

Shamā'a  
A Magazine  
of Art, Literature & Philosophy

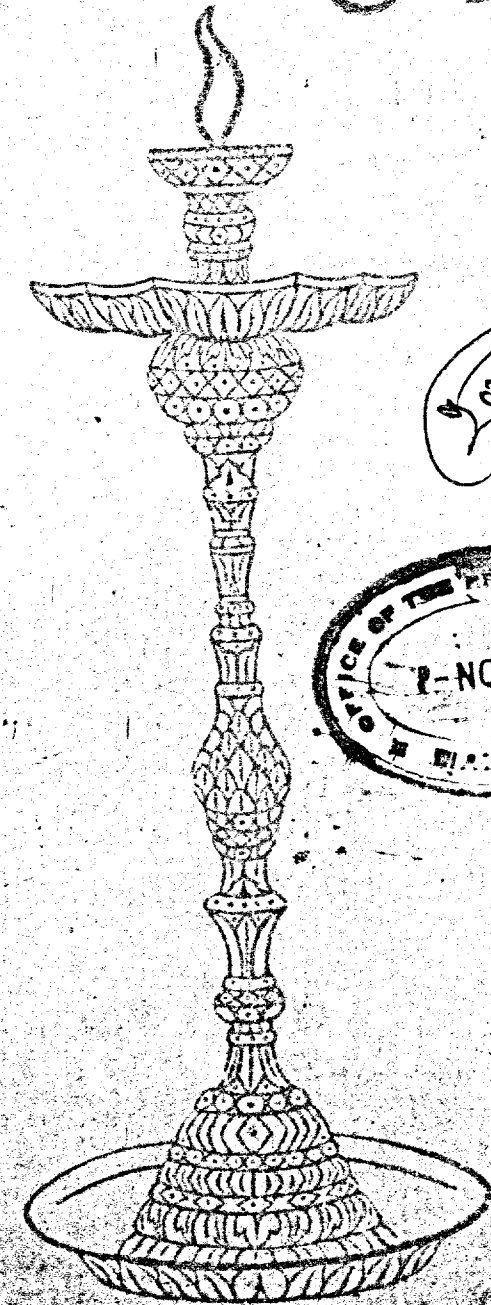
Vol. 7

No. 384

July

1927

October



2  
m2, N215  
N27.7.3-4  
192014

# SHAMA'A

EDITED BY MRINALINI CHATTOPADHYAY

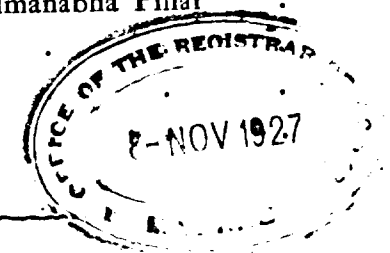
VOL. VII

JULY—OCTOBER 1927

Nos. 3 & 4

## CONTENTS

|                                                                             | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <i>Frontispiece—</i>                                                        |      |
| A Note . . . . .                                                            | 153  |
| The Sword of Dermot, by James H. Cousins . . . . .                          | 177  |
| Leaf from Shyk-i-Akbar, by Khaja Khan . . . . .                             | 183  |
| The Achievement of Prince Shotoku, by W. G. Blaikie Murdoch . . . . .       | 188  |
| The Modern Theatre and Histrionic Art in Germany, by Bernard Held . . . . . | 191  |
| Three Poems, by Sarojini Naidu . . . . .                                    | 194  |
| Development of Malayalam Prose, by K. P. Padmanabha Pillai . . . . .        | 200  |
| Abhangas, by Dhundiraj G. Vinod . . . . .                                   | 206  |
| Notes and Comments . . . . .                                                | 231  |
| Reviews . . . . .                                                           |      |



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

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

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

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

# "THE NEW ORIENT"

*A Journal of International Fellowship*

*Edited by SYUD HOSSAIN*

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

The Contributors to “THE NEW ORIENT” include :

“Æ”

Tchmed Abdulla

C. F. Andrews

L. Adams Beck

Annie Besant

Rauf Bey (former Premier of Turkey)

Edwin Bjorkman

Claude Bragdon

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

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

Witter Bynner

Ananda Coomaraswamy

Prof. John Dewey

Grace Ellison

Mahatma Gandhi

Kahlil Gibran

Horace Holley

John Haynes Holmes

Benjamin Guy Horniman

Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.

Count Alfred Korzybski

Robert Morss Lovett

Naardyn Lyska

Alexander Meiklejohn

Prof. Paul Monroe

Sarojini Naidu

Yone Noguchi

Giovanni Papini

Marmaduke Pickthall

Paul Richard

Romain Rolland

The Hon. Bertrand Russell

Dr. J. T. Sunderland

Prof. William R. Shepherd

Rabindranath Tagore

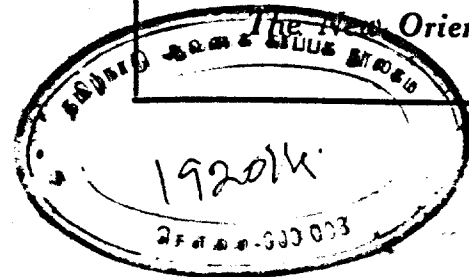
B. P. Wadia

Blanche Watson

H. G. Wells

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

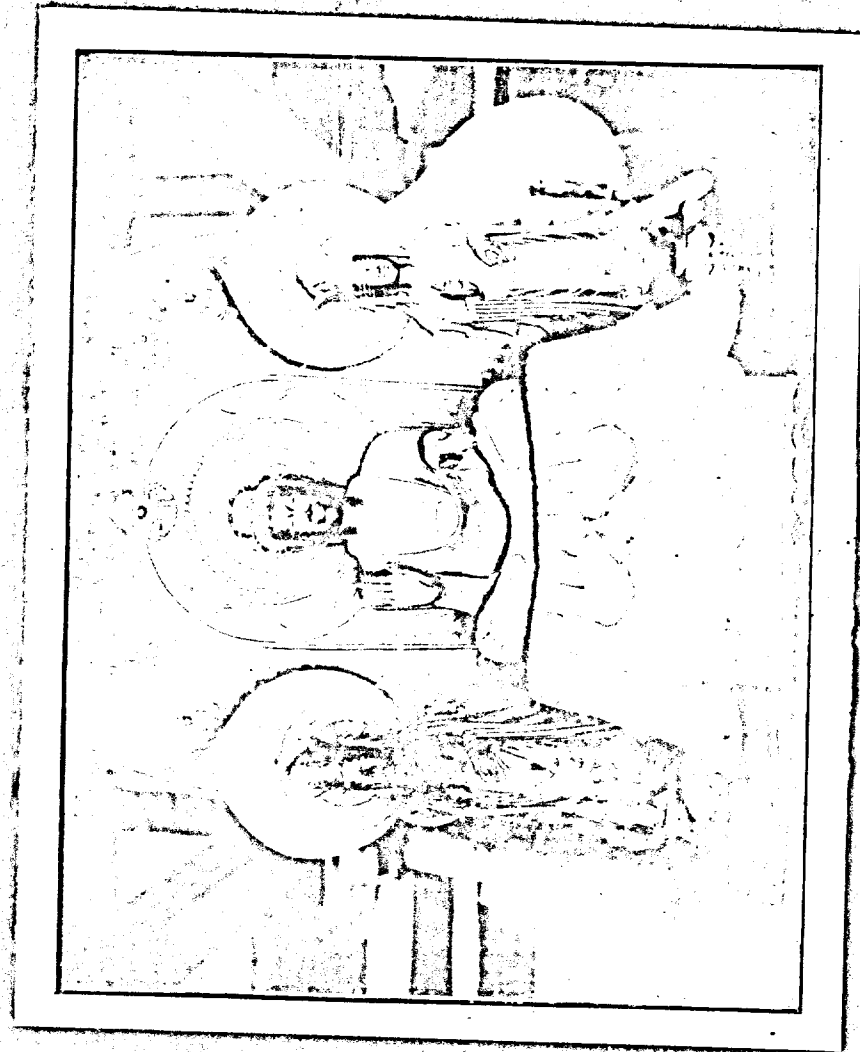
*The New Orient, 12, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A.*



m2, N21S  
N27-7.3-4

## OUR FRONTISPIECE

THE subject of our frontispiece is Yakusih Nyorai, the physician in the Buddhist pantheon. This bronze group is by Tori Busshi in the temple at Horiuji, Nara, Japan—one of the earliest Buddhist temples in that country, built by Prince Shotoku. A brief account of the rise of Buddhism and its influence on the growth of art and sculpture appears elsewhere. We are indebted to Mr. W. G. Blaikie Murdoch for the photographs from which our reproduction is taken.



*THE spiritual view holds that the mind, life, body are man's means and not his aims and even that they are not his last and highest means; it sees them as his outer instrumental self and not his whole being. It sees the infinite behind all things finite and it adjudges the values of the finite by higher infinite values of which they are the imperfect translation and towards which, to a truer expression of them, they are always trying to arrive. It sees a greater reality than the apparent not only behind man and the world, but within man and the world, and this soul, self, divine thing in man it holds to be that in him which is of the highest importance, that which everything else in him must try in whatever way to bring out and express, and this soul, self, divine presence in the world it holds to be that which man has ever to try to see and recognize through all appearances, to unite his thought and life with it and in it to find his unity with his fellows. This alters necessarily our whole normal view of things; even in preserving all the aims of human life, it will give them a different sense and direction.*

*SRI AUROBINDO GHOSE  
(From "The Renaissance in India.")*

## THE SWORD OF DERMOT\*

*(A Poetical Drama in Three Acts . . .)*

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

### PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Owen :  
Bryan : Chief of the Clan MacDermot  
Cahill : His Son and Heir  
Una : Bryan's Daughter  
Owen : Chief of the Clan MacCostello  
A Soldier  
Another Soldier  
Attendant on Owen

### ACT I

*Outside the gate of the strong castle of MacDermot on an island in Lough Ce in the West of Ireland some time before the seventeenth century.*

*It is night. A sound of revelry is heard within the castle out of which emerges the last verse of a song sung in a male voice.*

### SONG

Dermot's house and lineal lord  
Rules plough-land and pasture-land  
Till his undefeated sword  
Passes to a stranger's hand.

■ BRYAN, aged, but of strong physique and forceful character, has been walking up and down in front of the castle showing signs of gloom and uncertainty.

CAHILL, aged eighteen, and obviously his father's son, comes suddenly out of the castle.

Cahill : Father, why have you left the feasting-hall  
To wander in darkness?

Bryan : Because dark shadows fall  
About my pathway, Cahill.

*Cahill:*

Shadows? why,  
When the chief of the poets is sending our laughter high  
Like kites in the wind with merry songs?

*Bryan:*

My son,  
When you a scroll of far-sung deeds have won,  
And reared a name that beggars a crown on the brow,  
You too may one day stand, as I do now,  
Where life, that took the highway with a stride,  
Swinging along the simple path of pride  
To quietness, comes on a double voice,  
Where left and right call equally for choice,  
And both are thick with gloom. You too may screen  
Your thoughts in darkness.

*Cahill:*

I know not what you mean,  
But you are the only one who is not gay  
In Dermot's hall to-night.

*Bryan:*

Old bards would say  
That some high God's adventurings portend  
When a king laughs at a sad story's end,  
Or when the royal master of a feast,  
Of all who laugh, laughs quietest and least.

*Cahill:*

It is to laughter, out of this chilling wind,  
I come to call you, so that Fergal find  
For his quick temper's smouldering fire no ground  
In your long absence. He looks and looks around  
As if he missed a face.

*Bryan:*

Has Una come?

*Cahill:*

Not yet. She says sickness has made her dumb  
To all but the dark and her heart's quietness.  
She hates loud songs of danger and distress,  
Of forays and the driving home of preys.

*Bryan:*

In that I am her kinsman, though our ways  
Be wide apart as spring and the falling leaf.  
I seek the peace of silence that my grief  
Lose not its acid sweetness in the wild  
Rude songs of war; and she that was my child  
Buries herself, that joy just come to birth  
Suffer no stain from shallow songs of mirth.

*Cahill:*

Father, what do you mean? . . . Is Una gone?

*Bryan:*

I almost wish she were.

*Cahill:*

What has she done?

*Bryan:*

She has undone the royal hopes and dreams  
That from my mind flowed round her in rich streams  
Watering her future's fields.

*Owen:*

Oh tell me all.

It is to no poor feasting in our hall  
That Fergal has come, with men of gentle craft,  
With poets and chiefs, the first to leave the haft  
Asleep in the scabbard of his heady breed,  
Kindred in blood, but by a bloody deed,  
Ages sword-parted.

*Cahill:*

For what then does he come?

*Bryan:*

For that which makes my mind a throbbing drum  
Of hope and fear.

*Cahill:*

Fear touched not one who drew  
The sword of Dermot.

*Bryan:*

No one hitherto  
Has turned its edge. For ages it has led  
The kindred through the harvest of the dead  
To peace that crowns the shout of victory;  
So that has come the ancient prophecy  
That Dermot's bards their final tale shall tell  
When one of three things held impossible  
Shall come to pass. The Dermot is accurst.

*Cahill:*

Yes, they were sung just now . . . the first . . . the first . . .  
I cannot bring to mind, . . . no . . . nor the next,  
But there was something in the third that vexed  
A way into my memory. Its sound  
Is singing in my ears:

Dermot's house and lineal lord  
Rules plough-land and pasture-land  
Till his undefeatd sword  
Passes to a stranger's hand.

Then Fergal frowned.

*Bryan:*

I do not fear his frown. His smile of cheer  
Is what I dread.

*Cahill*: A strange thing, that, to fear.

*Bryan*: Son, when a king leads men in laughing rows,  
With singers and with many gifts, he goes  
To woo a queen.

*Cahill*: Ah, now I understand . . .  
But surely that brings joy across the land,  
For Una then as Fergal's queen will reign,  
And Fergal will not frown on us again?

*Bryan*: Thus is my grief turned ten times grievously  
Because of peace that might but cannot be.

*Cahill*: Who shall withstand your will or dare your wroth?

*Bryan*: Una has given her love and plighted troth  
To Owen MacCostello.

*Cahill*: What! would she hold  
Her name as lightly as a tale that's told  
By marriage with a vassal? Has she not heard  
The sons of Dermot sung by many a bard  
For triumphs over the clan of Costello?  
And would not twelve score of their cattle go  
As price for Dermot's chessboard?

*Bryan*: Last night he came  
Alone at my lone ear to set his claim.  
I turned him from the gate. With eyes aglow  
He vowed to come to-night.

*Cahill*: If you say No?

*Bryan*: Then he will come to-morrow hot for fight,  
And not alone.

*Cahill*: Aye, and to-morrow night  
You will give answer to him, and not alone.  
O father! have I not from childhood grown?  
Let me no more be nursed with infant care.  
Let me now take my place as Dermot's heir,  
And meet this vassal and his fouling plea.

*Bryan*: No no, my son, your time for jeopardy  
Has not yet come.

*Cahill*: Oh, why hold back the hour  
Of my first valour-deed, that shows my power  
Worthy my race?

*Bryan*: Nay, for a little while  
Build up life's fortress till across the stile  
You step to youth's great fulness, you, decreed  
Dermot's new chief.

*Cahill*: And is not this the deed  
To prove my kingship?

*Owen*: Nay, our ancient race  
Needs not poor proof like men of meaner place.  
When to your hand your father's sword you win  
Then to your arm the strength of Dermot's kin  
Will pass.

*Cahill*: Then let me bear your sword, and go  
Beside you proudly in the feast, that so  
My arm in its proud usage well begun,  
Like yours may well resign it.

*Bryan*: My brave son  
Blooms into life as goodly as the rose,  
And one day may be called—how soon, who knows?—  
To guard its honour. Take the royal blade.  
Never was it unsheathed in coward shade;  
But in day's light where traitorous foemen swooned;  
For though the sons of Dermot take no wound  
Without retaliation, none they give  
Save in good cause.

*Cahill*: Nor I—but while you live  
May I not wield it on the ridge of war  
Before your fight is done? Let me no more.  
Be dandled on the knees of bearded men  
As Cahill the Young. The bull will break its pen  
Or its wild heart. Oh let my name now run  
As Cahill, son of Bryan, Dermot's son

*Bryan*: Why then, some day your arm, with cut and thrust,  
May win it for your own, when in the dust  
You lay a foe in open equal sum  
Of arms and strength. (*Noise inside.*)

*Cahill*: Fergal grows restless.

*Bryan*: Come.

*They go into the castle, Cahill leading the way with the sword of Dermot held ceremoniously in his hand.*

UNA enters reading a book of stories of the Irish Gods and Goddesses. She has just finished a chapter, and looks up in an ecstasy of the imagination as she repeats the last lines of the story.

"And together they went away  
To the Land of the Ever Young."

OWEN enters from the opposite side.

Have I not come in time that you may bless  
My suit?

Una: You are always laggard.

Owen: Laggard?

Una: Yes,

Always an age behind my heart's desire.

Owen: Ah, love.

Una: If you would surely tend love's fire,  
Never would there be coming, or parting sighs.  
You should have come with my first breath. Your eyes  
Should be familiar as the comrade stars  
That crowd for speech about my window bars,  
Whose greatest rival is the candle-beam  
I light to call you hither.

Owen: Ah, when that gleam.  
Flutters across the lake like a flying swan,  
It is no longer night, but blissful dawn  
But, love, your eyes are heavy, your face is pale.  
You tremble like the waters when a gale  
Speeds from the cloudy menace of the west.  
Come, share my mantle. Let us sit and rest.

They sit on a grassy bank. He chants a song of his own making.

When I have breasted the sweet waters at the  
call of your love-lit star,  
And have spread my arms to come to you, I have  
passed from the things that are  
To a dream of myself as Mananaum, Lord of the  
sea,  
Who sped to wrap your beauty close in the Robe  
of Invisibility.

He breaks off the song with a touch of resentment.

So that it be not soiled by the rude lips  
Of strangers who have come hither in their ships.

Una: And sometimes when in dream I pass the will,  
I am the Goddess Ce, who left her hill  
And the free comradeship of tireless wing  
To house with mortals.

Owen: Ah, but ancients sing  
She had no beauty more than a wilted rush,  
And you are beauty's queen.

Una: Oh hush, love, hush.  
But for men's thought all women were as she,

Owen: Oh, be you then unbeautiful as Ce,  
And I shall be Usheen whose vision's lance  
Pierced her thick mask, and saw, beyond his glance,  
Immortal loveliness, and on the throne  
Of his glad heart set her as queen alone.

Una: "And together they went away  
To the Land of the Ever Young."

Owen: Tell me, my love, what makes your eyes' clear light  
As dim as the moon in the mist of autumn night?  
What is your sorrow?

Una: That whose proffered hand  
Should bring my father joy, and bring the land  
Contentment. Fergal of Moylurg has come  
With princes and men of song, with harp and drum  
And hefty bearers of rich gifts that seek  
No dumb equivalent.

Owen: Then I must speak  
With Bryan now? Where is he? He shall turn  
Black Fergal back. My suit he shall not spurn.

Una: If the desire of Fergal will not move  
As easily and certainly as love  
Would set the stars dancing to its own tune,  
Think you my father would refuse his boon  
And make forever fordless the red stream  
That for a generation put the gleam  
Of blood between the children of one house?

*Owen:* Yet I shall keep the vows I made.

*Una:* What vows?

*Owen:* When the MacDermot spurned me from his gate  
I vowed that I would come in warlike state  
And force my claim.

*Una:* God gave you not the power  
To thwart Black Fergal in his passionate hour,  
Or dam the torrent of MacDermot's will  
When his Atlantic's cloud is on the hill.

*Owen:* You doubt my love?

*Una:* The heart that is in doubt  
Drums eye and ear through darkness in a rout.  
But love that is made perfect and most wise  
Can look unflinchingly in its own eyes  
And doubt, as light may question sister light.  
You tell me that your love is infinite,  
Infinite in its depth, its height, its strength,  
Oh far beyond my poor worth's little length,  
Unless for all the praise your song has spread  
It takes some human frailty on its head,  
And set your infinite strength on balance true  
With infinite weakness.

*Owen:* Oh, my love, for you  
I could outface the powers of earth and sky  
That made Cuchullain tremble. I could die  
A score of deaths to serve you.

*Una:* That, I know,  
And therefore doubt your strength against the blow  
Of Fergal, who would risk no finger's bone  
For love of me, but in his pride high-flown  
Would march and counter-march toward his end  
Fergal would die not once for me, but spend  
His life in ease, and at its ripened fall  
There would of hope be no grim burial,  
No bitter mocking laughter at dreams outworn.

*Owen:* Must all our dreams end in the laugh of scorn,  
Our hopes in mockery?

*Una:* "You doubt my love?"

*Owen:* Ah, Una, why do you pierce my heart's white dove?  
Why do you weave curtains of strangeness cold  
And hang them thick between us fold by fold?  
Is it that yet love's power we never knew,  
And that you want my love to turn from you  
Into red hatred for your father's sake?

*Una:* You could not hate me now. Your hate would break  
To flowers through gnarled bark until it grew  
As beautiful as love. You would love it too.  
You would make poems on it, sharp and sweet,  
Full of the yearning that love's heavy feet  
Tread out of life, when life is love's poor all,  
Houses and lands and children, and no call  
Out of the distance that we prize so much  
Because it moves beyond the staining touch  
Of our poor selfishness. Through your pure eyes  
I read your strength, and know its virtue lies  
Not in the measuring of means and hours,  
But slumbers under coverlets of flowers,  
And will, I know, richly its promise prove  
When fate's horn sounds . . . Now do you doubt my love

*Owen:* I doubt my own poor heart.

*Una:* I do not doubt  
Its love for me. Your songs have given out  
That this frail body is a cup of gold  
Filled with immortal essence that you hold  
To your soul's lips. That is the song you have sung,  
And that is truth talked in the angel tongue.  
But Fergal has no song, no rainbow dream,  
No search for changeless things through things that seem,  
No reaching out beyond the feel of hands.  
He counts me for posterity's demands,  
Life's baking-bowl to fill his race's need,  
To bear and nourish sons of royal breed;  
To sit beside him on high feasting days,  
Dispenser of loud gifts to win him praise,  
That his proud name thereafter sing in rhymes,  
And linger on, a whisper in far times.

And that is all. And that is why I said  
That in his life no hopes of his would shed  
Their leaves in mockery.

Owen: Can such desire  
Live for a moment by the holy fire  
Of love like ours? Has Nature only thrown  
Magnificent dust in men's eyes batlike grown,  
To gloss the squalid purposes of clay,  
And fill with dust the mouth of some far day?  
Are our large thoughts and the deep-hearted urge  
That set themselves to rhythm of ocean surge,  
And find their harvest in the starry sheaves,  
Their voices in the whispering of leaves,  
The song of rain, the coo that sweetly floats  
From woods dove-haunted, are they but light notes  
A hidden player brings with scornful tone  
Out of our heart-strings?

Una: Some through life have gone  
Seeking your answer, but with wasted breath.

Owen: Aye, and it may be we must go through death  
Before the answer rings out starry clear  
But I must see MacDermot.

CAHILL (*who has entered*)

He is here.

Owen: What, is the fruitage mimicked by the seed?  
Ripeness is yet before you.

Cahill: I only need  
The sword of one I have slain in open fight  
To deck my belt. Before a king to-night  
I answered for MacDermot. For a rogue  
I have as good an answer.

Una: Cahill Og!  
You do not know the word MacCostello  
Brings for your father's ear.

Cahill: I know  
Enough, the message, the reply,  
And the reward when I have done  
My valour-deed

Una: What frenzy fills your eye  
With fire?

Cahill: It is the sun  
To burn away the shame  
That you would put upon your father's name  
By marrying his vassal.

Una: What mad pride  
Is this? I am the guide  
Of my own life.

Cahill: I guard my father's name

Una: You who have never been a bowman's aim  
Beyond your fosterer's knee!

Cahill: At that same knee  
I learned that it is nobler far to be  
Guard of the door where honour stays  
Than in dishonour to crawl by darkened ways  
Into another's treasure-house.

Owen: Wild youth!  
Dare you speak thus of me?

Cahill: I dare speak truth,—  
That you have stolen cravenly  
Into my sister's heart  
That you through village street and mart  
May trail a boast, and spite the sword  
That is your lord.  
But now must end your fancied joy.

Owen: Not by the heady folly of a boy.

Cahill: I was a boy this morning, Cahill the Young.  
To-night by bards I shall be sung  
For true man's deed.

CAHILL approaches Owen threateningly, his hand on the hilt of a sword  
concealed beneath his tunic.

Una: Would you bring down our roof-tree like a weed?

Cahill: I have no need to fear a vassal's sword  
That I have sworn to lay on Dermot's board  
With Dermot's undefeated blade.

He flashes out the sword of Dermot and forces Owen to draw his sword  
unwillingly in self-defence. Owen parries Cahill's attack, and they move out of  
the scene fighting.

UNA *watches them from the side of the scene with growing excitement.*

*The sounds of sword on sword increase in intensity. Simultaneously the sound of revelry breaks out again in the castle, and the song again emerges.*

Dermot's house and lineal lord  
Rules plough-land and pasture-land  
Till his undefeated sword  
Passes to a stranger's hand.

*The sound of fighting suddenly stops on a cry which Una takes up.*

OWEN *returns carrying his own sword in his right hand and the sword of Dermot in his left.*

Owen : It was my life or his. I saved my own  
Because it is not mine, but yours.

Una : O love, the prophecy  
That once we counted empty as the wind  
Darkens about us, and my love  
Is fate's quick instrument.  
Oh fly, love, fly  
As wrens when kites are overhead.

Owen : I must fulfil my vow.

Una : And throw away the life you saved for me ?

Owen : I must return the sword to Bryan's hand

Una : When time smooths out the grief he knows not yet.

Owen : Then you shall take it to him.

Una : Oh no, love, no. There are in Dermot's hall  
Some who would gladly row my funeral boat  
Since I have chosen to set my love on you.

Owen : You are beyond all threat.

Una : You know the law,  
Life for a life, and shall I bear the proof  
Straight in my hand.

Owen : But you are innocent  
Of Cahill's death. The blame is all his own.

Una : And who would hold me guiltless, with Cahill dead,  
The sword he carried proudly at the feast  
Red in my hand ; no voice to speak my cause ;  
The old Gods banished since a traitorous hand

Opened the gates of Ireland to the stranger ;  
The new God far away and silent. No,  
Some other day (*pushing him off*), O God ! some other day,  
You shall return the sword to the MacDermot  
When you can meet him openly in strength  
Where danger wears no mask and no dishonour.  
Go quickly, go. When fortune clears the way  
My light once more shall call you from my window. (*He goes*).

BRYAN (*within*).

Cahill ! (*entering*) Where are you, Cahill.

(*Seeing Una*) Ah, daughter, I can tell you what you seek.

Una : Father, we know not what our fate may find  
Round the first corner of the way of life.

Bryan : I hope to find my daughter strong and true  
To fate's most happy purpose

Una : O my father !  
I must be true to my own destiny.  
Do not be hard on Owen.

Bryan : Why does he come  
To win away the heart of my dear child ?  
There stands between you and my deepest love  
Only my son, the roof-tree of my house.  
Whose proud ancestral spirit even now  
Prompts him to deeds of valour.

Una : O father, father !  
It was all Cahill's fault, his only.

Bryan : Fault ?  
Fault ? Where is Cahill ? What vague dread is this ?  
What shaking of the pillars of my life ?  
What fear that I have let a boy's hot arm  
Outreach the steady purposes of fate  
And hack in pride about the roots of things.  
I must take back my sword.

Una : (*Falling at his feet*). The sword of Dermot  
Has passed to-night into a stranger's hand !

(*The Act closes*).

## ACT II

*The scene is the same. It is the next night.*

TWO SOLDIERS *on guard enter from each side.*

*First Soldier:* There is no light in her window to-night.

*Second Soldier:* No light, there is no light anywhere.

*First Soldier:* You are not merry, friend, to-night.

*Second Soldier:* Merry? A man can hardly be merry who has seen  
A snail at sunrise crawling on a stone . . .

*First Soldier:* A wretched omen.

*Second Soldier:* You know the song.

"When the snail crawls over the bare flagstone,  
When the sun to the moon is nigh,  
When the spear-grass on the white sea-sand  
Draws its rings awry,  
Hold thou thy breath  
For Death,  
Death passes by."

And now a thin new moon  
Treads on the sun's red heels across the hills.

*First Soldier:* Worse . . . and still worse . . . as if young Cahill's death  
Was not enough disaster for twelve moons.

*Second Soldier:* Enough? It seems to me this pale-faced princess  
Will bring the house of Dermot about our ears.  
It was for her young Cahill found his end.  
It was for her the sword of Dermot passed  
Into a stranger's hand. And now she flings  
Black Fergal's marriage offer in his face,  
And he is gone with oaths and threatenings  
To raise his clan. So does the prophecy  
Begin to work like yeast in the housewife's loaf,  
And we may eat the bread of slavery  
From Fergal's hands. Bryan goes prowling round  
Like a lost ghost, as full of pricking temper  
As hedgehogs of stiff quills. He puts a sting  
In every mother's son of his own people  
Till they are quarreling with their own shadows;  
And that one flame of their united strength  
That rose to heaven, falls in pale sputtering sparks.

*First Soldier:* It is a thriftless beggar's preparation  
For the next coming of MacCostello,  
And rumour has it he will come in force  
This very night to carry Una hence

*Second Soldier:* Between the threat of war on the right hand  
And on the left, all through a wilful girl,  
We shall have need for prayer to all the saints  
That we can call to mind, and Dermot's clan  
May rue her birthday.

BRYAN (*entering angrily*)

Where is the princess Una?

*First Soldier:* Chieftain, how should we know?

*Second Soldier:* The princess Una  
Would hardly deign to answer humble clansmen  
If we made question of her coming or going.

*Bryan:* Can I not get an answer straight and clear  
From any one? Are you too leagued with her  
To make your house a laughing-stock and shame?

*Second Soldier:* Our lives would guard the honour of your name.

*Bryan:* I thought so . . . You have caught the very trick  
She too has talk of honour . . . Sure and quick  
Your honour will have little time for talk  
When to our door Black Fergal sets his baulk . . .  
Come, answer me, where is she?

*First Soldier:* We do not know.

*Bryan:* Then make a circuit quickly. Go!  
Let not the slightest shadow unchallenged pass.  
Let no unanswering challenge fail of proof . . .  
And find her. (*To himself*). If she will not marry Fergal,  
She marries no one else. (*He goes out*).

*First Soldier:* The princess Una  
Will not obey us.

*Second Soldier:* She might be persuaded.

*First Soldier:* I see a hard cold purpose in your mind.

*Second Soldier:* I have one purpose, our whole kindred's good.

*First Soldier:* Share with a kinsman.

*Second Soldier :*

It might reach his ears  
 And spoil its chance of service. Have you forgotten  
 His flaming passions—and his swift remorse  
 On many an oldtime foray? Something now  
 Moves him to frenzy. He would ravage Ireland  
 To break her will. To-morrow, when the mood  
 Veers with the morning wind, his power again  
 Would ravage it to please her lightest whim,  
 I keep my thought. Let's go. (*They go off at each side*).  
 BRYAN *enters dragging Una by the hand.*

*Bryan :*

A pretty fancy  
 For Dermot's daughter,—a cold stone for couch,  
 Chill waters at your feet, not even a mantle  
 To blunt the teeth of the wind,

*Una :*

My heart has chosen  
 The place of its desire . . . I am at rest.

*Bryan :*

What madness can have drawn you from your room  
 And the companionship of faithful maidens,  
 To show such coldness to the funeral chamber  
 Of your dead brother?

*Una :*

I need to be alone.

*Bryan :*

Your need is changed since yesternight you stole  
 To meet your lover.

*Una :*

I am most alone.  
 When I am nearest him. He calls my soul  
 Across harsh mountains into quiet valleys.  
 He shepherds all my thoughts that stray apart,  
 And leads them to the fold of his pure heart.  
 And then those eyes that open not by day,  
 And shine not when the feast is loud and gay  
 Around the honey-cup, look still and cool  
 Upon a hidden face more beautiful  
 Than water touched by moonlight, and I know  
 Its beauty is mine, for he has told me so.

*Bryan :*

It must be beautiful, for it has taken  
 The beauty that once shone from Dermot's isle,  
 And left a pale-faced changeling in its place.  
 Come come, my child. These spectres of the mind  
 Will draw you to your death. Come away from here

*Una :*

I am very happy here. The friendly stars  
 Flicker above and dance in the lake below.  
 Yet they are fixed for ever and they change not.  
 But in your hall the torches cast black shadows  
 That make uncertain warfare with themselves.  
 Here everything is certain and at peace.

*Bryan :*

If you remain here death indeed is certain.

*Una :*

And in your hall death is uncertain, father.

*Bryan :*

My daughter, do not let your song-filled brain  
 Be scattered in a whirlwind of vague dreams.  
 Come to the fireside and the laden board . . .  
 Come . . . Do not set a canker-worm of grief  
 In your old father's heart . . . I too have dreams.  
 Last night I dreamt you struck the silence gong  
 In a king's chamber, yes, and wept for joy  
 That tribulation in the end had fled  
 From Dermot's kin, united by your marriage.  
 Come, Una, bring to mind your ancient race.  
 Kings have been your progenitors, and kings  
 Shall be your children. Come . . . Strengthen yourself.

*Una :*

Yesterday I had strength to choose my path,  
 And strength to choose the right may choose the left  
 And all the weary zigzag of the world.  
 To-night I have outgrown the thing called strength  
 Into such weakness as may not retrace  
 Its steps.

*Bryan :*

I shall have strong arms in an instant  
 To bear you in.

*Una :*

Stay, father. The dark bearers  
 Will come for us all in fortune's perfect hour.  
 I am content to wait.

*Bryan :*

What foolishness  
 Is this, my daughter. I too may pass my strength  
 And fall to angry weakness. Choose, once for all,—  
 Your dream or mine, the peace that Fergal gives  
 Or . . . or . . .

*Una :*

Life offers no alternatives.  
 That is the poor illusion of man's pride.  
 We chase a laughing ghost through meadows wide

Counting us the pursuers, while on our backs  
Fate holds our reigns. No waspish whip he cracks  
Nor plies a spur, but to a soundless drum  
He makes us dance with sun and moon.

*Bryan :* Come, come,  
Choose once for all.

*Una :* My troth I shall fulfil

*Bryan :* Then you defy me?

*Una :* Name it what you will.  
The name is nothing. We are mocked by names,—  
Power, pride, race,—painted masks on mouldering frames  
To frighten babes. Oh, sweetly as a flower  
The Eternal blossomed to our plighting hour,  
The Eternal mingled in our loving-cup  
And the Eternal shall be withered up  
And split like a forgotten poet's stave  
Ere we forget, here or beyond the grave.

*Bryan :* Then be it so. I can remember too.  
I can store up, like a most deadly brew,  
A memory of faithlessness that swells  
Till it shall poison all my life's deep wells.  
The strong arms that had borne you to a crown  
And a queen's chamber, now shall bear you down  
To the deep dungeon at the rock's black heart.  
On every step a curse shall barb its dart.  
Rail at your walls of stone when madness swells  
Your bloodshot eyes,—my hate's grim sentinels  
Will stand immovable on every stair  
Till your forgotten dust is on the air,  
And Dermot's house clean swept of shame and sin.

*Una :* Oh, welcome sentinels who shut me in  
From proud and angry tongues, with silent tears  
That are all speech of love to opened ears.  
Oh, welcome walls that fold me safe about  
Till you shall topple at my love's great shout  
When he shall come to claim his ready bride.

*Bryan :* Is that your thought! Then fling it now aside.  
If choice must be'twixt war from north or south,

It will suffice to hear black Fergal's mouth  
Along his ranks the horn of battle blow.  
There lies your way. . . Go to your lover . . . go .  
Stripped of your name, clad only in the scorn  
Of him who rues the day that you were born.

*Una goes away.*

FIRST SOLDIER (*entering hastily*).

Chieftain, the waters of the lake are white,  
Beaten to foam by twice a thousand oars  
Of clansmen of MacCostello. Their arrows  
Already fall among the reeds in showers  
Their battle-cry is "Una." We have not found her  
*Bryan :* Then find her quickly . . . She has gone this way . . .  
And bear her, very gently, out of danger  
To her own room. Let double guards be set . . .  
Man all the walls . . . Go . . . (*Goes into the castle*).

SECOND SOLDIER *enters*.

*First Soldier :* Have you found her yet?

*Second Soldier :* I have, but not before fate's irony  
Came as quick death straight from the bow of love.  
An arrow found her on the beach . . . her arms  
Were spread in welcome.

*First Soldier :* Then let us bear her, gently,  
To her own chamber . . . quickly . . . quickly . . . ha!  
An arrow passed my cheek. (*They go out*).  
*Commotion arises. Voices cry "Una, Una."*

OWEN

*rushing up to the castle gate brandishing the sword of Dermot*  
The sword of Dermot in his daughter's cause.

(*The act closes quickly*).

## ACT III

*The scene is the same. It is again night. Some days have passed.*

BRYAN *is walking gloomily up and down in front of the gate.*

A SOLDIER *enters wishing to speak to Bryan yet hesitating.*

Soldier : Chieftain, the kindred ask with heavy heart,  
Why does the son of Dermot stay away  
From the death couches of his children?

Bryan : Why?  
Because more pitiable is my condition  
Than Cormac, son of Art, when he exchanged  
Fulfilment of the ghostly stranger's wish  
For that old silver branch whose shaken music  
Brings pleasant slumber and forgetfulness.

Soldier : Chieftain, the funeral candles flicker low  
In Una's chamber. Since the set of sun  
They have shone like signals to the world of spirits  
Bidding them ready the fair house of God  
For one of royal blood.

Bryan : *(to himself).* The mist-eyed stranger  
Set his desire upon the wife of Cormac,  
And on his princely son, and on his daughter,—  
But me he left no silver branch of healing  
For my divided heart.

Soldier : Chieftain, the weepers  
Grow weary, and the watchers' eyes are heavy.

Bryan : Oh! let them weep. Their boats of mournful sound  
Shall bear away their burden, but no more  
Shall song bring ease of heart to me, no more.

Soldier : Chieftain, the funeral boat is at the shore.  
It rocks in silent grief. The very lake  
Has voices full of sobbing. Now the monks  
Await your final words before they bear  
Their heavy burdens on their perilous journey.

Bryan : I had forgotten.—Have the outposts yet  
Sent word that all is well?

Soldier : There is not a reed  
Unwatched from here to the dark isle of tombs.  
Some rumour of the princess Una's death  
Has surely found MacCostello, for now  
His galleys are unmanned,—a sweet respite  
After these days of conflict.

Bryan : It is more like  
He has grown tired of beating all in vain  
On Dermot's rock and my unshaken will.  
What news has come from Moylurg?

Soldier : Watchers tell  
Of secret hosting when the darkness fell,  
And Fergal muttering along the camp.  
Chieftain, before the leaf with due is damp  
It would be well to bear the bodies forth,  
For double lightning from the south and north  
Might leave more stricken men than chanting hours  
To do them funeral honours.

Bryan : Thunder showers  
Bring forth the strength where valour's seed has stirred.  
Bid each man to his post and wait my word.  
Bring the dead forth. Put out her chamber light.  
Fitley we make the silence and black night  
Pall-bearers to the beautiful and brave

*They go into the castle, Bryan first.*

OWEN *and an ATTENDANT enter from opposite sides*

Owen : Is all at peace?

Attendant : As quiet as the grave.

Owen : You see that planet sending light afar.

Attendant : I see a window-light. I see no star.

Owen : Ah! friend, when you have cleared your spirit's eyes,  
You too will see the glory of the skies  
In common things, and earth lifted above.  
That is the light that calls me to my love.  
When it is shining not by night, I know  
That power has bound her, and with power I go  
To set its shoulder to her prison walls,  
As in past days. But now its signal calls  
Across the lake, and tells me she is free.

And I have brought you hither, friend, with me  
Because it may be peace will friendlier prove  
Than conflict to the holy will of love,  
And we may bear her hence love's hearth to bless  
With beauty's light.

*Attendant :*

A dream of love's excess.

*Owen :*

No, but the simple urge of famine's pain,  
The call of the hungry heart upon the brain  
To knead and bake for its true nourishment  
What fate has unto eyes and ear-gate sent.  
So are all things, when hearts are true and fond,  
Symbols of life that moves our life beyond.  
This castle is to me a gilded cage  
Whose bird is mine as freedom's happy wage ;  
A fast-bound casket where a jewel lies,  
And for its shattering I win the prize.  
And that sweet light that now is burning low  
Is as a window where thought's eye may go  
Beyond the flaming barriers of the suns  
Into the palace of the eternal ones  
Who die not, being dead. (*Noise*). What sounds now shake  
Night's peace? Go see. (*Attendant goes out. Owen speaks  
towards the lighted window*).

With tumult in my wake  
I set my strength at sunset hitherward,  
But on the lake a sudden gale blew hard  
And backed my sails. I knew the windy war  
Was fairy-raised. Then shone your beckoning star,  
And I have come to pluck my lily fair  
From midnight's lake, and on my bosom bear  
Its whiteness, where sun's blaze or chilling blast  
Can hurt it not. Oh heart ! she comes at last.  
Her light dies down. It vanishes. Her feet  
Are on the stairs.

ATTENDANT (*entering in agitation*).

A thousand oarsmen beat  
The lake to moony whiteness.

*Owen :*

Ha ! from whence ?

*Attendant :*

From Moylurg.  
Fergal comes to take her home !

*Owen :*

"The Sword of Dermot" be our battle-cry.  
The sword of Dermot's lightnings now shall fly  
In Dermot's cause, though from a stranger's hand.  
(*To the window, now dark*). A little while, O love !  
and we shall stand  
Love's victors. (*To Attendant*). Come.

*They go out, Owen leading the way with the sword of Dermot.*

*The castle gate opens, and the funeral procession of Cahill and Una comes  
out, monks chanting solemnly.*

O my harp ! how sad they strain  
For the slain, the dark-eyed dead.  
Bright the beam that blessed their birth.  
Now the earth is wrapped in red.  
  
Sad the ending to thy song  
Loud and long in distant days.  
Now you weep them, tongue that told  
Oft of old their princely praise.

*A noise of conflict has become mixed with the chant.*

*Bryan hears the noise and remains with an attendant after the proces-  
sion has passed away.*

A SOLDIER enters hurriedly.

*Bryan :*

Whence comes that sound  
That seems to shake the ground ?

*Soldier :*

Two warriors, men of hero might,  
Meet on the shore in single fight  
As is the ancient right.  
A mighty crowd on either hand  
With spears at poise beside them stand.

BRYAN (*to Attendant*).

Bid the picked archers man the walls,  
The spearmen guard the gates. (*Attendant goes away*).

SOLDIER (*looking intently off*).

One falls.

A blow has cut his corselet through.  
The victor's blade has snapped in two.  
The crowd to earth their spear-points turn  
In token of defeat. They mourn

1920/4

Their chieftain dead with sad acclaim.

His name . . . yes . . . Fergal is the name!

*Bryan :*

Fergal! Then fate had swifter speed  
Than he. But who has done this deed?

*Soldier :*

His face is marred by bitter strife  
Beyond the comely guise of life.  
I know him not.

*Bryan :*

Who'er he be,  
His place is by the side of me,  
Where honoured as my son, he stands,  
Lord of the richest of my lands,  
And bards shall tell with royal praise  
His mighty deed to after days.

*Soldier :*

Now he comes weakly from the strand,  
The sword of Fergal in his hand.  
His head is high with triumph, but his eyes  
Look past this world. Chieftain, he dies.

OWEN *enters supported by his Attendant.*  
Owen!

*Bryan :*

That name at last.

*Owen :*

*Bryan :*

Owen, my son  
By conquering love and deed most nobly done  
The sword is snapped, but she may sleep in peace.  
The sword is broken, but all conflicts cease.  
The sword is broken, but I bring the sword  
Of Fergal with his people's plighted word  
Of brother-kindness now the bride is won,  
And all is good in the end, if it be the end.

*Bryan :*

My son!  
By wedded love beyond life's wavering breath,  
Sealed with the blessing of immortal death.

OWEN *on the ground, as if in a dream, weakening*

Usheen must carry home his lovely bride  
Over the mountains, over the murmuring tide . . .  
"And together they went away  
To the Land of the Ever Young." (*He dies*).

(*End of the Drama*).

JAMES H. COUSINS

## LEAF FROM SHYK-I-AKBAR

THE BEZEL OF SETH (FASI-SETHIYYA).\*

This is an indirect inspiration of the Word of Seth. Gifts that are bestowed on creatures are either with their instrumentality or without their instrumentality. These Gifts are of two kinds, gifts of Dhat and gifts of asma, which are appreciated only by adepts. Some of these gifts whether they be definite or indefinite are obtained for asking and some without asking. In asking for a definite gift, the supplicant refers to a particular object desired by him, and in an indefinite asking the supplicant merely asks for a thing that is for his best. The supplicants too are of two kinds. The first is a person who is actuated by his nature to ask, for man is a creature characterized by hurry (*Al insana khuliqa oojula*); and the second is a supplicant who is actuated by the idea that such a thing is in the knowledge of God and is to be had for the asking. He does not know what it is in the knowledge of God, and whether his present aptitude is susceptible of acceptance; for aptitudes change from time to time. Aptitudes are known only after they have been proved by the acceptance or non-acceptance of supplication; or are known by their own nature in the man, who realizes that he possesses such aptitudes. Some others supplicate only on the ground of the verse *Udini astajib lakum* (ask of Me and I will grant); they are servants; who simply carry out a command and are not concerned with the question of definiteness or indefiniteness, or remain quiet as in the case of Job who remained quiet in his calamities in particular circumstances and supplicated when the circumstances changed—and got out of calamities. A supplication is fruitful only in its time and not beforehand or after; and its granting is held over to the appointed time, if made beforehand.

We have referred to the supplication without asking. By this is meant non-vocal supplication, for supplication is always necessary for the grant of gift, whether it be of words or of attitude or of aptitude. Man cannot understand aptitudes, he can understand only states which create perturbation in his mind and body. Aptitude is a suppressed desire; it is also a sort of supplication. People who are conscious of their aptitudes refrain from making a supplication, as they know what pertains to their *ayan* in the knowledge of God will come to pass, and they prepare themselves for the same and absent themselves from their desires (nafs) and purposes. They are the people who are acquainted with the mysteries of *Qaza wa Qadr*; some of them know this in abstract and some in detail. Those who know in detail have knowledge co-extensive with God's, in respect of the *ayan*

\* An extract from the forthcoming publication of Mr. Khaja Khan, entitled *Wisdom of the Prophets*.

*yakunu fi ilmihi bi nafsiki bi munzilati ilmilla*, for both knowledges are from the same source though the knowledge of God is foremost and the knowledge of abd is a concession from Him. They are those who know by kashf, the stream of limitless states that pass over their *ayan-i-thabita*. Now we turn to gifts, which are either of Dhat or of asma. The gift of Dhat is a tajalli (illumination) of God; and this tajalli will be in the form, of which the illuminated had the capacity and not in any other form. Hence the illuminated sees his own form in the mirror of God, and does not see God. If you gaze into the mirror; the mirror disappears and you see your own form, the mirror being between the sight of the on-looker and the form. This is only an illustration of what takes place and not of the reality. This is the highest stage, to which the created can reach. Do not aspire to anything higher, and get puzzled, God is not in the higher reaches; all is blank there (*Ma badhu illa adumul mahaz*). In enabling you to see your nafs, he becomes your mirror; and in displaying His asma, you become His mirror. The mirror of Dhat is nothing less than the Reality. Those who remain quiet in this stage are The Seal of the Prophets and The Seal of Awliya. Other Prophets and Awliya see through the lights of these seals. Prophetship has end, and wilayat has no end. A Prophet has his outward ordinances (shariat) and a wali has no such ordinances; and he follows the shariat of the Prophet. The Seal of the Prophets was before the advent of all Prophets; for from his lamp all the other Prophets lighted their lamps. *Kuntu nabiyan wu Adama bynul mae wu tin*. "I was Prophet when Adam was still between mud and water," said the Holy Prophet (Peace be on him). So also is the case of the Seal of Awliya. Awliya are those who acquire the attributes of God being annihilated in their selves and permanent in God. Wilayat is one of the attributes of God, one of whose name is wali. The Prophet was wali Rasul and Nabi all combined and the Seal of the Awliya is only wali and waris (heir). Hence the Seal of the Prophet will open the door of Intercession. His stage is above that of all asma, the ism Rahman (the merciful) will not intercede before the ism Muntaqim (the avenger).

All the gifts of God are obtained from His asma—through His Blessings which are pure blessings. The ism Rahman gives such palatable food as will be free from blame on the day of Judgment, it also gives bitter medicine, which results in good health. God's asma are more innumerable than the sands on the seashore. Asma are only relationships of Dhat with particular attributes, which are only aspects of Dhat. Each ism is differentiated from another ism in manifestation; while in its internality, it is the same as the other. It is only owing to their innumerableness that there is no repetition of the gifts of the asma. This was the particular knowledge that was possessed by Seth. His soul helps the

people who take interest in such matters, except the Soul of the Prophet; for the latter's soul is the fountain-head from which all souls derive their inspiration and this fountain-head (Wahdat) is the internal stage and above the stages of asma. The Prophet is, on account of his station, cognizant of all asma, but on account of his physical body, is not cognizant, just as God possesses contradictory attributes Himself, like Zahir (external) and Batin (internal), Awwal (First) and Akhar (Last); and He is their reality. He is knowing and not knowing, seeing and not seeing, Seth possessed the key to this knowledge of gifts. Thus was Seth bestowed on Adam.

God gave Seth out of Seth's self *Al walalu sirrum li abihi* (the son is the secret of his father); the son remains hidden in the existence of his father and comes out in the form of a drop and becomes human in the form of his father. Thus whatever he had was from himself. There is nothing in a person from God or from another; it is all from himself. Things come to him in the shape of gifts from himself according to his aptitude. When a man of kashf sees a figure, which gives instruction in matters that he did not know before, that figure is from his own ayn (reality). It is just like his figure in the mirror, which appears oblong or round, larger or smaller according to the character of the mirror.

The variations are the gifts of one in whom the tajalli takes place—and whom we have compared to a mirror, and one who has understood this, understood his capacity to understand to accept the different figures, and he cannot understand in detail until after he has accepted the figures although before accepting, he understood this in the abstract. While people think that God does whatever He likes, they attribute such things to Him as are contrary to His ism Al Hakim (The wise) and therefore negate Possible Existence. People of real truth accept and prove Possible Existence which is the existence of God in the limitation of knowledge. The Possible is eternal without beginning (azali) as well as without end (abadi) in the view of Urufa (gnostics); but only eternal without end (abadi) in that of Mutakallimin (rationalists). Among mankind a male child will be born after the manner of Seth, and he will understand his secret and will become the seal of the generation of mankind; he will be twin-born with a female child who will be born first, the head of the male child being at the feet of the female child. This male child will be born in China, people will then become barren, although there will be abundance of marriages. This man will call the people towards God but they will not listen. The people will not observe *halal* and *haram* and will live like cattle and then there will be the day of Judgment.

NOTE.—This chapter of Fusus-ul-Hakim relates to gifts and the necessity of the same from God. The first gift to Adam was that of a knowledge of His asma. The Lord assembled the angels and said to them "I am going to

place in earth one who shall rule (in it)," they said, "What, wilt Thou place in it such an one as make mischief in it and shed blood." And He (the Lord) taught Adams the names of all things and presented them to angels, and said, "tell me the names of these, if you are right." They aid; "Glory be to Thee: we have no knowledge but only so much of it as Thou hast taught us. Thou art knowing and the Wise."

He said: "O Adam, inform them of their names." Then He informed them of their names;—\*

Adam was taught all the attributes and asma of God, manifest in himself and in the world around, while the angels had knowledge of particular asma of which they were manifestations.

\* \* \* \*

This gift of the knowledge of asma was bestowed particularly on Seth the son of Adam as a matter of grace and not in virtue of acquisition. *Al waladu sirrun li abih* (son is the secret of his father). The knowledge of the Dhat was not taught either to Adam (Humanity) or to the hierarchy of angels. Hidden behind the attributes is the Dhat. Man advances up to asma, and further up is the Dhat and in Dhat he sees his own face (reality) just as God sees Himself in the mirror of His asma. God becomes the mirror of abd just as abd becomes the mirror of God. This is the state of Transcendental wonder accruing from knowledge and not from ignorance. What one sees and speaks to, in this state is His own Namus (individualized ayn). The fire that spoke to Moses from the burning bush was his own NAMUS; for Moses had gone there in search of fire. The figure of His own ayn (reality) appeared before him and spoke to him on the mountain.

The Namus of the Prophet (Peace be on him), *i.e.*, his own AYN appeared before him in the night of Mairaj in the shape of a beardless youth (*amradin khatitt*). Each salik sees the figures of his own AYN at the time of ascent (*uruj*). Hence, it was said:—*Mon arafa nafsahu fa qad arafa Rabbahu*. He who understood his nafs understood his God.

The birds in Fariduddin Attar's allegory start on a long journey in search of Simurgh passing over high mountains and deep valleys, some drop off from the journey, some drop down by the wayside and only thirty of them reach the goal, to find that they themselves were the Simurgh (Thirty-birds).

The reality of AYAN alone remains;—

*Kullu mon alayha fan wu ya)qa wajhu rabbi ka dhul jalali wal kbaram.*

\*Suratu'l Baqara II, 30—33.

Everything is in state of annihilation, except the face of thy Lord, with His grace and glory.

The Mawlana says:

*kulli shayin halikum juz wajhi wu  
gur tui dar wajhi wu hasti maju.*

Everything is in annihilation except His face.

If you are in His face, do not seek existence.

This gazing into the face led the Chistiyya Order of sufis to gaze into the face of their Murshid, who is annihilated in the Prophet (Peace be on him), who in his turn is annihilated in the Dhat.

It is one thing to reach in one's suluk the partition that separates the Dhat from the AYAN and to find one's own AYN reflected back on one's vision and another to gaze on one's face in a mirror or in the face of one's Murshid, and to realize one's AYN in an atmosphere of artificiality. This latter practice is apt to leap to idolatry. To gaze into the face of Sri Krishna, and thus to find out their own AYN, the Rishis made idols of his likeness and worshipped them.

The realities of AYAN acquire shapes according to times and circumstances, beautiful or ugly and terrific as the case may be. The AYAN embody themselves first in the soul World (which is the World of absolute thought) and then in the Mithal World (which is the world of circumscribed thought). AYAN also take forms in real dreams.

God grants the prayer of Ayan according to their aptitudes and not arbitrarily, otherwise His ism Al-Hakim (the wise) will become null and void. The Ayan of abd are in the knowledge of God. Before they are individualized in knowledge, the known, knowledge and knower are the same. In the stage of Ahdiyyat, they are the aptitudes of the Dhat and are *ipso facto* the Dhat itself; after individualization, they take forms each individual Ayn, consisting of several forms. The forms in the Ayn of each individual are there from his conception to his disappearance from the material world (to take only the material world, apart from other worlds, into account) and the roll is unrolled, as the light of Existence falls on it. It is just like the figures on the films of a cinema. As the electric light falls on the unrolling film, the drama of life unfolds itself from beginning to end. If there is no light, the figures may be there; but still in adum (nothingness). The Ayan are there in the film of knowledge; and to them, on their supplication, God commands 'Be'; and they 'become.' Without supplication, God does not grant His gifts, for His name is Gani (independent). *allahu ghaniun un il ala min* (God is independent of both the Worlds).

There is thus life and death uninterruptedly succeeding each other, *Balhum fi labsin min khalagin jadid*. This is the spreading of Existence over Ayan as explained in the doctrine of Tajaddud-i-amthal. The limitations are in incessant change, and not the One under limitations.

When Existence manifests itself according to Ayan by means of Nafsi-Rahmani (the Holy Breath), the world appears.

The knowledge of God is eternal, for in the stage of Wadhat, it is the reality of the Dhat itself. It is not an addition on Dhat. Unless the Ayan are qadim (eternal from the view-point of beginning), knowledge cannot be from eternity. The Mutukallimin (the scholastics), however, say that knowledge is an addition, and its connection with Ayan is *haadith* (temporary). Ayan are, however, states in knowledge, *i.e.*, God's own predilections and aptitudes in the forms of thoughts.

Shayki-Akbar discusses how gifts are bestowed :—By vocal supplication, by attitudinal supplication, and by aptitudinal supplication. Prophets are the manifestation of particular asma. The Seal of the Prophets is the manifestation of the fountain head of all asma (in the stage of Wahdat or the Haqiqati Muhammadi.) Hence the one with collective names alone is fit to intercede for the World, for a Prophet who is the manifestations of the name Rahman only, for example, cannot intercede with the name Muntaqim (the Avenger). A Prophet is both a wali (one who has acquired proximity with God) and a messenger; while a wali is only the former, being annihilated in himself and being permanent by the attributes and Dhat of God. A Prophet is first a wali and then a rasul (messenger), one who brings down a shariat. The Prophet (Peace be on him) had thus wilayet in him in addition to prophetship and was the manifestation of all asma and hence his followers are addressed as the best of followers *kuntum khalaira ummatin ukharijat lin nas* (you are the best of followers who have arisen amongst mankind). The Seal of the Awliyya, Imam Mehdi has no shariat of his own, and will adopt that of the Seal of the Prophets. Seth is the manifestation of the names Wahab (gift-giver) and Futtah (opener); and his soul helps other souls in this matter, but not the soul of the Prophet (Peace be on him), which is Ruhi-Azam (the Great Soul), *i.e.*, the fountain-head of all souls. The soul of the Prophet derives its subsistence direct from God (Ahdiyyat).

Seth is the fountain-head of all tajallyat of Dhat and asma. Just as the world began with the twin-borns of Adam, so will it end with twin-borns (who will be born in China, *i.e.*, any country outside Arabia) and the race of mankind will come to an end for want of fecundity.

KHAJA KHAN

## THE ACHIEVEMENT OF PRINCE SHOTOKU 572–621 A.D.

### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DAWN OF BUDDHISM IN JAPAN

BY W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH

The progress of mankind is due to those who think and, of people who were given to that uncommon practice, it is not a very large number to whom the world owes more than it does to Prince Shotoku. In the mid-6th century

A.D., otherwise, on the eve of his birth, Japan was still essentially primitive, almost barbarous. Her religion was Shintō, or the Spirit Path, the central tenet of which lies in calling on men to pray to their own departed ancestors. As result of this belief, that the dead have power to help the living, much care was taken to placate the former; and frequently, rude figures of clay were set around the graves, to guard those interred. These figures were as yet, the sole sculpture in Japan; she had no painting, no literature; and the best of the Shintō fanes were mere thatched cottages. Even as the Spirit Path had not evoked any fine art, so too was the cult without any moral code. And it is the prime glory of Shotoku or the Taishi, which means Crown Prince, that he was the chief instrument in making the

Land of sunrise conversant with that fair Indian faith which is so appropriately called the Light of Asia.

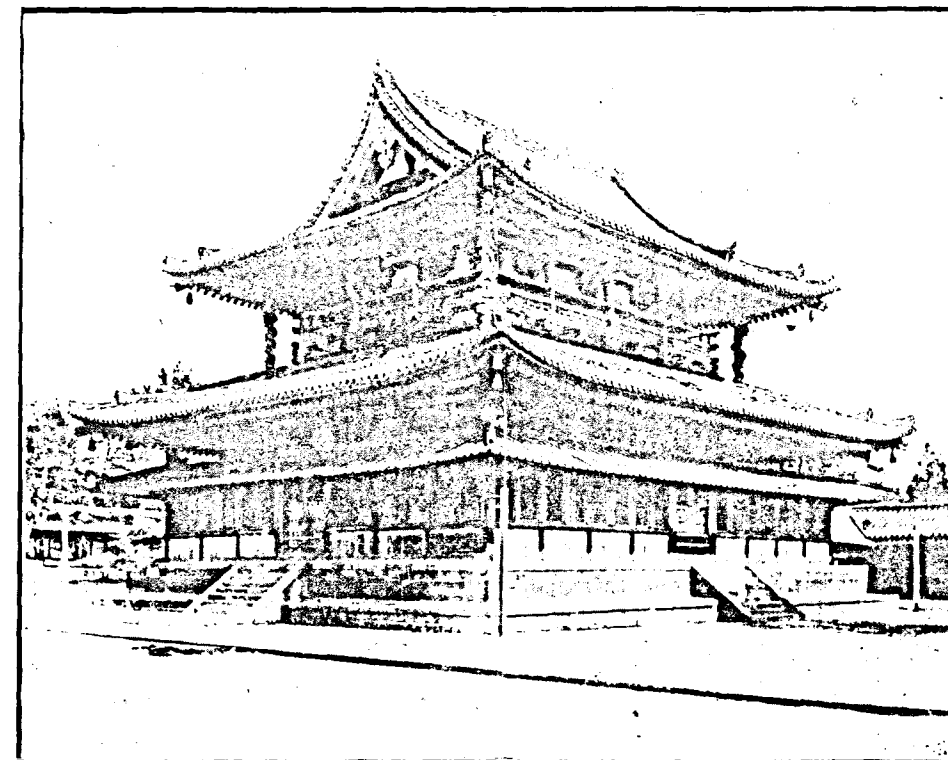
At the time under review, Korea was tolerably civilised. For the refining spell of Buddhism had lately taken firm hold with her, and she was becoming acquainted with Chinese culture, which was already an ancient thing. In 552, King Myong of Kudra, in Korea, sent to the reigning Mikado, Kimmei, a Buddhist sculpture, along with a letter extolling Buddhism. But its promulgation was resolutely opposed by the barons in the Island Empire; and it was but very slowly that a tiny number of people there espoused the foreign religion. Brawls between them and the conservatives upholding Shintō occasionally took place. And when the Mikado Yomei, though careful to say that he revered the Spirit

Path, spoke of feeling inclined to become a Buddhist, some of his countrymen were so shocked, that they stirred up an armed revolt against the crown. Manifestly, would the Light of Asia spread its beneficent rays through Nippon, the faith must have an enthusiastic apostle.

Brilliant from his childhood, the Crown Prince Shotoku was entrusted then to two foreign tutors, the one Chinese, the other Korean. It was the latter who poured into his ears, the wisdom of Buddhism, and shortly the boy's love of the Indian faith was a passion. His early marriage brought him several children, and his life was principally spent at Toyora, near Nara, the former place being in his day, the Japanese metropolis. In 593, he commenced to rule Nippon as Regent, a task which was doubly responsible, since as yet the country had not a representative government, and the crown was in actuality, the legislative force. The young Regent at once set himself, to improve conditions in his domain. And it was straightway evident, that he was determined to employ his authority, to bring the furtherance of Buddhism, into which task he hurled prodigious energies.

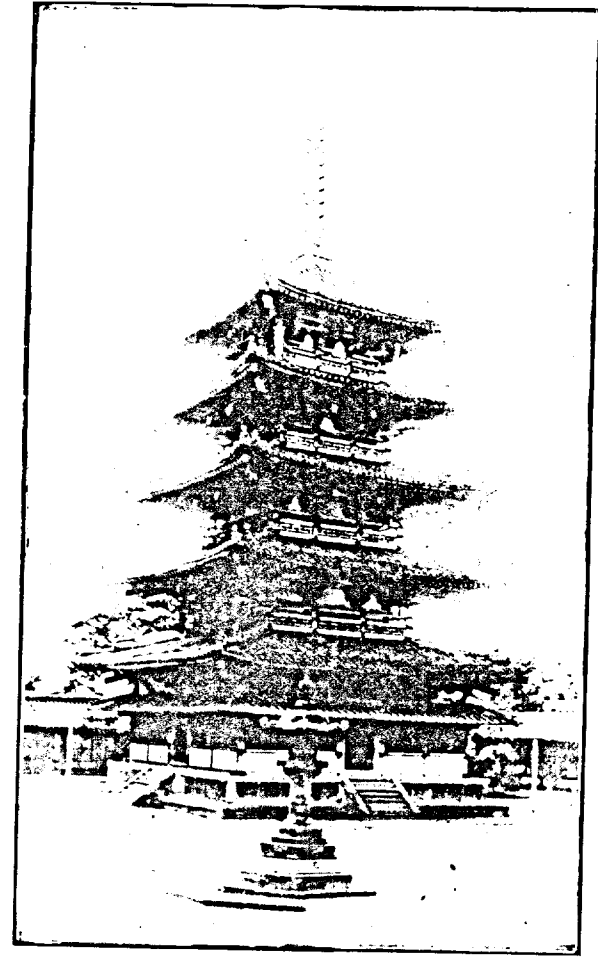
Shotoku organised a series of boards, one for instance to supervise the national revenue, another to tend the welfare of agriculture. He resolutely defended the masses against tyranny from the baronage; and he arranged this section of the community into six grades, to which he gave the designations: virtue, benevolence and propriety, sincerity, justice and wisdom. In this way, he adroitly informed the barons that, only if worthy to bear one of these honourable names, were they entitled also to possess rank and lands. Noble is that noble does, the Prince might have said. On his coming to power, a quarrel was going on between Shiragi and Mimana, two countries in Korea, and a Japanese force was on the point of setting off to help Shiragi. Insisting that an embassy, not soldiers, should be sent, the Taishi furthermore contrived to bring peace between the two countries. This intervention in Korea brought him into collision with China, and now he gave proof that, like all talented men, he had the "noble virtue misnamed pride." For he wrote a letter to the Chinese court, beginning: "The monarch of the land, where the sun comes forth, begs to address the monarch of the land where the sun sets." And these words implied that Japan was a country, no less important in international politics than her big neighbour. The youthful Regent was the first Japanese ruler, to approach China in a mode with that implication. And the Chinese Emperor tore up the missive furiously, which demonstrates well how bold the words were thought.

It was among the Taishi's steps, to ordain that the Buddhist Scriptures should be expounded throughout Nippon. Many were the fanes of Buddhism which were established by him, for example, Tennōji, Osaka; and he instituted



CENTRAL HALL OF WORSHIP, HORIJI

Nara, Japan



PAGODA AT HORIUJI *Nara, Japan.*

under its administration, a home for widows and orphans, a hospital, and a dispensary. But of temples of the Light of Asia, the one in which he took the keenest interest was Hōriuji, near Nara. Tradition maintains that, in his desire to be able to supervise personally the raising of this place of worship, he served a brief apprenticeship in various handicrafts. He contrived to bring Korean artificers to help him in his task; in consequence, Hōriuji is in general style, similar to the coeval, analogous structures in Korea and China; and apparently, it was the earliest temple in Japan to reflect that similarity. There is a cluster of buildings, which include a pagoda; everywhere, the roofs are covered with tiles in dark-grey, almost black; and throughout the cluster, the walls are in whitish plaster with woodwork painted crimson. It was Shotoku's dream, to see in this hall of prayer a fine sculpture; he gave the commission to Tōri Busshi, whose grandfather was a Chinaman who had settled in Nippon. And the resultant work by Tōri, a bronze group, is among the first sculptures wrought in Japan, in the mode of contemporaneous Buddhist art by Chinese and Koreans. How wonderful this new and beautiful bronze image must have seemed to people accustomed to the rude clay figures which the Shintōists had set around the graves! How marvellous the fair buildings of Hōriuji must have appeared to men and women who had seldom or never looked on finer architecture than the mere cottages which were the best fanes of the Spirit Path!

Prince Shotoku was a musician, his flute being even yet conserved at Tennōji, aforementioned. It is only from the written word, that it is known he was a painter, for no pictures by him are still extant. And although a great many Buddhist sculptures are ascribed to him, seemingly there is only one, which careful native archæologists are agreed is his originally fashioned for the convent of Chuguji, Nara, it is to-day kept in the Imperial Museum, Tōkyō. The subject is Kwannon, the Buddhist goddess of compassion, the work being life-sized, and carved in dark-brown wood. It is among the most beautiful of all Japanese images, grace of line being perhaps its main quality. And, like the group which Tōri Busshi executed for Hōriuji, the sculpture by Shotoku is in style, allied with the Buddhist art of Korea and China, in the Prince's own time.

It has been seen that one of the Taishi's tutors was a Chinaman, and it was the Chinese tongue which the Japanese Prince employed in his literary exploits. In collaboration with a friend, Soga, he wrote a history of Japan, the manuscript being destroyed in a conflagration, a few years after the royal historian's death. Later still, namely at the outset of the 8th century, there was compiled by a group of scholars, at the Court of the Island Empire, the *Nihongi*, or Chronicle of Japan. This work is in Chinese, and it is widely held that the Chronicle was largely based on transcripts which had been made of the history by

Shotoku, during or soon after his lifetime. The *Nihongi* includes a brief poem by him, in which he laments the death of a vagrant whom he had succoured. And the Taishi was author of a series of maxims on legislation, which may be read in the *Dai Nihonshi*, or History of Great Japan, a work in Chinese which was compiled by a group of Japanese writers, in the 17th century. In the maxims, the Prince expatiates, on the need of provincial governors being selected, exclusively by reason of their wisdom; he dilates on the need of men being chosen for state positions, instead of such being chosen for men; he extols politeness as one of the prime secrets of harmony. Nor does he fail to express his devotion to Buddhism, which he speaks of as the best religion the world has known. It was part of the Regent's way of fostering the creed, to lecture at court on the Buddhist Scriptures, also to write essays on the same. And, in quite recent years, there has appeared a book by Dr. Kumē, *Jōgutaishi Jitsuroku*, or Annals of the Instruction-giving Crown Prince, wherein are set forth certain of Shotoku's studies, in the sacred writings of his religion.

In eagerness to help in the spread of Buddhism in Japan, there journeyed thither the Korean Prince Asa. He appears to have been a grandson of the Kudara potentate, Myong of happy memory, and a friendship sprang up between the Korean visitor and Shotoku. The bond between them was not purely their mutual devotion to the Light of Asia, for Asa like the Taishi was an artist. And it is to this Korean Prince there is commonly ascribed, the picture of the Japanese Regent with two of his sons. Parent though Shotoku was, it is told of him, in *Tsurē Dsurē Gusa*, or Gleanings from Leisure, by Yoshida Kenkō (1283—1350) that he expressed a hope to die childless. It must be understood that, according to Shintō's belief, such death was exceedingly unfortunate. For whoso passed without children, would have no one to venerate him thereafter, no one to tend his welfare after decease, as by putting rude clay figures around his grave. And it may be assumed that, in speaking as he did, the Taishi desired to utter his contempt for tenets which to him seemed mere vulgar superstitions, typical of primitive man. He was never crowned, being still only Regent on his death, whereupon his compatriots began to weave around his name a legion of fabulous tales. It was declared that, on the eve of his birth, an angel had come to his mother, telling her that her child was destined to teach the whole world. It was recounted that, on the lady being delivered, she knew a sensation of physical pleasure, instead of pain. But it should be well borne in mind, that myths like these are not woven about men without plenty cause. And the story that on Shotoku's death the common people, passionately lamenting him, lost for a while the sense of taste, could hardly have grown current had not the Taishi's administration as Regent been indeed successful, bringing much benefit throughout his country.

In the middle ages the priest, Shinran Shōnin (1174—1268), founder of a new Buddhist church, the True Sect of Heaven, wrote a volume of hymns, of which is one in homage to Shotoku. In the 17th century, there was written a biography of the Prince, *Daishiden*, on the Life of the Great Teacher, among statements herein being, that the Regent granted to painters of pictures, immunity from taxation. This demonstrates that, although seemingly no Japanese works of the brush, which date from his time, are still extant, there was being made in Nippon then, irrespective of Shotoku's own, vanished pictures, a start in painting. By the 8th century, the art had reached excellence in the land; coevally, her sculpture soared to its golden age; her literature commenced with this same epoch; and it saw the raising of many Buddhist temples, in the style of Hōriuji. For the Japanese of the upper classes had by now, mostly espoused Buddhism; and similar acceptance on the part of the masses took place, as the 9th century dawned. A country, of late quite primitive, almost barbarous, had been transformed into a realm, in civilisation fully abreast of the Asiatic mainland. Truly, Prince Shotoku had triumphed.

Soon after the middle of the eighteen-hundreds, Japan took a curious step, for she announced that her state religion is Shintō. It is difficult to forgive her, for thus showing a lack of respect for that Indian faith, whose advent to the land was the basis, directly or indirectly, of all the lovely things which Japanese artists wrought, between the 7th century and late in the 19th. It will now be clear, how vast is the debt which the world owes to Prince Shotoku, one of the most compelling figures in the whole history of the Orient. And sometimes, to-day, when wandering in and around Nara, it cannot but be felt that the brilliant, versatile Regent is even yet alive, still venting his colossal energies, on behalf of the Light of Asia.

W. G. BLAIRIE MURDOCH

## THE MODERN THEATER AND HISTRIONIC ART IN GERMANY

BY BERNARD HELD

*Stage Manager and Principal of the Reinhardt Theatrical School.\**

German histrionic art is young. It is scarcely 200 years old. It has no such great traditions as the English theater has inherited from Elizabethan times or the French theater from the days of Molière; but it has with energy shaken off the shackles of foreign influence and developed a vigorous line of its own. It has traversed some long stages in its journey; first, from the days of Caroline Neuber to Goethe's theater in Weimar; thence to Laube's Burg Theater and the Court Theatrical Company of Meiningen which gave birth to stage management; afterwards came the liberation from the mannerisms of the 19th century which had to make way for freedom of gesture and of speech. The close of the last century saw a fresh development under Brahm, which paved the way for Max Reinhardt who, in the opening years of the present century, consolidated the preceding styles. Reinhardt combined delight in colour and sound and the love of truth to nature so characteristic of the Meiningen school with Brahm's veneration for the text of the poet and his severe naturalness. Like Brahm, he tolerated no false artificiality of tone or gesture; but he also banned false scenery and made it harmonize with the human elements of the stage.

Efforts to supersede Reinhardt are not wanting. The Russian theater, affected by the strongest political revolution, has commenced the most far-reaching demolition of all artistic forms and has given rise to a new movement. Tairoff and Maierhold wish to liberate the stage. Under the influence of the Russian theater and the plastic arts, a theatrical style called expressionism made its appearance in Germany. It constituted an interesting experiment, but it lacked realism and, true to its transitional character, it has become a thing of yesterday.

However, there is no lack of creative minds in the German theatrical world at the present time. Among the managers who have inspired the stage

\* The writer has been, for more than 25 years, a standing collaborator of the world-famous theater manager, Max Reinhardt—Ed.

with new life, the most prominent is Herr Leopold Jessner of the Berlin State Theater. Though benefiting to the full by Reinhardt's pioneer work, he nevertheless goes his own road. Whereas Reinhardt, with his inexhaustible and untamable fancy, ignores all bounds, Jessner, urged by a desire to reduce everything to the simplest formula seeks to set limits and to condense stage ideas, both in scenic effect and in linguistic expression. Continuing the decanonization of poets begun by Gerhart Hauptmann in his production of Wilhelm Tell, he claims, for the stage manager, the most unfettered liberty to adapt the poet's work to the ideas of the living generation. In contradistinction to Reinhardt, for whom art is its own end and aim, Jessner regards the stage as the arena of philosophy—as the political instrument of the State and of its constitution. In doing so, he can cite as a prototype the theater of Shakespeare's time, whose stage reflected the political life of the Elizabethan period. In this matter, indeed, Jessner is outstripped by Erwin Piscator, an exceptionally capable histrionic artist who goes so far as to turn the stage into a tribunal and enlist it in the service of a political doctrine.

Two other exceedingly prominent stage managers are Karlheinz Martin and Jürgen Fehling, to whom the German theater is indebted for copious innovations in the shape of performances of the intensest concentration. But creativeness, activity and re-animation are not confined to Berlin. The number of outstanding stage managers and actors in Germany is much too great for Berlin to absorb more than a comparatively small proportion. Among the leading theaters outside the metropolis, mention may be made of the Frankfort Playhouse managed by Herr Weichert, and among the smaller theaters, the excellently conducted one at Gera. The younger generation of actors is so numerous that the majority of those who have attained fame in recent years cannot find room in Berlin; they have therefore formed companies of their own with which they travel from town to town throughout the country.

■ Serious work is also done by the leading theatrical schools. The chief of these are the State School and the "Deutsches Theater" School in Berlin. Similar institutes are also attached to the theaters in Frankfort, Cologne and Leipzig.

In order to promote histrionic research and the study of the theory of dramatic art, chairs have been established at several Universities, e.g., Berlin, Kiel, Cologne, Munich and Frankfort; they serve to produce thoroughly trained experts. Thus everywhere life and development are visible. The projected Histrionic Exhibition at Magdeburg is intended to provide an epitome of every phase of theatrical life at the present day.

The consolidation of economic conditions, upon which the theater depends, will lead to a consolidation of the theater itself. The future belongs, not to any merely liberated, ecstatic or constructive theater, but to the theater which is most deeply human. It is this living human element which, like a magnet, has ever attracted humanity to the theater; and it is this direct, human magnetism, this irreplaceable something which makes the theater imperishable; and just for this reason, broadcasting and filming, wonderful and indeterminable as their possibilities unquestionably are, can never seriously jeopardize the stage and its living cast.

BERNARD HELD

## Three Poems

### THE LEADER

Lamp of my dream, O lodestar of my Vision!  
Hope of my ancient land!  
Hold her high faith, her fate, her sword, her banner,  
Victorious in thy hand!

Heedless alike of Time's tumultuous menace,  
Life's meed of pain or praise,  
Unquelled by doubt, unconquered by disaster,  
Tread your triumphant ways.

O'er lonely peaks and dread abysmal valley  
To Freedom's shining goal . . .  
I come, I come, where'er you call I follow  
Sweet beacon of my Soul!

## THE LONELY CHILD

Silver Star!  
O will you be my Mother?  
Will you stay with me  
And kiss me on the black night when I cry?  
Laughing Wind!  
I want you for my brother,  
Will you play with me,  
And tell me stories of the Sea and Sky.

Sometimes, you know  
O Wind! I am so lonely,  
O Star! I am afraid  
Of sounds and creeping shadows on the wall.  
God they say  
Loves little Children, only  
I wish that He had made  
Someone to love me and to hear me call!

Birds and bees  
And flowers have one another,  
The lambkin and the lark,  
The grey mouse and the squirrel and the deer.  
Does God forget  
How much I need a mother  
To hold me in the dark  
And whisper lovely secrets in my ear?

## KASHMERI SONG

### WHEREIN THE POET ARRAIGNS THE SPRING

*(Dedicated to Ruthie Jinnah.)*

#### I

O Spring how you grieve me!  
Would you deceive me with praise of your fragile  
Miraculous Art?  
Where did you copy  
Your tulip and poppy if not from the red flowering  
Wounds in my heart?

#### II

Who set the sweet fashion  
Of lyrical passion and taught your winged Songsters  
Their tremors and trills  
Of high haunting beauty?  
Who trained to the duty of laughing adventure  
Your river and rills?

#### III

Who lent the bright Cluster  
Of Pleiades their lustre, and hills their soft hues,  
Like wild lilac in bloom?  
Are you beholden  
To none for the golden rich pattern that jewels  
The wood-pheasant's plumes?

#### IV

O Spring I have caught you!  
Who would have thought you a traitor denying  
My Script and my Scroll  
Whereby you moulded  
And subtly enfolded your world in the dyes  
And the dreams of my Soul?

SAROJINI NAIDU

## DEVELOPMENT OF MALAYALAM PROSE

BY K. P. PADMANABHA PILLAI

As in the case of most literatures, in Malayalam also the development of poetry preceded that of prose. Indeed, prose is a comparatively recent development in Malayalam literature, almost confined to the last 50 years. Malayalam prose is therefore essentially modern both in structure and in spirit, as well as in its outlook on life. It is also worthy of note that unlike Malayalam poetry, the creative impulse in Malayam prose came from English, Bengali and other modern languages and not from Sanskrit.

The earliest known types of Malayalam prose are to be found in the Royal Charters inscribed on copper plates given by the Kings of Kerala, known by the name of "Perumals," to the Jews, Christians and others. The language used, is of the simplest possible character. In fact, they are nothing but a catalogue of names loosely welded together by means of a few verbs here and there. The ideas expressed are also very simple. Indeed it is clear that the prose, as it then existed, was incapable of expressing any but the simplest of ideas. There is no doubt that at this time most of the thinking and writing was done in poetry and not in prose which was still in a rudimentary condition.

The next thing that we get in the nature of Malayalam prose is the *Granthavaris* or family chronicles kept by the various Rajas and even by the more important tarwads and temples. The prose style is not yet far advanced from that of the copper plates, and it need not detain us long. The prose has not yet come to its own.

Even in that glorious period of Malayalam literature extending over the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the age which produced Thunchen and Kunchen, it must be admitted that prose was still in an undeveloped condition. None of the master minds of the period devoted any attention to the formation and development of good prose style, in spite of the admitted need for literary prose at least in the case of the *Champus*.

गद्यपद्यमयंकाव्यं चंपूरित्यभिधीयते.

[A literary work in which poetry and prose are mixed, is called a *Champu*.]

That is to say, *Champu* is a species of poetry in which prose passages, are interspersed with verses and the two are blended together into a harmonious whole. But the prose employed in the *Champus* is hardly distinguishable from poetry both in its rhetorical and literary aspects. In its general structure and rhythm it closely resembles some of the indigenous Malayalam metres, and its style, if anything, is even more ornate and flowery than the verses found in the same works. It is, however, not correct to say that all the *Champu* writers have used the same style of poetic prose. In the case of some writers, as in the case of the author of *Usha Kalyanam Champu*, the prose is more akin to modern prose, as he has completely abandoned the peculiar rhythm characteristic of *Champu* prose. But even in his case the ideas and the method of expression are more poetic than prose, although there is some advance even in this direction. It may not be quite out of place here to give one example of the style of prose used by the *Champu* writers. Here is a passage from *Bhasha Naishadha Champu* describing the state of the country under the ideal rule of King Nala.

चित्रमितेकालिनियुं परयां  
मित्रापाये हित्वाक्रमुदं चित्तानन्दं वन्नीलार्कं  
दोषागमने शशधरनेत्ये तोषं कण्ठीलार्कमोरुन्नाल्  
मिन्नुकटकलिलेत्येयोरुनाल् पोन्नूदण्डं कण्ठीलैडुं  
भारतचरितं तन्निलोपिञ्जोरु कर्णछेदं केट्टीलार्कं  
रामकथायामेन्नितापिञ्जोरु दूषणचरितं केट्टीलैडुं  
वर्णविलोपं व्याकरणत्तिल् तन्नेकेवलमुड्डु केल्पान्  
हस्तिकदंबंहित्वाभूमौ मत्ततपूण्डु नटन्नीलार्कं  
मेलंकोलुं चमरमृगाणां बालविनाशं केवलमासीत्  
पुरिकुपल्लनिरकलिलोपिये वयूनां परमारुकुटिलत नैवधरायां  
कलमृदुमोषिमार् मिपिकलिलोपिये कलवुकलुंभुविकाण्मान् नहि नहि  
पृथ्वीचक्रेदारव्यस्थिति मुग्धाक्षीणां मध्येकेवलं  
इत्थंवाप्नुकिलेत्त सहस्रं पृथ्वी नाथचरित्त विशेषं

[Now I shall relate something more wonderful ; at the loss of *mitra* (meaning the sun or friend) no one was pleased except the waterlilies (which blossoms at night) : so there was no treachery in those days At the approach of *dosha* (meaning night or evil) no one was ever pleased except the moon (which shines only at night) : so no one was addicted to evil in those days. There was no golden *dandam* (meaning punishment or stick) to be found anywhere except in the shining umbrella (which has its handle stick): so there were no offences in

those days which necessitated the infliction of heavy fines. Except in the Mahabharata story no one ever heard of loss of *karna* (meaning the ear or the warrior Karna who was killed in that great war): so there were no serious crimes in those days which required the cutting-off of the ear which was a form of punishment for serious offences. Except in the Ramayana no where was to be heard a story of *dooshana* (meaning defamation or the giant Dooshana who was killed by Sri Rama): so no one spoke ill of others in those days. Loss of *varna* (meaning letter or caste) is to be heard of only in the grammar (where one letter may change into another or even be lost when words and expressions are joined together): so no one did anything against the rules of his caste which was supposed to be meritorious in those days. Except the mad elephant no one walked about in a state of *matthatha* (intoxication or the mad fury of the elephant): so people were not addicted to drink in those days. None, but the beautiful "Chamara Mriga" (an animal found in the Himalayas with long hairy tails) lost its *bala* (meaning infant or the tail): so there was no infantile mortality in those days. Except in the long tresses of the women, there was no *kutilatha* (meaning curved or not straight) to be found anywhere in the country: so the women of the land had beautiful hair and all the people were straightforward and honest. *Kalavu* or unsteadiness is to be found only in the eyes of the soft and sweet-voiced maidens of the land: so there was no falsewood or unsteadiness in the country and the women had liquid unsteady eyes which is supposed to denote beauty and modesty. *Daradryam* or poverty is to be found in the world, only in the waist of the pretty damsels of the day and nowhere else: so poverty was unknown in those days and the whole population was prosperous; also the women were all narrow-waisted and beautiful. If I begin to say like this there are thousands of things to be narrated concerning the wonderful story of the reign of that king (Nala).]

Surely this is more like poetry than like prose as we understand it at the present day; and it is clear that the authors of these *Champus* were forced to use such a hybrid style of prose, because as yet there was no genuine prose style recognised as such and capable of expressing difficult and complicated ideas.

There was practically no Malayalam prose worth the name until the latter part of the 19th century when the great Kerala Varma, who initiated the modern period in Malayalam literature, began to tackle seriously the problem of the formation of a sound prose style for the language. Kerala Varma may well be regarded as the father of Malayalam prose. With infinite patience he began to work in collaboration with a number of others, and within a short space of time succeeded in converting the then existing crude and rudimentary style of

prose into a genuinely sound prose style capable of expressing even the most profound and complicated scientific and philosophical ideas.

About the year 1867, the Travancore Government constituted a Book Committee for editing Malayalam books for the use of Vernacular schools, and Kerala Varma was appointed President of that Committee. This gave him the opportunity to introduce the prose style developed by him into the Vernacular schools and thus secure it permanent and universal recognition. The style thus became standardised, and the work of subsequent writers became comparatively easy. More than a dozen books were compiled or translated by the Book Committee. Every one of them shows the imprint of Kerala Varma's touch, and is remarkable for purity and clearness of style. *Vijnana Manjari* and *Mahacharita Samgraham* are worthy of special notice as they are commonly used as text-books in schools even at the present day. The then reigning Maharaja of Travancore, Ayilyam Thirunal, seems to have taken a great part in encouraging the development of prose literature. The formation of the Book Committee was only one such act in that direction. He has himself written a story book called *Meenaketana Charitam* which is quite good reading.

Kerala Varma has also written a story book called *Akbar* on the model of the English historical novels, and this work may be regarded as the first novel in Malayalam literature, although it lacks some of the characteristics of a true novel. The style used in *Akbar* is correct and dignified with a leaning towards Sanskrit, typical of Kerala Varma. *Kundalata* of Appu Nedungadi which soon afterwards made its appearance is regarded as the first true novel in Malayalam. The plot is simple and the language is common. In fact, there is nothing specially worthy of notice in it, except its historical importance in a branch of literature which became highly developed in the course of less than a generation.

Among novel writers, the two names that stand out prominently over all others, are those of Chandu Menon and C. V. Raman Pillai. Chandu Menon who was the earlier of the two, has two works to his credit, *Indulekha* and *Sarada*. *Indulekha* is rather a commonplace novel, but it is very popular among the people as it exposes in a humorous way some of the then pressing evils of Nayar society. *Sarada* is more profound in conception, and it would undoubtedly have been a real work of art if it was completed, but unfortunately the author died without completing it and all attempts up to this time to complete the work have been failures. Chandu Menon's language is lucid and plain. It is easily understood by all. There is no doubt that Chandu Menon will always have an honoured place among Malayalam novelists.

We next come to C. V. Raman Pillai the greatest of Malayalam novelists. He may be truly compared to the English Novelist Scott in the profundity of his

conceptions and the vigour of his style. Like Scott, Raman Pillai is also essentially a historical novelist. In artistic excellence and in the power and clearness of his descriptions as well as in the delineation of human character, C. V. Raman Pillai has no equal. He has written three historical novels: *Martanda Varma*, *Dharmaraja* and *Rama Raja Bahadur*, and also a social novel called *Premamrutam* depicting the pure limitless love of a young aristocrat and a beautiful, but humble girl. Each one of these is a masterpiece in itself and will be an ornament to any literature. The historical novels are well worthy of being placed beside those of the author's spiritual master, Scott. In character portraiture he is simply wonderful. C. V. Raman Pillai's characters seem to be actually moving before us, and they invariably impress us with their personality. So great is his power of realism. His female characters are usually charming and adorable. They exhibit a certain boldness, dignity and reserve peculiar to the women of Kerala. When we have finished reading the works of this literary giant, we feel sorry that he has not given us some more of the same stuff; what further testimony can we have of the value of his work?

Large numbers of novels are being published every year by the various printing and publishing houses for meeting the ever-increasing demands of the reading public. Several of them are original works, but many are translations from English as well as from Bengali and other modern Indian languages. Most of them, however, have no permanent literary value and therefore we need not refer to them in detail within the short compass of this article.

The very large number of newspapers and magazines characteristic of this age, also greatly assisted the formation and development of Malayalam prose. This is specially the case with magazines, several of which are devoted exclusively to the pursuit of literary activities. The magazines have greatly encouraged literary criticism and usually publish valuable articles on various phases of literary activity. They have also encouraged the development of a kind of short story which has become an unavoidable feature of every Malayalam magazine.

Various scientific and historical works are also rapidly enriching the prose literature of the language. The historical works of A. Gopal Menon of the Trivandrum College deserve special mention on account of their purity and clearness of style over and above their historical value. Biography is another branch of prose literature which is rapidly coming into prominence. The *Vyazhava Smanakal* (12 years' reminiscences) by Srimati T. B. Kalyani Amma (Madam K. Ramakrishna Pillai) will probably fall within this group, although it is partly auto-biographical. This work stands far above all others of its kind in its touching pathos and intense realism. The language employed is also chaste

and forceful. The story is the heroic struggle which the author and her husband had to wage for nearly 12 years against overwhelming odds, after the latter's deportation by the Travancore Government. This wonderful book contains very many lessons to the younger generation in self-help, self-respect and self-reliance.

Other prominent prose writers that deserve mention are P. K. Narayana Pillai, K. Ramakrishna Pillai, Appan Tampuran. The most valuable portion of their work consists of essays and articles dealing with various literary and other subjects. The *Prasanga Tharangini* of P. K. Narayana Pillai, contains some of the finest specimens of Malayalam prose. Appan Thampuran has also written a novel called *Bhuta Rayar* which reminds one of Kerala Varma's *Akbar* more than anything else.

To sum up, Malayalam prose is now, thanks to the devoted labours of Kerala Varma and his successors, a fully developed vehicle capable of expressing scientific, literary, philosophical and political ideas. But it must be admitted that prose literature in Malayalam is still in its infancy and very probably we have not yet got the best out of it. It is worthy of note that the history and development of Malayalam prose and of Malayalam poetry are often divergent in their aims and spiritual impulses. Malayalam poetry is intended to cater to the cultured few while Malayalam prose is primarily destined to appeal to the masses. Further, Malayalam poetry takes its inspiration from Sanskrit, whereas Malayalam prose is greatly indebted to, and takes its inspiration from, English more than from any other source. It is also true to say that most of the people who have been, and who are still, enriching the prose literature, are English-educated people and not those who are the inheritors of our ancient culture. However, even the spiritual impulses animating Malayalam prose are approximating to a new synthesis as a result of the impact of other modern Indian languages. The tidal wave of nationalism which has been recently surging across India, from end to end, is having its influence on literature, particularly on prose literature which is the vehicle to appeal to the masses. One can only speculate on the ultimate results of this new spiritual impulse. But it is clear from all appearance that the effect on the infant prose literature will be more fundamental than on the more mature poetical branch. In any event it is certain that the new impulse will all be to the good, and that Malayalam literature and particularly Malayalam prose will be greatly benefited in the future as a result of this new impulse and the creative energy accompanying the same.

K. P. PADMANABHA PILLAI

## ABHANGAS

[We publish below the second instalment of Mr. Vinod's own translation of his Marathi poems. The translation, according to Dr. Tagore, "seems to have preserved the elegance, and the terse pictographic thought of the original." He offers his "genuine appreciation of the literary beauty which characterises these Abhangas. . . . which are deep flashes of concentrated thought."—*Ed.*]

Mine is the religion of service.

I pray for an immortality—just to serve  
those who are servants, just to be a slave  
of those who are enslaved.

I realise my freedom in the chains of my fellow-beings.  
I discover my God in those whom God has forsaken.

Mystery is the mother of delight.  
The too much visible cannot be beautiful  
to the sight.

Truth must be progressively discovered.  
Beauty should be partially disclosed  
God will be gradually realised.

We embraced each other—the earth and myself.  
She clasped me close to her inmost soul and I  
clasped her vast heart upon mine.

It was all a game of love and people called it  
a burial of my body.

The lamp of my consciousness has lit up  
the whole universe.  
The truth in my being has given a meaning  
to the whole objective existence.

The song in my lips has created a harmony  
in the outside world of facts.

A luminous shadow sat dreaming on  
my mind.

Its imperceptible outlines seemed to pass  
out into all the ten directions of space  
into all the three directions of time : the present,  
the past and the future.

JULY—OCT. 1927]

AMHANGAS

201

It was a thirst that grew more and more  
intense with every new sip of the nectar.  
It was a painful song that grew increasingly  
sweet with ever more listening.  
It was my own soul—that achieved a greater  
freedom with every bond of flesh.

Was it all a folly to love persons and things?  
I entered Truth from beneath the arch of errors.  
I learned to love the Infinite through my  
mistaken personal attachments.

It was a beautiful crime—  
To embrace this paradox of personal existence and  
to forget my own Absolute character.

Even our saddest songs are sweet because they are ours.  
Self is the only source of happiness.  
The more of self, the more of sweetness.  
Sadness absorbs us most and hence it is most sweet.

Reason is my only guide.  
She has asked me to realise the Infinite in an imaginative  
knowledge.  
She stood at the parting of my ways and pointed  
out to me the abode of the Infinite.

The most intense pleasure of sense is death.  
The darkest sin is to think of a god other than myself.  
The most vulgar folly is to speak of a soul  
other than the body.

The greatest sacrilege is to believe in a religion  
Other than that of sheer physical pleasures.

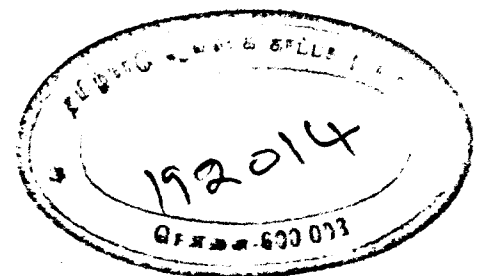
This awakening dawned upon me after I ceased  
to exist.

This lustre has blinded my sight as it were.  
What is this experience?

Whose is it?

And why?

This Hope is the caste-mark—the third eye on  
the forehead of my life.



To meet you in a world of Infinite Nothingness  
This is my one ideal—Oh ! God.

Beneath my Self there is a bed of dust, my body.  
Beside the bed burns the candle light of my  
love for you—Oh ! God.  
In that translucent light I saw this Universe !  
But now—my loved Self is tired of that experience.  
It is closing its eyes to open them upon the  
higher Dream-world of the Infinite.

Oh ! Almighty will—  
Do not paint my forehead with success.  
Let me ever lie at the feet of the Infinite—distressed  
and disappointed.  
Let me worship her with a tear-washed garland  
of failures.

Like a breeze only this desire crosses my mind  
now and again.  
I should be absorbed into the Infinite Truth.  
With every attempt to step forward I am startled  
back into my own being—I cannot travel out  
into this world of finitude.

I burnt up my body into a flame  
And tried to seek truth in its light.  
The God-jewel is lost just here  
When shall I get it—if not now ?

All finite appearances have started  
the search after the Infinite hidden  
in their own being. But how can  
the eye look at its own pupil ?

The universe is dark and I myself am blind.  
How and where shall I stir ?  
I stumbled upon a million of gods, who were also  
lumps of darkness.  
How and where shall I stir ?  
How and where is the light ?

If you are God you will not like to be worshipped  
by me.

If I am devil I will not like to worship you.  
What we like decides our nature.

God is not an Ideal Being  
He is an actual Entity.  
I am an ideal abstraction—he is the Perfect Reality.

I pray you to deny me the fruition of my prayers—Oh God.  
If I cease to pray, I myself will be God  
If God is moved by just a prayer He will  
be worse than a man.

O ! God, I am seeking you for ever, and you  
escape my grasp.

I am waiting for a time when I will escape.  
Your embrace and you will seek me ever after.

O Future—I have killed thee now :  
I have no desires left.  
How shall I know thee henceforth ?  
If I have no hope—how shall I have  
a future ?

The Gate-way of my temple is closed.  
The soul-goddess is asleep.  
She will dream for a while—will imagine herself  
to be a finite.

Then once more she will realise the Infinite Awakening  
My breath flings out this fragrance from out my soul.  
Truth has blossomed now in my inner garden.  
O ! world—pause a while and listen to my strains.

Those feelings started from your eyes to fathom  
my heart, but,

O ! my Beloved—my heart is just there in your eyes.  
A small fear chants its voice.  
I hesitate.

A light only shows that there is all dark within and without.

On the vast altar of my mind the flame of truth is  
burning ever bright.

The oblation of my desires I place before that  
Fire-God !

These waves of consciousness should vanish at last  
on the shore of nothingness.

This God-Love should flower into a zero-love.

This joy should culminate into a mindlessness.

The Present—when shall it end?

This ever-turning wheel of evolution when shall it  
come to a standstill?

Let me step now and here in the final future

Let me see truth in its perfected shape.

I can wait no more—no more would I wander  
in the little dream-world of illusions.

Yours and mine Dream

Sprinkled with the self-same shewn of Infinite lustre  
which streams down into my songs of sorrow  
and your smiles of delight.

The world shall treasure both my strains and  
your smiles—O! Beloved Infinite.

How shall I be free?

I am eternally caged in my own neighbourhood.

I find me everywhere I pause.

O, who can save me from my own friendship?

The path was seen carved behind my footsteps.

I saw—and the visible world was born.

Logic followed as I tried to think.

Life came to me with breathing.

Knower is born in the act of knowing.

Work is the creator of its author!

In the whole Reality of the Universe let my  
partial being be lost.

O God I cannot desire to be immortal.

A note is sweet for the fractional character  
it has in the full harmony, and its  
isolated continuance would make it meaningless.

Even so my personal immortality would be  
my real lifelessness.

The death of my self is the most genuine form  
of Immortality.

The Ideals I searched for and realised  
were born of my flesh-desires!

The Joy of God-worship proved to be a thick self-deception!

Word that seemed to be pregnant with truth was  
just a vacant voice!!

The fruition of my knowledge was just one Despair:  
I can never know this Universe.

The only joy I gathered was:  
Life is perfectly joy-free.

The Joyous Evening-star creates a sombre world for me.  
The shadows of the floating clouds shed a pleasure  
in my mind.

I feel happy—to be dazzled by the lurid lights of the burning  
corpse. I cannot interpret my experience  
in a natural manner.

The depth of this Infinite Mystery around has  
puzzled my sight.

O! enough of this search after mine and God's reality!

The Ghost of my Genius is begging inside my heart.  
It is praying and asking of me everything mine.  
It desires to exploit me, my words, my love, my soul.  
Yet, O! my infinite Beloved,

I have slaughtered that ghost just now.

Now let me offer up that sacrifice to your sacred feet!

My breast heaves up with the thought that  
I can meet me never more!

I have killed my being

And have also carried the corpse on my own shoulders.

I am now worshipping my own tomb with the fragrant garland  
Of some remembered experience  
that was once so real!

DHUNDIRAJ G. VINOD

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

### JAMES H. COUSINS



On the 22nd of July, Dr. Cousins completed his 54th year. His life has been full of activity—steady, ceaseless work. In the Brahmavidya Ashrama, Adyar, he is the central figure and besides, deals with such subjects as geography or the philosophy of geography; the philosophical basis of grammar; the orientation of literary criticism; art as medicine; educational reforms! To refer only to his recent activities in the field of art, witness him taking an exhibition of pictures from Benares to Calicut; and also to Sind and Karachi. No doubt he will be the principal organiser of the Art Exhibition to be held in Madras in December in connection with the Indian National Congress. We understand he is to take a representative exhibition to Europe and America in 1929.

*The Sword of Dermot* was written nearly 25 years ago and is published for the first time. We are told that it was performed in the first week of the poet's married life. Built on the Greek model, it has a beauty even its tragedy.

### HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Poet Harindranath left for Europe and America on the 31st of August. The following article by Mr. S. Fowler Wright which has appeared in *Poetry and the Play* will be of interest to our readers, especially in view of its appearance on the eve of his departure to English-speaking countries.

In the final canto of *Marmion* Scott gave an analysed description of the battle of Flodden which lifted the tactics of that historic conflict from their previous obscurity, and (except for the inexplicable problem of how the crossing of the Till should have been risked and accomplished in the face of the English army) left it one of the very few mediæval battles the details of which can be readily apprehended, and are outside the region of serious controversy.\*

It will be remembered that there was heavy and indecisive fighting on the right and centre—

“While on the left unseen the while,  
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle.”

and that this success of the English left wing was the finally decisive factor.

\* Scott was less fortunate with Bannockburn. He accepted the tradition of the huge size of the English army, which was certainly wrong; and followed the universal belief, which has been treated as historical fact to our own day, that the English attacked across the pits which Bruce had dug on both sides of the Stirling road, whereas they were bogged in an attempt to turn his left flank during the night—a result that he had probably foreseen and intended. The armies were probably of about equal size, the military science on both sides was much superior to the popular tradition, and the battle was decided before it commenced by the nature of the ground over which the English were forced to attack.

What has this to do with Mr. Chattopadhyaya? Only this, that, while I was considering his work, the lines came into my mind, and that they seem to express very appropriately his position, and that of some other writers of to-day, who, with patient genius, and little present recognition, are adding to the edifice of English poetry.

It may be that, when the passage of time has enabled the work of to-day to be viewed in a correct perspective, its historians will not give the award of honour to those who have followed the mood of their generation, but rather to those who have remained unmoved by the clamour around them, and constant to the traditions that are as old as human speech, and seem to some of us to be as unalterable as mathematics.

It is a point that only time can resolve. It may be that the collection of the year's best verse, which comes from Mr. Thomas Moulton as regularly as the chorus of praise that awaits it, is the final word. But even if I thought it to be so, I should not alter my own judgment, or waver in the defence of beauty of word and thought. Surely it would be better to be forgotten or derided in such a cause, than to be remembered as the architect of ugliness, or the advocate of those who exalt it.

It may be that all the beauty of literature is to be swept away in an orgy of censored and devitalized radio “talks,” in the noise of perpetual motion, and the blinding horror of electric signs, though it seems improbable. It is at least, equally possible that the earth may find means to cleanse its surface of the skin-disease that blackens and sterilizes it, and become green again.

Perhaps, also, the time may come when the miners of a distant day will search amid the dross of the early part of this century, and find some disregarded lyric gold—may, indeed, chronicle it as a time of unusual richness of creation, even though they follow our ancestors in preferring the poetry of courage to that of cowardice, of nobility to baseness, of music to discord, and of faith to cynicism. And it is in such circumstances that the work of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya will be assured of the recognition that it deserves, but has scarcely reached, to-day.

It is not often, either in prose or verse, that a writer achieves high distinction in a language to which he is not native. Such work, however good in other aspects, is too likely to be defective in the music of words, or in the finer shades of their meaning, or else it is of merely imitative style and quality.

But if these difficulties are overcome by a genius of another race, as in the case of Conrad, the result is likely to be of an unusual and arresting originality. And what Conrad did in English prose, it may be high praise, and yet not too high, to say that Chattopadhyaya is doing in English poetry to-day.

No one of any soundness of literary judgment can read his work, whether in lyric or dramatic form, without recognising that it shows an unusual mastery of English verse-forms, and yet that it is something other than imitation-English poetry.

To an English mind, unless already familiar with Indian religion and philosophy, it must often be new in thought, as it is new in metaphor and expression, and it may succeed in a sympathetic interpretation of that philosophy, even to minds to which Tagore makes little appeal, because its author attains something that Tagore did not attempt—he has mastered the instrument of the English tongue so that he does not need to be presented in translation, and he appears to have been able to do this while maintaining the integrities of his own spiritual and intellectual position.

Whether he is writing mystical verse, or giving us one of the devout legends of Indian faith in dramatic form, or exhibiting some scene of Indian life with a clear simplicity, the easeful mastery of

the language is equally evident. It is India speaking—unmistakably India. But the voice is English unmistakably English; and it is that which constitutes the most remarkable, if not the most important, feature of his contribution to our contemporary literature.

Space will not allow me to quote as freely as I should like to do, in support of these preliminary reflections. One of the shorter of his dramatic sketches will be given completely in the next number of this magazine. Of his lyrics, I have made a first selection of a song which is not the most characteristic of his work, but is an evidence of versatility, being akin to that amatory poetry in which English literature is so peculiarly rich, and in which, as I remarked in my recent article on Indian poetry, it is comparatively so deficient.

## SONG.

Spring like a golden leopard leaps to earth . . .  
A restless breeze comes running from the South,  
While on the branches buds and leaves take birth,  
I'm yearning for the blossom of your mouth.

Summer, a restive horse of flame, arrives . . .  
A deep blue sapphire glitters in the skies,  
The blue-black bees store honey in their hives,  
I'm yearning for the honey of your eyes.

The Autumn like a laden camel comes . . .  
A fire of gold runs o'er the mellowing lands,  
Autumn has brought green grapes and purple plums,  
I'm yearning for the warm fruit of your hands.

But the bulk of his lyric, as his dramatic work is either definitely religious, or is overshadowed with consciousness of the Divine and Eternal. It is a religion that assumes the verity of transmigration; and has a sense of the unity of man and God, and of the Divine Immanence, which are less dominant features of Christianity; but, beyond this, it has little of dogma, and its faith is not of any creed or race, but that of all mankind. Its themes are constantly those of the religious poets of our own race.

" . . . the sadness of all sin  
When looked at in the light of love."\*

is a frequent note, with a confident faith in the ultimate defeat of evil—

"Each angry word, ignoble deed,  
In penitence is changed to power,  
And sin repented is a seed  
That holds the future like a flower."

and so is

## NON SERVIAM.

Drunk with free-will, drowsed in his pride of power,  
Man cried, "I will not serve Thy heavenly need!"  
God hid His dauntless patience in each flower,  
His hope in every seed.

\* Coventry Patmore.

"I will not serve Thee!" . . . startled echo ran  
From star to star and filled the hollow night.  
God answered the tempestuous voice of man  
With silence on the height.

and here again is a poem that might easily find a place in an English hymn-book,

## OBLIVION.

With tremendous sacrifice  
He began our house to build.  
With His blood He paid the price  
To behold our dreams fulfilled.

God with chaos fought and won  
Back for us the holy birth,  
Rescued from its dark the sun,  
Moon and stars to light our earth.

Through the ages we have fled  
From the selfless Master's side,  
And alas! have stoned Him dead  
With black stones of human pride.

Yet, in bloodstained raiment red,  
Pleading at our door He stands,  
"Earth of Love! with daily bread  
Fill these empty bleeding hands!"

Of a more definitely Eastern quality is—

## SELFHOOD.

Vyasa, at the quiet close of day  
While walking on his solitary way,  
Noticed a little worm that feebly sped,  
Sacred by the heavy echo of his tread.

"Look at, yon frail and despicable thing  
With all the rich anxiety of a king  
For life!" Vyasa said.

"Instinct with fire, that creature of the clod  
Will yet evolve, methinks, into a god!"

When soon, through yogic powers, Vyasa learned  
That Navada by a slight sin had earned  
This body of a worm, which he must bear  
Till he was cleansed of sin.

## Vyasa's prayer

Gave language to the worm . . .  
"Thrice holy Sire,  
Sage Navada! how is it your desire,

Even in the worthless state of a pale worm,  
To guard your body and preserve your form?"  
"O Poet-Sage!" the crawling worm replied,  
"I entertain desire and love and pride  
As much as any being of human birth.  
I share the common destiny of earth.  
Though low and despicable in your eyes,  
I feel immeasurable as the skies.  
Veiled by the veils of Maya, you and I  
Preserve our bodies and are loth to die."

The Poet sang, "In every stone and star,  
In everything existing near and far  
The cry of Selfhood rings. Across the world  
Behold! a shadowy Ego is unfurl'd,  
And when that vanishes, from sky to sod  
Naught will remain but a white dream of God."

Of the poetic dramas, we may select for consideration the first of the *Lives of the Saints* series, *Pundalik*, which exhibits the difference of Eastern from Western thought, as well as the fundamental truths that underlie them.

Pundalik, living a selfish and licentious life, despises everything that does not minister to his carnal instincts, and therefore treats his aged parents with contempt and abuse. *The lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life*, are the only deities that he worships, and he is regardless of the cost of gratifying his passions.

He destroys his mother's water-pots because they come into contact with a discordant shadow—

*Mother:*

"What made you smash our kitchen-pots of clay?"

*Pundalik:*

"Because I could not suffer a blue shadow  
That stole in through the door with guilty steps  
To kiss the red curves of their earthen bodies."

Yet, because he had saved the life of an animal in a past and forgotten existence, he is led, by the Divine mercy, to the abode of a saint, where he is convinced of his sin by an apparition of the Three Sacred Rivers, and returns home to serve his aged parents with reverence.

While he is engaged in filial service, Vishnu appears to him, and grants his prayer that an Image of Deity may stand for ever on the spot—the legendary origin of Pandarpur.

The scene ends as the parents become conscious of the presence of the Deity, who has come to bless the change in their son's life, and sink in adoration before him—

"The world is withered—only God remains."

The teaching here, as all through the poet's work, is essentially Christian, when what may be described as the stage properties are removed, but the theme is not one that would be selected by a

Western poet. Reverence for parents was a prominent feature in the Jewish faith, and was nominally adopted by Christianity, but it has never been taken seriously in Western Europe. It is Asiatic. It is evidence of the radical difference in the relative spiritual values of the two continents. We believe in "progress." We talk of a "gospel of humanity." In practice, if not in precept, we regard earthly existence as an end in itself. "Progress" implies that children must be wiser than parents, in a continual succession. Latterly, we have developed our ideas of progress with a literality at which the gods must laugh. When we analyse the "advance of civilization," we find that it consists very largely in being able to be elsewhere very quickly, wherever we may happen to be. For this problematical advantage we expend wealth without stint, leaving ourselves ill-provided with the most elementary and vital necessities. Yet we have not contrived to be in two places at once, and we usually end where we began.

This attitude, whether wise or foolish, is not conducive to overmuch respect for those who have preceded us on the path we have chosen, and who travelled at fewer miles an hour.

But the standpoint of the Indian poet is widely different. He has no vision of a Heaven-on-earth triumphant, when a limited number of birth-controlled Europeans will be ceaselessly whirled about in motors and aeroplanes, at ever-increasing velocities, with a loud-speaker always beside them, for the extent of their surgically-protracted lives.

It may be a noble vision. It may be in process of realization. But it is not his.

The essentials of Indian mysticism are not greatly different from, certainly not widely discordant from, the recorded teaching of Christ. They differ more widely, but it would be too much to say that they differ radically, from most forms of modern Christianity. At their lowest they are alike in being no more than a sublimated and foresighted selfishness. At their highest, they are alike in being more concerned with conduct than circumstance.

There has been enough of materialism in Indian poetry. There has been no lack of mysticism in that of our own land. In broad comparison, there is more of likeness than difference—but it is the differences that we notice the more readily. We may do well to observe the approaches also. The lowly incarnation of Vishnu to save *Sena the Barber* from the wrath of his lord springs from the same conception of Deity that is the basis of the Christian faith.

"The Lord who wears a crown of stars above  
Grows hungry to become a lesser thing  
If but to serve the least who cries in love."

#### AN INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL FOR THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

A Conference of British and American writers at the offices of the Royal Society of Literature decided to form "an investigating body which will determine the facts as to disputed and other questions" of the English language.

The gathering was fully representative of men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic, and the Earl of Balfour, who was to have presided, sent a message of warm approval of the objects of the new body. A council was chosen from among the distinguished delegates to the meeting.

Mr. Robert Underwood, member and Secretary of the American Academy of Arts and former American Ambassador to Italy, presided. A "certain liveliness" on the subjects with which the new

council will be concerned was developed at the very outset of the Conference, when Mr. G. Bernard Shaw inquired whether it was suggested that a proposed executive committee should have power to "co-opt" other members.

The Chairman: Now, that is interesting. That word "co-opt" is a word I have never heard in my life before. I have heard of "co-operate."

Mr. Bernard Shaw: I hope it is clear to the American gentleman present that "co-opt" means that the committee itself would select and appoint its additional members.

The Chairman: Oh! I see.

Dr. Henry Scidel Canby (America) proposed later that the general council of the proposed body should "consist of distinguished people who, as we say in America, 'know their stuff.'"

Mr. Shaw: In other words, distinguished deadheads.

At this point someone wanted the door shut owing to difficulties of hearing.

The Chairman: Would you say that the "acoostics" or "acowstics" are bad?

Mr. John C. Bailey (representing the Royal Society of Literature and the English Association): I think "acoostics" is better.

Sir Henry Newbolt: So do I.

An American Delegate: Now, I should say "acowstics."

Discussing the objects of the proposed body, Dr. Canby said: It should deal with questions of usage and stimulate and initiate study; should reduce its findings to some form suitable for acceptable presentation to the public; should deal with such questions as the split infinitive, Anglicisms and Americanisms, colloquialisms; and should find out the facts and present them in a way that editors, publishers, and others will accept.

The Chairman: It has been suggested that a gold medal for the clergy for the best reading of the Litany might be desirable. It certainly would in America. I am, of course, prepared to believe that all English clergymen read perfectly.

Professor L. Pound (University of Nebraska): Vocabulary and phonetic matters might be dealt with. Should we say "skedule" or "schedule," for instance? Then there are questions of accent and spelling, "organisation" or "organization," for instance.

Professor F. S. Boas (Royal Society of Literature and the English Association): Recently I was in trouble over a letter I wrote to a newspaper. My English was questioned. Can you use a plural verb after "what?"

Professor John Livingstone Lowes (Harvard University): In my experience Englishmen and American men speak far more nearly alike than English women and American women.

The Chairman remarked that the proper use of "whom" was almost a shibboleth of the cultivated mind.

Sir Henry Newbolt: I hope the body we propose to set up will not waste its time in sitting as a jury to discuss questions which can be settled simply by reference to the Oxford dictionary or Mr. Fowler's book.

The Chairman: Do you know any good English writer who misuses the words "who" and "whom."

Professor J. Dover Wilson (Royal Society of Literature and the English Association): "Yes, Sir, Shakespeare."

Mr. J. C. Squire: I think this new body should not be a court of reference for individuals who get engaged in trivial disputes about minor points of construction or pronunciation. I do not think this new society is ever going to influence pronunciation to any material extent, but it could be useful in dealing with vocabulary. We do not want at this early stage to make people think we are opening our mouths too wide. We do not want them to think we expect to alter materially the constructions and pronunciations of the ordinary man in the street. It would frighten them.

The meeting agreed.

To form an International Council for English with reference to the problems of the common language of the English-speaking countries. This Council is to be an investigating body, which will consider the facts as to disputed usages and other questions of language in the various English-speaking countries, and give the results of its investigations the widest publicity. In short, it will maintain the traditions and foster the development of our common tongue.

It was agreed that the council should consist of 100 members fifty Americans and fifty British and that in addition there should be an executive committee of not more than nine members from each side—America and the British Empire—with a secretary as an *ex-officio* member. The executive committee would have power to elect its own chairman and present a budget annually to the council. The council would have power, by a vote of two-thirds of those voting, to amend the constitution.

A provisional committee, consisting of Professor John Livingstone Lowes, Dr. H. S. Canby, and Professor Fred Newton Scott (America), and Sir Henry Newbolt, Sir Israel Gollancz, and Mr. John C. Bailey (Britain), was given power to select the first executive committee and to appoint a secretary. The executive committee was given power to employ experts in the sciences of arts to carry out expert work. It was agreed that the first secretary to be employed should be an American and the head office of the council should be in England; that the subjects to be dealt with by the council would relate to grammar, pronunciation, the various problems of broadcasting, and scientific terminology and kindred difficulties; and that the executive committee should be self-perpetuating and have the duty of nominating persons to the council when vacancies occurred.

#### ART EXHIBITION, BANGALORE.

■ The art exhibition which opened at St. John's Road is a great national event, and as such, it is inevitably an international happening. Every exhibition of this nature fulfills a serious need both of the nation and of the world. Art is the common basis of all humanity, the foundation of world-brotherhood, the golden ladder to God which is only another name for both individual and collective self-realisation. But while it is true that art is free from the limitations of country and nation which cramp and narrow, it is at the same time, individualistic and distinctive and true in its temperament to the soil which gives it birth and shapes its destiny. But it is not the aggressive and insolent individualism of a human being that boasts of superiority over the others. It is the tender and persuasive individualism of divinity itself which, preserving the myriad forms of its self-expression is still ever conscious of a unity which binds them in radiant equality and quiet brotherhood. It is indeed very difficult for us to prophesy the future of Indian Art—but is safe to prophesy that it has a future. The pictures exhibited in this exhibition are compelling. Some compel us with all the magic of the quality of a gorgeous phase

which may pass quickly, nay, perhaps will pass quickly but in passing will make way for some greater expression, some permanent achievement. There are some pictures which are already achievements and without exaggeration, they are some of the greatest achievements of the age.

One has only to stand face to face with the artist, the master-artist Venkatappa's, landscapes to understand what is meant. They are studies of Ootacamund under the varying moods of the sky—moods of monsoon and rain, midnight and dawn, sunrise and moon, evening and moon-rise. Stand before the monsoon-burst picture even on a day of hot summer and you are sure to feel all the cool mood of rain, gathering in flying clouds. How Venkatappa's monsoon-clouds fly sweeping their misty, grey, soft, melting veils across a mountain which stands so firm, so silent, offering ascetic resistance and controlled contrast to the uncontrolled tempestuous clouds in their intoxicated flight. Take the sunset picture. It is all quiet, all superb, all enormously contemplative. It almost seems to speak of the artist himself. Venkatappa's pictures are sincere in every detail, and full of long labour, instinct with mellow and ceaseless inspiration. And every detail, because sincere and truthful, becomes a masterpiece.

G. N. Tagore appears this time in four strange paintings. "The Village Theatre" (brought from the Chitrasala) Mysore, is a clever study of light and shadow. The fairy pictures are so unreal and hence so interesting and taking. "The Inner Garden" and "The Fairyland" are sparkling mood-bubbles which are beautiful and delicate. But of course they are just experiments which will lead this great versatile genius on to the discovery of the alchemical secret he seems to be seeking.

Chughtai is different. He is as different in technique and quality from Venkatappa as a Persian rose is from the Himalayas. You cannot compare the two. All you can say is that they appeal in different ways. But Chughtai has a temptation which Venkatappa has not. It is the dangerous and attractive temptation of a brush which has a too great ease in it; Chughtai is one who can sit down and perhaps paint a pretty picture in a few minutes. But prettiness should be avoided in art. An artist should be mercilessly sincere. He must refrain from the lure of an easy expression of prettiness without a deep message. There is at least one striking Chughtai this time. It is the picture called the Story-teller. A huge white peacock is perched on an ochre and brown painted bough telling a tale to the Taj Mahal. The peacock almost seems to be the soul of the Taj Mahal itself, perched on a bough repeating an old forgotten tale of itself to itself. It is a study chiefly in white—and we know is the most gorgeous colour for an artist to work out a deep spiritual idea. But we wish Chughtai would produce similar effects not by the traditional use of the white colour but by a clever manipulation of white spaces in the paper itself.

There are other pictures too—interesting colour schemes by Bhattacharya—which strike the eye with their exquisite glare. The Lover is noteworthy, because the theme is as old as the hills and the stars. The Lover is an emaciated man sitting amidst a crowd of pots and pans, and strange live creatures which have become a part of him since he has become a part of them. It is grey in effect—as grey as the ages which have evolved this vision of oneness. Nandalal Bose, the Master, appears in eight pictures, a series of illustrations of Rabindranath's latest play "Nateer-Puja." They are true to his style and technique and full of a power which compels the art-loving spirit to join its palms in homage. Srimathi Kamala Chattopadhyaya is the happy possessor of this rare collection. K. N. Muzumdar too is here. It is a wonderful picture—"Haridas" which has a finish which any European master will respect and yet that something more than the outward finish which the European masters lack as a rule—the inward realisation, the mature inward vision, which is the unconquered heritage of India's artists and seers.

Poona has sent to this exhibition the old Rajput masters. It would indeed be a sacrilege to try and describe them in language. It is enough if we say that they are the masters which are coming into their own once again—the masters who are destined to contribute their share towards the future art-expressions of the world.

### EXHIBITION OF MODERN INDIAN PAINTINGS AT THE TOWN HALL, BOMBAY.

The Society for the encouragement of Indian Art, Bombay, arranged an exhibition of modern Indian paintings, representative of the various art-movements in this country, especially of the Neo-Bengal School of Art. There are two schools of thought on this subject of Indian painting, and there is an endless controversy as to their respective merits and demerits; one attempting to go back to the art-traditions, conventions and ideals of ancient India, and the other to imitate and copy the method and mannerism of the progressive European art. Indian art fundamentally differs from European art not only in its ideals but also in its expression and technique. European art is essentially realistic and representational, while Indian art is idealistic, imaginative, symbolic and decorative. It is this latter view that is being more emphasised in the modern renaissance of Indian painting. This new movement was started in Bengal nearly two decades ago by a group of young artists led by Abanindranath Tagore, who was then the Vice-Principal of the Government School of Art, Calcutta. It was not so much a revolt against any school of painting extant or dead, as a revival of a forgotten national heritage and a restoration of lost culture.

Even the proverbial school boy of Macaulay could have observed the difference between the exhibitions of the Bombay School of Art held annually at the Town Hall and the present exhibition now on show there. The difference is obvious, as their respective artistic intentions and mannerisms are different; but what arrests one's attention most in this exhibition is its freshness, its newness, its quaintness and its catholicity. It is as rich and varied as life itself; and the true function of any great art is not only to express and reflect life but to interpret life. In that sense, this exhibition is characteristically representative of the new art-movement in this country. It is distinctly Indian. But it is not representative of the best achievements of this school, as most of the best works of the masters and their pupils are now on a touring exhibition in America, and as also the artists reserve their best ones for the annual exhibition of the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta. In the present show there are a few good works of some of the leading artists, especially of Khitendranath Mazumdar, Promode Chatterjee, and Chughtai; the students' paintings are fairly well represented. A. N. Tagore's single painting that is to be seen at this exhibition is characteristic of his great genius and his cosmopolitan spirit. The picture is in the accepted Japanese "Kakimona" (roll-picture) style, executed more or less in a Chinese technique; the subject-matter is Hindu and the general treatment, pictorially speaking, is Ajantan. The picture is "Radha seeing a portrait of Krishna:" one catches at once in the eyes of Radha a wistful look of hope and sweet memory, and the artist has managed to get that expression not by moulding the face with light and shade effect in the usual western technical sense, but by a flat-expression based on the movements of the eye-brows and the shape of the eyes in accordance with the artistic-convention of the east. Goganendranath Tagore's cubistic and impressionistic works are now becoming world-famous, and in them you see gorgeous visions of worlds within worlds that suggest hitherto unknown dimensions of space and spheres. It is as if he were visualising in vivid colours a fourth-dimensional world on a two-dimensional surface. "The Festival Hall," "The Morning Star," "My Inner Garden" and "Fairyland" are some of the best examples of his new fancy-moods. Nandalal Bose's small pictures, illustrations to Rabindranath Tagore's new play "Nateer Puja," reveal the great *Ajantan* qualities in him; his big picture "Gajendra-Moksha" is a clever study on gold in a Japanese technique. Samrendranath Gupta's silk painting, lent by Mr. R. D. Morarjee, "Kajri Dance" or the spring dance of Indian girls under the shade of a tree is a beautiful theme beautifully picturised. There are over half-a-dozen striking pictures of Khitendranath Mazumdar, which are very typical of the Neo-Bengal School. His "Ras-Leela" is a study in rhythm and movement; the attenuated form of the dancers, their flowing draperies and their swaying hands suggest the vitality of this artist's lines. Sarada Ukil's "Radha and Krishna" on silk is a delightful study, a lyric in joy. D. Bhattacharya

is a colourist of the first order, and his seven pictures have a charm of their own. "The Lover" and "The Man-Hole" are two great works of art, full of character and suggestion. South India is represented by K. Venkatappa of Mysore. His "Bird-Study" is a subject done after the best manner of the Mughal style and can well be compared with the best of Mansur's, the great painter of animals, birds and flowers in the court of Emperor Jehangir. His two ivory miniatures, (portraits of Abanindranath Tagore and the late Maharaja of Cooch Behar) are finished products in that line. The largest number of pictures from the brush of a single artist in this exhibition is that of Fyze Rahamin of Bombay. His landscape paintings of Kashmir are cleverly done; "Moon-light in Kashmir" being the best of the series. His portrait-studies of a Nepalese Princess and a Gujarathi Lady are first-class attempts to do portraiture in Indian style. Another Muhammadan artist, whose works are also to be seen in large numbers, is M. A. Rahaman Chughtai of Lahore. His line-drawings are graceful and his coloured-works delight your æsthetic sense. He is at times monotonous in the study of his figures; the same worn-out poses to be seen in great number of his paintings. The best and the most admired of his paintings is "Story-Teller," done in a delightful manner, with a white peacock perched on the branch of a tree overlooking the white-alabaster-domed Taj, a pretty picture prettily done. Promode K. Chatterjee is a mystic by temperament and his works are full of religio-philosophical significance. He has exhibited a good number of mythological and puranic subjects, distinctly individualistic and strikingly original. His big picture "Krishna and Arjuna" is a wonderful decorative composition, and his "Chitrakuta" a great creative work of art. Students of Santiniketan, Calcutta, Jaipur, Lucknow, Masulipatam and Baroda have sent some interesting original works full of charm of beauty. These young students get the fullest freedom for their expression and hence the variety and freshness of these delightful little pictures. R. K. Baij's "A Cloudy Day," Sukumari Devi's "Prem" Dey's "Milk-maid," S. N. Banerjee's "Ashram Girl" deserve special mentioning.

G. V.

### INDIAN SCULPTURE.

Rai Bahadur Ramaprasad Chanda, Superintendent, Archaeological Section of Indian Museum, Calcutta, delivered a lecture on Indian Sculpture, a summary of which we give below, as dealing with the outlines of the subject:—

There was a time when Indian religious sculptures, the images of gods and goddesses including those of the deified saints like the Buddhas and the Jaina, were treated in Europe as eccentric manifestation of Oriental religious fervour lacking artistic qualities. In the 20th century, there has happened what Sir Hercules Read calls "a change of heart." Handsomely illustrated volumes on Indian art are pouring in to meet the public demand and specialists are hotly debating the place of Indian art in the art of the world. But, in spite of these publications and discussions, it is quite evident that the average man and woman of taste and culture still fail to treat Indian sculpture with that attention and respect without which it is not possible to appreciate it. I shall first deal with those features of Indian sculpture that stand in the way of their appreciation.

The old Indian figure sculpture faithfully represent the Indian conception of the beauty of the human form. This conception does not fully recognise the inherent beauty of the normal human form, but places man's ideal of it above the real and recognises the conventional as the standard for judging the natural. In common parlance in Bengal when a person desires to express his admiration for the beauty of a person, he or she is compared to a figure in a picture (*pater putul*). The poet Kalidas, in his well-known drama Sakuntala, begins his account of the beauty of the heroine Sakuntala by saying, "Her figure was first painted on canvas and then imbued with life." In a variant of this line, it is suggested that the Creator did not shape Sakuntala's body with His hands, but designed her figure in His mind.

Another indication of the Indian's incapacity to fully realise the organic beauty of the human form is his fondness for ornaments. As the old images themselves show, in the epoch when they were carved, practically the entire lower half of the forearm of a female used to be hidden in ornaments, and even men wore necklaces, armlets, bangles and other ornaments. To this partial lack of appreciation of the beauty of the human form is to be traced the extreme conventionalisation of the human figure in Indian art. The figures of men and women carved by the Indian sculptors are not the natural forms idealised but the ideal forms visualised. This type of figure sculpture, however, well done, is not likely to appeal to the taste of people brought up in the traditions of the European art unless they acquire a special taste for it. It may be added here that there are eminent European art critics who consider an extreme admiration of beauty in human figure non-æsthetic and even erroneous.

Another feature that stands in the way of the appreciation of the old Indian figure sculpture by foreigners is its strangeness. In this short discourse I cannot touch all phases of Indian sculptures. The first phase so far known is the Mauryan art. Like the Persian Achaemenian art, the Mauryan art came into being with the rise of the Maurya dynasty and declined with its decline. The Mauryan art is rather Imperial than Indian and the Empire of Asoka, as he conceived it, included not only India but almost the whole of the then known civilised world as a result of his Dharmavijaya, or conquest through the dissemination of the law of good conduct.

The art that flourished in the succeeding Sunga period (the second and the first centuries B. C.) is decorative. The Indians then did not worship images and consequently did not produce substantive sculptures. The making of independent images for worship was first undertaken by the artists of the Indo-Scythian School of Mathura and Indo-Greek School of Gandhara (roughly the North-Western Frontier Province) that flourished simultaneously in the early centuries of the Christian era. But the artists of Mathura and Gandhara, however, great their technical skill, could not give adequate expression to the Indian conception of a divine being in the images made by them.

The sculptors of the Gupta period in the 4th and 5th centuries A. D. succeeded in giving expression to the Hindu idea of the divine being for the first time and thereby created a great art. I shall confine myself in this discourse to this phase of Indian art and its later mediæval continuation. This Gupta art is to the art of the East, or rather, of the Far East what the great art of Greece is to the art of the West. Indian Gupta art has considerably influenced the art of a highly artistic people like the Chinese, and awakened the artistic instinct of the Malay world. The chief products of the Gupta school and its later mediæval branches, the images of different classes of divine beings, may seem strange and remote not only to Europeans but even to modern Indians. The so-called Rajput painting comprising miniatures that were produced all over Northern India from the 16th century onward, represents the last phase of Hindu artistic activities. These miniature and the allied miniatures of the Mughal school are far better appreciated by Europeans than mediæval Jaina, Buddha and Brahminic images. The reason is this later Indian painting is naturalistic in spirit. Though religious in subject-matter, it depicts what is called "lila" or sport of the divine beings or their incarnations and as such can be sooner understood.

As compared to the later Indian painting, the Gupta and post-Gupta sculpture is fundamentally different in spirit and expression, and it is this difference that renders it difficult of success. A divine being, as carved by the mediæval Indian artist, is engaged not in "lila" or sport, but in doing something far more serious, in meditating on the ultimate reality or divine substance. What is this divine substance? In the Upanishad, which is the starting point of all schools of Indian religious philosophy, the divine substance is defined as "noti," "not this," the Everlasting Nay. The images of divine beings whether dwelling on earth or in heaven before their "Nirvana," final emancipation or

extinction, are always shown as absorbed in "dhyana" or meditation of the ultimate reality. The images of the Jinas or Tirthankaras worshipped by the Jains represent the radical form of Indian images. The Jinas, numbering 24, are believed to have been born as human beings who attained perfect knowledge in their life-time by practising extreme form of asceticism and meditation and taught men the way to attain it.

There are two types of images of Jina, the standing type and the seated type, and both types show complete absorption in meditation.

The rules of meditation require that the performer should fix his half-shut eyes on the tip of his nose and his pose should be stiff, that is to say, there should not be any the least movement in any part of his body that may in any way disturb his mind. This is a standing image of a Jina of the Gupta period and this again a seated image of a Jina of the 8th or 9th century A.D. These images do not lack independent æsthetic qualities. The perfect balance and the graceful postures are things of beauty and the expression of absorption that the face wears will impress anyone who can for a moment detach himself from the turmoils of the outer world.

The image of Buddha, though shown as absorbed in meditation like the Jinas, is enlivened by touches of naturalism. The image of Buddha, if seated, is shown as either calling the earth to bear witness to his past good deeds, or preaching, or accepting a bowl of honey, and if standing, is either blessing (Varada-offering boon) or offering solace. These actions are represented by very graceful attitudes of the hand or hands and considerably relax the ascetic stiffness of the figures. Unlike the images of the Jinas, the images of the Buddha are also fully draped. Though drapery is represented in a conventional manner, either quite smooth or showing folds by mere lines, the smooth drapery is executed very gracefully and its transparency is rendered with skill, and the lines representing the folds are in many cases quite rhythmic.

Seventeen years ago the late Sir George Birdwood ventured to say on the Indian representation of Buddha: "This senseless similitude, in its immemorial fixed pose, is nothing more than an uninspired brazen image, vacuously squinting down its nose to its thumbs, knees and toes. A boiled suit pudding would serve equally well as a symbol of passionless purity and serenity of soul."

As is well known to you all, such a contemptuous judgment has been left far behind and it is now recognised by many that the image of Buddha stands not only for passionless purity and serenity of soul, but for something more, for active contemplation of the ultimate Reality which Gautama Buddha himself never cared clearly to define, but which others call Paramatman.

But the appreciation of Brahmanic images is beset with greater difficulties. The Brahmanic image is not the representation of anything that exists in nature, but is a symbol of the Formless. This point is clearly explained in an old authoritative Sanskrit text, the Vishnudharmottara. Herein the question is raised, how can there be the image of the "Purusha" (the Supreme Being) who is without form (*i.e.*, cannot be seen), who cannot be smelt, tasted, heard or touched? To this query it is replied, formlessness is the normal state (*prakriti*) of the Paramatman or Purusha, and ending with form is its abnormal modification (*vikriti*). The adoption of the latter course is necessary for worship. But the form given to it has a meaning (*hetumachecha tadekaram*). Our author then proceeds to explain the symbolic meaning of the different images. By way of example I shall cite his explanation of the image of Brahma. Brahma is four-faced and four-armed. His four faces symbolically represent the four Vedas and his four arms the four cardinal points; the garland or rosary of "rudraksha" seeds which Brahma holds in his right lower hand, represents the revolution of time, and the water pot (*kamandalu*) in his left lower hand represents the primordial water from which all things rise and to which all

things return. The matted locks of the god represent the vegetable kingdom and the seven ducks that draw his chariot are the seven "lokas" or words that make up the cosmos. It must not be supposed that the image of Brahma is a lifeless bundle of symbols; it is a living and moving divine being meditating with half-shut eyes on the formless abode of Atman and at the same time surveying the worlds; as stated above, this type of image is called the "vikriti" modification of "prakriti" (nature) by the author of Vishnudharmottara, and for the adequate appreciation of this "vikriti" some intellectual and æsthetic readjustment is necessary. It may now be asked, is it worthwhile? If art is not merely the record of beauty already existent elsewhere, but the expression of an emotion, it would be worthwhile to pay serious attention to old Brahmanic images that give expression to the intensest religious emotion, the finite soul's earnest endeavour to embrace the infinite in a language that is full of rhythm and life.

### GREEK SYSTEM OF ARCHITECTURAL POLYCHROMY.

Mr. Edward Putnam points out in the *Art and Archæology* the lines of Greek revival in the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The writer quotes the Leon V. Solon, "one of the foremost authorities on ancient polychrome," as saying:

"When a number of records of color-location were compared, the nature of the system was so simple that it was as apparent to the investigator as to the Greek who produced it. It was based upon a simple classification of structural features into two groups; in one of these, a simple structural function directed to enclose space or support weight; in the other, to beautify was the dominant direction in artistic effort. With this simple classification in the component features of a facade, the location of color was a logical deduction. Color under no circumstances can be regarded as having structural significance; its obvious purpose in application is decorative. With the invariable directness of Greek mentality in all artistic concepts, it was impossible to confuse the structural significance of a feature with the decorative, and color consequently only appeared upon those items which were either exclusively decorative, or were on the dividing line between the structural and the ornamental.

"In Greek architecture we find the first instance of structural organization, or a principle in structure which emphasized the interrelation and function of each item. With this condition in design it became a simple matter to regulate color-location, and this accounts for the absolute uniformity found through its practice. The next style investigated was the Gothic, and although it represents an absolute opposite to the systematized order of expression, this same fundamental relation of color to decorative function was intuitively followed.

"In modern practice we have another type of composition to take in color application, but the same relation will be ultimately recognized in color-location as in the Gothic and Greek. It involves many problems which never previously existed in connection with conditions in visibility and the greatly increased range for observation in the modern American city, as compared with that of former times with the narrow streets of ancient cities, which placed the point of effect-reception much nearer the structure.

"The advent of color into architectural effect introduces not only architectural and artistic problems, but also necessities for industrial adjustment. We begin to realize that several important national industries are successful in their year's trading, in a measure corresponding to the extent to which they are capable of stimulating sensory reaction in those who use their goods by artistic coloring. In structural material this is an important factor. The architect gives concentrated attention to the color of the stone which is employed, and will give a preference in price to the product of some quarry which has a distinctive tonal quality."

## ARCHITECTURE OR COLOUR?

This is the subject of a very thoughtful article by Mr. Andrew A. Fraser in the *Musical Times*.

There is probably no subject in music on which so much has been written as that of Romanticism, but it reaches down to fundamentals and consequently remains perennially fresh. Most writers\* are now agreed on the undesirability of sharply differentiating between things classical and things romantic; there is a misleading chronological flavour about these terms—classical composers belonging more to the 18th century and romantic composers more to the 19th—whereas it is not a question of centuries but of states of mind. A work of art can be analysed into content and form, thought and expression, two parts that fuse together into a whole that is so immeasurably greater than the sum total of the parts. Leaving out of account the unfathomable question of why and how some mortals are peculiarly gifted with the power of creating and composing, how is the process of creation achieved and how come these parts of a work of art to be so fused? In the embryo stage, does the will to create solve the problem of presentation, or does the problem of presentation stimulate the will to create? In the finished product, which is the dominant characteristic, which the recessive? This would appear to be the point at issue.

There are some composers who seem to stress content, who are concerned with ideas (in the abstract), and who experience emotions to which they desire to give expression. Some medium has to be chosen—it may be music, philosophy, science—in fact any medium will suffice, for the concept partakes of the universal and not of the particular. There are present almost unlimited potentialities of expression, but (almost paradoxically) once the mind has fixed on music, it concentrates on it to the utter exclusion of all else, and only music can possibly be associated with it. There are other composers who seem to stress form, who are intensely interested in the possibilities of their medium, music, and who desire to cultivate it as beautifully as they can. They are musicians by instinct, seeking for the concept to accord with the form; they compose because they cannot help it, but, again paradoxically, the mind originally concerned with the particular enlarges to the universal, and occupies itself too, with values other than those purely musical—literary, artistic, and so forth. Here then are two types of composers: to the former belong Bach, Beethoven, Elgar, to the latter Mozart, Wagner, Debussy. Beethoven, for example, has often been compared to Michael Angelo almost on the assumption that if suggestion or other influence had been brought to play on the ante-natal mind, Beethoven might have decorated a Sistine Chapel and Michael Angelo might have written a Choral Symphony. Again, Mozart has been likened to Watteau, but the impression is inevitable that no amount of ante-natal of other suggestion would have influenced their minds from their pre-destined occupation; their work runs on parallel lines that never meet. It is Beethoven the *thinker* who is apparent, but Mozart the *musician*.

So with the music itself. Some music is concerned primarily with shapes, masses, contrasts, and little emphasis is laid on the medium through which it is presented. Bach used arias and melodies many times over in entirely different contexts. Of his extant fourteen Clavier Concertos only four were originally written as such. The famous D minor, for example, started as a Violin Concerto, while later the composer arranged it for the organ with additional wind parts in the orchestra, setting, further, this arrangement of the slow movement as an accompaniment to an independent four-part chorus in a cantata! Not only can instrumentation vary, but also *tempo*. Elgar transforms the C minor Fugue into a riotous carnival; Schweitzer interprets it as an elegiac threnody. Handel made previous use of many of 'The Messiah' airs in distinctly secular surroundings. The version for two pianofortes of Brahms's

\* Cf. 'The Fusion of Classicism and Romanticism,' Mrs. Frank Liedich (*Musical Times*, April, 1927).

Haydn Variations' and F minor Quintet are as interesting and important as the so-called 'originals.' Stravinsky makes 'Pétrouchka' almost as vital for two hands on the pianoforte as for the orchestra of eighty or a hundred. Music of this sort is complete in itself, has no leanings towards the other arts, is 'abstract' in the literal sense of the word; it is architectural in its balance and proportion.

On the other hand, there are composers, occupied with lines, contours, nuances, who take a form—string quartet, opera, symphony—and endeavour to fill this form with the most appropriate and exquisite sound. This sound is conceived only in terms of its setting and presentation. Mozart's music is not interchangeable, but with impeccable taste he knew exactly how to differentiate between the trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, the concerto for flute and harp (two instruments which he detested), the fantasias for musical clock, and the processional music for two flutes, five trumpets, and four drums. Liszt boasted that he could perform effectively on the pianoforte (actual instrumentation excluded) anything from the classical orchestral repertoire, whereupon Mendelssohn inquired if he could play the opening bars of Mozart's G minor Symphony—a passage scored for strings alone, incapable of any transliteration whatever! Berlioz, too, had an uncanny flair for timbre, for giving to instruments passages uniquely and inevitably suited to their own peculiar qualities. Wagner's *Leit-motifs* transformations and developments acquire their vital significance through the orchestra. What would the 'Ring' be without the bass clarinet, or 'Tritan' without the cor anglais? Works such as Ravel's Quartet or Septet lose their *raison d'être* if played on any other combination. Colour (despite its dangerous associations of orchestral fireworks and theosophist speculations) would appear to be the only satisfactory term to cover adequately the meaning, and by this there is implied not the identification of a particular colour with a particular sound or tonality, but rather the subtle interplay of lights and shadows. Colour must be wooed and loved for its own sake, and not merely used as a servant, to be summoned and dismissed at will.

Here, then, are composers divided generally into architecturalists and colorists, and here the seeming paradox resolves itself. The music of the architecturalist can stand alone and aloof, and requires no reference to or assistance from associations not absolutely contained in the music. The music of the colorist, on the other hand, requires intense exactness in presentation, and welcomes associations—literary and pictorial—in so far as they can contribute to this exactness. While, as we have seen, Bach transfers movements from one cantata to another, Mozart never fails to distinguish between the *dramatis personæ* in his operas, and songs (and, still less, overtures) cannot possibly be changed from one work to another. While Beethoven was comparatively little sensitive to the significance of words—witness 'Fidelio' and the Scottish Songs—Debussy turned deliberately for his texts to the Symbolists and *les Décadents*. Picasso and Derain, in 'The Three-Cornered Hat' and 'La Boutique Fantastique,' have openly allied themselves with de Falla and Rossini. Beethoven detested being asked what his music meant, but Scriabin had to plunge into the intricacies of theosophy in explanation of 'Prometheus.'

Many musicians, too—Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann, Saint-Saëns, Cyril Scott, and others—have changed the pen of the composer for that of the author (with varying degrees of success, to be sure!), and musical criticism has assumed a new value and import in assessing the *mot juste* and determining whether the composer has or has not given the most complete and epigrammatic turn to a phrase or melody. The more recent art forms that have been cultivated—*genre* music, the symphonic poem, the music drama, the ballet—lean towards a union with other arts, and not towards an isolation of the music (despite the reaction now in favour of the small orchestra and the *concerto grosso* of the 18th century). The wider education of modern composers, the more prominent part they take in the body politic, and the technical improvements in the construction of musical instruments, are all pertinent, without doubt, but do not explain everything. As was said above, it is a question not of centuries, but of states of mind. The painters Cézanne and Monet offer almost an exact instance. The former

occupied himself with synthesis, the latter with analysis; the former was interested in the ensemble, the latter in the details. Cézanne declared that 'il n'y pas de lignes, il n'y pas de modèle, il n'y que des contrastes,' and Manet that 'le personnage principal d'un tableau, c'est la lumière.'

Of course no division, theoretical or chronological, can be absolutely conclusive, and, in a sense, the qualities of neither architecture nor colour can ever be wholly absent from a work of art. A sense of form and a feeling for expression must both be manifest, otherwise the music remains lifeless and inert. Further, universality is the distinguishing feature of genius; it is only a question whether the particular proceeds from the universal, or whether the universal is reached from the particular. It depends from what standpoint the composer views his art. The spiritual realist achieves beauty almost in spite of music; the inspired craftsman (not technician) achieves beauty almost because of music. Who is bold enough to say that one is better than the other?

### HINDU MUSIC AND DANCING IN AMERICA.

Mrs. Taraknath Das writing in *The Modern Review* on the achievement of Ragini Devi says:—

In the west, in the field of music and dancing a new era has come. On the one hand, a large number of restless people are seeking for a new road to newer sensation or sensualism, are exhibiting an unrestrained craze for so-called new music known as "Jazz;" on the other hand, some serious students of music and dancing find in Hindu music and dances new inspiration, not sensual which stirs one's soul and leads to sublime ecstacy.

The music of the future will embody new ideas of harmony and melody—finer notes, intricate and subtle variations and improvisations which will exemplify the beauty of "Ragas" of Hindu music. Spiritual communion through music, enchanting life through music, soothing nerves and creating harmony and poise in everyday life through music, deepest emotions of life, are a few phases of Hindu music, the divine art.

In all ages and among all peoples, dancing has played a significant part in the finer as well as coarser spheres of life. Religious dances, folk dances with all simplicity often give clearer interpretation of the mode of life of a people than written volumes. Hindu dancing in its varied phases is now attracting attention of many, who seek charm and beauty of human movements and expressions. Some time ago, Mme. Ruth St. Dennis introduced a few postures of Hindu dancing in her programme, and Mme. Pavlova lately in ballet productions incorporated something of Hindu dancing. However, Ragini Devi is the first one, so far as my knowledge goes, who has presented a comprehensive programme of Indian music and dancing to the American public.

Fortunately, Ragini Devi is not an ordinary dancer or singer; but she is an artist of extraordinary ability. She, with her thorough knowledge of Hindu and western music, is trying to give that interpretation of music and dancing of the Hindus, which the west can appreciate and understand. She interprets the music, ancient modern, including, the spirit of the sublimest poems of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, depicting pathos, love and guileless simplicity, where vulgarity has no place. She is imbued with a spirit of exaltation in beauty and conscious of her mission, which she once described to me as follows:—

"One of the finest phases of Hindu life—their music and dancing—must not be allowed to remain unknown to the world. The world should know of it; and the great masters should ponder over the possibility of its revival and renovation for the whole world. Russian music and dancing have acquired distinction in the world of fine arts; similarly, if properly interpreted, Hindu music and dancing

can very easily do the same. Some people who love Hindu music and dancing must give their lives for it. I love India and I am trying to find the beauty of my life through Hindu music and dancing to which I have consecrated my life."

Ragini Devi is the most out-standing and unique pioneer, engaged in interpreting the best of Hindu music and dancing to the west.

Ragini Devi has a charming personality and excellent voice, necessary and indispensable requisites for success. Her recent elaborate programme, given in the Hampden Theatre (New York), which is conducted by Mr. Walter Hampden, the best living American actor and producer, brought out the following interesting criticism from Mr. Albert Coates, Guest Conductor of New York Symphony Orchestra.

"Ragini's music is amazing, I have seldom been so interested; and the instruments are very fine also. This Hindu music is absolutely unique and I cannot help thinking that it would create a great interest in America."

Mr. W. J. Henderson, the well-known critic, writes in the *Sun* (New York):—

"Ragini's dancing to Hindu airs and singing of India's classic melodies is considered the most artistic and reliable of its kind . . . found in the United States. Her attractive numbers were many and varied, and she both sang and danced with picturesque and subtle charm.

The comment of the *New York Times* is no less flattering:—

"The songs and dances of Ragini won her audience with simple truth of graceful interpretations rare to see in the theatre."

Ragini began her work quietly and to-day she has received national recognition in America. She is sought among select circles for her performances. The following is typical of innumerable press notices of her splendid work. *The Atlanta Georgian* writes:—

"Haunting airs which wandered rhythmically, giving mystical suggestiveness, time and place to words from Hindu sacred writings, to epics, to modern lyric classics of Rabindranath Tagore, and to the dances of the temples, emotional, seductive, yet with a distinctive moral tone; all these in happiest combination intrigued the interest of the large audience assembled Wednesday afternoon in the auditorium of the Atlanta Woman's Club to hear Ragini in a programme of Hindu music offered by the Fine Arts Club . . . Whether in Sanskrit chant or in the love songs from India's historical epics, there was unmistakable evidence of high caste combined with winsomeness . . . The dancing also of Ragini was truly Indian. Almost one stood among the bazars where the vendors, with pretty bodily gyrations, appealing eyes and tinkling of bells upon well-shaped ankles offered their entrancing wares of mystical charm . . . One of the most delightful numbers ever given in Atlanta; certainly the most colorful and interesting programme of its present season."

Ragini Devi is not only an accomplished singer and dancer, but she also plays the "Sitar and Tambura" exquisitely. The music lovers of the west are grateful to Ragini for her work of introducing and popularising something so beautiful of the life of Orient; and the people of India may well be proud of her achievement and devotion to her mission.

### FOLK-MUSIC.

Our readers will remember that in the April number of *Shama'a* the subject of "European-Balladry" was dealt with in the "Notes and Comments." Dr. A. A. Bake writing in *The Visva Bharati Quarterly* emphasises the true importance of Folk-Music.

Let us see how it stands with folk-song. As men on special occasions used to *tell* their legends and stories, so they used to *sing* their ballads,—some on traditional or sacred subjects, others without any bonds of tradition or religion,—only to enliven a festive assembly, simply to entertain both guests and hosts. Innumerable were the occasions on which songs were indispensable. Births, marriages, deaths, the yearly festivals both religious and profane, all had their special songs; and also in daily life, accompanying the work, or at evening time in the gatherings before the night's rest, songs, accompanied sometimes with dances, had their place. In fine, any happening might be celebrated by a ballad or song.

This is true for every country in the world. To take an example from India: I know that there is a group of ballad-singers in Chamba, a little hill-state in the Punjab, who wander about with their various instruments singing the deeds of heroes of times long past, and also commemorating important facts of the present. One of their modern ballads even sings the praises of the opening of a new post office in Chamba-town, thus unconsciously acclaiming, in this beautiful and necessary institution, one of the very causes of their own imminent death! Modern life has a levelling tendency; as the outlook widens, the idea of a very small group, say one village community, gets lost; the boundaries, imaginary or real, vanish; and with them the particularities that distinguished it and gave it individuality. People go from the village to the town, and forget their village traditions, or laugh at them, leaving them to die with the old people who have stayed where they were born.

Newspapers, and in late years the cinemas, with their general news and standardised ideas, do their share in destroying the old specialisations. There is no need any more for the poetic version of the ballad-singers, the people get the same information more accurately perhaps and certainly quicker through the papers; of course the foreign music, brought so easily within everybody's reach by cheap printed records, naturally comes and takes the place of the old songs, that, with their queer modes, and often endless number of strophes, had to be memorised with difficulty.

Exactly the same thing happened to the sister-art of folk-dance. The traditional dances executed on different occasions were gradually discarded for the new imported varieties. This natural process has been going on with extraordinary speed during the last twenty years, but it began much earlier. Practically the whole of the last century shows it, along with the development of industrial life at the expense of rural life. As remarked above, this is true for every country in the world, with differences in detail due to local conditions. It is the sad but natural consequence of the modern way of living.

Then the writer refers to the attempts made by artists and scientists to collect the old songs. He concludes—

The aim of all this activity is not merely theoretical, nor vaguely æsthetical. More and more are thoughtful people becoming conscious of the educational and moral value of having one's music,—music that is of the soul of the people,—not imported from outside. Folk-song though general in its appeal, is particular in its character, and it is very easy after some training to recognise the vital characteristics of the song of any country.

In countries like England where its own music began to be despised ever since it became the fashion, some two centuries ago, to adore Italian music, and thereafter when with the reign of a foreign House, the music brought along with the Court was given preference at the expense of the products of the land itself, the situation is particularly urgent, and folk-song and folk-dance societies are now trying, with the help of the educationalists to revive the people's love for what originated from their own soil. In other countries, also, where the indigenous music has not fallen upon such decay, the movement in

favour of folk-songs and dances is flourishing. In Germany the vigorous youth-movements have taken up folk-music, as also specially the Socialists, notwithstanding their international ideas, who are trying to introduce folk-songs and folk-dances amongst their youth-groups, as a recreation.

Nothing can give more satisfaction and happiness than the culture of what is so deeply related with our own soul, even if that relationship might have been forgotten for a time. We cannot be real internationalists without contributing to the world that which is most really ourself. Of that real self the music that grew out of the soil is a vital expression.

### AIR-SPACE AND SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

The same magazine contains a brilliant article by Dr. Hans Koester, suggesting new points of contact between Hinduism and Christianity. Reference is made to the discussions the writer once had with "an outstanding representative of Hinduism."

We came to speak about how to the meditant the air begins to reveal its own inspirations. It is a wonderful phenomena when the first knowledge dawn upon us that the immense air-space is, in its own way, a source for getting into contact with the spiritual world. We are involved in a permanent participation with that great reality by our own breathing through day and through night. And at moments we become aware of the spiritual side of that physical function. With its regular rhythm— independent as it is our personal will—it gives us a taste of cosmic rule. Now, concentrating our mind upon that experience, we seem to find expressed in the two opposite movements of breathing in and out, the two opposite aspects in which the world makes its appearance to us. However these may be called—the invisible and visible, the uncreated and the created, the spiritual and the physical,—they are mirrored, they are somehow contained in this sensual suprasensual function.

If one goes further in the search for a deeper explanation, two different dominant spiritual realities are found to be lying behind them. These are named in Hinduism: Shiva and Shakti. In our breathing-in: the deepest consciousness of the uncreated, the unmoved, passive state of *Nothing*, Shiva is revealed; in breathing-out Shakti appears,—the *creator-femina*, the builder of worlds and men, very *Being* herself. But just as breathing in and out have their point of coincidence where the one ceases and the other starts, so too have Shiva-Shakti; when combined, as they are in the last reality, they give what is known as the first sound, the creator's first *mantram*—*Aum*. The sacred Sanskrit language reveals this fact in showing that the names Shiva and Shakti are both derived from that sound word. Indeed the breath leads the spiritual man to the deepest and most sacred ground of the cosmos.

Now, deeper Christianity, that is to say, Christianity in its very essence, agrees entirely with this esoteric experience of Hinduism, that the human breath can lead us to the spiritual realities of the world. There is, and indeed there can be, no difference in regard to their use of the objective method. Moreover, worked out as it was in Brahmanic India centuries ago, Christianity, still inexperienced therein, may learn a great deal about it from this country.

Thus, the air and the spiritual breathing are common facts and experiences, known both to Hinduism and Christianity. It is a mistake to believe that either of these great systems that have discovered the spiritual ground of the world, has a claim to preference by reason of any greater extent of such ground explored. In their essence both of them penetrate every inch of all being. Neither can it be said that both of them are not equally fit to elevate man to his highest spiritual achievement. Wonderful examples of holiness and wisdom produced by them can be put forward by both. The difference lies in the objective quality, in their original germ.

What I mean to say will become clear if the spiritual process of breathing, as understood and used in Christianity, be considered. All the strength, all the aroma of reality, which enters us as

we breathe-in, is accepted by it too as coming from the great spiritual force of which we are participants; and also that in breathing-out we experience the particular aspect of form which gives shape to the world. But in realising this we notice that we are becoming stronger in our spiritual coherence, that objectively something is created. Taking both processes together they make a consistent whole,—to put it shortly, they develop within us into the resurrection-body of Christ, of which, so it is realised, the breathing-in forms what lives as the blood in our physical body and to which the breathing-out gives its upright shape.

We know that, acting as we do, we are building up an eternal body, not for ourselves only, but as the germ of the whole future. You see there are two different kinds of breathing, both of them true and each justified in its own way. One of them—the Hindu way—leads to the first origin, to the unuttered sound *Aum*. The Christian method has in itself that inherent spiritual seed out of which there emanates,—however you may call it—*Christ so far as His risen spiritual being is constituted by air*.

So much for the air fact, or the air-*tattwa* as you might express it. But in order to show that this esoteric difference, indeed this cosmical difference, is effective too with regard to the other *tattwas* mentioned before, I may mention yet another point that we touched upon in our conversation. It referred to the earth-*tattwa*. I tried to explain to my friend, how the mineral earth substance is realised in Christianity under the form of the cross. There is indeed no deeper symbol signifying the structure of the mineral world, and the death connected with it, than that.

If we try to identify ourselves with it, as has to be done in our meditation, we can feel as if our body is fixed to the world; whereupon we may become aware of what it really means to be connected, as we are through our body, with the mineral substances of the earth. By the old sages the idea is mentioned that within the earth there is to be found a man crucified on a cross. This cross and this man we are ourselves as far as our earthly body is concerned. Where the two lines meet is the point of death, which we have consciously to hold before ourselves, in order to explore the full significance of that picture.

In going through that experience in full awareness, another view is revealed. Round that point of death, in the centre of the cross, there appears a circle of red blossoms, conveying to us the certainty of resurrection. Resurrection is a reality, as death is a reality. It is not the conviction of everlasting life to which death is only a passage. On the contrary, it may be said that everything we have experienced in our meditation on the cross, is death; but after that there comes the realisation of a new life. When I spoke to my friend of that meditation on the cross which is principally Christian, he told me that in Hinduism there was quite a similar form of meditation. It is that which is represented by the symbol of the *Lingam* upon the *Yoni*. Both together—and they are always connected—they give the form of a cross. It has to be meditated on as the symbol of all creation,—this unity in duality underlying every form of life. But the similarity goes still further. My friend told me that the meditant on this *Lingam-Yoni* symbol also concentrates himself on the point where both of them cross one another. There he sees an open space of circular shape, which conveys to him the deepest secret of all origin.

Indeed that is a very important parallel,—the cross with the blossom-circle round the middle of the upright and horizontal line, and the *Lingam-Yoni* symbol with its circular opening where both met. There are in both of them the two lines in the form of a cross and, spiritually seen, the circle and the opening: the unity in duality.

But very clearly too appears here their difference. In Hinduism we are led back where the origin of all life is at work; the unity of all duality is seen where the latter has not yet actually appeared.

Moreover all duality is recognised as in reality not existing. There is but one opening before us,—the opening of the fountain out of which all life has emanated. Therefore as in reality there is no duality, there is no reality, no death either. That which as *matter* in the outer world is the strongest proof of the opposite, and therefore of duality, stands quite outside. The underlying unity is experienced in the symbol of life itself.

The cross, on the other hand principally symbolises the very fact of death, and goes to show what the hard matter is; duality is seen as the very existing fact that governs us. No way back to any origin is shown. The only solution of the cross is death. What we do see in the blossoms-circle is unity *after* duality. In realising these red blossoms on the black cross, we experience the glory of life by going through death. We participate in that new life by building up in ourselves a corresponding body which holds in itself spiritual matter taken from the *earth*, and which withstands death. In this way we again become part of the risen Christ. As by meditative breathing we constituted this "body" as far as it was constituted by air, so now the meditant does the same inasmuch as he bears in himself the spiritual elements of the earth-mother. Therefore the meditation on the cross is for us a method of realising, of developing, that spiritual *earth* body of Christ, of which the standing cross is its shape, of which the blossoms are its very heart's blood.

So indeed do the *tattwas*, *air* and *earth*, afford a useful basis for showing important similarities and differences between Hinduism and Christianity; what has been pointed out with regard to these two could be shown to apply also in the case of others. However, what we have already said may suffice for the present purpose, as the principle appears to have become clear. Those *tattwas* which in Hinduism are used in order to go back where all creation has its origin (and where at the very end, it may disappear again) are received in Christianity as the basis from which a new creation may be built up.

### VISHNU OCCULTISM: THE PANCHARATRA.

"Mysticism in Maharashtra" by Prof. Ranade is the third volume that is now published of the 16 volumes undertaken by the Academy of Philosophy and Religion, Poona, in its preparation of an Encyclopædic History of Indian Philosophy. The subject of the Pancharatra is concisely treated, and this and the following note are taken from the first chapter of Prof. Ranade's book. We hope they will be a helpful introduction to our readers for a study of the subject.

¶

This indeed did happen as the Pancharatra doctrine came to be formulated and developed. The doctrine has its roots so far back as at the times of the Mahabharata, though later on it came to be taught as a separate occult doctrine. We are concerned here, however, only with its later theological development, and not with its origin. We have to see how the Pancharatra was a system of occult Vishnu worship. The system derived its name from having contained five different disciplines, namely, Ontology, Liberation, Devotion, Yoga and Science. Its central Occult doctrine was that Divinity was to be looked upon as a being fourfold, that Vishnu manifests himself in the four different forms of Vasudeva, Sankarshana, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. These are called the four *Vyuhās*, that is to say, "disintegrations" of the one Divinity into four different aspects. Now the supreme Godhead was regarded as possessing six different powers, namely, Jnana, Aisvarya, Sakti, Bala, Virya and Tejas. These six qualities were to be "shoved off" into three different groups. The first and the fourth constitute the first group and belong to Sankarshana. The second and the fifth constitute the second

group and belong to Pradyumna. The third and the sixth constitute the third group and belong to Aniruddha. In fact, it seems that the whole Pancharatra scheme was based upon the worship of the Vasudeva family: Sankarshana was Vasudeva's brother, Pradyumna his son, Aniruddha his grand-son. Each of these three Vyuhās, with its set of two qualities each, was identical with Vasudeva in possession of all the six qualities. When, however, we remember that the last three qualities, namely Bala, Virya and Tejas are merely a reduplication of the third quality, namely Sakti, the sixfold scheme of qualities falls to the ground, and what remain is only the three primary qualities, namely Jnana, Aisvarya and Sakti. These three belong severally to Sankarshana, Aniruddha and Pradyumna, and collectively to Vasudeva himself. There is also a cosmological sense in which the three last Vyuhās are to be regarded as being related to the first, namely, Vasudeva. They are a series of emanations, one from another, like one lamp lit from another. From Vasudeva was born Sankarshana, from Sankarshana, Pradyumna, and from Pradyumna, Aniruddha. This is as much as to say, that from the Self was born the Prakriti, from the Prakriti, the Mind, and from Mind, Consciousness. Dr. Grierson has put the whole cosmological case of the Pancharatras in a lucid fashion: "Vasudeva first creates Prakriti and passes at the same time into the phase of conditioned spirit, Sankarshana. From the association of Sankarshana with the Prakriti, Manas is produced; at the same time Sankarshana passes into the phase of conditioned spirit known as Pradyumna. From the association of Pradyumna with the Manas springs the Samkhya Ahankara, and Pradyumna passes into a tertiary phase known as Aniruddha. From Ahankara and Aniruddha spring forth the Mahabhutas." This was how the four Vyuhās came to be endowed with a cosmological significance. Vishnu, however, whose manifestations all the four Vyuhās are supposed to be, is endowed by the Pancharatra scheme with two more qualities, namely Nigraha and Anugraha, which, when paraphrased freely, might mean destruction and construction, disappearance and appearance, frown and favour, determinism and grace. The theistic importance of the Pancharatra comes in just here that it recognises the principles of "grace." The grace of the Divinity is compared to a shower of compassion which comes down from heaven: it droppeth as the gentle rain upon the place beneath. The Pancharatra rarely uses Advaitic language, and had it not been for the doctrine of the Antaryamin, which, as Dr. Scharader has pointed out, is its point of contact with Pantheism, it would not have much in common with the Advaitic scheme. It does not support the illusionistic doctrine of the Advaita, and its Occultism is seen writ large upon its face in its disintegration of the one Divinity into four aspects, which acquire forthwith an equal claim upon the devotion of the worshipper.

#### THE BHAGAVATA AS A STOREHOUSE OF ANCIENT MYSTICISM.

We have hitherto considered the occult movements, both Vaishnavite and Saivite, which spring from the days of the Mahabharata to end in utterly sectarian systems, each of which tries to develop its dogma in its own particular way. We shall now consider the Mystic movement proper, for which our texts are the Bhagavata, the Narada Bhakti Sutra and the Sandilya Bhakti Sutra. These three works represent the Mystic development of thought which probably runs side by side with the Occult movement on the one hand which we have already considered, and the Philosophic movement which we shall consider a little further on. That the Bhagavata influenced systems of philosophical thought like those of Ramanuja and Madhva, that it had by that time earned sufficient confidence from the people to be used as a text-book, that it is the repository of the accounts of the greatest mystics from very ancient times, that, though some of its language may be modern, it contains archaisms of expression and diction which may take it back to the early centuries of the Christian era—all these facts make it impossible that the Bhagavata should have been written, as is sometimes contended, about the 12th century A. D., pointing out unmistakably that it must have been written earlier, *pari passu* with

the development of early philosophical systems, so as ultimately, in course of time, to be able to influence later formulations of thought. The Bhagavata, as we have pointed out, is a repository of the accounts of the Ancient Mystics of India, and if we may seek for some types of mystics in the Bhagavata, we may find a number of such types, which later on influenced the whole course of the Mystic movement. Dhruva, in the first place, is a child prince who leaves his kingdom and the world when he is insulted by his step-mother and who, in the agonies of his insult, seeks the forest where he meets the spiritual teacher who imparts to him the knowledge of the way to God, and who ultimately succeeds in realising His vision (IV. 8). Prahlada, the son of the Demon-King, whose love to God stands unvanquished in the midst of difficulties, whose very alphabets are the alphabets of devotion, who escapes the dangers of the fire and the mountain when his earnestness about God is put to the test, supplies another example of a pure and disinterested love to God, so that he is able to say to God when he sees Him—"I am Thy disinterested Devotee. Thou art my disinterested Master. But if Thou wishest to give me any boon at all, bestow upon me this boon, that no desire should ever spring up within me" (VII. 10). Uddhava is the friend of God, whose love to Him stands the test of time, and of philosophical argument (X. 46). Kubja, the crooked concubine, who conceived apparently a sexual love towards Krishna, had her own sexuality transformed into pure love, which made her ultimately the Beloved of the Divine (X. 42). Even the Elephant who lifted up his trunk to God when he found his foot caught hold of by the great Alligator in the sea, supplies us with another illustration as to how even animals might be lifted up by devotion, and as to how God might come even to their succour in the midst of their afflictions (VIII. 23). Sudaman, the poor devotee, who has no other present to offer to God except a handful of parched rice, is ultimately rewarded by God who makes him the lord of the City of Gold (X. 80-81). Ajamila, the perfect sinner, who is merged in sexuality towards a pariah woman, gets liberation merely by uttering the Name of God at the time of his death (VI. 1-2). The sage Ajagara, who lives a life of idle contentment and of unconscious service to others, has derived his virtues from a Serpent and a Bee whom he regards as his spiritual teachers (VII. 13). Rishabhadeva, whose interesting account we meet with in the Bhagavata, is yet a mystic of a different kind, whose utter carelessness of his body is the supreme mark of his God-realisation. We read how, having entrusted to his son Bharata the kingdom of the Earth, he determined to lead a life of holy isolation from the world; how he began to live like a blind or a deaf or a dumb man; how he inhabited alike towns and villages, mines and gardens, mountains and forests; how he never minded however much he was insulted by people, who threw stones and dung at him, or subjected him to all sorts of humiliation; how in spite of all these things his shining face and his strong-built body, his powerful hands and the smile on his lips, attracted even the women in the royal harems; . . . how he was in sure possession of all the grades of happiness mentioned in the Upanishads, how ultimately he decided to throw over his body; how, when he had first let off his subtle body, go out of his physical body, he went travelling through the Karnatak and other provinces, where, while he was wandering like a lunatic, naked and lone, he was caught in the midst of a great fire kindled by the friction of bamboo tree; and how finally he offered his body in that fire as a holocaust to God (V. 5-6). Avadhuta is yet a mystic of a different type who learns from his twenty-four Gurus different kinds of virtues such as Forbearance from the Earth, Luminosity from the Fire, Unfathomableness from the Ocean, Seclusion from a Forest, and so on until he ultimately synthesises all these different virtues in his own unique life (XI. 7). Suka, in whose mouth the philosophico-mystical doctrines of the Bhagavata are put, is the type of a great mystic who practises the philosophy that he teaches, whose mystical utterances go to constitute the whole of the Bhagavata, and who sums up his teaching briefly in the 87th chapter of the Xth Skandha of the Bhagavata, where he points out the necessity of a Spiritual Teacher, of Devotion, and of the Company of the Good for a truly mystical life. Finally, Krishna himself, who is the hero of the Xth and the XIth Skandhas of the Bhagavata, who on account of his great spiritual powers, might be regarded as verily an incarnation of God, whose relation to the Gopis has been entirely misrepresented and

misunderstood, whose teachings in essence do not differ from those advanced in the Bhagavadgita, who did not spare his own family when arrogance had seized it, who lived a life of action based upon the highest philosophical teaching, and who, when the time of his departure from earthly existence had come, offered himself to be shot by a hunter with an arrow, thus making a pretext for passing out of mortal existence, supplies us with the greatest illustration of a mystic who is at the top of all the other mystics mentioned in the Bhagavata Purana.

## REVIEW

### Anthroposophy in India by Dr. Hans Koester

(Published by Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta and Simla.)

This little book has four chapters, namely, (1) The Philosophic Basis of Anthroposophy (2) The Cosmic Man in Space (3) The Cosmic Man in Time (4) The Spiritual Basis of Anthroposophy. The author has briefly indicated the general outlines of "the new spiritual movement in Germany" which may be said to represent the attempts made in Europe to view man as "a cosmospiritual unit." It is claimed in the preface that "the west in its own way can reach as great a depth as was sounded by spiritual India." Let us hope one day it shall; but it will be difficult for the normal reader to accept such pretensions on the evidence contained in the slender volume such as the one under review. However, in fairness to the writer it must be mentioned that he was perhaps only trying to make this country familiar with movement associated with the name of Dr. Rudolf Steiner. The book is valuable for the lucidity with which an abstruse subject is dealt with and shows that the author has really grasped some of the fundamental ideas of Indian Spirituality.

It will be interesting to follow the author's treatment of the philosophical background of this new movement. According to Kant it was not within human power to acquire any knowledge of the "thing-in-itself." But Fichte held that we have to develop a new inner organ of perception and with the help of this sense a new world is revealed. This, says our author is a "discovery" of the "Self as an organ of Consciousness." Then came Hegel who postulated that mental activity had the power of reproducing the working of the objective spirit. Lastly, it was Bergson who regarded that thinking alone was incapable of penetrating objective reality, and gave to the west the conception of *L'intuition creatrice*, that is to say, thinking in conjunction with emotion, sympathetic feeling, was considered capable of creative knowledge. It is at this stage that Anthroposophical investigations take up the subject. Attempts of Hegel and Bergson to transcend the Kantian limits of knowledge by means of thought and emotion merely are rejected as unsuitable to metaphysical speculation. Instead we are given the formula—"the spiritual reality of free will." Says our author—"Anthroposophy affirms that there are in man hidden and dormant forces that can be awakened. It explains that the thinking faculties developed in ordinary life do not suffice to transcend the limit of common experience. Yet contrary to theosophical opinion which frequently discards these ordinary means of perception in favour of the development of the so-called higher organs of perception. Anthroposophy maintains that the logically precise and mathematically trained mind is a possession worth preserving since it embodies a technique which enables the thinker to become conscious of his own Self. This consciousness of the Self, gained through thinking, becomes the basis of higher knowledge. It reveals itself as a volitional element of spiritually creative power that inspires thought. When this depth of the Self is reached then only is metaphysical speculation overcome and replaced by a truly intuitive perception." Thus is apparently accomplished a synthesis of philosophical thought. In the second and third chapters, the author shows how with the expansion of consciousness the limitations of space and time disappear even according to the western method. What exactly that method is, the book does not say, except that there are certain references to meditation and concentration. The profound spiritual phenomena

1927-7-3-4  
1927-7-3-4  
1927-7-3-4

1927/11

described in the Bhagavat Gita where Sri Krishna projected his Visva-rupa ; the truths of re-incarnation and Karma, of Kalpa and Pratikalpa—are some of the topics touched upon in the book for the purpose of showing how the western approach to those problems have been. Special mention ought to be made of the wonderful clarity with which the author has analysed some of the implications underlying the luminous conceptions of Ardhanarīśvara and Shiva-Sakti.

Such a book, while it shows that even the west is feeling the impact of the Spirit and the unseen urge of the divine, must also teach us to discard the ignorant prejudice that western civilisation is all rank materialism, and perhaps teach some others that spirituality is not after all an Indian superstition.

