to mean just the opposite of what it says. Nevertheless we find that the Datia painters (Bundela School) of the 18th century had attained a very high degree of success in realistic portraiture. The figures of Shatrughit are done with consummate skill and dignity. The ragini pictures of the Bundela painters, though interesting, are however merely pretty.

The chapter on the Court-art of Tehri-Garhwal is perhaps one of the most delightful in the book. That tiny state, situated within the mountain fastnesses of the Himalayas and containing within its boundaries the sources of the sacred rivers of the Jamuna and the Bhagirathi, has produced

some of the finest paintings that have come to us. The selections given in the book under review are of unsurpassed beauty. The subdued refinement and completeness of the picture of the village Beauty the simplicity and elegance of the domestic scene in plate No. 25; the vigour and force with which the rape of Yadava women is depicted—are all proofs of our author's abounding enthusiasm for the painters. Here again Vaishnavism had played its great part, and there is a veritable riot of inspired paintings, enfolding in its range illustrations of the Puranic episode of *Rukmini-Parinaya*, scenes from the Ramayana, and the pictorial representation of the whole of Gita-Govinda! Yet for our author there is a rift in the lute. Mr. Mehta thinks that these painters were more or less insensible to the beauty of nature around them—"the snow-clad peaks of the Himalayas at the rising and the setting of the sun . . . the wonderful vista of mountain-scenery with its infinitely varied and inexhaustible play of light . . . the extraordinary variety of mountain-lines and arboreal form. . . ." Frankly, Mr. Mehta is rather disappointed with Pahari landscapes. But such regrets could hardly form the basis of just criticism. You cannot ask the creative genius why it is inspired by one thing rather than another. These artists were depicting certain human-divine emotions and the surrounding scenery had to be strictly subordinated to that presentation. Mr. Mehta's explanation that till the days of the Moghuls the artists in India occupied a subordinate position and therefore "never experienced the independence of a creative artist," takes us to the wider subject of the present position of India itself. How far a subject-nation, faced with the impact of a virile alien culture and civilisation, could recover its soul and rise to the supreme heights of creative activity, is a question which is outside the scope of this review.

Plate No. 27 is the coloured reproduction of "A Bullock Chariot" by a famous Moghul painter, Abul Hasan. Mr. Mehta has devoted one whole chapter to it. It is unquestionably a great work of art, though we cannot accept all the superlatives of our author's panegyric. Abul Hasan lived in the time of Jehangir, himself a great enthusiast and connoisseur of art. It is said that by the style of any painting the emperor could name the artist and that even when a number of artists had collaborated in one work he could point out the various parts that were done by the various artists. Of Abul Hasan, Jehangir said "At the present time he has no rival or equal."

An interesting episode in the reign of Jehangir—Jaina deputation for securing an imperial firman prohibiting animal slaughter during the eight days of festival—is the theme of a painted epistle depicting the various scenes in a series of tableaux. This is the subject of Chapter VII in this book. The next chapter gives an account of some of the floral paintings of Mansur, another artist of great distinction in the Court of Jehangir.

The concluding portion of the book contains about 26 reproductions from Moghul and Rajput schools of painting, with the author's explanatory and critical notes on each one of them. Many of these pictures are exceedingly beautiful, such as the Fakir in his house by Bishan Das; European embassy in the Court of Shah Jehan; the Glory of spring; Elephant study. This last (plate No. 47) might perhaps be compared to Paul Jouve's studies of animals, especially with "Elephant and Mahout" which gives the same full side view and gorgeous trappings as in our picture. The French artist has no doubt succeeded in depicting something of the architectural quality of the larger wild beasts; but has not been able to impart to his work that charm and brilliance which strikes anyone in this Indian picture.

The book is, of course, not an exhaustive account of Indian painting. It will be long before we will have a complete history of the paintings of this country, and when the time comes it is likely to be in the nature of an Encyclopædia of pictorial art. Mr. Mehta has modestly styled his work, *studies*. But we are really transported into the very spirit of the olden days that produced, under the fostering

care of courts and kings, those wonderful masterpieces which even to-day speak to us with the force of a spiritual vision. Mr. Mehta has filled the dry bones of the past with throbbing life. The historical background is skilfully woven into the presentation of artistic evolution. The book, in consequence, has scarcely a dull page, and will never remain mere learned lumber. Mr. Mehta's critical discernment is happily accompanied by lucidity of thought and expression. He is not one of those whose commentary is more obscure than the text. In fact Mr. Mehta has not attempted to discourse on the rigid canons of ancient text-writers nor asked us to prepare ourselves for refashioning our artistic personality. If untechnical exposition has conquered the readers of the book to a whole-hearted appreciation of the paintings, that shows that many of the learned writers who had gone before had gone the wrong way. This book will benefit the mature scholar as well as the raw beginner, the critic as well as the layman. It is undoubtedly one of the most illuminating works written on Indian painting in recent times.

The price of the volume is high, perhaps prohibitive, either because people are poor or because they will rather have jewellery and precious stones than invest on a good book. All that we can say is that such a book is a perennial source of joy in every home. As pointed out in the foreword we do not have any similar work with so many coloured reproductions.* Taraporewalla Sons & Co., have by this production, established their claims to be among the foremost art-publishers in India.

A Tibetan Banner by J. H. Cousins (1s.)

**Above the Rainbow and other Poems by
J. H. Cousins (6d.)**

Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras.

Unfurling his "Tibetan Banner," Dr. Cousins has alighted in our midst like a sweet apparition from another world—a world of indescribable radiance, of infinite peace, and of exquisite beauty. Dr. Cousins is the herald of a message for which we have all been unconsciously waiting; and he brings his "Tibetan Banner" with its message of Peace and Love from a Kingdom which though not far away from us is yet little known to us, which though inscrutable is yet the goal we all yearn in secret to reach at last. The "Tibetan Banner" is a message of the Spirit to the spirit in us, and carried by a spirit.

"The thrill

Of something intimately sweet

That clings about its quiet feet"

is a thrill that only spirits feel while in communion with the Spirit.

Although the setting of the poem is Tibet and its subject the religion of Tibet, yet the poem is not of a particular creed or for a particular sect. It is universal in its love, all comprehensive in its wisdom, and all permeating in its beauty. That is but natural. However much religions might differ, whatever diversity there might be in creeds when we get to the top we find the highest truths the same in all. The metaphors of Mahomed, the parables of Christ, the Puranas of India, all convey the same meaning to those that are able to discern the truth, to those that can separate the seed from the chaff. Religion is but the guinea stamp. Truth is the gold. Dr. Cousins has discovered the gold, and by the alchemy of his poetic genius has transmuted the mystic elements of an oriental creed into golden bars of Truth that may be accepted as legal tender by the whole of humanity without distinction of caste or creed. Who would not like to be told

* *Masterpieces of Rajput Painting* by O. C. Ganguly, which has since been published, has 28 colour plates.—Ed.

"Search not for truth on dusty shelves
But in the scriptures of yourselves."

Whether it is Buddhism or Christianity it does not matter in the least.

"Whether you the scriptures scan
Of man made God, or God made man"

You will find the same Truth everywhere and with your

"spirit's open eye

The mystery of things descry"

Then you will begin to

"feel that Presence infinite

Who stands with sanctifying grace

In midst of life's market place

And turns our world of sea and land

A murmuring prayer-wheel in His hand"

The small collection of poems *Above the Rainbow, etc.*, contains gems, some of which will rank with the best in English literature. One cannot resist the charm particularly of those pieces depicting Himalayan beauty. Sunrise on the Himalayas would be the despair of painters and the charm of poets. But the charm would be the greatest if the poet could also add

"the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land."

Dr. Cousins has added the "gleam and the light" to his pictures.

"Sweetly at dawn, Oh! high and heavenly sweet

Gruelips of thy pure whiteness take love's loll

Thou from thy shoulders dost the night-wraps roll

The more in beauty morning's grace to greet"

But it is not only "Beauty's loftiest mood" as seen on the Himalayas that appeals to him, but also those

"Comprehensible dear transient things!—

Beauty between a butterfly's frail wings

A dew-edged leaf, the bulbul's golden song."

When dew feels life like a "petal crushed beneath the burden of immensity" is it not deep consolation to find the finger-prints of God on finite things?

"And when in twilight the cicada twangs

Its jew's-harps for an hour, Oh! I would sit

Where coils a creeper innocent of fangs

And worship in an odorous quiet lit

By one ripe star that form the night-branch hangs

Tingling with rumours of the infinite"

However short this review needs must be, there is one remarkable piece of sterling merit that cannot escape the reviewer. In the "Ode for bed-time" you find that radiant optimism of Browning which made him cry out.

"God's in his heaven
And all's right with the world"

and that deep assurance that Tennyson found after groping through a labyrinth of stanzas that

"All is well, tho' faith and form
Be sundered in the night of fear
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm"

Dr. Cousins hears the "deeper voice" and in perfect faith lays himself down, confident that the all-loving Father is near.

"In faith I close mine eyes
Beyond the day's wild wandering surmise
Certain (what'er the issue) I shall wake
Here—or here-else ; where no mad waters break
What matter where?
Since I shall find the Eternal Lover there,
As I have found Him here
In one true heart this many a lovelit year

* * * *

My petrel spirit, shaken from the nest
Of my imprisoning breast
Sovereign shall tread all waves that fall and rise.
In faith I close mine eyes."

Truly, it is the trampling sound of the sovereign spirit treading in triumph over matter and form, in its upward march to the altars of God, that is the keynote of Dr. Cousins' music.

A. B. N.

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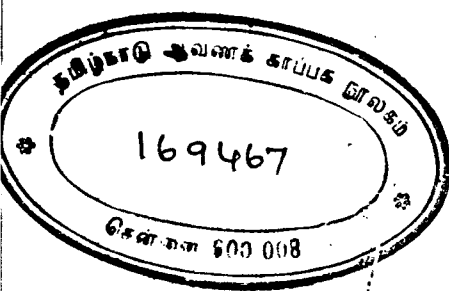
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