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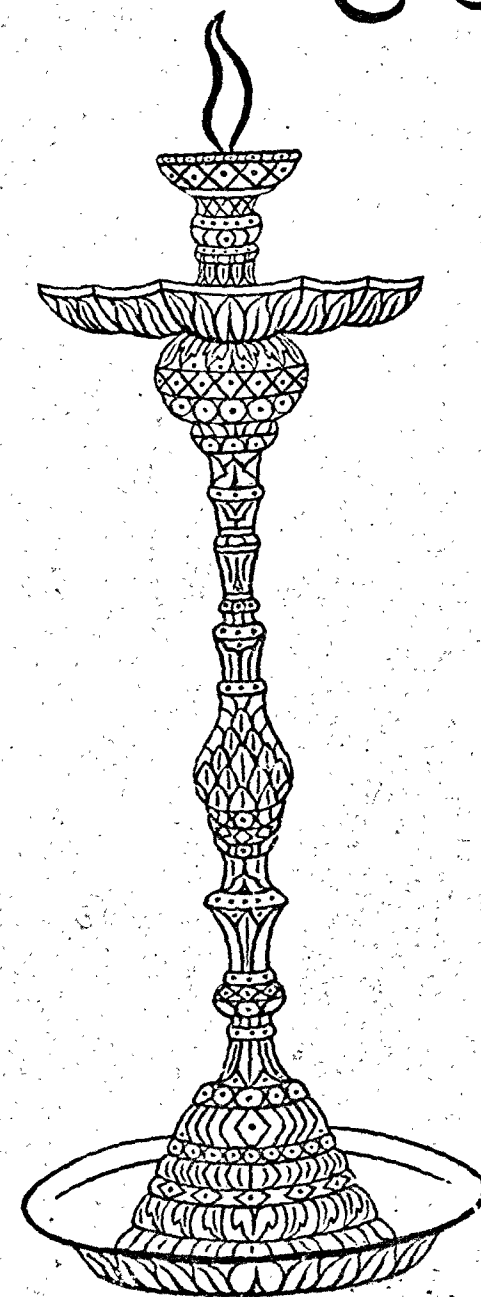
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[Signature]

"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

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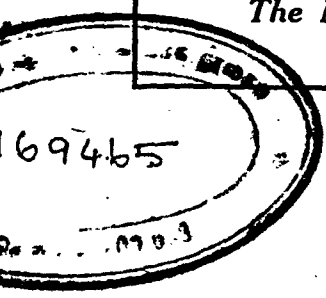
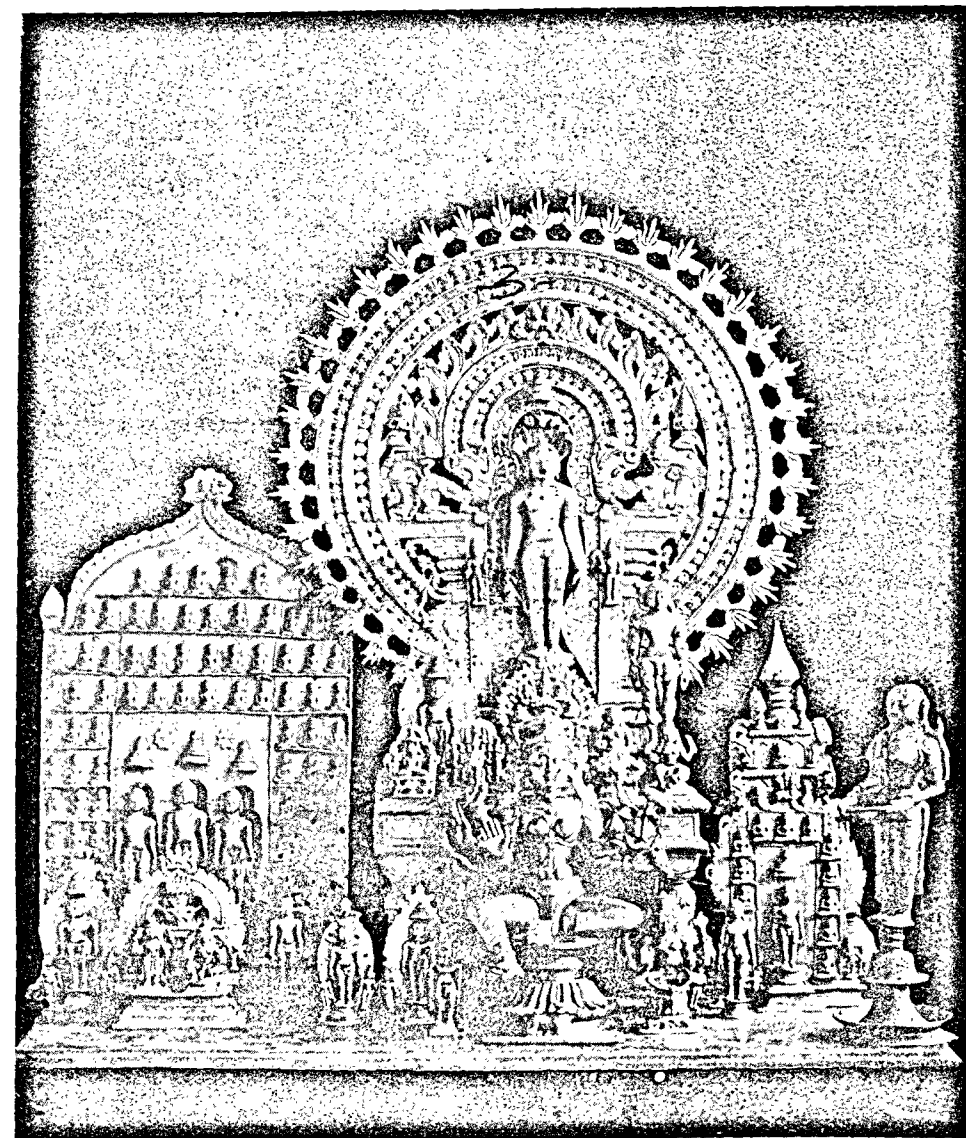
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"THE NEW ORIENT" seeks to cover the entire field of political, economic and cultural relations between East and West from a constructive and forward-looking viewpoint, and to interpret the Renaissance that is dawning over the East against the back-ground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

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



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OUR FRONTISPIECE

THIS ensemble of Jain bronzes was collected and specially assembled by Dr. K. N. Sitaram, M.A., Ph.D., and comprises the Vigrahas which generally adorn the Mulastan of a Jain Busti, dedicated to one of their twenty-four Tirthankars (saints or supermen). The collection belongs to Sri Lakshmanasen Swami Bhattarka Bhattacharya who has temporarily lent it to one of the bustis of Kholapur. Thanks to Dr. Sitaram it is now our privilege to reproduce these beautiful specimens. They belong to the South Indian School of Workmanship and remind us of the Nataraja bronzes. The group surrounded by its Prabhavali represents Shri Parswanath as the cosmic serpent Dharanidhar spreading his hood like an umbrella over the sacred head of the saint. The lady seated on a lotus pedestal with numerous hands, poising weapons, is Padmavati, who corresponds to the Hindu conception of Sri, or Padmaja or Lakshmi. The smaller figures are to be found practically in every Digambara Jain temple. But observe the figure of the lady bearing the lamp—an antique and splendid example of South Indian Jain Bronzier's art.

utterly denied. And it was to that lack of belief that, strangely enough, we owe the other outstanding quality of his work, his sense of pity.

It has been always very natural to compare Hardy with his great friend and contemporary, Meredith. Hardy's great asset, in comparison with Meredith, is his possession in abundance of this quality of pity. Because he had in a sense what is called a low opinion of human nature, his attitude to it was infinitely more tolerant and loving than that of Meredith. Meredith had accepted the "struggle-for-existence" principle as applied to life and character. "Woe to the vanquished" was a natural conclusion of his creed. With Hardy begins that passion of pity for the vanquished, for the victims, which marks pre-eminently the work of the novelists of the succeeding century—particularly that of Galsworthy.

Throughout his later life, the personality of the man, aged, unassuming, unworldly, living his obscure, homely life apart, has shed upon the world of English letters an influence, quiet yet strong, of the dignity of his calling, of the sincerity of his standards. With his death has come the necessity of gauging his contribution to English literature, a task which cannot be performed finally till time affords us the proper perspective. The strong individuality of his work, however, immediately impresses itself upon the reader along certain well-defined lines.

Of the 17 volumes of fiction, the earliest in which we find his powers fully mature is "The Return of the Native" (1878). Rising out of the background of the Victorian Novel, the atmosphere and characterization have an arresting originality. Here is a new thing that is yet old. Plot and character are conceived in a tumultuous spirit of poetry that is Elizabethan rather than Victorian. But this is combined with a simplicity and closeness to the earth that had only become possible to the European mind since Rousseau. Above all, there is a quality of originality beyond any in plot and character, a power, mature in his earliest work and yet always deepening, of seizing and evoking the spirit of a place; a power dependent partly on careful natural observation, still more, on the lighting up of natural scenery by imagination. The setting of the novels assumes a form, sinister, comforting, or mocking, and participates in the struggles of his characters against life and fate. Dawn on the downlands, night on Egdon Heath, form not only settings, but are wrought into the fabric of the plot, and colour or distort the characters that move among them. The introduction to "The Return" begins with a description of the "nightly roll into darkness" of Egdon waste:

"The spot was, indeed, a near relation of night, and when night showed itself, an apparent tendency to gravitate together could be perceived in its shade and the scene. The sombre stretch

of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternization towards which each advanced half-way.

"The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crisis of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow."

And in this waste move his characters,—full-blooded, vital, tumultuous, but always fundamentally simple, with no fine shades or subtleties. In the darkness of the heath (associated traditionally with the scene of Lear's madness) roams the figure of Eustacia Vye, fit dweller for such a scene, perhaps the most vivid and vigorously depicted of the sisterhood of storm-tost women that Hardy has created:

"Eustacia Vye was the raw material of a divinity. On Olympus she would have done well with a little preparation. She had the passions and instincts which make a model goddess, that is, those which make not quite a model woman. Had it been possible for the earth and mankind to be entirely in her grasp for a while, had she handled the distaff, the spindle, and the shears at her own free will, few in the world would have noticed the change in government. There would have been the same inequality of lot, the same heaping up of favours here, of contumely there, the same generosity before justice, the same perpetual dilemmas, the same captious alternation of caresses and blows that we endure now.

"She was in person full-limbed and somewhat heavy; without ruddiness, as without pallor; and soft to the touch as a cloud. To see her hair was to fancy that a whole winter did not contain darkness enough to form its shadow: it closed over her forehead like nightfall extinguishing the western glow. Her nerves extended into those tresses, and her temper could always be softened by stroking them down."

* * * * *

"The only way to look queenly without realms or hearts to queen it over is to look as if you had lost them; and Eustacia did that to a triumph. In the captain's cottage she could suggest mansions she had never seen. Perhaps that was because she frequented a vaster mansion than any of them, the open hills. Like the summer condition of the place around her, she was an embodiment of the phrase 'a populous solitude'—apparently so listless, void, and quiet, she was really busy and full.

"To be loved to madness,—such was her great desire. Love was to her the one cordial which could drive away the eating loneliness of her days. And she seemed to long for the abstraction called passionate love more than for any particular lover."

This portrayal of the woman, (it extends over a whole chapter) is intensely revealing; yet it points to the difference in Hardy's methods of revelation of character as compared with the analytical methods of so many of his peers. For we never know every shade and facet of Eustacia's character as we know Beatrix Esmond or Becky Sharp or Clara Middleton or Diana of the Crossways. She rises vividly in one great scene after another from the moment when

she first appears, Queen of the night, meeting her lover in the glow of the fire on the waste, to that last moment when we glimpse the dark body tossing among the 'gashed' and tumbling currents of the weir-pool. But we have nothing of the slow and gradual development of feeling and character, the revelation of it in all its finer perceptions and shades. The talk of Hardy's characters reveals little. They are too much overborne by fundamental instincts, too much buffeted by the blows of fortune and fate, to have time for self-analysis. The current of action sweeps them too swiftly on to the certain catastrophe.

Therefore it is that Hardy's choice of character has lain always in the Farmer and Yeoman class, dwellers of lonely open spaces, hills and woods. Drawing-room society, the life and talk of the leisured class, that is not his province. His men and women are sombre and elemental as their background. We see them eternally battling with the storm of their own passions, or of the world outside. The current of catastrophic action is far too swift for them to indulge in the endless introspection and minute self-analysis that has obsessed the novelists of the present day. From the 19th century onwards there has been a tendency to minimize the importance of action in the drama and novel. Consequently there has been a loss of true tragic effect. Action, it has been remarked, takes the imagination by the throat. And Hardy's characters are concerned with those elemental passions that find expression in action rather than in introspection. He is therefore the most tragic of English novelists.

Hardy's special success with women-characters has often been stressed. He finds in them that combination of passion and simplicity that provides his best-worked field. His women have nothing of the many-sidedness, the intellectual quality of Meredith's. Women of the country-side, their dominant characteristic, their strength and their weakness, lies in their capacity for passion. Essentially pure, but instinct with passion and sex-emotion,—unconscious lures always of men, wrecking again and again the current of their lives and ambitions—all his women are a combination of temptress and victim. This conception fits in with his attitude to men and women as purely the puppets of a Fate possibly malignant, or at its best blind. For his women cause devastating havoc in the lives of men; and yet they themselves are largely passive instruments and suffer most from the passions they rouse.

This tolerant understanding of the passionate misdoings of men; this stripping bare the heart of men and women of all pretence and convention, were the cause of that early harrassing misunderstanding by the public, which lead, after the publication of "Jude the Obscure" and its intolerable misunderstanding by critics, to Hardy's turning definitely from the sphere of the novel to that of poetry.

A diverting indictment of the futility of the standards of a time that could condemn as morally objectionable any part of Hardy's work has been drawn up in a book published very recently in America. The writer draws up a list of differences between the original version in which Hardy produced his novels and that which he made up for publication in serial form in the gentlemen's magazines of the day. Some of these differences are very illuminating, throwing light upon the absurdity of some of the social standards of the day. Here is an interesting one from "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." In the original version there occurs the incident when Angel Clare carries across the stream, first the three dairy-maids, then Tess. This method of conveyance, however, evidently proved too strong for the genteel taste of the time. So in the serial version Hardy changes this. Angel Clare now departs to a farmer's, borrows a wheel-barrow, and wheels the ladies across! One can imagine with what ironical amusement Hardy must have made the change.

With his emphasis on the tragic, Hardy has also a rich, racy humour, a zest for the comic in character as displayed in the idiosyncracies of rustic life. Never has this phase of English country-life been more keenly savoured and more vigorously depicted by any other novelist, though George Elliot would here run Hardy a close second. Along with men and women who suffer so intensely at the hands of Fate or society or the mischance of their own temperament, there is this other simpler race, so meek and humble that the eye of the "President of the Immortals" seems to escape them. The shrewdness, the superstition, the muddled thinking and yet the essentially sound hold on life and its loyalties is delightfully presented in this scene from "Far from the madding Crowd." Joseph Poorgrass has stopped to refresh himself at an inn, while carrying in his waggon the body of the unfortunate Fanny Robin and her baby. He meets there Jan Coggan and Mark Clark, owners of the two most appreciative throats in the neighbourhood, and there ensues the following conversation:

"I believe ye to be a chapel-member, Joseph. That I do."

"Oh, no, no! I don't go so far as that."

"For my part," said Coggan, "I'm staunch Church of England."

"Ay, and faith, so be I," said Mark Clark.

"I won't say much for myself; I don't wish to," Coggan continued, with that tendency to talk on principles which is characteristic of the barley-corn. "But I've never changed a single doctrine: I've stuck like plaster to the old faith I was born in. Yes; there's this to be said for the Church, a man can belong to the Church and bide in his cheerful old inn, and never trouble or worry his mind about doctrines at all. But to be a meetinger, you must go to chapel in all winds and weathers, and make yerself as frantic as a skit. Not that but chapel-members be clever chaps enough in their way. They can lift up beautiful prayers out of their own heads, all about their families and shipwrecks in the newspaper."

"They can—they can," said Mark Clark with corroborative feelings; "but we Churchmen, you see, must have it all printed aforehand, or, dang it all, we should no more know what to say to a great gaffer like the Lord than babes unborn."

"Chapel-folk be more hand-in-glove with them above than we," said Joseph, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Coggan. "We know very well that if anybody do go to heaven, they will. They've worked hard for it, and they deserve to have it, such as 'tis. I baint such a fool as to pretend that we who stick to the Church have the same chance as they, because we know we have not. But I hate a feller who'll change his old ancient doctrines for the sake of getting to heaven. I'd as soon turn king's-evidence for the few pounds you get. Why, neighbours, when everyone of my taties were frosted, our Pa'son Thirdly were the man who gave me a sack for seed, though he hardly had one for his own use, and no money to buy 'em. If it hadn't been for him, I shouldn't have had a tatie to put in my garden. D'ye think I'd turn after that? No, I'll stick to my side; and if we be in the wrong, so be it; I'll fall with the fallen!"

"Well said—very well said," observed Joseph.—"However, folks, I must be moving now: upon my life I must. Pa'son Thirdly will be waiting at Church gates, and there's the woman a-biding outside in the waggon."

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is the novel by which the general reader knows Hardy. And, in spite of a certain forcing of situation and a touch of melodrama, it is one of his finest books. The sub-title in itself is a challenge—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles;—A Pure Woman." For the book treated of events in her experience which might have caused the genteel reader with his professed moral code to have denied her that title. And yet Tess's innate purity in appearance and in essential character is steadily borne upon us. "There was something more to be said in fiction than had been said about the shaded side of a well-known catastrophe," remarks Hardy in the Preface to the fifth and final edition. One may feel that in the present generation the exposure of this shaded side has been considerably overdone, has become a positive obsession. But Hardy's study is a model of sympathy and reticence. Tess is rich in that vital humanity that is the hall-mark of Hardy's characters. She glows and throbs with life. At the outset Hardy describes her as "a mere vessel of emotion untinged by experience." As a description it is true of many of his women.

The succession of scenes, with their changing atmosphere and natural background, is exquisitely delineated,—the sombre gloom of the Chase with its oaks and yews where the tragedy takes place to the lonely wholesome freshness of those wooings in the early dawn, the luminous gloom yielding to the cold gleam of day, the herons flapping round about and the early dew on Tess's hair.

Tess is a standard woman with her large impulsive nature, without scorn or suspiciousness, her single-minded devotion, her honesty and endurance.

The book marks the climax of gloom—the crushing sense of a mocking fate outside of humanity as well as inherent in the dread possibilities of human character. The tragic quality, the desperate cries against men and fate, can

only be matched in King Lear,—the pathetic helplessness of Lear's: "Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?"—the despairing endurance of Gloucester's:

"As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport."

Beside the concentrated bitter irony of these last lines can only be put one other passage in English Literature, Hardy's comment on Tess's ruin:

"Darkness and silence ruled everywhere around. Above them rose the primeval yews and oaks of the Chase, in which were poised gentle roosting birds in their last nap; and about them stole the hopping rabbits and hares. But, might some say, where was Tess's guardian angel? Where was the providence of her simple faith? Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was on a journey, or he was sleeping and not to be awakened.

"Why it was that upon this beautiful feminine tissue, sensitive as gossamer, and practically blank as snow as yet, there should have been traced such a coarse pattern as it was doomed to receive; why so often the coarse appropriates the finer thus, the wrong man the woman, the wrong woman the man, many thousand years of analytical philosophy have failed to explain to our sense of order. One may, indeed, admit the possibility of a retribution lurking in the present catastrophe. Doubtless some of Tess D'Urberville's mailed ancestors rollicking home from a fray had dealt the same measure even more ruthlessly towards peasant girls of their time. But though to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children may be a morality good enough for divinities, it is scorned by average human nature; and it therefore does not mend the matter.

"As Tess's own people down in those retreats are never tired of saying *among* each other in their fatalistic way: 'It was to be.' There lay the pity of it."

This passage sums up Hardy's attitude to life and its problem. He is tremendously conscious of the handicaps of life. He pictures men and women always under strain and suffering, and his overwhelming compassion forbids him to put the responsibility on the man himself. He resembles George Eliot in his detailed working out of the long chain of consequences of human deeds. But George Eliot emphasizes the moral side—the rightness of the retribution that overtakes human weakness. Hardy sees the disproportionate nature of the punishment as compared with the crime that ultimately caused it. The dice are heavily loaded against humanity. Of Susan Henchard Hardy writes in the "Mayor of

Casterbridge": "When she plodded on in the shade of the hedge, silently thinking, she had the hard half-apathetic expression of one who deems anything possible, at the hands of Time and Chance, except perhaps fair-play." So Hardy's characters plod on, maimed from the very outset by circumstances, if nothing else by their own instincts, instincts unsuspected, lurking within them, often opposed to the whole general trend of their character. The passion of Jude's heart is scholarship. Why must his ardent disciplined preparation be overthrown by the lurking unsuspected emotion of sex? Why should the Creator, by endowing Jude with this ill-balanced emotional equipment have reversed his own design? Why should well-formed schemes, involving years of thought and labour, by which a man could contribute his units of work to the progress of the generation, why should all those be overthrown by the impulse of a new and transitory instinct? What designer would so ruin his own design? In Jude's case, the blame might partially be laid on social institutions, which forced him into marriage to the ruin of his career. But the ultimate responsibility lay in the sex impulse. In one of his poems Hardy lays the blame directly on the Creator—in "The Portrait of a Woman about to be Hanged":

"Would that your Causer, ere knoll your knell
For this riot of passion, might deign to tell
Why, since IT made you
Sound in the germ,
It sent a worm
To madden It's handiwork, when IT might well
Not have assayed you."

The "Unfulfilled Intention" haunts him. He traces it in the forest as in the lives of men. "The leaf was deformed, the curve crippled, the taper interrupted; the lichen ate the vigour of the stalk, and the ivy slowly angled to death the promising sapling." "Sound in the germ," all things are created, yet with some lurking impulse that leaves this soundness maimed, deformed, is it Malice or Blind Chance that is responsible for the impulse?

Much has been said of Hardy's philosophy. Fortunately from the artistic point of view, no rigid system obtrudes itself in the novels. A more systematic treatment may be found in his epic-drama of the Napoleonic Wars—The Dynasts. The conception is on a scale only equalled by Faust. The lands and peoples of Europe move through it. Drawing-rooms, battle-fields, cabinet ministers' conferences, peasants' huts, are part of the spectacle, and beyond the human characters are the supernatural choruses, discussing and commenting on the human scene. Cities, people, armies, writhe in unmeaning tragedy. What is

the Immanent Will behind this creation? Is it a co-operative thing, working through the individual units of the race of man? If so, there is yet some hope for humanity. But is it not rather a force apart, unchangeable, moving men like pawns on a chess-board? The Chorus of Pities (spirits young as yet in the earth's history) suggest the first as a possible solution. They hold out hopes of advance, evolution, groping and lagging though it be. But beyond the Pities that sympathise at, and the Ironic Spirits that enjoy, the capricious malice of the course of events, is the Spirit of the Years, who has been for all time, and to whom the whole is a process that has no meaning, good or evil—the process of the All-Urging Will.

"like a knitter drowsed,
Whose fingers play in skilled unmindfulness,
The Will has woven with an absent heed
Since first life was: and ever will so weave."

It is, in the words of Lascelles Abercrombie, "the biggest, the most consistent and deliberate exhibition of fatalism in literature."

A still-born creed, his has been called; the charge is hardly just. There is neither peace, nor certitude, nor help. Life is painful, agonising, worse than that—futile. But it is never cheap, mean, or trivial. Dark and confused though the struggle may be, there is still love and endurance, loving-kindness and loyalty. It is remarkable how Hardy combines a deep-rooted conviction of the futility of life with a strong sense of reverence for the possibilities of grandeur in human character. At times his characters dilate, are invested with a dignity, a solemnity that reaches heights denied to the methods of our present-day realists. And yet these occasions preserve the simplicity of the themes—those "homeliest of heart-stirrings," among which Hardy worked. Tess, a mere girl in her straight white night-gown, baptizing her dying baby, Marty South over the grave of her lover, touch sublimity. With this sense of dignity, the sanctity almost of human character, it is not surprising that Hardy resented the charge of pessimism so carelessly brought against him.

Finally, the spirit of the novels will fit into no definite system of philosophy. It is better defined in the homely phrase "Grin and bear it,"—or in the magnificent words of Edgar in "King Lear":

"Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all."

M. CHOKSI

ART AND THE CAMERA

Are Camera Pictures Artistic?

BY W. G. RAFFE, A.R.C.A., etc.

Can we produce pictures by the mechanical aid of the camera, which are truly artistic? Can we produce works of graphic art by lens and printing frame which can justly be compared with work produced by brush and pencil? Those who have visited any leading exhibition of camera pictures, such as The London Salon, in Pall Mall, will have no hesitation in answering "Yes!"

It depends upon the artistic knowledge of the user of the camera, just as the directly drawn picture depends on the skill of the user of brush and pencil. In each branch of art, the manipulator of technical means must be an artist in design. The camera, however simple or complex the mechanism may be, is an instrument. The camera is the supreme draughtsman. It has marvellous capacity for detail that is unsurpassable: it may even be a nuisance in this insistence, but commercially this power is most valuable. But the camera which is a brainless machine, cannot design. And design is the secret of all art.

The artist can design with the aid of camera, as he can design with the aid of a brush, but he must understand his means, his material and his aim. With lens and film you can design in mass and tone. You cannot work in line or colour, though colour will, in the future, give more easily secured results than are now available. The art paradox of the camera is that it has dispelled the notion that art is nothing more than the imitation of nature, for it can copy nature so literally and so completely that no human draughtsman can compete with its searching accuracy. Art is not imitation but is arrangement. Drawing with pencil or brush is a method of technical statement, in graphic terms. The camera provides another method, somewhat different and less personal perhaps, to the moment and the place, in one aspect, though more so in another. Design is the foundation of graphic art, hence the camera artist must "see his picture" before he makes the exposure; or he must be able to rescue it from the abundance of matter presented on his film. In every moment he must select and reject: he must select the essentials for which the picture is to be made, and reject the inessentials which may be present but which encumber his purpose. Every picture must be made thoughtfully and purposefully; then it will tend to become a work of art.

JAN.—APRIL 1928]

ART AND THE CAMERA

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Each year, a greater number of beautiful camera pictures are produced. They present all manner of subjects; from landscape and seascape; architecture; figures in portrait, costume, or the nude; and in still life. In this last, some Japanese workers excel, for their skill in arranging objects which offer interesting pattern by their line and mass, as seen from one view point, is unsurpassed. Nature studies of birds, and animals, or fishes and insects are more difficult owing to the movements of the "sitter" so that such prints usually owe their interest to the subject rather than their treatment. And the amateur finds this branch lengthy, and even expensive in time and trouble.

An expensive camera is not essential to the production of excellent pictures. With a four-anna pencil and a piece of good paper you can if you are an artist, produce an excellent pencil study. With a quite moderately-priced camera you can get good pictures. Artistic pictures are made with brains more than with cameras.

While you can make a good camera picture even though you cannot draw a line, it is incontestable that a little skill in drawing—added to a lot in design ability—will help you to produce better pictures. Some study of the great pictures of the world is essential. You can arrange a still life group as the housewife arranges a room, or the flowers in her vases: that planning or arrangement is the basis of art. But many camera pictures are worked upon further by hand, by the various technical processes, in order to eliminate faults and to emphasise the good points further.

The camera picture, as a work of art, is determined by its motives. A portrait must give an interesting statement of the features of the sitter. A still life picture of certain goods, for advertising, must be equally interesting in its way, emphatic and clear, but not so personal. A really good still life print should state something by and through its pattern, in addition to its design; and much the same may be demanded of a nude figure study. It is this evidence of thoughtful intention which raises a print from the level of mere imitation to a work of art. This aim tends to give concentration, which is the secret of success. With variety in unity, giving a definite central phase of the composition; with simplicity of line and mass, absence of harsh and jarring confusions of tone, a picture printed with breadth and softness has gone far on its road. The beginner should first experiment with simple things, which he can control, in "close-ups" but securing a film full of tonal contrast, and sharp. Softness may be secured easily; detail reduced to a pleasant balance with the masses, and thus a true camera picture secured.

W. G. RAFFE

SANKARACARYA—His life and work*

BY K. RAMA PISHAROTI

To-day's lecture I am going to devote to the consideration of some of the aspects of the life and work of the venerable Seer of divine wisdom, SRI SANKARA BHAGAVADPADACARYA, a figure the most outstanding in the whole range of the Hindu Literature, a name to conjure with for poets and Bhaktas and Philosophers. The aspects that I propose to deal with this evening are not what have often been emphasised by almost every writer of the Hindu religion or literature or philosophy, but the peculiarly Malayali aspects of the Seer's life and work. I mean to set forth here the Malayali version of the great Seer's life, to briefly dwell on what he has done for the material well-being of the Malayali society and then to explain the all-comprehending, all-including character of the superb system of philosophy elaborated by him. Any notice of Sankara's life and activity is in itself a topic of absorbing interest, and the aspects I am going to dilate upon this evening must also be interesting not only for this reason, but also because these have not yet been emphasised, have not yet been brought out to the forefront. This probably is one reason why in every notice of the great Seer's life and work nothing is said about his contribution to the material well-being of a nation—a contribution that is neither mean nor insignificant. The popular ignorance of this aspect, that the saintly philosopher and Bhakta has also figured as an eminent sociologist, has organised an enduring society of a very beneficent character, is my best excuse for including a reference to this subject in the course of these lectures.

Now to proceed to the first of these aspects, the life of the Seer. The Malayalis have our own version of the life of the Seer of divine wisdom. I have also been able in course of my Archæological researches to come across a small Kavya, called 'Sankaracarya Caritam,' embodying the Malayali version. The work is written by one Govindanatha Yati, probably a Sanyasin but decidedly a Malayali. There is neither the frenzied flight of imagination, nor the pompous exaggeration, but is characterised by a native simplicity, which sits but too well

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with the greatness of the theme. The contents of the work are, in the words of the author, as follows :—

निबन्धनमिदं पुण्यमध्याय नवकान्वितम् ।
करोमि यतिवर्थस्य निदेशं समुपाश्रितः ॥
कथासंक्षेप एवाद्ये द्वितीयेऽध्याय उद्भवः ।
तृतीये व्याससंज्ञापस्तुर्ये प्राक्शिष्यसंभवः ॥
सुरेश्वरस्य शिष्यस्य संन्यासः पञ्चमेततः ।
षष्ठेतु हस्तामलक त्रोटकाभिरुय शिष्ययोः ॥
सप्तमे मुक्तिदायिन्याः काञ्च्या महाम्यकीर्तनम् ।
रामेश्वर कथाख्यानं सर्वपापहरं ततः ॥
सर्वज्ञान निधेस्तस्य शङ्कराचार्ययोगितः ।
नवमे परमानन्द सायुज्यमनुवर्णितम् ॥

In giving the contents of the work, as also in the general tone, the author has kept up an epic style. The date of the work and the details of the author are not yet available. But from the general tenor of the composition one inclines to assign it to the 17th century.

The Reverend Jagat Guru was born of a devout couple living at Kalati on the banks of the Alwaye river, through the blessing of the God Vatakunnatha enshrined in the temple at Trichur, which is popularly known as Dakṣiṇa Kailāsam. The parents were very devout and religious, but were not blessed by an issue. The pious couple, therefore, resorted to Trichur to do penance and please God Siva. Before long the Lord was pleased with their penance and so appeared to the husband in the guise of a Brahmin in a dream and blessed him with an omniscient son.

Thus it will be seen that the blessed Sankara was born under divine auspices and under divine inspiration. He lost his father before he was five years old, and he conducted the Diksha ceremony of his father, as does every Namputiri now, for a year and then had his Upanayanam ceremony conducted. After this he devoted himself to the study of Sanskrit, both sacred and secular literature, till his 16th year, and it was only after this that he left his native land and went to Benares to get himself ordained. Thus according to our tradition, and as recorded in this work, the great Seer had his complete education in the land of his birth, had the stable foundations of his wonderful intellectual attainments laid in Kerala. Again our tradition makes it out that the great spiritual leader came back to his native land to lay down his mortal remains. After ascending the Sarvainapidham

at Kanci and after worshiping at the holy shrine at Rameswaram, he turned his steps to his native land. Here the Seer of divine wisdom saw that his end was near and gladly prepared himself for the inevitable. I shall not better describe the last moments of the Revered Guru than in the words of the author I have already quoted:—

महानुभावः स्वैः शिष्यैः प्रतस्थे शङ्करस्ततः ।
ततः क्षेत्राणि पुण्यानि तीर्थानि च निषन्य सः ॥
क्रमेण शिष्य संयुक्तो वृषाचलमवात्पवान् ।
तत्र दक्षिणकैलासे निवसन्नेकदागुरुः ॥
ज्ञात्वा निजशरीरान्तं सहशिष्यैः प्रसन्नधी ।
कासाटे पश्चिमे स्नात्वा नत्वा तत्रत्यमीश्वरम् ॥
श्रीमूलस्थान मासाढ्य चक्रेतस्य प्रदक्षिणम् ।
गोपुरेणान्तराविश्य कृष्णं नत्वा यतीश्वरः ॥
वाहनेन्द्रं पुरारतिः गत्वा वृषभमानमत् ।
केरलावनिकतीरं हतीरं सवेभूभुजाम् ॥
सेनमत् भार्गवं रामं नृणामवनतत्परम् ॥
नृत्तं भगवतश्शोभोर्नत्वा नतफणीश्वरम् ।
उत्तरेक्ष्यमुमाकान्तं पार्वतीं च विनायकम् ॥
यथावद्वन्दनं कृत्वा मण्डपेषु ननाम सः ।
बहूनिस्तोत्रमुख्यानि देवत्रितयवन्दने ॥
चक्रे श्रीशङ्कराचार्यो भृशं भक्तिसमन्वितः ।
नारायण! मुराटोते! कृष्ण! गोविन्द! मधव! ॥
पाहिमां शरणं प्राप्तमाशु संसृति सागरात् ।
हर! विष्णो! महादेव! वैकुण्ठ! गिरिजापते ॥
लक्ष्मीरमण मां पाहि भवांभोधेः सुदुस्तरात् ।
हर! रुद्र! मृडेशान! शोभो! गिरिश! शङ्कर! ॥
गङ्गाधर! पुरारति! गिरिश! मदनान्तक ।
वेदान्तवेद्य! सर्वज्ञ! नमस्ते भगवन्! विभो! ॥
प्रपन्नं पाहि मामेनं भवांभोधिनिमज्जनात् ॥
अजानन्नपि जानन्वा अन्ममन्यत्र परत्र वा ।
यदकार्षमहं पापं तत्सर्वं हर संहर ॥
देवत्रितयमितिस्तुत्वा भासमानं वृषाचले ।
शिष्यैः सहमहायोगी प्रदेशेकुत्रचित् गुरः ॥

निविष्टः सुप्रसन्नात्मा सर्वमापादमूर्धजम् ।
यथावत् चिन्तयामास वैष्णवं रुपमादरात् ॥

इत्थं चिन्तयतोरुपं वैष्णवं सकलं गुरोः ।
वक्त्रात् प्रादुरभूत् स्तोत्रं स्रग्धरा वृत्तमाश्रितम् ॥

देशिकेन्द्रो महायोगी स्तोत्रं कुर्वन् स वैष्णवम् ।
विवेशपरमानन्दं भानुबिबान्तरस्थितम् ॥

Thus it will be seen that the Jagat Guru spent his last moments at the sacred temple at Trichur and his remains are deposited in the spacious Matilakam of this temple, the exact site being marked out for posterity by erecting a flat carrying the symbols of Mahaviṣṇu. There is a peculiar fitness in accepting this as the true version of the Seer's last days because he was born through the blessing of the Lord enshrined in this temple. And this, the holy presence of the mortal remains of the venerable Jagat Guru, is probably the main reason why this temple has come to be regarded as one of the most important in all Kerala.

For the rest our version does not materially differ from that of others except in this that three out of his four principal disciples are Keraliyas, Padmapada being a Namputiri Brahmin belonging to Alathur gramam Visnusarma by name. I shall not further dilate on this topic but shall conclude with the statement that the Jagat Guru was a subject of the kingdom ruled over by the Perumpatappu Svarupam, the present Cochin Royal Family, and that the king at the time of the Seer was Raja Raja, according to our author.

One particular incident in the life of the Jagat Guru I cannot help referring to here, especially because that gave him the opportunity to interfere in the social life of the orthodox Hindu and to found a new social order for the Malayalis, which is probably the most unique of its kind. The incident I have in mind is the cremation of his beloved mother. Branded as a revolutionary for his new philosophy, Sankaracarya at this time was not very popular amongst the local leaders, with their love for the old and traditional. Naturally, therefore, they did not co-operate with him and help him to give a proper and religious cremation to his mother. He was thus forced to do it all by himself and in his own way. This was one reason which turned him to evolve a new social organisation for Kerala. It might also be that he addressed himself to this work, because he was probably one of those who believed that a nation's spiritual advancement directly depended upon its material prosperity and that the true and genuine philosopher must not

merely lay down rules for the former but try to ensure the latter also; and the particular incident gave the needed opportunity. Naturally therefore, he took up this work and did it in such a superb way, so characteristic of himself and of none else. That a philosopher of his intellectual calibre, that a Seer of his divine wisdom, that a Bhakta of his spiritual attainments, always steeped in the visions of the supreme Godhead, should have turned his attention to the work of recasting and reorganising a social edifice, may at first sight appear incongruous. But it deserves to be remembered it is not given to all to found a beneficent and an endearing social edifice; it requires the true vision of a philosopher and it is possible only for spiritual authorities like the revered Sankara to do it. Whatever be the motive, whatever be the incongruity, there is a unique social edifice set up by the revered Jagat Guru in the land of his birth—a social edifice with its numerous Anācarams, as they are called, with its numerous rules and regulations to guide mutual social relations, which are radically different from those obtaining in Hindu societies elsewhere, and which therefore stands unique by itself. And it is this edifice that is directly responsible for all the achievements of the Malayalis, which are neither mean nor insignificant. The founding of this new social order a grateful nation has commemorated by founding an era, the Kolla Varṣa, which starts from the date expressed in the Kali chronogram 'Acārya-vagabhedyā.'

The few historical peeps that we get of Kerala lead us to presume that the period of the Jagat Guru was a period of great religious turmoil and unrest in the land and that the society stood in need of an eminent social legislator. The popular religion of the land, Buddhism, was in the first place shaken by the incoming of Jainism and when Prabhakara, the brilliant exponent and vigorous champion of the Mimamsa Darsana came, these non-Hindu faiths were suppressed and the superiority of Hinduism again asserted. Religion colours to a very great extent the social life of the individual, and it is especially so in India, the land of religions and philosophies; and while it is easy to change one's religion, it is generally not easy to change one's social customs and manners. When the venerable Adi Guru appeared on the scene, the prevailing religion of the land was Hinduism, but it may legitimately be supposed that the social life of the mass must have been not only not full of non-Hindu elements, but must also have been characterised by a host of divergent faiths and cults, forms and rituals, and customs and manners. And these, it is also likely, must have been accentuated through the presence of even non-Hindu religions prevalent in the land, namely, Christianity, Judaism and even Mohamedanism. The influence of so many religions, indigenous and foreign, each colouring the social life of the masses in its own way, must necessarily have produced a very confused and complex social order.

The confusion caused by the presence of a diversity of faiths and creeds was only enhanced by the existence of a number of castes and sects and sub-sects even within the orthodox fold, composed of even different racial elements. If, indeed, I may be permitted to arrive at any general conclusions on the basis of my inductions, I believe that the orthodox Hindu fold of Kerala is composed of at least two different races, the Aryans and the Dravidians, the former comprising the high caste Hindus and the latter, lower orders, including the untouchables and the unapproachables. This consists of three distinct layers: (1) the Nampūtiris or the priestly hierarchy which developed into the wealthy aristocracy apparently exclusive by nature; (2) the Nairs, the old military hierarchy, later grown into the wealthy middle class, and (3) the unapproachables, the conquered race, the original indigenous sons of the soil who occupy the lowest rung of the social ladder. Between these three distinct layers stand the intermediate sects, the Ambalavasis between the first two and the professional castes between the last two. And all these sects, the main ones and the intermediate ones, are found again divided up into a number of sub-sects, probably as many as 18 subdivisions for each, with characteristic differences in their social and socio-religious practices. Add to this also the Ksatriya element surviving in the branch now known as Tirupads and in the Royal families of Kerala. It will thus be seen that we have a diversity of sects and sub-sects and this suggests some original diversity, racial or religious or professional, the low caste Hindus bespeaking a racial difference, the Ambalavasis, a religious one and the sects below the Nairs, a professional one.

Enough now has been said to show that profuse was the diversity prevailing amongst the orthodox society in the land and the period of the venerable Jagat Guru which witnessed a general unsettling of religions and faiths and philosophies was a period when there was a great necessity and abundant scope for a complete re-construction of the social edifice. The complete conversion of even those professing non-Hindu Indian religions, their assignment to certain fixed places in the reformed orthodox Hindu fold, the laying down of rules and regulations to govern the social and socio-religious practices and relations of the various elements constituting the society of old—in other words, the re-formation and the re-organisation of the complex, confused and heterogeneous theistic society into an ordered, inter-related and homogenous whole with proper safeguards to maintain the racial purity of the racial elements possessing a higher culture and to afford opportunity to the lower racial stock to adequately benefit by the presence of a higher cultural race—such in brief is the work achieved by, and ascribed to, the venerable Seer Sri Sankarabhagavad Padacarya, a work the execution of which was characterised by the vision of a profound sociologist.

moved by a dynamic desire to progress society to a higher, nobler state of existence, mental, moral and spiritual. Such was the social organisation created by the revered Adi Guru—a beneficent and enduring edifice which is directly responsible for all the cultural and intellectual achievements that Kerala can boast of.

This is not the place to go into further details about the peculiarities of our society, especially because I have already referred to a few of these in a previous context. The social structure obtaining in our land is entirely different from the same obtaining elsewhere, so much so that the Paradesis have styled our land the land of Anacarams. Of the 64 rules laid for the conduct of Hindu societies, our Hindu brethren elsewhere have 60 acarams and 4 anacarams whereas we have, in their eyes, 60 anacarams and 4 acarams. This, I believe, will make sufficiently clear the wonderful originality of our social organisation, as much as it does our great difference in social life as compared with our Hindu brethren elsewhere. Amongst the numerous beneficent results I shall here refer to some. The first is the sense of exuberant religious toleration and the complete absence of religious bias and prejudice. The second, no less important, is the elevation of the non-Brahmanical castes to a position of cultural and intellectual superiority with the Brahmins. A statistical survey of original authors amongst us, whether it be in the field of Sanskrit or vernacular, will reveal the astounding fact that the majority of them are non-Brahmins—a something which eloquently proves that the Namputiri Brahmin, often styled as orthodox, bigotted and selfish, was a creature quite different from his compeer elsewhere in India. The third is the creation of a leisure class amongst all sects and creeds, with cultural capacities and with opportunities for developing its culture. The fourth result has been to ensure a permanency of wealth, which held out to one and all, an adequate supply of all the necessities of life, and which tended to give the land a stable prosperity. With a reference to these results, the more important and enduring one, of the beneficent social organisation set up by the revered Jagat Guru, I must, for the time being, content myself, especially because it is a subject that does not properly come within the scope of the present series of lectures; and exceedingly interesting though it promises to be, I must take leave of it and shall proceed to the next division of the day's subject.

I have in the preceding section explained to you that the revered Jagat Guru was not a mere visionary philosopher dealing in abstruse theories, but also a man of the world of an eminently practical character. The practicality of the seer that is seen in organising a beneficent social edifice for the material well-being of the people of his fatherland is also seen in more or less a perceptible degree in the elaboration of a system of philosophy for the spiritual well-being of

the human race. To the explanation of this aspect, the practical nature of the school of philosophy evolved, developed and perfected by the Jagat Guru we shall now proceed. The one peculiar aspect of this philosophy, the most fundamental, as it appears to me, a layman in the field, is that every Hindu cult and creed, every Hindu ritual and practice has, and if need be, can have, a recognised place in Sankara's system. The various Gods and Goddesses of the Hindu pantheon, both Saivite and Vaisnavite, the various religious rites and practices, Vedic, Tāntric, and Māntric,—all these have a fixed and allotted place in the system of philosophy elaborated by the revered Jagat Guru; and in accepting this philosophy there is no need for anyone to change or give up one's favourite personal Gods, and favourite religious practices. So comprehensive has been this system that even the historically later schools of Viśiṣṭadvaita and Dvaita can find comfortable berths reserved for them by the Seer of divine wisdom. This school, therefore, appears to be the widest, the most accommodative, the most comprehensive and consequently the most assimilative, of all systems of philosophies ever devised by the genius of man for the spiritual betterment of mankind. And this aspect has come to stamp itself on the system elaborated by the revered Sankara as a result of the environments in which the early life of the Seer was cast, environments religious and social which, as I have already shown, were so full of diverse faiths and creeds, so full of varied cults and practices, so full of theistic and atheistic tendencies, so full of divergent religions and philosophies. And the revered Sankaracarya has evolved a philosophy capable of harmoniously accommodating all this and more than this if the lap of future is to bring forth yet any another. The Seer of divine intuition sees and accepts the diversity apparent in the world, but searches for, and finally postulates, a fundamental unity underlying all this diversity, and therefore maintains that the God-soul and the man-soul, the universal soul and the individual soul, are one and the same. He realises the transitoriness of every material and temporal phenomenon and sees absolute permanency only in the supreme Godhead, and, therefore, maintains that there is only one thing that is always eternal, that is always true in the whole universe, and that is the supreme Godhead. Everything else, everything other than the supreme Godhead is characterised by *Mithyātvam*. But this, be it noted, is a *qualified* Mithyātvam, for he maintains a *Vyāvahārikanityatvam* for the world and its phenomena. In other words, while he claims *absolute* Nityatvam only for the supreme soul he willingly assigns *relative* Nityatvam to the world and its phenomena and this relative Nityatvam continues to exist for one and all of us, so long as we are not blessed with true *Jñāna*. Thus until this moment, the supreme moment in the life of the individual, when through divine grace he becomes blessed with the true knowledge,—until this moment the whole world is real, and permanent, and we have to conduct ourselves as such. It is this aspect of his philosophy, an aspect that is thoroughly original, that has given it its all-comprehending nature.

This all-comprehending, all-including character of the philosophy, elaborated by the revered Seer, which definitely tends to absorb all sorts of differences between various creeds and faiths, cults and practices, is given expression to in an eloquent measure by the nature of the life led by the noble Seer of divine wisdom. Himself a Jivan Mukta, yet to set an example to the less fortunate he appears to have visited every place of worship by which he ever happened to pass, whether the shrine be dedicated to Siva or Vishnu or Bhagavati. Though his personal God was Siva, yet every temple, at least in Kerala, coming down from that remote antiquity, do even to-day cherish some sweet memories of the holy presence of the divine Seer in keeping up a particular festival, or a particular ritual, or in chanting a particular hymn of praise, associated with the Seer. The revered Seer was the highest Jnani, the Seer and the knower of the absolute truth the truth divine, and as such, was practically above all rites and rituals; yet he is reported to have participated, not passively but actively, in all kinds of rituals, Tantric and Mantric, as the occasion demanded, even though his natural predilections were in favour of the Vedic type. Preaching and elaborating a system of philosophy, which insists on Jnana as the sole means of Moksa, he is at the same time the author of the treatise, *Prapañcasaram*, which is even to-day the highest, the most standard, and the most authoritative text-book on Mantric rituals. In his system of philosophy, he postulates a Nirguna Brahma and yet he always is an Aupasaka of the Saguna Brahma elaborated and conceived in a thousand forms. Ever and anon falling into Samadhi the vision beatific, the vision of the supreme Godhead in all its naked truth and glory, he is the ever awake Bhakta pouring out from the inexhaustible everbubbling fountain of his heart, garlands after garlands of devotional hymns which do not appear to have ever been rivalled for the ease and elegance of language, for the simplicity and beauty of diction, for the general poetry and sweetness of expression, much less for the boldness and originality of poetic conception and the loftiness and profundity of ideas. Himself a Brahmin of the highest social status in Kerala—for be it remembered he belongs to one of the Astayabattil Adhyans he was every day to respect and honour even the veriest Candala not to speak of a Sudra—an aspect that is beautifully illustrated in the sweet hymn of Manisā Paneaka, knowledge, true knowledge, was the sole and the only basis of greatness and not the artificial status given by birth in a superior caste and consequently the Andhra Vidna, the caste-less Nanda, and the down-trodden Candala—these arrest his attention and elicit his encomiums. His was a heart filled with the milk of human kindness and the never-failing stream flowed on to all human beings, why to all life. It was this more than anything else that enabled him, in spite of his being always absorbed in the spiritual world to see and know the world so minutely as he has done which is so abundantly clear from his very brilliant and benign poem, the well

known *Mohamutgaram*. He is thus as much of this world as he is of the other world, as much in this world as he is out of it, as much a practical man as he is a theoretical philosopher. Here, then, is a practical religionist, a visionary philosopher, a devout Bhakta, all combined into one—a supremely unique combination. He is at the same time, the highest type of Karma Yogi the highest type of Bhakta Yogi and the highest type of Jnana Yogi all fused into one—a fusion as rare as it is wonderful.

Naturally, therefore, in embracing Sankara's philosophy, there is no need for anyone to cast off one's favourite Gods and creeds and rituals. Unalloyed devotion, *i.e.*, *Bhakti*, to one's personal god, the due discharge of one's religious duties and observances, the proper performance of one's Upasanas with all the elaboration of Vaidic or Tāntric or Māntric rituals—these are not only tolerated, but are laid down as an essential necessity, to give the person bound spiritual-wise, the requisite mental purity, which is a necessary prelude for the realisation of the true Jnana, embodied in the expression, TATVAMASI, in the wake of which follows Moksa or final beatitude. The Vaiṣṇavaitees, the S'aivites and the Śākteyas, the Mīmāṃsakās, the Viśiṣṭādvaitis and the Dvaitis, the Vaidikas, the Tāntrikas and the Māntrikas, all these and others yet to come, irrespective of their faith or creed or practice, have a place in the wonderfully comprehensive system of philosophy, evolved and perfected by the revered Sankara, a system as much open for the Chandala as it is for the Brahmin, a system which is the most inclusive and the least exclusive of philosophies that the genius of man ever evolved for the spiritual uplift of mankind; and rightly has this Seer of divine wisdom styled Jagat Guru, the world-teacher.

In the course of this lecture I have tried to sketch out the Malayali version of the great Seer's life and to explain the unique social edifice worked up by him for the benefit of the Malayalis and lastly to briefly glance at the all-comprehending nature of his system of philosophy. Both these systems, social and philosophical, are strikingly original and in their elaboration one is naturally tempted to find the influence of the environments in which the Seer spent his early days. Sectarianism, clanishness, and exclusiveness are absent in both, and both are equally all-accommodative and all-inclusive. Every creed and faith can find a place in the practical side of his philosophical system and so does every caste and sub-caste in his social system. S'ankarācārya was thus both a spiritual force and a temporal force, and in both these spheres he occupies a position never yet challenged, much less equalled. Blessed was his birth, noble was his life, mighty was his intellect, unique was his social reorganisation, and superb his system of philosophy, and no wonder he is hailed by the intellectual *elite* of India as the incarnation of Siva.

K. RAMA PISHAROTI

SOUTH INDIAN MOMENTS

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

DAWN

Day is breaking, the blue of the æther slowly filtering through the luminous haze of amber and opal. The brilliant lights of the five electric standards have just gone out, leaving one astonishing point of brightness in the sky,—Venus immeasurably far above a lonely peacock on the roof-beam of a sinister dwelling.

A dapper white hen comes and pecks about in the neat sandy space before the veranda. The crimson roses are dull and full of sleep; grey smoke hangs over the wretched leaf-thatched huts of the labour-gangs. Black pigs and lean half-wild dogs are foraging about, and round the ruddle-daubed stone on which the figure of Hanuman the Monkey-god is carved in relief, squat a group of Waddas, men, women and children in dirty red and white robes. They seem to be passing their hands over the stone, crouching and making intermittent sounds with cymbals and a drum.

Then one by one they rise and go to a monolith near by, bow to it, raise their hands to their foreheads, and slouch off in slow procession, beating the drum and rattling the cymbals.

All at once the fleecy clouds turn bright vermillion; the peacock on the roof raises himself and flaps his wings as though to greet the Sun-god; Venus vanishes; rich life and colour suffuse the roses and their shadows move in a lovely cluster on the golden wall. A pair of brown kites sail down by the eaves, and the white hen scampers off in a flutter to look after her chicks; goat-herds scream like blood-thirsty harridans; the blue of the sky deepens; the world is awake, and the road fills with traffic that moves soft-footed and silently, save for the tinkling of a stray bullock-bell.

THE MOORCROFT VASE

It is a vase of the kiln known as Moorcroft,—where made I have not heard, but these two words *moor* and *croft* are for me associated with the wilder regions of my own country, the great expanses of heather-clad slopes about the towering bulks that bear the ancient names of Whernside and Penyghent.

JAN.—APRIL 1928]

SOUTH INDIAN MOMENTS

25

It has a shape as old as human handicraft—a shape in domestic use during the forgotten dynasties of Assyria, Egypt and China,—a sturdy jar rising a span high from a flat unmoulded base until both hands will only just meet around its widest girth beneath the narrow ring-rimmed mouth.

Its colour is a dark purplish blue, deepening almost to lustrous black, and on this, round its broad upper part, run clusters of fruit, russet and plum and lemon-yellow, with sage-green foliage drooping to the intenser depths of colour about the base.

And it has come out to the Blue Mountains of South India, over the windy Mediterranean, through the scorching Arabian Straits, across the stormy waters that bore the ships of Solomon eastwards and then a thousand miles overland to this corner of the Nilgiris.

It looks very happy—may be because the first flowers it has ever held are the familiar white roses of York, set with lady-ferns. All round are strange evergreen trees,—oak and laurel and myrtle of many kinds; all round strange birds are calling,—bul-bul, kite and jungle-cock; but the blue vase holds a white rosebud bending between two frouds of golden green, drinking from depths of cool well-water; and the sunny little room is given a stateliness which harmonizes with the mighty music of the homeless winds rolling round the house in a deep unison of mountain voices.

THE FIREFLY

Darkness rich with the fragrance of mountain woods has gathered round our passage, as our well-loaded car stops to breathe at the summit of a steep road seven thousand feet above the sea. The engine is panting and throbbing as the driver pours cool water from a wayside spring over the front, and from within comes a friendly hubbub of manly diatonic Urdu, Tamil trills and careful, precise English. A mother kisses her sleepy little one with a long, clinging kiss. A winsome twelve-year old girl confides to a strange gentleman: "Granny's dog is a pie, and does bark at people. But one day when a panther came and took away her brother, she came and pulled Mummy's dress and made her go where the panther had taken him; so Mummy won't part with her." Fireflies are flitting about us. A lady from Calicut speaks out of the car to me, and I tell her how in those prosperous days during the war, Buddhist priests of Kyots are said to have gone out in motor cars hunting fireflies. She says: "I have never yet seen a firefly function."

As the engine begins to move I go round the car to take my place. And there on the dust before the headlights is a firefly creeping. I pick it up and give it to her.

As we slither round rocky bends of the road, all of us at the mercy of one tiny lobe of grey matter, I can see the pharos-like flashing and quenching of that mysterious green light in the hollow of the lady's hand.

THE SUNBIRD

Tsi-tsi-tsi! tsi-tsi! tsi-tsi! tsiriyu!

It is a naive little cry, as innocent as the prattle of a child, and it comes from a tree that for some days has drawn my attention, its leafless trunk as grey as the ancient granite all around, its new blossom-clusters also grey, but tinged with green life as it lifts itself from a crevice in the rocks into the scorching sunfire.

Looking over its loveliness my gaze lights on the dungeon-like walls of one of the largest mosques in Asia, set in the heart of a city almost unknown to the world. Over that city spreads an opal haze of noon-heat, into which arise white buildings with flat roofs, or solemn domes, and a miniature sierra beneath which the last veterans of a legion of elephants linger on deprived of all their olden pomp.

The little voice never ceases. It is a sunbird, or honeysuckle, of glittering metallic blue, and now that my brain has isolated the ruby rhythm, I scarcely hear the call of the bul-bul or the chatter of the seven sisters or the scolding of the mainas around.

The sunbird is an exquisite little creature, with beak and slender body curving in such a way that all seems a segment of some magic figure never noted by our mathematicians.

I dread to stir from under my plaited sun-shelter into the heat, but he warbles there in his merry hunger-dance, probing those mysterious clusters and bringing up his beak each time with a little tug, as though it were the flower and not some tiny creature he seeks so assiduously. He leaves the tree and suddenly there are three hen-birds of his kind,—so different in colour, and when they preen themselves, blowing out their feathers till they seem as big as canaries. They are almost as yellow as canaries on the breast, but their backs are tawny, like the coat of the nightingale.

My bird-book tells me it is the nectar of flowers they feed on by help of their tubular tongues, so I must go and find out what that tree can be. Back to the shade I scramble with a lovely cluster of white five-petalled stars and grey green buds, spirally folded little ovals, each a miniature phial of sealed up fragrance the sun is to open for the sunbird.

And such a fragrance! To me it is like a memory of old Indian legends, a perfume from some forgotten manuscript of another world than this, though one that I seem to remember to have caught in my wanderings in the narrow lanes of that old city slumbering in the haze.

Two of my friends, who have grafted on to the rich store of Indian learning they have imbibed from the Brahmin culture about them, come as I am writing these lines. They cannot name the tree in their own languages, Telugu and Kanarese, but they tell me it may be a wild jasmine. They are strangers to this town in which they are working, and they do not know the name my boy gives to it: *billagursichettu*. Nor can they or he name the sunbird,—and the only answer I get when I ask the bird itself is:

Tsi-tsi-tsi! tsi-tsi! tsi-tsi! tsi-tsi! tsiriyu!

THE DANCING MOTES

I have never been able to take in with equanimity the assertions of astronomers that the light of the heavenly bodies is largely the reflected light of the sun. But this morning I have seen an amazing sight which illuminates all I have read of those vastest objects of our vision as well as the tiniest constituents of the atom.

I was lying in bed in a mountain cottage when the rising sun shot three opal beams through a high window across the room. I raised my right hand to keep the brilliant glare from my eyes, and suddenly beheld my fingers translucently glowing, suffused with a tint so heart-easing that no colour-name in our language will serve even to suggest it, for it was a blending of the rosy colour of dawn and the mystery of life.

But my eyes were soon drawn from this vision to nother of the deepest wonder, to a world of whose existence I had all my life been unconscious, though familiar enough with such phrases as *motes in a beam*, *particles of dust suspended in the air*,—phrases that dismiss a subject while telling us so little about it.

In that opal stream which was flowing into my chamber, whose fountain-head was unattainably distant in time and space, swam an innumerable company of minute bodies illuminated fitfully with spectral flashes of light. In and out of the darkness of the rest of the room they came and went; and as they swam they were diving and soaring, pironetting, dropping like meteors, dancing like happy children, gyrating, undulating, volplaning and performing evolutions, isolated and combined, with all the suggestion of conscious action on a most complicated plan.

Never to my eyes were larger bodies flashing like Sirius, and among them red ones with ominous glow of Betelgeuse or Antares. But among and beyond them was a nebulous host of yet smaller corpuscula, in a state of apparently choric ecstasy, a sun-dance. Such as is forever in progress wherever through the universe the rays of a central luminary fall upon stellar atmosphere. There was no other movement in the room, no breath of air or stir of living being that could have caused that bewildering kaleidoscopic spectacle of iridescent motion without end.

It was the visible play of a moment's revelation of the solar radiance, yet in that infinitesimal fraction of that infinitesimal share of the sun's energy which is all that reaches our earth there lay as it were the ultimate secrets of life.

For a brief while that was as an age in time measured by knowledge. I lay and listened to some part of myself propounding ceaseless questions, even as one does when under an anæsthetic. Quickly I passed in and out of a state of luminous trance, during which deep understanding was given to me, and I saw in the minutest portions of the Creator's Universe a meaning—one meaning out of countless ones—of the vastest, remotest worlds of worlds the last ingenuity of the human brain has revealed.

E. E. SPEIGHT

KALYANI OR THE DANCE OF TEARS*

BY A. S. RAJAM

There were many people in Madhupur, men and women, old and young, who felt a strange void in their lives the day they did not see old Satya Prakash Babu and his daughter, Kalyani. Father and child stayed in Madhupur the greater part of the year and though they had friends in Calcutta who esteemed them highly, they preferred the clear air of the country, its comparative peace and its harvest of roses, to the fever and dust of the metropolis. As surely as the roses bloomed in the gardens and the dawn burst every day, so surely were the old man and his daughter seen on their walks every morning. Kalyani was beautiful with the loveliness of her young maidenhood and Satya Prakash Babu was beautiful with the loveliness of old age nobly borne. They were a picture—the old man in his snowwhite beard and snowwhite clothes, with the subdued radiance of a scholar and dreamer in his eye and the young girl with the bloom on her cheeks of dawning womanhood, draped in a saree white as milk, and bordered red like the mark of vermilion on her forehead. But it was not the picture which attracted peoples' eye so much and made them feel a void the day they did not see them. It was the beauty of something hardly less visible, the dependence of the one on the other, the inward harmonies of their love.

Satya Prakash Babu usually sat late hours on Saturday nights, meditating, and as something seemed to cloud his mind a little, he sat up one night later than usual. When he rose in the morning somewhat late and got ready to go out, Kalyani was not in the house and he went to look for her in the garden. He had got as far as the porch when he beheld a sight which held him rooted to the ground in the very rapture of an artist's joy, softened only by a father's tender concern for his child.

Kalyani had got up early and gone out to see the roses which blossomed in her garden in thousands and bloomed on their trees like stars of crimson, pink and gold on an emerald sky. It was the season of roses in Madhupur and every garden was filled with them and the very winds of heaven were scented with the perfume of the flowers. Kalyani's roses were neither so big, nor so fragrant, nor so gorgeous in colouring as those of others. But they won the heart by a secret quality and their perfume touched the soul. Others grew them for the pride of possession or for exchange into money. They sent them to the Horticultural Show

for a prize or to the merchants of the New Market in Calcutta who stiffened their stalks and held the petals by steel wires and sold them for base coin as butchers sell their meat. Others, again, grew them to please their eye for a purely sensuous pleasure, but between Kalyani and her flowers existed mystic bonds of inward sympathy—a communion between the flower-soul and the woman-soul—which gave them not only loveliness and charm, but sanctity.

Kalyani had felt the flowers welcome her and heard them sing their hymns to the dawn. She had seen the secret processes behind the birth of the rose, the rhythmic movements of invisible feet which were but part of the cosmic dance of creation, she had understood the dawn which threw on hill and tree and flower its mantle of gold was itself a vast lotus which re-blossomed every day "in petals of splendour to worship the Lord of the World," she had felt the flowers in her garden, co-born with the morning, were also offerings of worship; and had proceeded to give her thoughts her characteristic expression in a dance. Kalyani, when Satya Prakash Babu saw her from the porch, was swaying and swinging in the ecstasies of a dance which visualised in movement, the blossoming of roses in the dawn and their worship of the Lord of the World.

Satya Prakash Babu was himself an artist. He understood the meaning of his daughter's dance and the joyous abandon of her expression. He knew it was a genius inherited by her from her parents and realised Kalyani could no more help her dancing than he could help himself, his painting or her mother, her song. They had different instruments of expression but their gift was one. They shared in common a genius for vision which saw behind visible objects and the outer manifestations of phenomena, their inner harmonies of soul. Old Sornamoyee Devi, who was now dead some years, expressed them in songs. Satya Prakash Babu voiced his perceptions in symbolic paintings of a new variety which were the wonder of art circles in Bengal and the only language Kalyani knew was the dance.

To her, the whole world was a dance and the Creator, the Master-dancer of the universe. The trees which waved in the breeze and spread their many arms to the sky, the stars which jewelled the roof of the heavens, the moving waters of the ocean, the sun and the moon and the flowers and the mind of man had hidden harmonies behind them and she could see the rhythms of invisible feet and hear the tinkle of unseen bells and the strains of unheard accompaniments. Even the still mountains concealed within them vast poems of motion which her vision unveiled for her. And what she saw, she transmuted into wondrous dances of her own. Kalyani spoke but little and sang never at all, but her own mode of utterance was richer than song or speech and she could, through

her dances, convey her moods, feelings and conceptions with a lucidity, eloquence and exquisiteness of form which no speech could equal or song surpass.

Her father knew all this and understood her art and utterance and rejoiced in it. But he felt this morning a concern for her, especially tender, because he knew that people in India had not yet realised that dancing was as beautiful and chaste an art as sculpture, music, painting or poetry. He knew what people said of a woman who danced and though Satya Prakash Babu was a man far too finely cultured to care for the vulgar gibes of common men and women, he could not quite see how Kalyani's husband, whom she would have to join shortly, would approve of it, nor what his people and friends say of a bride who could no more live without her dances than others could without their speech.

Kalyani married rather young. When her mother, Sornamoyee Devi died, Kalyani lost the only other person who could have looked after her and as Satya Prakash Babu was old, he thought it best to get her suitably married, though a few years earlier, perhaps, than his principles could have justified. Old Maya Devi and he had grown up together as children and were friends and he could think of no happier arrangement than marry his daughter to her only son, Sushil.

Sushil was now in Edinburgh whither he had been sent by his mother to study agriculture. He was the young proprietor of vast estates near Ranchi and Maya Devi—a lady of some modern ideas and much character—had decided that her son should educate himself thoroughly to his responsibilities as a big landholder.

Sushil's pockets were always full and his interests were rarely ever with his agricultural studies. He spent his days mostly in bed for the occupations of the day had no appeal for him. He was a night liver and his passion was the theatres, the night clubs and the cabarets. London was not gay enough for him—he thought the city too religious—and then came a time of satiety when the night life of Paris seemed no better. So he drifted further south, to the towns of Spain, to Bukharest, to the mists on the lagoons of Venice, to Stamboul and finally to Tunis and Cairo.

What allured him and made everything else drab and wearisome was the flare of the night lights and the lewd dances of women. During his earlier months in Edinburgh, he tried to learn some steps for the ball-room and came to know Constance who eventually became his teacher in dancing and his friend. Constance was attached to the chorus of a revue company and besides being pretty,

was a graceful dancer and knew to render a large variety of subjects. Her friendship brought Sushil into the company of others like her. He felt soon dragged, in spite of himself, to the land of the footlights and by easy gradations, became a habitual haunter of the green rooms rather than an occupant of the boxes.

Constance tried to introduce him, at one stage, to classical dancing and ballets. She took him to a Pavlova season in Paris, but his tastes had already become too vitiated to be moved by dances which were clean and artistic. He longed for the sensual and the lewd.

So he drifted to cabarets and to the Capitals of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. Shapely Andalusians, wild-eyed gypsies and langourous Roumanians, dark-haired Italians and the girls of Stamboul and finally Arab and Algerian damsels—it went on by some ordered evolution. Exotic dances, strains of music which warmed the blood and turned the mind to riotous thoughts, shapely limbs, young women who seemed to have no forms of substance, but were just swaying masses of curves and undulations, that seductive smile of dancers, their rouged lips and painted faces—it was all so beautiful and sensuous and like a dream world and Sushil cared for nothing else on earth.

All this meant much money and many attachments. He took an infatuated fancy to a grass-skirted Hawaian whom he met in a Parisian café and when the last revellers had gone, he had her in his rooms entertaining him with her Hula dances while he played the tune himself, on a guitar. Later on, he had about him voluptuous-eyed and long-haired Algerians on whom he showered money and jewels and by the side of these, the Hawaian was tame and Constance quite a nun. Yet these women were not, by the custom of their tribe, bad. They emigrated young to the gay cities of Southern Europe with nothing to help them but their good looks and dances and entertained people in cabarets and theatres. They won the fancies of the rich and went back, after a time, loaded with gold and jewels and lived chaste, happy lives ever after in the desert tents with the men of their tribe they married.

A message from India disturbed Sushil's pleasures rudely. His mother was very ill and he was asked to return by the next boat. Sushil hurried as far as he could but it was too late. Maya Devi was dead before he arrived, and Sushil had to stay on his estate and look after its affairs.

Kalyani left her father in Madhupur not without many tears. She was entering the unknown and mysterious world of a new life with a husband she had not adequately known and leaving behind the father who had been to her for years, mother, friend, playmate and teacher all in one. No less hard was it

to go away from her roses which were not her flowers only but her friends, lovers and fellow-dancers.

Sushil was far from happy on his estate. The air was the clear breath of heaven unpolluted by the sweating crowds of cities. Flowers bloomed in plenty and the fields yielded their foison. The wide woodlands were lighted by the golden moon and by dawns and sunsets of many colours. Birds of gorgeous plumage fluttered among the branches and Kalyani presided over all—a young princess of beauty though yet unconscious of her high position as mistress of that vast estate. But Sushil could find no peace or pleasure in any of these and Kalyani, whom he rarely saw, interested him not at all. His thoughts were with the bright lights, the rouged lips and painted faces and the lewd delights he had known in Europe.

When the Calcutta season drew nigh, Sushil went to the city and booked a luxurious flat in a fashionable quarter. There was no opportunity there for hectic gaiety. His ways of life and his tastes had alienated him from indigenous environments and though he wore dress suits of the finest cut, spoke English and carried himself like any young lord of England, he was received but coldly by Englishmen in the city. He found that any slummy youngster of an Englishman with a small job in a mercantile firm was treated with better courtesy. Calcutta was in spite of it far preferable to his estate home and there were the theatres. The season had begun and Sushil took a box for the whole period of the winter.

Kalyani during the lonely months she spent in her husband's mansion with no need of hers unsatisfied and troops of servants to answer her lightest call, felt she had grown older by a few years. She could not understand how Sushil if he cared for her at all or had for her any consideration, could stay away in the city for long months so soon after she had come to him to be his wife. Were men like that, she wondered. And it was not until she had news from an old school-fellow of hers that meanings dawned on her.

Lolita's father was the only Indian Director of the chief theatre of the city and his business took him there frequently. He had seen Sushil often in the theatre and he knew from his colleagues that he was regular in taking the girls out, especially the dancers, in his fine two-seater, after the show was over. Being a man of the world, he understood what it all meant. He did not wish to cause pain to old Satya Prakash Babu whom he knew and so he asked Lolita to let Kalyani know.

Lolita thought the best tact lay in placing facts openly before Kalyani so that she may devise effective methods to meet the situation. She told

her, therefore, of her husband's regular presence in the theatre, his resistless fancy for girls who did any kind of dancing on the stage and of all the unseen but easily imagined pleasures of the man after the finish of the plays. Lolita was older than Kalyani and understood things a little more. She assured her Sushil could not be wholly bad and it should be possible to win him from his easy infatuations by the force of a pure woman's love.

Kalyani's heart fell within her as she thought of the tragedy which seemed to lie ahead. She had none on whom she could lean a while and the pressure of her unspoken thoughts grew so intense that she closed herself within her rooms and danced them out. It was a dance of the lament of injured pride and broken youth,—a dance of tears. But it brought her relief and it gave her strength to bear—and fight.

Meanwhile the theatrical season in Calcutta was coming to a climax. A Russian ballet company of dancers of world-wide renown was advertised in the city, the walls were placarded with arresting posters and newspapers published advance accounts of the artistes. Sushil hoped to have a really brilliant time especially as he had known some of the dancers in Europe.

The company performed for only a week and though the rates were trebled, every corner was filled up. The dancers from the leading lady to the lowest rendered their parts exquisitely. Music, light and costumes were perfect and their dance was the dance of the angels. Calcutta had not seen the like of it before and the audiences cheered the artistes to the echo.

The farewell performance included the most applauded items of the week and an announcement was made in advance that a leading artiste of the troupe who had not appeared so far would render, by way of farewell, some Eastern impressions. Madame Mariana Zaharovna had been studying the subject during the week and would be able to present on the last night certain Indian ideas and some expositions of tropical passion. The dramatic critics wrote in the morning papers it was an occasion not to be missed and said that "apart from Madame Zaharovna's personal beauty, which was of a kind not usually seen on the stage her eyes were so rich, deep and varied in their expressiveness that one could by merely looking at them, follow her changing thoughts and even see the astounding evolutions of her altogether unique style of dancing."

The dense crowd which thronged into the theatre was pulsing with eagerness and enthusiasm for the appearance of Madame Zaharovna. It cannot be said that Sushil was half so excited for he feared the dances were going to be even more chaste and artistic than they had been during the week and what he

care for was the dance of the flesh—ankles and calves and thighs and bosom—a low type of sensuousness, something that brought out the physical and emphasised sex. But the green room was there, in any case, and his two-seater—and his flat and if Madame Zaharovna was as beautiful as she was said to be and as she certainly seemed in the pictures of her in costume, there was enough joy for the present.

The farewell performance went on with a swing. Every item was applauded with deafening cheers and the artistes surpassed themselves. But the feature of the day was Madame Zaharovna's dances and the entire audience waited with great eagerness for the last part of the performance. When the curtain went up and Madame Zaharovna appeared on the stage, her youth and beauty seemed to dazzle the crowds, there was a sensation in the theatre and applause rose on applause like storm on storm.

She was to do the dance of the Temptation of Gautama. Under the Bodhi tree sat Gautama deep in meditation, dispassionate, incorruptible, immobile and Madame Zaharovna, exquisite in the lines and curves of her form visible through her robes of gossamer, might have jumped out of the frescoed walls of Ajanta. Only she was more beautiful than any figure painted or sculptured on the rock-walls of the Bindhas, with the seduction of the three worlds in her eyes and the play of unknown magic in her limbs.

The orchestra played strange music, neither eastern nor western it seemed,—it was like some far off vaguely remembered melodies dropping like strains of manna from a sky of dreams.

There was silence deep as noontide air as the dance progressed. It visualized the colour and light of the world, the splendours of dominion and empire, the lures of laughter and love. It called the dreamer of Nirvana, worn and wasted under the Bodhi tree, back to the ravishments of the life of a Prince of the Sakyas. Gautama watched unmoved and replied in a simple and stately dance, every movement of which was expressive of the stillness of meditation and the glory of sainthood and short as the dance was, the spectators were in no doubt of its clear message and radiant purpose. Madame Zaharovna voiced in a few movements her victory—Gautama's invincibility and the saving to the world of the light of his truth were to her, temptress though she was, not vanquishment but triumph. She gave it gorgeous utterance and amidst scenes of tempestuous admiration, carried her passion to a sublime climax of worship and languished adoring, at the feet of the Budha.

Madame Zaharovna personated temptation, but what was the secret quality, people asked, which made her very seductions chaste? The paradox was

of the essence of her art and one wondered how even Gautama could remain untempted. Sushil, himself, long perverted by the lascivious and the lewd could not but feel that something soulful in the eyes of Madame Zaharovna and her dancing drew him, for the first time, higher to a cleaner conception, at once, of art and woman.

The next subject presented was the dance of the snow goddess of the Himalayas. Who could have thought that behind the still whitenesses of those snow-crowned hills lay such ecstasies of rhythmic movement, such epics of motion?

The last was the dance of tears. Madame Zaharovna laid bare the passion of a breaking heart and every movement of hers seemed wet with the dew of tears. There was a hush in the vast hall as though the audience was bound into silence by a spell. A woman's offering of love had been insolently spurned and the lament of her bleeding heart could be heard in the modulations of her eyes and every movement was a moan of pain. The dance was so profoundly sincere that there was not a heart in the theatre but went out in sorrow to the woman. Sushil watched and wondered from his seat and felt for the divine danseuse a feeling much akin to love. And when, near the finale of the dance, Madame Zaharovna directed a pair of intense but tear-filled eyes at him, his heart seemed he knew not why, to quail. She did a few steps more and then there was a sudden and mysterious turn of movement and in the deep hush of the hall they could almost hear the heart of a woman snap, as she fell swooning on the stage and the curtain rang down.

There was not a whisper in the vast theatre—the audience sat still, too deeply moved for expression and after a few minutes, rose wave on wave of admiring applause. Madame Zaharovna appeared on the stage to receive the ovation. She neither bowed nor smiled, but just held her palms uplifted in salutation like a Hindu and bent her head of ebon hair low in respect. There was none of the affectation of the stage in her, nor the manner of the salons, nor that false smile of actresses but her eyelashes were raised for a brief moment and she looked at the honouring crowd with a modesty even as chaste as her own form of art. Sushil could not tell why for one brief second, she turned on him her eyes—not softly, it seemed to him, but like search-lights of blinding incandescence.

When the play was over and the crowds departed, Sushil felt for once in his life, a strange absence of courage. He dared not go behind the screen. Madame Zaharovna seemed too clean and while her beauty, youth and art fascinated, they also inspired reverence. But on second thoughts he believed that could only be the perfection of her professional trickery and seeing other

men go in that direction, he also went in. He sent in his card with the others and a gigantic bouquet of magnificent roses from the gardens of Maduhpur. He was not at all confident that Madame would condescend to go out with anyone and he doubted greatly indeed whether she would accept his invitation. What was his surprise, therefore, when she dismissed her other admirers and elected to drive out with him.

She came out quickly, heavily cloaked, not waiting to wash out the paint and powder on her face. She had not even changed her stage clothes or dancing shoes and her little hand-bag contained, obviously, her change.

Sushil's Rolls-Royce two-seater glided out of the main streets in a minute and the two were alone under the pale moonlight on the lonely roads.

Sushil was usually vivacious with women, but to-night every word as it came on his tongue was drawn back by a mysterious fear within him. Madame Zaharovna seemed, by her manner, temperamentally reserved. He could not put his arm round her nor take with her any of his liberties, still her silent presence created in him great unrest. She seemed as chaste as Diana, but he could not explain the paradox of her pliant readiness to drive out with him alone.

Sushil ventured at last to speak: "Does Madame intend to leave to-morrow with the rest of the company?"

A short dulcet "Yes" was all the answer.

"Could you not stay here a little longer?" and after a pause "Probably I could arrange for opportunities for a further study of Indian subjects."

"I should love to stay, but I have engagements in Europe."

"That is very sad—I had hoped I might take you with me to Northern India, to Delhi, Lucknow and Jaipur, where you could have done some Indian studies on the spot. Your Indian expositions to-night were superb and it occurred to me, I might even venture to ask you to stay in India and devote yourself to the revival and re-interpretation of Indian dancing. Such work is sadly needed here—if it is a question of money, you may count on me, if I may say so, without limit."

Madame Zaharovna paused a moment or two as though in consideration Sushil's words had a two-fold meaning and he eagerly waited for an answer.

She said, "It is kind of you to make me the offer. If it were in my power, I should like nothing better than to be your partner in so pleasurable a vocation. But I have my contracts in London."

Sushil felt encouraged "Suppose we pay some damages" he asked "and cancel the contracts? I am prepared if you are."

Madame Zaharovna answered, "I thought of that. But I am afraid much as I should like to please you, it will not be possible."

Sushil ventured a little more "It is an important subject. I suggest we drive down to my flat and discuss it fully. It will be an honour if you will come over. Shall we go?"

The answer came without hesitation, "I don't mind at all—Yes, let us."

That was enough for Sushil. It was now clear to him that the dancer was not so cold and inaccessible as she had appeared. He tried a liberty or two and even put his arm round her slim waist. She seemed to thrill to his touch and rested her pretty head on his shoulder. Sushil felt the silk of her hair on his cheek.

He said kindly, "You must be very tired."

"No" she said, "it is alright, I feel rested now."

Sushil's astonishment only grew with the easy compliances of Madame Zaharovna. Still, there was an elusive quality of something fine in her and he could not feel towards her as he had felt towards the other hundred women he had known since his friendship with Constance. He was not sure if he did not cherish for the woman a pure feeling of love and he muttered to himself, "Ah, if only I had not married Kalyani!"

When Sushil and she reached the flat, they had become sufficiently intimate and Sushil could say "I think, Madame Zaharovna, on such a night, as this it is best to postpone talk of business. We can talk it over on the morrow. Besides, there is hardly any need for discussion for you have only to command my services, whatever be the object or the cost, and I am your willing slave. Don't you think we should spend these hours more suitably? . . . I propose we chat the hours out."

He helped her remove her cloak and he saw her in the costume in which she had done her Dance of Tears. And he said, "How beautiful you are, Madame Zaharovna! You are a dream!"

Madame Zaharovna said nothing. She only raised on him shyly a pair of luminous eyes and he understood.

Sushil said, "You need a wash and a change." He opened a richly furnished room and added, "You can treat this room as your own. I shall go and see if I can get you a drink and shall be back in a while."

Sushil came back in a few minutes and knocked. "Come in," said the sweet voice within.

He entered, silently closed the room again and turned towards the dancer. The sight he beheld made him speechless with amazement. Sushil stood thunderstruck.

There stood near the bed a young woman clothed in a saree of jade green, bordered with gold, the mark of vermillion on her stainless forehead and she was lovelier far than any vision of the stage. There was no paint on her cheeks nor rouge on her lips and her complexion was olive. On her shoulders and down her back hung large masses of rippling hair and a strand or two fluttered about her face like creepers in the breeze. She stood in an attitude of submissive reverence and her long eyelashes covered her downcast eyes.

Sushil stood thunderstruck and gazed at her speechless. She raised her eyes slowly and looked straight into his—it was a look of fire, but only for a fraction of an instant of time. Then they softened and were imploring, timid, tearful.

Sushil exclaimed, "Kalyani! You!"

Kalyani answered, "Yes, Sushil," and her eyes dropped again.

Sushil took her tenderly into his arms and as he held her soft form to his bosom and felt the tendrils of her hair flutter about him and knew the warmth of her tears on his cheek, he understood dancing and he understood the meaning of a pure woman and—Love.

A. S. RAJAM

LEAF FROM SHAYK-I-AKBAR.

THE BEZEL OF JOSEPH (FAS-I-YOUSUFIYYAH). *

The wisdom of this bezel consists in the dawning of light on the 'limited thought' (as opposed to unlimited thought—which is Alami-i-Mithal or world of similitudes); this dawning of light is a prelude to the descent of revelations. Ayesha said that it was with true dreams that revelations began to come to the Prophet (peace be on him); and these dreams were as clear as the early morning; and continued for six months; after which the angel appeared in form. Hence the Prophet said *Innan nasa niyamun fa idha matu intibahu*. "The people are asleep, and when they die they awake."

Everything seen in a dream requires interpretation—the life of man is a dream within dream. Things in the dreams are in one form and they appear in another. Knowledge appeared in the form of milk, the Prophet (peace be on him) interpreted it accordingly. When revelation descended, the Prophet (peace be on him) was taken out of ordinary circumstances, and wrapped up in clothes; and he used to disappear from those who were with him. He felt these things in the world of thought and could not be said to be asleep and dreaming. The angel also came to him in the world of thought. He saw him with his own eyes and recognized him as Gabriel, with the eye of disconcertment.

Joseph said "I saw eleven stars, and the sun and moon bowing before me;" he saw his eleven brothers and father and aunt in these forms. This dream did not emanate from his will or from the will of those concerned in the dream. The latter therefore had no cognizance of their having appeared in the dream and were ignorant, and the former did not have cognizance of the transformation of forms, and referred the dream to his father Jacob, who, having understood it, forbade the divulging of it to his brothers. This dream subsequently translated itself from the thought world (alam-i-mithal) to the causal world.

The Prophet has said: *Annasu niyamun* "People are asleep." Joseph finally said, when the dream came to pass. *Haza tawil ruyai min qabli qad Rabbi haqqan* "This is the interpretation of the dream which God has materialized in the sense world," after it had existed in the thought world. This was

* An English translation in an abbreviated form of Shayk Muhiyyuddin ibn-i-Ali ul Arabi's renowned book *Fususul Hikam* (bezels of wisdom) is being made by the present writer. To these bezels, some explanatory notes have been added. This is the second instalment, the first having appeared in the October number.

JAN.—APRIL 1928] LEAF FROM SHAYK-I-AKBAR

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like the interpretation that man gives to a dream, and when awakes says he had given such an interpretation to the dream and God had made it veridical in the sense world. But the Prophet called this world a dream and the next world a reality. I shall explain how this is;—whatever goes by the name of world or whatever is called the *Ghair* of God has the same relationship to God as shadow has to the substance. It is the reflection of God. The reflection will either be potential (as tree in the seed) or kinetic. This reflection is the shadow of the light of God, which is His existence on the realities of possible existence. A mountain at a distance looms dark, although it is not really so; the sky appears blue on account of the distance. Ayan (our realities) are not illuminated, because they are adum (nothingness). Although they are stable in the knowledge of God, they have no existence of their own. Existence itself is light, God has said *Alam tara ila Rabbika kayfa mudda zilla*. (Sura, xxv: 45.) "Have you not seen how God has lengthened His shadow *Wa lau shaala jalahu sakina*. "And if He had willed He would have put it to rest," i.e., withdrawn it into hiddenness in His Dhat. Thus all things that you see are ayan (realities of things) in the Existence of God. As regards existence, they are His existence; and they are ayan so far as forms are concerned. So far as Existence is concerned, they are reflections, and so far as forms are concerned, they are the world and other-than-God. Thus the world has no existence of its own, and is merely a fancy or thought. It is a fancy inasmuch as it is not an addition on God or extraneous to Him. Shadow cannot be separated from the person. Thus you know how you are God and how you are the world (other-than-God). God is both the microcosm and macrocosm,—pure and purer. Light appears in the color the bottle possesses, it has no color of its own. The light that appears is the reflection of the glass of the bottle. If a man cleanses his heart, the manifestations of God become clearer and more abundant in him. Thus, there are amongst us those, to whom God becomes sight, hearing, etc. Their ayan (reality) in which reflection or Existence of God falls, remains intact, for all that; for God has said *SAMAHO WA BASRAHO* ("I become his hearing and his sight"). The pronoun "his" refers to banda. Such a banda (servant or 'limited') becomes nearer to God than other bandas.

Thus, you and your sensations which you call other-than-God are mere thought, and the world is thought within thought. Existence itself is God, so far as His Dhat is concerned for it points to its reality, which is Dhat; and so far as His asma (names) are concerned, it is not wholly Dhat; for asma are many and different from one another and also contrary and contradictory, e.g., the *ism gaffur* (pardoner) is contradictory to the *ism muntaqum* (avenger) and so on with *zahir* (apparent) and *batin* (real) and *awwal* (first) and *akhar* (last). One *ism*

(name) is the same as the other so far as the 'named' is concerned which is the Truth and it is the ghair (other or foreigner) of the other, so far as thought is concerned, *i.e.*, so far as God in one's fancy is concerned. Thus, Dhat is holy and pure, and His Existence is His Dhat and oneness. Whatever is in thought is multiplicity; whoever stabilizes himself on the latter, becomes of the world and whoever stabilizes himself on the former, becomes nearer to God, who is independent of the World; but he will not be nearer to God, so far as His aspects (asma) are concerned for He is independent of these asma (names) which indicate other 'named' also; God is One so far as His reality or Dhat is concerned. *Qul hu allahu ahad* "Say (O Prophet) God is One" God is independent, so far as our dependence on Him is concerned, *Allahus samad*. He does not beget *Lamyalid*; He was not begotten, *Wa lum yulad*; He is non-pareil. *Wa lam yakum lahu kufunnan ahad*.

Thus, His Dhat is one, and His attributes are many. When the Dhat is independent of us all, it is named Absolute Oneness; and when it manifests attributes and asma (names) it becomes Oneness in multiplicity, both these aspects are covered by the title Ahad (sameness of One). Our Ayan (realities) are His shadows or light reflected on Himself. As regards Existence, He is our reality; and as regards limitation, He is not our reality.

Note.—This Bezel is called hikmat-i-nuriyyah, the wisdom of light. When man is well stabilized in the ordinances of religion, which the previous bezel explained, the light of alam-i-mithal (the world of similitudes) and the mysteries thereof dawn on him. The Prophet Joseph had attained to this stage and became acquainted with its mysteries, and interpreted dreams, which were reflections from that world. Everything other-than-God (masiwallah) is a reflection from the light of God. Light perceives things and things do not perceive the light. Everything consists of light; only that some stages of devolutions (tanuzzulat) are brighter than others; *e.g.*, the soul world is brighter than the world of similitudes and the latter is more bright than the causal world. Those in the causal world at times see things of the alam-i-mithal in their real dreams—dreams which have not been brought about by the workings of the corporal body.

The Forms that are seen in real dreams are either in their actual condition or in a foreign condition which requires an interpretation; they are again emanations from the will of the dreamer when they become falsidical or from the will of the thing in the dream, when they become veridical or from the will of both, as the appearance of Gabriel before the Prophet (peace be on him) or without the will of both as the dream of Joseph about his brothers, father and aunt.

The world is reflection (zil) from the light of God. Light (nur) is one of the names of God. *Allahu nur us samati wul ard* (Sura, xxiv: 35) "God

is the light of the heavens and earth. The light of Dhat streamed forth on forms in the thought of God, and manifested itself in and according to those forms, and became external existence.

In the first four hypostasis of the sufis, Ilm (knowledge), NUR (light), Wujud (existence) and SHAHUD (observance) are interchangeable states. The world is potential as thought form in this stage. "Thought and the object of thought are one and the same" "said Parmenides the earliest of Greek idealists by which he meant that the truth of all things is the thinking Intelligence."

The earliest idealism is different from what was evolved by later idealists, like Berkeley, who held that "when we do everything in our power to conceive the existence of external bodies, we are at the time doing nothing but contemplating our own ideas(a). Berkeley not only regarded the supposition that a material world really exists is not strictly demonstrable but false (b); we are immediately certain of the existence of our thought"(b). "The object-world is a mere abstraction to which we have no right to give an independent existence" (c).

Lewis explains the idealism of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel in the following words (d).

"I see a tree. Certain psychologists tell me that there are three things implied in this one fact, *viz.*, a tree, an image of that tree and a mind that apprehends that tree. Fichte tells me that it is I alone who exist; the tree and image of it are one thing and that is a modification of my mind. This is subjective idealism. Schelling tells me that both the tree and my ego (self) are existences equally really real or ideal; but they are nothing less than modifications of the absolute, the infinite or unconditioned. This is objective idealism. But Hegel tells me that all these explanations are false. The only thing really existing (in this one fact of vision) is the idea, the relation. The ego and the tree are but two terms of the relation and owe their reality to it. This is absolute idealism. The only real existences are certain ideas or relations."

Sir William Hamilton (e) says: "If the subject is taken as the original and genetic, and the object is evolved from it, as the product, the Theory of Idealism is established. On the other hand, if the object be assumed as the original and genetic, and the subject evolved from it, as its product, the theory of Materialism is established."

(a) Ribot, English Psychology, p. 279.

(c) Ryland, Hand-book, p. 87.

(b) Uberweg. His. of Phi., II, p. 88.

(d) His. of Phi., III, 209.

(e) Metaphysics, I, pp. 296-297.

The Theory enunciated by Shayk Muhiyuddin ibn-i-Arabi differs from all these theories excepting perhaps that of Schelling to a certain extent and is *sui generis*. He posits Dhat, in which all sifat (attributes) are hidden—much like a tree in the seed. This is Dhat-i-Bahat (Absolute Dhat). Then attributes become visible in this Dhat. Dhat with attributes of perfection is termed Allah. Attributes give rise to asma (names). Some asma are conditional and some categorical; under the first set come asma like creator, providence and under the second are asma like pure, holy.

The first set of asma become rab (ruler, cherisher) and require their murub (ruled, cherished), for without the latter, there can be no manifestation of their attributes and hence they conceive of forms, which should be their counterparts. These forms are in thought and “have not smelt the smell of existence” *Mu'shummat rahiyyatul wujud* (in the words of the Shayk). The arbab (plu of rab) “have manifested themselves in these forms which are termed the limited” (banda).

Innaka miyyatun wa inhum miyyatun—“You are dead and they are dead,” says the Quran. Thus banda by itself is adum (nothingness) and the asma of Allah alone are manifest in externality from below the stage of Arsh (the throne of God); and this manifested portion of existence is called Tasbih (similitude) and the existence above the Arsh is Tanzih (Purity). But below the Arsh there is at the same time Tanzih in Tasbih and Tasbih in Tanzih; for there can be no attributes without the pervading Dhat; no iceberg or even icicle without water pervading it. Thus, while the world is illusory so far as thought forms are concerned, it is real and solid so far as manifestations of sifat are concerned; and the sifat are as real as the Dhat, as they are aspects of Dhat; only at times they become hidden in the Dhat.

Islamic idealism which is the result of revelation is thus quite different from the speculations of philosophers and is a citadel invulnerable at all points.

KHAJA KHAN

THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE INSTITUTION

[Some time last year the group of Denishwan dancers toured round this country and evoked much enthusiasm and admiration. The ideas of Miss Ruth and “Papa Denishwan” as set out in this dialogue will be interesting to the readers of *Shama'a*.—Ed.]

It is a sunny morning in Shreveport, Louisiana, in late October, the rooms far above the street-level, reflect but dimly the lazy bustle of the city beneath.

Miss Ruth comments on Percy Mackaye's book about his father Steele Mackaye, who, genius that he undoubtedly was, met at every turn obstacles of business mismanagement, discouraging hindrances and lack of place in which to produce his first plays.

Teddy leaps into the opening thus made by saying his argument of freeing the individual in the institution is exactly served by this example of a man with no organization who wasted months and years fighting through to his goal, which he never really reached.

TED, continuing: An ideal institution should be based upon co-operation in the material and objective world to produce a condition where individual quality of being may be expressed at its highest.

MISS RUTH, quickly: Show me one that does this, to-day!

TED, more quickly: Show me one that has its goal!

MISS RUTH: The force of gravitation in every possible way is against this ideal. Something more dramatic, some idea of greater power than anything we have known as yet will have to be manifested before such an institution can come to pass. Schools and institutions are factories as it is.

TED: Schools are factories. There is hardly one of them that has a concept beyond being a successful factory, they have no desire to create unique and beautiful things. There are of course a few individuals who in their one-man power way are doing it, but the ponderousness of the material world, the organized wall of humanity stands firm, against which the individual vainly butts his head.

The theatre does not mean merely the actual physical bricks of that theatre, it means the real estate value of the property and its financial return, the organization of stage hands, the musicians' union, where even a friend cannot volunteer his services. These determine what your running expenses will be. Newspaper notices usually mean a ratio of paid advertising for editorial mention. When you have considered all these matters, totalled their average costs, you still must consider music rehearsals, costume bills, studio rental, all of which are more or less organized in price. When the unorganized individual has faced these problems, what money is there left to use to protect and support himself while creating and expressing his soul's highest dream?

MISS RUTH: There isn't any. The only thing that can support it is mass production. That element of art—if one may call it art—which appeals to the mass is mathematically the only production that can sustain the weight of this terrific expenditure.

TED: The people who are in the "show business" turning out vaudeville acts, plays, etc., are not worrying whether it is great art or not. "What does the box office say?" is their only anxiety. To them the theatre is not an art, it is speculation and they care nothing for the quality of entertainment or audience. They can batter through the wall of organized labour because the quality of what they have to say does not matter.

MISS RUTH: And yet it seems to me even the "commercial" manager does not run his business as other businessmen do. In what other business would a man risk his entire previous profits in one production? I do not mean the stock market which legitimately is not "business." A man may have three successes and in one "bad season" be pauperized by a production that is not even "extravagant." It seems to me there is something further back than organization which is wrong. The theatre should be so grounded in basic fundamentals that the work of several years cannot be swept away in a few weeks. Aside from the calamity of tornado, flood or earthquake, any other businessman would take to "working for someone else" if he found himself so placed after a period of years, he would decide he wasn't a "good businessman" and go out of business. But the creative artist, more than any other person, seems never to develop his business sense, and thereby hangs the tale!

TED: The average man lumps all artists together, the creator and the interpreter. He points out some interpreter who has made a financial success, and says "Look at So-and-so, he's an artist and owns property, has two cars, dogs, etc." I have maintained for years that Beethoven is of greater value than any one who has ever played Beethoven, greater than any orchestra, conductor, or

violinist, however splendid and fine interpreters they may be. Therefore to me, Fokine who created "The Swan" is greater than Pavlova or Fokina who have danced it.

TED, continues: In my ideal institution it is not necessary for creator or interpreter to be individual on all planes. It is desirable to be so in our religions and our creative art lives but we do not need our water system in individualized (as I have just read in a recent book). The community concedes the need for pure water, contributes through a system called taxation to produce the money necessary. "Pure water for each individual" is their slogan. The organized money is put into the hands of the most intelligent engineers to achieve this purpose. To this co-operation there is no dissenting voice. Cannot we then introduce a campaign to have the fresh and pure water of inspiration made possible for individual artists in this organized world in the same way? We pool our money and put the strength of our combined community at the service and command of a controlling committee so that the individual can grow and express himself.

MISS R.: What are the possible co-operative conditions, and what are the necessary elements?

I can answer part of this myself. First of all in a visible institution of any kind the individual creative spirit must expand and express itself. For his spiritual environment a small inner circle of spiritually sympathetic souls are necessary, whose energies are devoted to encourage the fundamental beginnings of all artistic creative vision. In my own case I had my wonderful Mother and a devoted Brother.

T.: That is just like the organization of the little Yein Pwe groups in Burma, because every dancer has her two "encouragers," called in Burmese, *lubiyat*. That is a good proportion. I think each dancer should have two encouragers.

Margerie interjects here, They are the motion picture "Yes Men."

MISS R.: Everything born is born of the masculine and feminine elements—"in a perfectly nice way" of course! No artist has ever, or can ever, born his own idea himself, however much his exaggerated ego may lead him to suppose.

T., triumphantly:—There you are, an institution . . . !

MISS R.: But every creative artist is an entire institution in himself! The rotating of his life and expression is in reality a complete circle. He instinctively..

refuses to be a part, merely one cell of a larger organization which suppresses the functioning of his entire consciousness.

T.: What you mean is this: the artist is the Queen Bee in a hive, to which I agree. The nuclei being the creative artist, surrounded by a hive of workers, drones, etc. BUT this individual hive is in truth a small institution for the purpose of producing honey. Let us assume: a hive in a hollow tree in a forest; a bear can rip open the hive and destroy the honey, or the tree be struck by lightning and the honey wasted. If you consider the ultimate purpose of this hive is to produce honey so that human beings can enjoy it, this hive will on a count of averages, be so far in the forest that it will be lost, and only serve the Queen Bee and her hive; they can eat their own honey, but it will never get to the outside world.

The institution I am trying to evolve in my mind provides the most modern and best devised hive. It provides creative individuals with an organized staff. If they decide to swarm telephone wire, the staff goes out with a cloth over its face and coaxes them down into the nice efficient hive, where they are protected from outside marauders, preserving the honey, which, when it is removed from the hive, is packed, shipped to the consumer in the best condition and at the best price that can be obtained, without in any way decreasing the quality of the honey. If you have alfalfa or clover honey, that flavour gets unadulterated and pure to the consumer, unaffected by lightning, storms, etc.

MISS R.: The only way I can see whereby the circumference of workers as well as the creator at the center, can achieve its actual expression is that a system of—

here she makes a circle by pushing dishes out of the way, utilizing the salt cellar as one boundary, a sugar bowl as center, knife and fork as further landmarks.

You see, in the center of this large circle is a throne. The object and desire of the workers which fill the entire circle is to occupy that throne, because this throne, in the deepest possible interpretation, is the visible manifestation of one's legitimate ego. One's highest expression of egotism is one's most legitimate consciousness of union with God. This is why the veriest tyro wants to have the center of the stage. This rotating community should give the outermost pupils at various times and under certain conditions the chance to occupy that central throne.

T.: You are really getting over on my side of the fence between institutionalism and individualism, but I'm glad to welcome you, come on over!

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MISS R.: Oh! I'm just throwing this out in an idle moment, it may help your ideas! Instead of being the "star" or queen bee all the time, the institution I am trying to work out is both a democracy and a monarchy, working always toward the aristocracy of genius.

There are 100 days, and on theory, if there were 100 people one person occupies it one day. The minute one moves aside, he becomes part of the co-operators, encouragers, supporters of the then occupant of the throne. Of a hypothetical fifty members of the Denishwan Guild who might warrant the conditions for their personal expression, only ten, or probably but five, will satisfactorily occupy this center throne or "stardom" over a period of years. There is a law of demand and supply constantly at work, by which no individual with an exaggerated or false sense of his talent, can be forced upon the public. In other words, each artist occupying that throne must bear the weight and responsibility of that position before the public. In the long run it is thus the survival of the fittest. This would be a really fair survival, for the reason that half of this ideal community gives each member at certain times the environment for the fullest expression of their creative genius. These conditions in the world of school and theatres as it stands to-day, practically do not exist.

T.: The Westport Studio and the Van Cortland house are visible evidence of such co-operation and organization as we have had in the past.

MISS R.: Yes, but always in the midst of these possible plans, there is one element we are leaving out. And that is time. Like all supremely egoistic artists I want my opportunity now, this institutional evolution may be arrived at in 25 to 50 years, and in the sense of the larger institution, the next generation. Meantime for me the years are going by and what I am capable of doing now, the system of things does not allow me to do.

T.: The only answer to that is, that unless you are willing to deposit—to posit, rather—the conditions under which you can now create to express your highest and fullest, and state clearly what these conditions are and then agree to some form of organization whereby these conditions could be put into material existence, you will never get them.

Fortunately at this juncture the telephone rings and the heated discussion has time to cool a bit before Miss Ruth resumes.

MISS R.: There are two reasons why I do not do this as well as I ought. First of all, there is always a certain foggy and vagueness of expression—not of conception, but expression—of what I want to do, and the second thing is that I am self-hypnotized at every turn by the fact that it is useless to do so. My

dreams are poisoned at the roots by my doubts and fears, generated by past experiences of life as it stands in relation to the theatre.

T.: Let me check up on your word "experience." When in the beginning of your career you had the concept of Radha, you demanded of life the money with which to express this adequately. I remember you said you even refused—when Radha was created as far as the dance was concerned—to do it without its scenic settings. You had the courage to state the quality of what you wanted, probably based upon your LACK of experience. It was from a loan of \$20 from Ada, and \$100 from a friend of your father's, to a private engagement of Kata Dalliba's, that you did get the money to produce Radha, which has revolutionized the dance art of the modern world. This was on the plane of existence and the stage of your art consciousness as it was twenty years ago. Is there any reason to believe, based on "experience" that if you do clarify your thought and state what you want to do, the necessary conditions will not come? Is there anything in your "experience" to prove it will not come to pass? There is not. I take exception to "experience" but not to your doubts and fears, because the result of a clear concept clearly stated in the past brought you what you needed fully.

MISS R.: Ah! but the spiritual environment which I had in those Belasco days was entirely devoted to me. I was the entire institution. That is, my ideas were the masculine element, their utterly devoted help the feminine; we were complete, and produced the "child" of our joint lives. In an impersonal institution I do not see how this could be achieved.

The interior scene remains practically unchanged, but the exterior is now Beaumont, Texas.

T.: The esoteric duality as applied to the Denishwan Institution is open to discussion. Before I give you a chance to talk, while this idea is still in my mind and which may be erased if I let you talk I want to speak of a book, "The Human Body" which I read last night. Dr. Heaton brings out the point that the human body is really a wonderful example of an ideal government or institution, because each part is a completely individual thing in its function, design and in its working, but the successful working of each part serves another.

MISS R.: However, there is one brain!

T.: It is quite true there is only one brain, and one head, equally true only one pair of lungs and one heart, but each of these by fulfilling its functions makes in itself an efficiently run body. It may be that one of us is the head or the heart of this institution and a blow on the brain or the heart may stop the

entire organization, both organs being equally necessary for the perfect working of the whole.

MISS R.: *Apropos* of this, I read in "Tertium Organum" for the thousandth time last night, where the question of the soul of the earth was discussed. The entire earth had a spirit which was the articulation of its body,—the people, animals, mountains, sea, were all members. This idea of the over-soul seemed to be the principle on which Denishwan has existed.

T.: Yes, absolutely.

MISS R.: Instead of you or I being the head or animating principle, neither of us personally is the soul of Denishwan. Our organisms as well as all people co-operating with this idea are members of an over or inner-soul, the entire purpose of which we do not ourselves understand completely.

Each of us, though instinctively, regard the head or brain as the dominating factor of the body. The point that is brought out in "Tertium Organum" is that contrary to the materialistic view point, the brain does not generate thought—any more than the heart generates emotion,—but is acted upon by the controlling invisible intelligence of this unit of activity, and therefore no one organ of the body, including the brain, can arrogate to itself the complete dominance of the government of the body.

T.: I hope there is nothing personal in that "dominance."

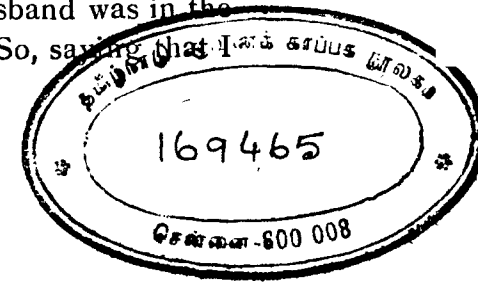
MISS R., laughing: No, not too much.

T.: Because, as a matter of fact, if the brain starts something the heart doesn't like, she becomes so fluttery that the whole organism has to sit down until she gets over it.

MISS R.: I am not through talking yet! When all feeble jokes have subsided, I still irritatingly go back to our eternal discussion of the individual *versus* the organization. There has come up through these mere millions of years an unquenchable idea that we are an entire organization in ourselves. This is but a reiteration of my deeper thunder the other day. Therefore when we have settled down, for perhaps a week, to the idea that you are the head, I am the heart, June the right lung, Marge the left lung, and all the other dear folks are hands and feet, there still remains a sneaking reservation on each of our parts that we contain within ourselves the capacity to be the whole institution. True man, in the abstract, contains the entire intelligence of infinite mind!

T.: Our friend in Shreveport yesterday said that her husband was in the abstract business, and I would like to say that my wife is too. So, saying that I

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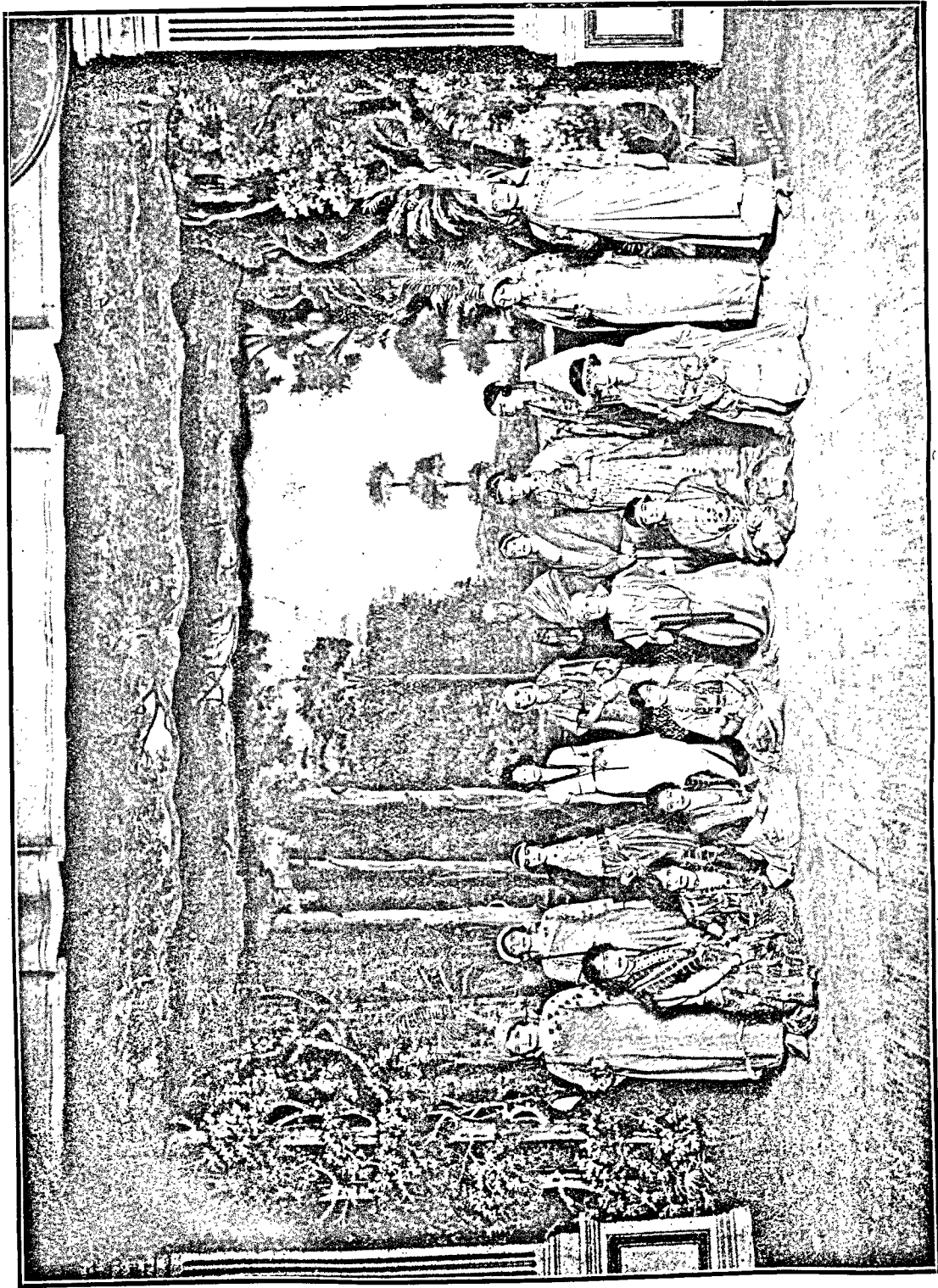


deal in concrete, we will make the firm name St. Denis and Shawn, Abstracts and Concrete. If you will let me be concrete a moment, I must insist this thing of being complete in oneself is, practically speaking, the bunk. If you wish to go upon this basis you have no recourse except to become an East Indian Yogi. If you accept any contact with what we call "modern civilization," you are brought every day into a combination relationship with thousands of other human beings. You are not complete in yourself, because you accept the water you drink through the service of hundreds of other people, the food you eat, train you travel on, telephone you use and, of course, dozens of other things wherein you surrender the function of your completeness, supposedly to gain a greater power and freedom in other directions. What we call a civilized person is the type of mind able to see the necessity and desirability of this frictionless co-operation of human beings to serve his material needs. He need not give up the concept of his individual soul, but by surrendering on his objective side those tasks which would completely use up his time and energy if he did them alone, he thus gains more leisure. The only criticism of civilization to-day is not in its efficient operation of mechanical means, but the use it has put its leisure to.

We feel that we are superior to the average person (Miss Ruth, "Naturally") in that we already know what we are going to do with such leisure as we are able to get. We want to put it to the service of humanity, truth, and the unfolding of beauty in forms of the dance. I believe an institution will be a tool by which the objective tasks of life can be quicker and more efficiently done and leave us all more time and more freedom for our individual self-expression.

MISS R.: All the same I believe that the more rounded in expression, not only in realization, but in actual expression every individual is, in relation to this governmental idea, the more useful he is to it. I still feel the cumbersomeness of institutional life and its inability to adjust quickly enough to let live in its most vibrant sense the inspirational uncertainties of genius. I am still suffering under the "cog" idea.

T.: That is because you are impatient with perfecting your machine. We are like two men, each capable of conceiving a beautiful, powerful, smooth-running automobile. When you have the thing far enough along so that the engine will actually run, you begin to criticize the whole problem of automobiles from the fact that this immature and temporary vehicle rattles, stops dead in the middle of the street, and has other embarrassing, annoying features. I maintain that this has nothing to do with the ideal of a smooth-running institution which will be a joy and pleasure to the creative artist. At various times when you have complained of the imperfection of the Denishwan organization I have had



(Flash-light Photograph)

THE SIAM'S PLAYERS IN THE DANCING-GIRL'S WORSHIP



to remind you that this is only its tin-lizzie period. It no more satisfies me as an ideal institution than it does you, except that I do not expect of it NOW the service of its Rolls Royce period.

MISS R. : Without committing yourself to a contract ; let Marge put down on paper your Rolls Royce blue print, and then from that perspective let's see how it works. I am going to be concrete for a change and demand to know how my inspirational hours are going to be taken care of in this institution.

T. : In our present condition of course we have to treat individual ideas very roughly. That reminds me of the time that a girl came up to me after a performance and said " Oh Mr. Shawn, I am just full of ideas, and I know you have ideas too. I want you to tell me what you do with them." I said to her, " I pick out the one I want to keep and drown the rest." It's quite possible we can have a big enough place, literally and spiritually, some day, so that we can keep the whole litter, give it room to run around and grow up into healthy pups.

But speaking of your inspirational ideas—

MISS R. : Which are no different than anybody else's, I didn't mean that, but I have failed to see a school that made any place for the child who had a really marvellous idea at four o'clock in the morning, and as for theatres ever giving birth to an idea that is fifty years ahead of its time—and any idea worth anything generally is—the outlook is hopeless.

T. : Well, if you will listen, I will start again with the analogy of the human body. From the beginning of life, one, if not THE most important problem of the human body, is to get food, and if for any length of time food is denied, it results in death. During childhood the food is supplied by parents, but as adults we should be self-supporting. The adult institution faces the same problem that every adult human being faces—getting his daily bread. When this is threatened seriously, it is difficult to put the mind on anything else. The trouble with every dancing school, every theatre in this country, is that it is not beyond the struggle-for-daily-bread period. This does not mean that profit has no place in the business of teaching, but this profit has been deflected to other uses as fast as it was made, or as in our case, it has not been made in sufficient quantities to be put aside as a surplus to give ease of mind. Denishwan has been operating upon mixed motives all these years, which is to say, we have constantly been making compromises. We have carried always in our minds an ideal of the school having as its working basis the dance as a fine art, to develop individual pupils and allow them creative expression. At the same time, from a practical standpoint, we have had, as a school, to be self-supporting.

All this takes for granted of course that we are able to run our school in such a way that we have a sufficient number of young American boys and girls to live and train with us for unbroken years.

We come to the period of theatrical expression, which is more complicated. Regardless of the size or place of the theatre, the essential working of it is practically the same. In the creative center of the individual studios, new ideas are hatched and there should be some preliminary showing of these ideas to a limited circle of dance critics, friends, etc. Those that are adjudged worthy of production should be given the time, space and money with which to put this creation into condition for a public showing. In this way, everyone's idea would have a fair chance to see the light of day because he or she would have the conditions in which to bring it far enough along so that the imagination of the judging committee could jump the distance from its experimental state to its final professional product and judge the merit of its creative worth. This does not mean we will function only in this one theatre and this one place. This theatre should be a breeding ground and a try-out place so that any idea which has, in addition to its art value, a definite entertainment value should then go out into the commercial theatre to run as long and earn as much money as it is capable of doing. In turn, some of the most beautiful things achieved in this theatre—with metaphysical background, say—that would not fit in the ordinary theatre, should at various times be gathered together, sent on a tour to the larger cities in order that America, as a whole, can see the cream of the spirituous productions of this American Ballet and American Theatre of the Dance.

There is no reason why, if you have your own studio and the services of such immediate surrounding helpers as you need, and their sympathy and intelligence, and the use of the entire personnel of the students when your creative ideas run to mass movement, that you should not be able to release every creative urge in relation to the dance that is in you. This means your own solo dances or your Synchoric Orchestra which will use sixty to seventy dancers.

In fact, so clear is this institution in my mind and so perfect is my faith in its smooth-functioning, and the inestimable value of its finished product that I feel we have really no problem except the financial problem.

Miss R.: There is another vital thing you leave out and that is the stimulus of the unknown. I think my greatest inner rebellion against too much human planning is that my spirit is weighed and subtly curtailed by the fact of what my brain knows. I like to keep the feeling that I have waked up this morning with an inspiration for a ballet, or an association, or an exploration of some kind, and I do not know how big nor what shape nor to what heights it

may lead me. I still have the feeling of the inelastic quality of any institution, of the inevitably shaping to its conformity ideas that I may attempt to express when the wings of spirit are in action, which is not every day nor every week, but when they are they lift us up out of the three-dimensional world and its plans and organizations into a rarified atmosphere.

However, I have to admit as you said a while ago, that unless we are to attempt to live in this atmosphere without expression, we have to express through some kind of organization. It is a question perhaps deeper than this institution of Denishwan or any other institution, as to what can be expressed in the fluid manner that the spirit at its highest vibration inevitably demands. Perhaps my rebellion is unintelligent, in that I am really rebelling against the materials of my own art rather than the time and place of expressing it. Institution can only preserve already crystalized ideas. As soon as they become crystalized they have already shed themselves from the creative spirit.

T.: I think that you have a limited idea of institution. My conception of institution is that it is as nearly as possible, merely the structure or set of tools by which you achieve your purpose. You do not even take into consideration those higher commercial organizations of to-day which maintain at great expense, experimental laboratories, whose scientific research-men are not limited nor shaped as to what they shall give their time and thought. I do not mean such purely eleemosynary organizations as the Rockefeller Institute or the Guggenheim Foundation which are merely huge funds of money turned toward the development of human knowledge, but I am thinking of the American Telephone and Telegraph and General Electric Companies where large laboratories employ thousands of men who are pushing forward and outward into the vast unknown, in any direction that their inquiring, curious and eager minds lead them; because they know that any addition to human knowledge is of value.

There is of course the one remaining human but nevertheless poignant ache for a separate response to one's own ego and I think that it also could be provided for in our institution. There should be separate performances and even at times a separate season in which you have the theatre to do in it whatever you please, to do it alone or with such pupils as become a part of your artistic environment and not at that moment themselves positive individuals. You should be billed alone for this season, and receive from your audience a direct and undivided response. Having established this principle, it applies to me and of course to members of the Guild and the school as it grows up to this point. Doris certainly is developed far enough to have her own concerts and so is Charles. There are dozens who have left us for the commercial highways whom

breathing, sent her flying to the door. She squeezed herself out and, beside herself with terror, rushed upstairs and flung herself at Durgabai's feet, panting, trembling, speechless.

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed Durgabai.

"Oh bai! Oh bai!"

"But what is it? What has happened?"

"Ghosts—in the Kachéri—Oh!"

"Nonsense!" said Durgabai. "I had no idea *you* were so superstitious. You are always laughing at *me*!"

"Somebody said 'Saraswati! Saraswati!' I heard it distinctly, bai, I could swear it! And then something moved, and breathed—and I fled—"

Durgabai bit her lip and turned away for a moment. Then:

"You are an imaginative young woman," she said drily. "And I suppose you haven't brought my keys?"

"No, bai—I am so sorry—"

"H'm. He, Radhabai, fetch my keys from the small table in the Kachéri. And for goodness sake don't go and see ghosts, or I'll have you soundly beaten! Saraswati, go and lie down. Don't shiver and shake so, girl, you get on my nerves!"

It was a day or two later that the Brahmin cook went and cut his thumb badly while peeling potatoes. Radhabai came running upstairs, weeping with fright and wringing her hands.

"What is it now?" asked Durgabai, who was winding silk for Saraswati, while the latter was busy cutting out a Satin 'kabja'! (Isn't that what they call that thing they wear, like a jacket?)

"I think so," I said. "Go on.")

"Well. What is it?" asked Durgabai. "More ghosts?"

"No bai. Worse! The Brahmin has cut his hand in two, and is bleeding to death."

"Ugh!" said Durgabai. "How horrible!"

"Poor fellow!" said Saraswati. "Let's go and see."

"I can't bear the sight of blood," said Durgabai, shuddering.

"It turns me faint."

"Well, I'm going," returned Saraswati with decision. "Radhabai, please run to my room and fetch that wooden medicine-chest on my left-hand shelf. Hurry!"

She rose, put away her sewing materials, and then, followed by Radhabai, hastened downstairs to see if she could render any help to the afflicted Brahmin.

The kitchen was a scene of wild confusion. The cook lay moaning and writhing on the ground in the midst of onion and potato peelings. A boy was holding up his left hand, which was bleeding profusely. Saraswati ran forward and took it in her own, and: "Ram Ram," she cried pitifully, "he has cut his thumb in two! Bring clean water, somebody. Quick, Radhabai, open the box and give me that cotton." Quickly she washed the thumb, and pressed the severed ends together with force. The pain brought the cook to his senses.

"Oh! he howled. Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh my thumb! I have lost my thumb! Hé Ram! Hé Narayan! I have served Thee faithfully for fifty years, and is this all I get for my devotion? Oh my thumb! Oh this pain! Hé Ram Ram! First Thou didst take my father. Then Thou didst take my mother. And now "(bursting into loud sobs) n-n-now Thou hast taken m-m-my th-th-th-th-thumb!" Here Radhabai, who had been sniffing and wiping her eyes alternately until this moment, burst into a loud hysterical giggle.

"Radhabai!" said Saraswati severely, "this is no time for laughter. Give me that bottle—hold it—yes. Now give me that cloth. Tear it into strips first, you foolish woman!"

"She is laughing at me!" sobbed the Brahmin. "Hé Ram Ram! See what I have become, a butt for the foolish laughter of women! Oh my thumb! Oh my thumb!"

"Maharaj," said Saraswati very sweetly. "Take comfort. The wound is quite fresh, and your thumb will grow together again. In a few days you will see, it will be quite cured. I have bandaged it up securely now. Don't move your hand if you can help it. Give it a rest."

"God bless you, bai saheb!" sniffed the cook, much comforted.

"God bless you. You have acquired much religious merit to-day.

You have my ashirvad (blessing). If I can ever serve you, command me. You are my mother. I am your child."

Saraswati looked at him as he stood before her, a veritable mountain of flesh, and quickly looked away again, the corners of her mouth twitching with suppressed laughter. "Th-th-thank you, Maharaj," she sputtered, and hurried

out of the kitchen, biting her lips to keep back her mirth until, having reached the seclusion of her own room, she being herself on her bed and laughed to her heart's content. After this the Maharaj was her slave. He would have his wound dressed by none but her, blessing her profusely and perspiring copiously the while. Often he asked her, with fatherly solicitude, if "the Bai Saheb" was kind to her, always ending with "if you are ever in trouble, bai, come to me."

"Thank you, Maharaj," Saraswati would invariably say to this.

"But what trouble should I be in?"

"You never know. You never know!" Shaking his head sadly.

"Look at my thumb. Did I know I would cut it? No. And yet—look at it! Hé Ram Ram! This is an evil world. A dream—a shadow—Only Thou art real—Bai Saheb, when will it heal?" Saraswati would smile and reassure him as best she could. "Saraswati was really very clever at first aid," I told Vishnu. "Karandikar has since told me that that was a very bad cut." "So he said to me too." In fact, he seems to me to have rather admired our "Saraswati!"

Two weeks had passed in peace and comfort. A great deal of the sewing was done, and Saraswati was rejoicing at the prospect of soon going home again.

"You are not happy here," said Durgabai reproachfully. "You want to leave me here all alone—I won't let you go!"

"There's a great deal yet to be done," returned Saraswati with a smile. "We'll talk about it when all this sewing is finished."

"But you *are* happy here?"

"Oh yes!"

"You haven't seen any more ghosts?"

"No, bai."

"Then you won't be afraid to stay by yourself in the house this evening? I have to go to the village to call on some relatives."

"Not at all, bai. I shall be quite happy. Are you taking Radhabai with you?"

"Yes. Do you mind? I don't like going alone."

"I don't mind in the least!" Saraswati hastened to assure her "Good. I shan't be away long."

The Sardarni set out for the village at about four o'clock, leaving Saraswati absorbed in her "polkas." Sunset approached apace, and still Saraswati sewed on, quite heedless of the flight of time, quite undisturbed by her loneliness.

Suddenly the door opened and someone entered the room.

"So!" said a voice Saraswati remembered having heard before.

"So! I have you to myself at last!"

Saraswati had sprung to her feet, dropping all her sewing materials on the floor.

"You!" she gasped. "You!"

"Yes, I, my little friend of the Race Course! I see you remember me!"

"Are—are *you* Sardar Morupant?"

"Who else?" he laughed. "I have pined for you all these years. Waited—laid my plans—and now at last—"

"Oh!" breathed Saraswati, wide-eyed with terror. "Oh!" Then, recovering herself, "Do you want anything, Sardar Saheb?" she asked formally. "Is there anything in the Zanana that I can fetch you? Radhabai is gone out with Bai Saheb—"

"Do you think I don't know that?" retorted the Sardar with terrifying gaiety. "You escaped me that evening. You shall not elude me so easily again."

"Sardar Saheb," said Saraswati, trembling but intrepidly meeting his mocking eyes. "You are a great man and I am a helpless widow, poor and obscure. It does not befit you to make sport of a poor woman like me. You are my protector—"

"I am, I am. Saraswati! Only look upon me as your protector for ever, and I shall be satisfied."

His laugh sent the blood coursing to her cheeks. She flung up her head, and faced him with flashing eyes.

"Is this how protectors speak to those who depend upon them?" she asked scornfully. "Let me go, Sardar Saheb, I am not used to laughing and talking with men."

He stepped towards her, and said something with an insolent laugh, and a drunken leer. His words and manner drove her to a frenzy of shame and anger. Swiftly she turned and took up a huge brass pot that stood on a table beside her, and, lifting it up in both her hands, she flung it full into his sneering face before he could so much as guess her intention. Fury had lent strength to her slender arms and precision to her aim; the thing crashed against his forehead and he fell like a log, where he stood.

Saraswati flew downstairs, possessed with the determination to leave this house at once and for ever. Feverishly she strove to open the front door—it was locked. She ran to another—locked! To a third—locked! And then she realized her awful plight. The Sardarni had gone out, *locking her in!* She dragged herself upstairs, wearily, sick with despair. She went to her own room, locked the door securely, and lay down on her bed, closing her eyes. Then the strain of the reaction from the terrible excitement of the last few minutes overcame her senses, and she fainted. The Sardarni's fury when, a little later, she came home and found what had happened, can better be imagined than described. She was for flaying Saraswati alive there and then! The Sardar, stunned and bleeding, was carried to his own room on the other side of the 'haveli' and laid on his bed, where he tossed and turned, and moaned and groaned, and ceaselessly uttered fearful imprecations in the delirium of high fever, for the next four days.

As for Saraswati, she was a prisoner. She was kept locked up day and night; allowed nothing but bread and water; treated as though she had the plague. She became pale and thin, but steadily and scornfully refused the infamous conditions on which Durgabai proposed to set her free. One day Durgabai sent for her, and said curtly, "The Sardar wants to see you."

"I don't want to see him," said Saraswati.

"You will have to go."

"I will not!"

There was a silence in which Durgabai stared at Saraswati, and Saraswati stared back defiantly at Durgabai.

"If you don't go quietly," said the Sardarni at last, in a calm passionless voice that was more terrible than any tempest of wrath would have been, "*You shall be dragged there.*"

And she turned away.

"Very well," said Saraswati after a pause, very low. "I am helpless. What can I do? I will go——"

"Ah!"

"But not at once. Give me half-an-hour. Let me bathe, and change my clothes——"

"Yes, yes. Make yourself pretty!" said the Sardarni with a sneer.

"Oh! you saintly widows! I know you! But any way thank Heaven you have come to your senses at last! Hunger and virtue don't go together, eh, my fine lady? Radhabai shall come for you in half-an-hour."

"Very well. But—bai Saheb?"

"Well?"

"Shall I—have to see—Sardar Saheb alone?"

"Have you any objection?"

N-n-n-no! But I should *prefer*——"

The Sardarni laughed with cruel mockery. "Oh! you would *prefer*! would you? Well, of all the impudence! Hé Radhabai, see to it that there's no one with Sardar Saheb when this woman goes to see him. (To Saraswati) He is not to be at all excited. Be very careful. Do you hear?"

Saraswati inclined her head, and went slowly out of the room. Once safe locked in her own, she thought swiftly and desperately for a few minutes. At last, in despair, "Oh God!" she prayed frantically, "Oh God! Oh God! Help me!"

And He did help her, for the next minute her face cleared, her eyes brightened, a triumphant smile came to her lips, her whole body became instinct with new life and energy. She sprang from her bed, and, taking her paint-box from the shelf, began rapidly and deftly to mix colours She was very busy for the next half hour 'decking' herself, as she put it, with a smile, to her image in the mirror, for the meeting with the Sardar. When she was ready, she looked at herself long and searchingly: then, a touch here, a touch there, "and now I'm prepared to face the Pisháchas themselves" she muttered.

There was a knock at the door, and Radhabai's voice calling "Are you ready, bai?"

"Coming" replied Saraswati unlocking her door.

She covered her face completely with the end of her Saree, and swathing her hands in its ample folds, pushed open the door with her shoulder and stepped out.

"Go on," she ordered. "I follow."

"But why have you covered your face?"

"I am pale, and thin, and haggard. It might pain the Sardar to see me."

This excuse satisfied Radhabai. She nodded approval. "That is true," she agreed. "He is not to be excited."

They went on then in silence until they reached a half-open door before which Radhabai paused.

"Go in," she whispered.

"You need not wait," Saraswati whispered back with her hand on the door handle.

The room was bare and gloomy. A bed, two chairs, and a table covered with glasses and bottles of medicine, was all it contained. All the windows were shut, the atmosphere was close and oppressive. "Who is it?" a weak voice called out from the bed.

"Who is it?" it repeated, getting no answer.

"Come nearer. Are you—is it Saraswati?" the Sardar's voice rose in excitement.

Saraswati came and stood quite close to his bed.

"Yes. It is Saraswati! That is her slender figure.

I know it well. But why so shy, dear one? There is no one here. Unveil and let me see your face."

Slowly Saraswati raised her hands, and then with a quick dramatic gesture she flung her Saree back, leaving her face fully uncovered. The Sardar sat up and stared at her a moment, with cheek and lip bloodless, and eyes distended with horror. Then with a long gasp he fell back on his pillow in a dead faint. ("He was bathed in perspiration when they found him," I interrupted, "and his face was almost unrecognisable." "Serve him right!" said Vishnu vindictively, "Serve him right!") What he saw can be imagined from the fact that he went quite off his head after this, and soon after tried to strangle his wife, accusing her of having, out of jealousy and spite, sent in a Rakshasi to devour him. ("No wonder," I laughed "Red, white, and black paint, properly used, could turn a very houri into a demon! Clever Saraswati! Go on.")

As for Saraswati, she covered her face and was out into the corridor and flying to her room before you could have drawn a whole breath. Swiftly she washed her face and hands, swiftly she glided down the stairs and slipped into the kitchen.

The cook looked up as she entered.

"Maharaj," she panted, "Maharaj, help me to get away from here!"

"Get away from here?" he repeated bewildered. "But you can't!"

"But I *must*!" She retorted desperately. "They'll kill me if I stay!"

"But what has happened?"

"Bai Saheb is angry with me. And you know what she is. She has been starving me the last five days—oh! Do you hear that? Listen—they are calling me—Oh Maharaj, Maharaj, *Save* me! I have no friend but you—"

"Shhhhhh! I'll save you. Here, peel these potatoes. Be calm. Leave it to me. I'll manage my mistress."

"Saraswati bai! Saraswati bai! Hé Maharaj!"

"Yes?" called the cook.

"Where are you?"

"Here in my kitchen," bawled the Brahmin. "Where else should I be? Karandikar entered hurriedly.

"Have you seen—Oh! Here you are, Saraswati bai!"

"Yes. I am helping the Maharaj. He cannot use his left hand yet. Does Bai want me?"

"Want you! She's foaming at the mouth! "What have you done to the Sardar?"

"I? What have I done to the Sardar?" echoed Saraswati in well-feigned amazement. "What should I have done to the Sardar?"

"He has fainted, and nothing can revive him."

"Oh, I am sorry."

"What happened when you went to him? Did you talk too much?"

"Not a word. I had been warned not to excite him. He just looked at my face, then lay back in his bed and seemed to go to sleep. So I came away."

Karandikar looked at her keenly, but she met his look of suspicion with one of such guileless innocence that he could not but believe her.

"Here is Durgabai," he said at last, with a sigh of relief and turned away, scratching his head in perplexity.

"She is angry with me!" said Saraswati in an awed whisper. "Oh dear! She is *very* angry!"

That was evident. Shrill and cracked with rage came the Sardarni's voice from the verandah outside.

"Where is that Saraswati? Where is that Rakshasi? I shall have her flogged to death! Oh, she shall suffer for this! Murderess! Traitor! Where is she, I say?"

The cook shook himself, blew on his hands, and stepped out.

"The sempstress is in the kitchen, peeling potatoes for me, bai." He said "Do you want her?"

"Peeling potatoes? After having killed my husband—!"

"Be calm. Be calm," begged the cook soothingly. "She has not killed the Sardar Saheb. I tell you she has been here for the last half hour, helping me to peel the potatoes. How could she have killed our Maharaj?"

"She nearly killed him one day——"

"You are mistaken. You are seeing an evil dream," the cook contradicted her firmly. "Listen to me. I am a Brahmin, and I know these things. You must not talk like that, or what will people say?"

"She has brought nothing but misfortune upon me, from the first moment she entered my house."

"That was to be expected!" returned the cook placidly.

"What do you mean?"

"My calculations have told me that her stars are in conflict with yours."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Sardarni, growing pale.

"She is bound to bring misfortune upon you, as long as she is in the same house."

"Then I must send her away at once, at once!" said Durgabai feverishly.

"Dada, have her sent off as soon as possible. Where is Dada?" turning round as she received no answer.

"He went away a minute after you came, bai," said Saraswati meekly.

"I think he has gone to Sardar Saheb's room." ('As a matter of fact he was standing outside the kitchen, listening.)

"Give me your hand," said the cook to Saraswati.

He examined it for a few minutes with great attention, sighing and shaking his head and muttering prayers under his breath.

Then he flung it away with a deep groan and turned to Durgabai quivering like a jelly and clutching his head with both hands.

"Yes, baisesab," he said solemnly, "take the word of a Brahmin who knows—and that is myself. The lines on her hand are most inauspicious for our Maharaj, and therefore for you. You cannot kill her, for it is ordained that she shall live to the age of one hundred and two years, six months and two days. ("The serpent!" exclaimed Durgabai venomously, grinding her teeth.)

It is also written that if she lives in your house for one week, our Sardar Saheb, may Rama be gracious unto him, will suffer a great disappointment. (Durgabai started violently and grew paler.) If she stays for two weeks, he will lose his senses: if for three weeks, a terrible illness will afflict him, if for a month—Oh, that is too terrible! I cannot tell you what will happen if she stays for a month! She has already been here nearly a month. And last night I dreamt that I was following our Maharaj to the burning Ghaut——"

"Brahmin!" shrieked the Sardarni beside herself with horror.

"What art thou saying!"

"And I have been perspiring and trembling ever since," continued the Brahmin, unruffled. "Therefore I say to you, Bai Saheb, send this woman away. I see evil signs about her. I must go and perform 'Snan.' But if you value the life of your lord and earthly protector, send her away at once. There are but six days remaining to complete the month."

Whereupon, having blessed the terror-stricken Durgabai with due solemnity and winked at Saraswati over her bent head, the fat Brahmin waddled out of the kitchen, leaving the two women alone together. The Sardarni stood leaning against the wall for support, quite overcome and trembling like a leaf, with one hand pressed to her eyes and the other to her heaving bosom. There was a long silence—"Go!" panted Durgabai at last, pointing a shaking finger at the door.

Saraswati went.

After Vishnu had finished speaking, there was a long silence, which he broke with a smiling "Well, Khala bibi?"

"Marhaba! Ma haba! what a story!" I said with a sigh.

"I can't believe it is true. And yet, worse things happen among the Sardars every day. And the details too, most of them, are remarkably correct. A few here and there of course—But those don't matter. But ah, Allah Himself saved Saraswati then!"

"In the form of a fat rascally Brahmin?" put in Vishnu with a quizzical smile.

"We can never thank Him enough," I said severely.

"I quite agree, Khala bibi. Do you know, I think I'll publish this, with a few judicious alterations. What do you say?"

"You cannot," I said. "They are all alive. Even the Brahmin. And they are all hale and hearty. They will not require the Fâtiha for a long time yet."

Vishnu sighed.

"Are' Ram Ram!" he grumbled. "What is Yama doing? That they should live so long in this Kali Yuga!"

I suppose I shall have to wait until they are all dead. But doesn't it seem too romantic to be real, this Tale of Saraswati?

REHANA TYEBJI

(Concluded from *Shama'a* April, 1927.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

SHAMA'A

The eighth volume of *Shama'a* has begun with a heavy handicap. All our manuscripts were lost in the Press and we suddenly found ourselves unable to issue our January number. We have already notified to our readers that our regret is very great indeed for being compelled to bring out a double number. Nothing pains us so much as any unpunctuality in the issue of our number every quarter. We once again crave the indulgence of our friends and subscribers to bear with us in the unprepared accident.

Beginning our new number with this misfortune, let us thank our contributors, subscribers and well-wishers in India and abroad for their hearty support which has encouraged us to continue the Journal for seven years. Nevertheless we feel that much more could be achieved by stronger and more steady support and unless we make ourselves fit for that amount of wider attention from the public, our usefulness will be somewhat limited. There is an immense field of work in the theatre and art-world as well as in the new currents in literature and philosophy. We can only sound their depths and some times sketch the outlines. The materials are indeed vast and varied. It is only the mighty force of creative energy that can gather their rich fruits and make this age an era of real awakening in the upward ascent of humanity.

THE SHAMA'A PLAYERS

For some time past we have been considering some of the practical ways of developing the Indian Theatre. Obviously nothing improves staging better than a demonstration of how best to do it.



MRS. SUNALINI RAJAM

Under the guidance of our Editor a small group of enthusiastic men and women have gathered as the nucleus of a group who in course of time, it is hoped, will be able to interpret on the stage the real spirit of the finer forms of histrionic art. A very successful beginning was made in this direction in October last year when Tagore's *Dancing-girl's Worship* was staged at the Excelsior Theatre in Bombay. In many respects this drama is unique. It is written only for a cast of women. It shows the conflict between Buddhism and Brahminism and how the stern worship of even a dancing-girl could profoundly stir our emotions and play so considerable a part in the life of the Royal Court. The ladies who took part in the play in October came from various different communities, including even the Anglo-Indian, who are supposed to be not quite interested in purely Indian drama. The play was no doubt in English (the Visvabharati version) but the setting and background were entirely Indian and the touch of Bengali music by Mrs. Sunalini Rajam (dancing-girl) gave completeness to the general atmosphere. Mrs. Rajam gave a masterly and beautiful rendering of the dancing-girl's

part. Our Editor had herself to set the example by taking the very difficult part of the queen. We are glad that the play was received with great delight by the Bombay public and that many of the ladies who took part were highly spoken of by the Press. This is perhaps not to be wondered at. There is such talent in the country that the wonder is why only so little of it is liberated for refined and graceful expression. A great and purified stage will be one of the best medium of instructive enjoyment. But—let us not forget—it means resources which few people can afford. Our readers will have some idea of the difficulties of adjustment and the financial strain of such ventures even in Europe and America in the article (dialogue) on "The Individual and the Institution" which appears elsewhere.

Yet another performance by the Shama'a players came off in Bombay during Easter Week. This time it was the historical play of Cousins—*The King's Wife*. The well-known South Indian actor Raghavachari took part in the play with considerable distinction. We believe this is his first appearance in Bombay. It is understood that Raghavachari is about to embark on a European tour for the study of the theatre. We wish him every success.

DEATH OF Sr. BLASCO IBANEZ

Sr. Vicenta Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist died in his villa at Mentone in January this year. The author, Commandeur de la Legion was born in 1867 and was a native of Valencia. He wrote several novels of outstanding merit. "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" attained great success during the war. Among his other works are "The Matador" and "The Shadow of the Cathedral." "Blood and Sand" was published in 1923, nearly two years after his visit to U. S. A. His book "Alphonso XIII. Unmasked" attacking the Spanish Monarchy aroused great controversy and bitter feeling. An interview with the author on that subject with his views on that and kindred subjects are given below.

'First, I want to ask about the incident that followed the publication of your book, "Alphonso XIII. Unmasked."

'Well,' said Blasco Ibanez, 'these incidents were less violent than I expected. Of course I am very much under fire, but they confine themselves to criticizing myself and my talent, and make no reply to the allegations contained in my pamphlet. The Spanish Government, moreover, has spared nothing, and it has already spent ten million pesetas in fighting that book. While the reactionary papers are abusing me, the liberal Press is gagged and cannot defend me. In France you have no idea of the situation in Spain. There is no more liberty. Everything is under the Government's thumb, and the libraries cannot even put my novels in their windows for sale. I am a Liberal, but I am not in politics. When I wrote "Alphonso XIII. Unmasked" I thought only of being useful to my country.

'Is it true,' I asked, 'as your opponents say, that your books are better known abroad than in Spain?'

'That is absolutely false. It is true that my biggest editions have been in English-speaking countries. Nevertheless my books have larger sales in Spain than they have in France, some of them reaching a hundred and fifty thousand.'

While this conversation was going on, Blasco Ibanez had become calmer. His mind was no longer on the ten minutes that he expected to grant me, which had long ago expired.

'May I ask,' I said, 'what you think of present-day literature in general?'

"I have just told you that I am a Liberal, that I do not want to pass any literary judgments. I am a "creator," I am not at all a man of letters. I do not take any part in literary life and I am quite outside the literary circles. That, however, does not prevent my keeping in touch with everything that is published in the world. Every day I devote from four to five hours to reading. I have a big library here, and in my various homes I have sixty thousand volumes, written in all languages.

"But a man is perpetually developing. Lately I have been reading over works that I greatly admired ten years ago, which now have no great interest for me. Under such conditions how can one pass a judgment that is worth anything? Ever since Voltaire, there has always been at least one French writer alive who was genuinely representative of his country and his period; Voltaire representing eighteenth century philosophy, Chateaubriand representing the Catholic reaction of the Restoration, Victor Hugo representing the ideas of liberty and progress, then Emile Zola, last of all Anatole France. But France is dead, and I do not see anyone to take his place. This state of affairs will not last, but it may be ten or fifteen years before a sharply marked personality emerges. Perhaps at this very moment the future Hugo is passing his examinations for the baccalaureate. While we wait, there is no French writer who makes himself really felt abroad, and French influence suffers from the effects, for France makes herself felt beyond her own frontiers by her literature first of all. I know a great number of Spaniards, for example who read French, though they are quite incapable of talking it.

"The last French writer who was really representative was certainly Anatole France. The great public abroad scarcely read him, but intellectually knew his work and he symbolized for them the literary tradition in France. In earlier days we used to see a good deal of each other, France and I and each time we met he used to talk—I don't know why it was so—about love and women. But towards the end of his life I saw less of him, because he had become somewhat weakened by age. The last time we dined together it was at Calmann-Levy the publisher's a little before I got out on my trip around the world. During the course of that dinner we even had a little dispute. When he discoursed to me on his Communist opinions, I told him that he might be able to talk after he had been imprisoned thirty-two times and after he had been a year-and-a-half in jail for the sake of his ideals, as I have been. I was very fond of him, however, and we made a big lecture tour in South America together. But in the course of his voyage he fell in love with a little actress, whom he never left for a single moment and so he got about very little. At Buenos Aires, where we remained a month, I met him out-of-doors only once. Anatole France did not like to travel. He was like all your Frenchmen, who hardly knew the world beyond your own door. Most of your young French novelists spend their time describing the torment of their souls or some little love affair in the Rue de Seine, because they have never left Paris.

"As a matter of fact, there are not many true novelists. It is easy enough to find people who can write a short story, but a novel is quite another matter for a novel is a big book of 380 pages, and not a tiny volume in big print with lots of white spaces. To write novels, you must have seen a good deal. For my part, I have not been content with merely travelling. I have lived six years on the Argentine pampas. I have even founded a city.

"People often say of a book that it is "well written." No doubt. But style is not enough; it is the fifth or sixth consideration. The first is life. A man who really has something to say can carry his work within his brain for a long time, but the day will come when he will feel compelled to give it expression. Thus with me. When the time has come I absolutely have to begin writing, otherwise I should be sick."

KERALA CONTRIBUTION TO SANSKRIT LITERATURE

Prof. K. Rama Pisharoti, Principal, Sanskrit College, Tripunattur (Cochin State), who delivered at the invitation of the University of Madras, a course of ten lectures on the Kerala



PROF. K. RAMA PISHAROTI

contribution to Sanskrit literature has done a very great service to the cause of learning and research. The extraordinary output of classical works in Sanskrit by the scholars and thinkers from that strip of land on the West Coast between Gokarnam and Cape Comorin, is not quite so well-known as it ought to be. Apart from the great names of Sankaracarya and Madvacarya, there are about two hundred authors, and though they have contributed original works in different departments of knowledge, they are, with few exceptions, quite unknown to orientalists. Such were the great facilities for the study of Sanskrit in Malabar that only a generation ago Cranganore was almost an Oriental University of the residential type.

In the field of philosophy and religion it was in Malabar that Hinduism and Hindu rituals were preserved with the purity of Vedic and Aryan forms. Laksmidas' Sukasandesha is second only to the best of Kalidasa's productions. Numerous Kavyas and works on Nyaya, Vyakarana, Alankara, etc., are referred to in the professor's lectures, also the Kerala Sanskrit Theatre and the Kerala Natakacara and their value in elucidating the Bhasa problem. The progress achieved in the science of medicine and surgery is perhaps not unknown to the outside world. The Ashta-vyadins—the famous eight families of physicians—have devoted their lives generation after generation to the study and practice of Ayurveda. Astrology and astronomy received considerable attention in Malabar. Besides several bhāṣyas and commentaries on Jyotiṣha they had their independent school of horoscopy of the seven Jataka padhati. Though many works on architecture have not yet been discovered, the Malayalees have a distinct style of construction—their temples with the sikhiras, and private houses with nalukettu (inner quadrangle) and apartments for pitru-puja and devi-puja (separate worship of the ancestors and the family deity). This last perhaps more than anything else has encouraged growth of religion in every home. Shakti-puja had very strong hold on the people of the country and even now has not completely disappeared.

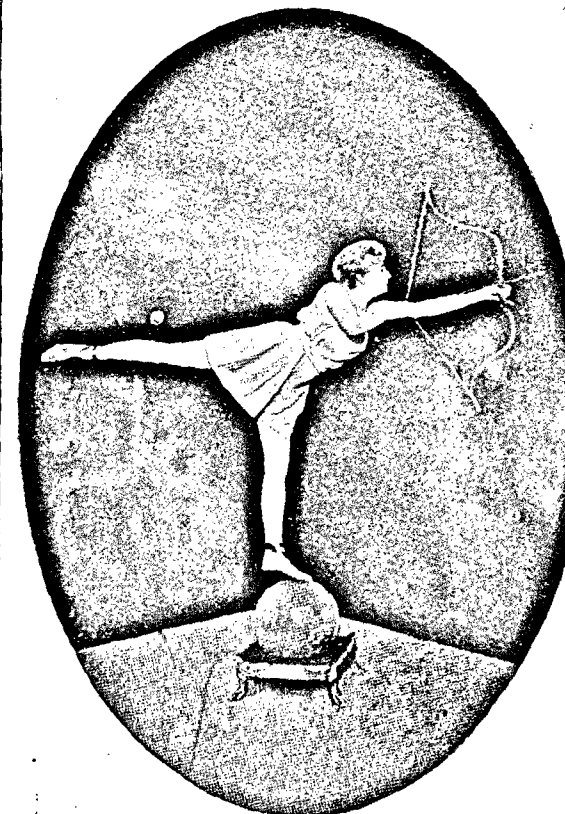
We hope that Prof. Rama Pisharoti's lectures will be the starting point for further study. In fact, considering the abundance of materials we think that early attempts should be made for definite research, such as by the establishment of a Kerala Institute of Sanskrit. Prof. Rama Pisharoti has not only imbibed the genuine spirit of Sanskrit culture, but has what is rare in such men, a truly critical and progressive mind. He is therefore eminently fitted for the task of reconstruction.

Mrs. DIANA WATTS

Nearly two years ago the visit of the Greek Tragedienne, Miss Dorothea Spinney, to India awakened those who had seen her performances to a critical appreciation of the "classics" of the west. (See *Shama'a* April 1926.) Mrs. Diana Watts who was touring this country last year, takes us to a different side of that culture and in a different way altogether. Mrs. Watts interprets to us the perfection of physical development attained by the Greeks and of which their famous statues bear witness even to this day. There are many who wonder whether some of the Greeks statues do not show impossible positions. But if only such critics see Mrs. Watts' demonstration of them they will cease to wonder, and realize that these statues are true to the lives of the people of those days. It is really a "re-discovery" as Bernard Shaw says of Mrs. Watts' achievements. Though she has herself passed the age of 50, Mrs. Watts gives an ocular demonstration of the art and beauty of the Greek statuary.



MRS. DIANA WATTS



MRS. WATTS AS THE ARCHER

The Discus thrower, the archer, the charioteer and many others were shown by her—just wonderful reproduction of the originals, living illustrations of some of the greatest Greek statues and friezes. We admire her not only for the agility of her limbs and poise of rhythmic movement, but also her æsthetic presentation of the subject. She is an artist who presents the beauty of plastic form.

Mrs. Watts also tells us in her lectures how such remarkable physical development was achieved by the Greeks. It will not be possible here to deal with the several points elaborated in her lectures. The principle of harmony as the fundamental principle, "the technique of the diaphragm" (that central part of the body which the Greeks declared to be the temple of the soul as well as the mind), the stress on correct breathing are some of the things she emphasises. They bear curious resemblances to the Indian science of physical culture and elaborated with scientific detail in Hata-yoga. No wonder therefore that Mrs. Watts met with highly appreciative audiences all over India.

EDGAR REINHOLD SCHÜTZ

One of the foremost German singers and the first who sang in his native tongue in India, made his first appearance in our country in a very successful recital with the Bombay Chamber Orchestra on the 6th of October, 1928, at Bombay,



HERR SCHÜTZ

under the direction of the well-known conductor Edward Behr. Cowasji Jehangir Hall was overcrowded and the applause enormous.

The singer who has studied many years in Italy and in Germany at the famous singing master Prof. Leporello-Mueller, who is an old friend of the celebrated Soprano Lilli Lehmann and so many other distinguished singers of the old classic school of singing—has a wonderful mighty voice and masters his tenor as a real master-singer.

Beautiful to hear him sing in the highest tunes with enormous sound and to listen to the returning of the voice from the biggest fortissimo to the softest pianissimo in a splendid manner only to compare with the greatest Italian singers like Caruso, Battistini, etc. A spell is

his wonderful voice of this artist which with its magic binds the hearts of all music-feeling and understanding audience.

Herr Schütz sang in the following three concerts in English, Latin, Italian, French and German tongue and his programmes were on the highest musical standard consisting of the works of the best European composers. Names like Gluck, Bach, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Strauss, Giordani, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Puccini, etc., are well known to everybody understanding European music.

The main quality of the singer's character may be named the passion to learn and it furnishes evidence too of the stern comprehension of his art, because the genuine artist is always learning.

In December, Herr Schütz gave a very successful performance at the residence of Lady Stan Tata where a highly distinguished audience was invited. Herr Schütz went to Ceylon and other places. Madras, which was originally included in his programme, had to be unfortunately left out.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI VISITS INDIA

Ragini writing in the January, February number of the *East-west* says:—

Leopold Stokowski, the famous conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra is visiting India.

Mr. Stokowski is a world figure in the realm of Western music, and his orchestra is recognized as an organisation of talented musicians, so well-balanced, so well-trained and thoroughly skilled in musicianship, that it is accepted without debate as the finest symphonic orchestra America has ever known.

American press reviews describe Mr. Stokowski as "genius," "superman," "prophet," "electrifying personality," "the conductor who inspires"—attributes which are a most convincing testimonial to his greatness.

After many triumphant seasons of concerts, Mr. Stokowski is taking a much-needed rest. He has left the United States for an extended tour, not as an orchestral conductor, but as a simple pilgrim to rest, to mediate and to find new inspiration spiritually and musically.

He has chosen India for his pilgrimage because he has for years drawn inspiration from the various forms of Hindu religious philosophy, and hopes to derive a fuller knowledge of Truth under the guidance of a Guru.

He is also very much interested in Hindu classical music and rhythms. Several Ragas which the writer sang for him to the accompaniment of *Tambura* he thought melodically beautiful. He had also heard some exquisite *vina* music which impressed him deeply, he said.

His travels will take him through Ceylon, and from South India to North as far as Darjeeling. He will also visit the historical temples and the museums of art throughout India. During his travels he hopes to hear the finest musicians in each province, and to study the theory of Hindu music as well.

He is seeking to know the ancient and true culture of India. It is always the voice of Eternal Truth speaking through the Vedas, the Bhagvath Gita and other sacred texts, which is heard in the Western World and impels its people to come with hope to India. It is the spirit of Nada Brahma that somehow still lives in Hindu music despite the confusion of centuries, which stirs their hearts.

Mr. Stokowski hopes to take back to America and Europe a message of truth as revealed in the religion, art and music of India and thereby bring about a greater understanding and sympathy between the East and the West.

THE SPIRITUAL BASIS OF EDUCATION

The Bombay Women's Conference on Educational Reforms held at the Malabari Memorial Hall, Gamdevi, in November last year was a distinguished gathering. Our Editor presided and we quote the following from her speech:—

"The time has now come when educationists should be quite clear as to what exactly it is for which the human mind craves when it urges with so much sincerity the need for religious and moral instruction. Everybody seems to feel that there is something missing somewhere, and it is to that something missing to which may be traced the chaos existing in the educational system. Is it not the spiritual hunger? Is this not the expression of the yearning of the human soul for the release of the divine qualities within? What is to be taught is not the religions, but religion, the only true religion on which all other religions are based, *the religion of the spirit*.

"I remember the words of the great Yogi. 'The word religion' says Aurobindo, 'is English and smacks too much of things external, such as creeds, rites and external piety for which there is no Indian equivalent.' And he suggests that we should give to religion the sense of the following of the spiritual impulse in its fulness, and define spirituality as an attempt to know and live in the higher self—that divine, the all-embracing unity and to raise life in all its parts to the divinest possible values.

"Education of the child ought to mean the enfolding of the inner life, the drawing out from within the child the true attitude towards life, life in its fulness. On that attitude and on that attitude alone would it be possible to build up an educational structure that would last for all time. It is that attitude that I consider to be the spiritual basis of all education. Once this is accepted religious and moral instruction would become only a matter of detail.

"Western psychologists, so far as I am aware, deal with the child only intellectually, so that what was not understandable was relegated to the realm of the 'mystery' of the child. To those of us who are convinced that every child is born with the knowledge and wisdom gained in previous lives there need not be any hopeless 'mystery.' The child is a person born that brings with it the experiences of many past lives. It is from this store-house of latent experiences that that attitude which after all, is the unfolding of the god-like qualities of the child, may be drawn out. With the recognition of this, all educational difficulties that obstruct the path could be successfully faced.

"The mother in the home is the first educator, and it is her duty and privilege to be ready to create the necessary atmosphere for her child from the very moment of its birth. If she is unfit to do this, she must arrange to hand over the child to those who are capable of creating that atmosphere; those in whom the 'mother' attitude is strong whether it be man or woman. But by this 'mother' attitude is meant not a sentimental love, but the deeper quality of understanding. The fact of the immediate motherhood is not sufficient to justify the clinging of a mother to the child. Perhaps this is a bold statement and may come as a shock to many of you. But the truth must be said and I hope it will not be long before the realization will come to us that mere physical motherhood is not the only motherhood.

* * * *

"The present system of the training of teachers has unquestionably improved. But has it gone far enough? How can we profess to teach without the vision of the eternal life? The only true teacher is that *guru* to whose disciple is revealed the world of spirit. In ancient India this was done in the numerous *ashrams* by *brahmacharya* and *yoga*. Shall we succeed in getting back a little of that ancient secret? I have only just touched the fringe of the real question; even that, with profound apologies to this intensely modern city of Bombay. Any scheme, however brilliant, can at best be only a patch-work. The one problem before educationists to-day is to think out ways and means whereby the educational system will be based on the one and only real foundation—the foundation of the spirit, the spirit that is the highest Truth and highest Power and will therefore last through Time and Eternity."

GREEK INFLUENCE AGAIN!

There are certain things which will never die, they seem to be often dead, but yet show curious powers of resurrection. It is therefore that we shall never hear the end of Greek culture and its potent influence. The claim that the Indian and Chinese images of Buddha are evolved forms of the Greek gods Apollo and Bacchus was put forward by, this time German, ethnologist Herr Von le

Log, Director of the Berlin Museum (Indian Section) of Ethnology, at a meeting of the School of Oriental Studies in London. We understand that experts have already acclaimed the theory as one of greatest importance.

Herr Von le Log headed three expeditions to the deserts of Central Asia and claims to prove beyond doubt that India and China in turn borrowed the images of all the classical Greek gods, which they adapted to their own needs. Explaining his theory, the professor is reported to have said: "In 500 B.C. China was in touch with the Greek cities on the Pontus Euxinus and the old Persian Empire. We have been through all the routes north of China and Turkestan, and followed the emigration of European tribes. Everybody knows how Alexander in 300 B.C. conquered the whole of Persia and North-west India. He then founded cities which he peopled with Greek and Macedonian soldiers, who intermarried with the natives. This race became Buddhist. In Afghanistan and Turkestan Greek art became modified into Buddhist art. Apollo and Bacchus became Buddha, and all the Buddhist saints are nothing more than Greek gods and heroes modified into the Buddhist saints of India and China. Through Turkestan the Buddhist religion travelled to China. The Chinese took these Greek types, already modified by India and Persia, and made for them the Chinese image of Buddha a Greek god in disguise. In China the knot of all Buddhist Chinese art is the Greek classical antique art just as the same Greek art is at the bottom of all our European art. The Chinese claim that their art goes back 4,000 years is absolutely unproven. All modern investigation goes to show that even in Neolithic times China received great impulses from the West."

We admire the boldness of this line of research, though not its thoroughness. One wonders whether the learned professor ever met a certain person in India whom we have known for a long time, and who was once introduced to a tourist European lady and was asked by her about his *gotram*. He replied that this was the Casypa-gotra, and when the indefatigable lady took out her note-book and pen, our friend immediately added "yes, madam, Casypa-gotram. You know Casypa, the great Indian saint who founded the Caspian Sea."!!

SAHAJA—A PHASE OF HINDU LOVE

The special India number of the Oriental Magazine, edited by Hari G. Govil, contains the following article by Ananda Coomaraswamy on a very delicate subject, which we have taken the liberty of extracting in full.

The last achievement of all thought is a recognition of the identity of spirit and matter, subject and object; and this reunion is the marriage of Heaven and Hell, the reaching out of a contracted universe towards its freedom, in response to the love of Eternity for the productions of Time. There is then no sacred or profane, spiritual or sensual, but everything that lives is pure and void. This very world of birth and death is also the great Abyss.

In India we could not escape the conviction that sexual love has a deep and spiritual significance. There is nothing with which we can better compare the 'mystic union' of the finite with its infinite ambient—that one experience which proves itself and is the only ground of faith—than the self-oblivion of earthly lovers locked in each other's arms, where 'each is both.' Physical proximity, contact, and interpenetration are the expressions of love, only because love is the recognition of identity. These two are one flesh, because they have remembered their unity of spirit. This is moreover a fuller identity than the mere sympathy of two individuals; and each as individual has now no more significance for the other than the gates of heaven for one who stands within. It is like an algebraic equation where the equation is the only truth, and the terms may stand for anything. The least intrusion of the ego, however, involves a return to the illusion of duality.

This vision of the beloved has no necessary relation to empirical reality. The beloved may be in every ethical sense of the word unworthy—and the consequence of this may be socially or ethically disastrous; but nevertheless the eye of love perceives her divine perfection and infinity, and is not deceived. That one is chosen by the other is therefore no occasion of pride: for the same perfection and infinity are present in every grain of sand, and in the raindrop as much as in the sea.

To carry through such a relationship, however, and to reach a goal, to really progress and not merely to achieve an intimation—for this it is necessary that both the lover and the beloved should be of one and the same spiritual age and of the same moral fibre. For if not, as Chandidas says, the woman who loves an unworthy man will die of a broken heart: and the youth who falls in love with a woman of lower spiritual degree will be tossed to and fro in great unrest and will give way to despair.

Because the stages of human love reflect the stations of spiritual evolution, it is said that the relationship of hero and heroine reveals an esoteric meaning, and truth has been made the basis of the well-known allegories of Radha and Krishna, which are the dominant motif of medieval Hinduism. Here, illicit love becomes the very type of salvation: for in India, where social convention is so strict, such a love involves a surrender of all that the world values, and sometimes of life itself. When Krishna receives the milkmaids, and tells them he owes them a debt that can never be paid, it is because they have come to him "like the *vairagi* who has renounced his home"—neither their duties nor their great possessions hindered them from taking the way of Mary. The great seducer makes them his own.

All this is an allegory—the reflection of reality in the mirror of illusion. This reality is the inner life, where Krishna is the Lord, the milkmaids are the souls of men, and Brindaban the field of consciousness. The relation of the milkmaids with the Divine Herdsman is not in any sense a model intended to be realized in human relationship, and the literature contains explicit warnings against any such confusion of planes.

The interpretation of this mystery, however, is so well-known as to need no elaboration. But there is a related cult, which is called Sahaja, which constitutes a practical discipline, a 'rule,' and what we have to speak of here concerns this more difficult and less familiar teaching.

In Sahaja, the adoration of young and beautiful girls was made the path of spiritual evolution and ultimate emancipation. By this adoration we must understand not merely ritual worship (the Kumari Puja), but also 'romantic love.'

This doctrine seems to have originated with the later Tantrik Buddhists. Kanu Bhatta already in the tenth century wrote Sahaja love songs in Bengal. The classic exponent, however, is Chandidas, who lived in the fourteenth century. Many other poets wrote in the same sense. Chandidas himself was called a madman—a term in Bengali which signifies a man of eccentric ideas who nevertheless endears himself to everyone. He was Brahman and a priest of the temple of Vasuli Devi, near Bolpur. One day he was walking on the river bank where women were washing clothes. By some chance there was a young girl whose name was Rami: she raised her eyes to his. There was a meeting of Dante and Beatrice. From this time on Chandidas was filled with love. Rami was very beautiful: but in Hindu society what can a washerwoman be to a Brahman? She could only take the dust of his feet. He, however, openly avowed his love in his songs, and neglected his priestly duties. He would fall into a dream whenever he was reminded of her.

The love songs of Chandidas were more like hymns of devotion: "I have taken refuge at your feet, my beloved. When I do not see you my mind has no rest. You are to me as a parent to a helpless child. You are goddess herself—the garland about my neck—my very universe. All is

darkness without you, you are the meaning of my prayers. I cannot forget your grace and your charm—and yet there is no desire in my heart."

Chandidas was excommunicated, for he had affronted the whole orthodox community. By the good offices of his brother he was once on the point of being taken back into society, on condition of renouncing Rami forever, but when she was told of this she went and stood before him at the place of the reunion—never before had she looked upon his face so publicly—then he forgot every promise of reformation, and bowed before her with joined hands as a priest approaches his household goddess.

It is said that a divine vision was vouchsafed to certain of the Brahmans there present—for Rami was so transfigured that she seemed to be the Mother of the Universe herself, the Goddess: that is to say, that for them, as for Chandidas himself, the doors of perception were cleansed, and they too saw her divine perfection. But the rest of them saw only the washerwoman, and Chandidas remained an outcast.

He has explained in his songs what he means by Sahaja. The lovers must refuse each other nothing, yet never fall. Inwardly, he says of the woman, she will sacrifice all for love, but outwardly she will appear indifferent. This secret love must find expression in secret: but she must not yield to desire. She must cast herself freely into the sea of contempt, and yet she must never actually drink of forbidden waters: she must not be shaken by pleasure or pain. Of the man he says that to be a true lover he must be able to make a frog dance in the mouth of a snake, or to bind an elephant with a spider's web. That is to say, that although he plays with the most dangerous passions, he must not be carried away. In this restraint, or rather, in the temper that makes it possible, lies his salvation. "Hear me," says Chandidas, "to attain salvation through the love of woman, make your body like a dry stick—for He that pervades the universe seen of none, can only be found by one who knows the secret of love." It is not suprising if he adds that one such is hardly to be found in a million.

This doctrine of romantic love is by no means unique: we meet with it also at the summit levels of European culture, in the thirteenth century. "And so far as love is concerned," says a modern Russian (Kuprin), "I tell you that even this has its peak which only one out of millions is able to climb."

Before attempting to understand the practice of Sahaja we must define the significance of the desired salvation—the spiritual freedom (*moksha*) which is called the ultimate purpose, the only true meaning of life, and by hypothesis the highest good and perfection of our nature. It is a release from the ego and from becoming: it is the realization of self and of entity—when 'nothing of ourself is left in us.' This perfect state must be one without desire, because desire implies a lack; whatever action the *jivan mukta* or spiritual freeman performs must therefore be of the nature of manifestation, and will be without purpose or intention. Nothing that he does will be praiseworthy or blameworthy, and he will not think in any such terms,—as the *Mahabharata* says, with many like texts, 'He who considers himself a doer of good and evil knows not the truth, I trow.' Nothing that the freeman does will be 'selfish,' for he has lost the illusion of the ego. His entire being will be in all he does, and it is this which makes the virtue of his action. This the innocence of desires.

Then and then only is the lover free—when he is free from willing. He who is free is free to do what he will—but first, as Nietzsche says, he must be such as can will, or as Rami expresses it, must have surrendered will. This is by no means the same as to do what one likes, or avoid what one does not like, for he is very far from free who is subject to the caprices or desires of the ego. Of course, if the doors of perception were cleansed we should know that we are always free ('It is naught indeed but thine own hearing and willing that do hinder thee, so that thou dost not hear and see

God')—for the world itself is manifestation and not the handiwork of the Absolute. The most perfect love seeks nothing for itself, requiring nothing, and offers nothing to the beloved, realizing her infinite perfection which cannot be added to: but we do not know this except in moments of perfect experience.

Very surely the love of woman is not the only way to approach this freedom. It is more likely by far the most dangerous way, and perhaps for many an impossible way. We do not, however, write to condemn or to advocate, but to explain.

In reading of romantic love we are apt to ponder over what is left unsaid. What did the writers really mean? What was the actual physical relation of the Provencal lover to his mistress, Chandidas to Rami? I have come to see now that even if we knew this to the last detail it would tell us nothing. He who looks upon a woman with desire (be it even his wife) has already committed adultery with her in his heart, for all desire is adultery. We remember that saying, but do not always remember that the converse is also true—that he who embraces a woman without desire has added nothing to the sum of his mortality. Action is then inaction. It is not by non-participation but by non-attachment that we live the spiritual life. So that he in Sahaja who merely *represses* desire, fails. It is easy not to walk, but we have to walk without touching the ground. To refuse the beauty of the earth—which is our birthright—from fear that we may sink to the level of pleasure seekers—that inaction would be action, and bind us to the very flesh we seek to evade. The virtue of the action of those who are free beings lies in the complete co-ordination of their being—body, soul and spirit, the inner and outer man, as one.

The mere action, then, reveals nothing. As do the slaves of passion impelled by purpose and poverty, so do the spiritually free, out of the abundance of the bestowing virtue. Only the searcher of hearts can sift the tares from the wheat; it is not for mortal man to judge of another's state of grace.

When we say that the Hindu culture is spiritual, we do not mean that it is not sensuous. It is perhaps more sensuous than has ever been realized—because a sensuousness such as this, which can classify three hundred and sixty kinds of the fine emotions of a lover's heart, and pause to count the patterns gentle teeth may leave on the tender skin of the beloved, or to decorate her breasts with painted flowers of sandal paste—and carries perfect sweetness through the most erotic art—is inconceivable to those who are merely sensual or by a superhuman effort are merely self-controlled. The Hindu temperament makes it possible to speak of abstract things *même entre les baisers*.

For this to be possible demands a profound culture of the sexual relationship—something altogether different from the "innocence" of Western girlhood and the brutal violence of the "first night" and the married orgy. The mere understanding of what is meant by Sahaja demands at least a racial if not an individual education in love—an education related to athletics and dancing, music and hygiene. The sexual relation in itself must not be so rare or so exciting as to intoxicate; one should enjoy a woman as one enjoys any other living thing, any forest, flower or mountain that reveals itself to those who are patient. One should not be forced to the act of love by a merely physical tension: minutes suffice for that, but hours are needed for the perfect ritual. What the lover seeks should be the full response, and not his mere pleasure: and by this I do not mean anything so sentimental as "forbearance" or "self-sacrifice," but what will please him most. Under these conditions violence has no attraction: in Arabia, Burton tells us, the Musalmen respected even their slaves, and it was "pundonor," a point of culture, that a slave, like any other woman, must be wooed. (There has been no actual slavery in India, or very little.)

Lafcadio Hearn has pointed out the enormous degree to which modern European literature is permeated with the idea of love. This is however as nothing compared with what we find in the

aishnava literature of Hindustan. There, however, there is always interpretation: in European romantic literature there is rarely anything better than description. That should be only a passing phase, for the real tendency of Western sexual freedom is certainly idealistic, and its forms are destined to be developed until the spiritual significance of love is made clear.

Under the sway of modern hedonism, where nothing is accepted as an end, and everything is means to something else, the pre-conditions for understanding Sahaja scarcely exist. Sahaja has nothing to do with the cult of pleasure. It is a doctrine of the Tao, and a path of non-pursuit. All that is best for us comes of itself into our hands—but if we strive to overtake it, it perpetually eludes us.

In the passionless spontaneous relation of Sahaja, are we to suppose that children are ever to be begotten? I think not. It is true that in early times it was considered right for the hermit who has renounced the world and the flesh to grant the request of a woman who comes to him of her own will and desires a child. But this is quite another matter—and incidentally a wise eugenic disposition, removing an objection to monasticism which some have found in its sterilization of the best blood. The Sahaja relation, on the contrary, is an end in itself, and cannot be associated with social and eugenic ideas. Those who are capable of such love must certainly stand on the plane of the 'men of old,' who did not long for descendants, and said, "Why should we long for descendants, we whose self is the universe? For longing for children is longing for possessions, and longing for possessions is longing for the world: one like the other is merely longing." We cannot admit such a longing in Sahaja. It is, however just possible that such a relation as this might be employed by the Powers for the birth of an avatar: and in such a case we should understand what was meant by immaculate conception and virgin birth—she being virgin who has never been *moved* by desire.

The Sahaja relation is incommensurable with marriage, *categorically regarded as contract* inasmuch as this relation is undertaken for an end, the definite purpose of 'fulfilling social and religious duties,' and in particular, of paying the 'debt to the ancestors' by begetting children.

Those whose view of life is exclusively ethical will hold that sexual intimacy must be sanctified, justified or expiated by at least the wish to beget and to accept the consequent responsibilities of parenthood. There is, indeed, something inappropriate in the position of those who pursue the pleasures of life and evade by artificial means their natural fruit. But this point of view presupposes that the sexual intimacy was a sought pleasure: what we have discussed is something quite other than this and without an element of seeking.

It is only by pursuing what is not already ours by divine right that we go astray and bring upon ourselves and upon others infinite suffering—to those who do not pursue, all things will offer themselves. What we truly need, we need not strive for.

It will be seen from all this how necessary it is that sexual intimacy should not in itself be considered an unduly exciting experience. It is more than likely also that those who are capable of this spontaneous control will have been already accustomed to willed control under other circumstances: and a control of this kind implies a certain training. We may remark in passing that in 'birth control,' we see an objection to the use of artificial means—an objection additional to what is obvious on esthetic grounds—in the fact that such means remove all incentive to the practice of *self-control*. Those who have good reason to avoid procreation at any time, should make it a point of pride to accomplish this by their own strength—and in any case, no man who has not this strength can be sure of his ability to play his part to perfection, but may at any time meet with a woman whom he cannot satisfy.

How is one to avoid in such a relation as Sahaja the danger of self-deception, the pestilence of suppressed desires, and even of physical overstrain and tension?

For very highly perfected beings it may be true that those subtle exchanges of nervous energy which are effected in sexual intercourse—and are necessary to full vitality—can be effected by mere intimacy, in a relation scarcely passionate in the commonsense. We read, indeed, of other worlds where even generation may be effected by an exchange of glances. But it is given to few to function always on such a plane as this. Are we then to forbid to those who need the consolations of mortal affection—are we to forbid to these the passionless intimacy of Sahaja? Why should we do so? Even for those who cannot renounce the sheltered valleys of the personal life forever, it is well sometimes to breathe the cold air of the perpetual snows. We should add that 'to whom chastity is difficult, it is to be dissuaded': in order to be sure of our ground we should not attempt the practice of a degree of continence beyond our power. We should also be careful not to 'mix our planes' or to make one thing an excuse for another. We must recognize everything for what it really is—the relative as relative, the absolute as absolute—and render unto Cæsar those things, and only those which are lawfully his.

* * * * *

We are now, perhaps, in a better position to know what is meant by Chandidas when he speaks of the difficulties and the meaning of Sahaja. What he intends by 'never falling' is a perpetual uncalculated life in the present, and the maintenance, not of deliberate control, but of unsought, unshaken serenity in moments of greatest intimacy: he means that under circumstances of temptation none should be felt—not that temptation should be merely overcome. And to achieve this he does not pray to be delivered from temptation, but courts it.

Here nothing is to be done for one another, but all for love. There is to be no effort to evoke response, and none to withhold it. All this is far removed from the passion and surrender, the tricks of seduction, and the shyness, of the spiritual allegory and of the purely human experience.

REALISM IN THE THEATRE.

The Visva-Bharati Quarterly, January number, publishes with acknowledgments to the *Yale Review*, an article under the above heading which we give below:—

Plato speaks of poetry or art as a process or cause by which anything proceeds from that which is not into that which is. When a mass of material is taken up by the artist's hands and converted into art, what has happened is creation. He has created something into the material. Creation implies life. We may advantageously think of art as a form of life.

A work of art may be thought of, too, as the result of a living principle's discovering its body, to inhabit it as the human soul inhabits the human body. Out of universal qualities and relationships, this principle chooses a particular set and gives them a substance and distinguishes them from chaos. Art may further be regarded as the transfer of an experience in one part of life to another part of life. What Shelley saw on the shore of Livorno, the rhythm and persuasion of the waves, the distance and open line of the sea, the mountains inland and the light on the dunes, he transferred to the poetic art; his experience lives again in a diverse body. Palladio's moral thought, his exercise of himself in acts, in control, in range of behaviour and social scope, lives again in the facade of the Municipal Palace of Vicenza; and from Palladio's creation Virgil might have experienced what he could re-live in his own art.

Art, then, is either art and alive, or dead and not art. Everything that is alive has an organic unity. A human body is complete in itself; it absorbs and takes to itself only what ministers to its well-being; in so far as it functions healthily, it throws off what is foreign to its own nature.

Likewise every organ in the body is complete in itself with its own functions and its own characteristics. A tree is a tree by its organic unity; it has one character and nature throughout. In the same way a work of art is alive throughout and complete in itself. Through this fact it is true—what all artists who are artists know in their hearts—that a work of art is forever free of its material. It is complete in itself and free of all outside itself.

But the human body, an organ like the lungs, the tree—these, though they are complete in themselves and the centres of all that is around them, are yet related to this all. Nothing has life in it without being complete in itself and yet at the same time related to what is outside and around it. It is related, however, by qualities and principles, not by resemblance or duplication. Trees are excellent or the reverse by their completeness or incompleteness in their own kind, not because they are like something else. You would not call a human body successful creation because it resembled a tree, a star, a horse, a spear, a shield. In exactly the same sense a work of art is not good because of something outside itself.

Shall we take an illustration from one art, painting? If you paint the sea you may be as near or as far as you choose from the mere visual fact of the scene. You may render the wave as in the early bas-reliefs of Crete, a living naïveté of line only, pure rhythm simply recorded. Or you may paint the wave like Hokusai, for its power, its clawing forms and strong, oncoming threats; or, like Botticelli, paint waves in lucid spaces of pale rhythmic shapes, waves that were never seen in the world by any eyes but known by many as partaking of the seen and unseen, the visible and invisible, the reality of dreams. You may paint the waves like Winslow Homer, all virility and drama, tragic unreality, not the watery sea at all but the sombre wash and rush and chasms of time and space; or like Mr. Walter Dougherty, a recognizable expanse, full of the sea's quality and very close to the sea's appearance. And in every case, this picture that you paint cannot be judged by fidelity of duplication or photographic likeness. At his own peril and depending on his own power, the artist may paint the wave as far or as near to actuality as he pleases and according to what element in his experience he wishes to express. You judge his picture by his intention. You look back and forth from the canvas to the wave; you judge the excellence of the picture on the grounds of resemblance only, in so far as resemblance was intended. In no case are you judging the picture by something outside itself; if you seem to do so in such a case as Mr. Dougherty's, it is because the intention of resemblance was a part of the picture.

This confusion between a work of art and the material from which it is made up, music and architecture, being as everyone knows the most ideal of the arts, free of everything outside them, have always been spared. At no time that I know of has a symphony been admired largely because it sounded like a cuckoo, a toccata because you seemed to hear a watch ticking in it. Nor has any architect's design been esteemed because it resembled a hill, the moon, a goblet, or a leaping stag. In the art of painting there was an epoch for Duccio and his majestic and abstract art; an epoch for Titian's gorgeous earthly realities, for the prose integrity of Raphael's portraits of men. There was a taste for El Greco's elegance and passionate torture, for Rembrandt's marvellous duplication of light's revelation of the world. In sculpture we have had the Gothic worshippers, undisturbed by their saints' legs being twice the natural length, knowing that it was the rapture of those long forms that was to be read from them, not any anatomical photography. We have had more realistic epochs and less tolerance of abstraction. And we have colleges teaching even yet, sometimes, that the Egyptians carved those almond-shaped eyes on profiles because they knew no better, and that sculpture reached its height in the age of Pericles because then the human form was most exactly reproduced, as if sculpture had this to strive for most. In painting or in sculpture one epoch, one school, one theory, has found its mind expressed or its method justified in an art that seeks direct resemblance to the actual material; another has not found it so.

In the century of our grandfathers, along with that pretense of literal truth that led to a lying so odd and antagonizing to this generation, went a mania for the natural in art. Formal gardens broke up into pretty chaos. Romantic accident in art revealed men's souls. Painting went in for artlessness and narrative likeness. Poetry was supposed to shun artifice, to be artless, the child of mystery and an innocent God. These latter years of ours, in poetry and painting both, have brought forth schools and movements that have done much to break down such limitations in the theory of these arts. There are miles of modern paintings that, however little they resemble anything in the world, do at least stress the art's right to as much as it likes of freedom from fact. And there are volumes of poems that declare, and shout indeed, their technical artifice, and make artfulness, a demonic heavenly craft of words, their souls' release. But the art of the theatre has gone more slowly. On the Continent there have been schools and movements, expressionism and others, but in America certainly less. Our main body of theatre is natural. It is based on resemblance, reproduction, photography. Realism reigns.

This is no attack on realism. Realism, like every form in art and in nature, arises because it is expressive of something that is to be expressed. As distinguished from the poetic method, the realistic may be thought of as a method in which outer details, and only outer details, that we can actually see with our eyes and hear with our ears, are employed to express what the artist wishes to express; where in the poetic method anything is allowed to the artist, whether or not it is possible or ever seen or heard, so long as it expresses what is desired. To say that realism shows us life as it is, became long ago such nonsense as only a simple soul indeed would swallow, since at the very outset there is no is-ness to life. Realism, as much as any other method in art, selects, arranges, breathes into its material the idea that will preserve it from universal welter and chaos. The realistic method turns on external possibility in its details; there is no other basis on which to distinguish it.

For it is clear that Bernard Shaw, who uses a method of details taken from our daily an actual surface of life, is in content fantastic, fervid, and poetical. Or better, Tchekhov's "Cherr Orchard." What soul and tremor of life arises there, is no more life as it is than Shakespeare exhibits but an impalpable inner poetry or idea, exactly as freshness wakes in us from the rain, verdure from trees, and enchantment from the night. I have no attack for realism. I am not saying that one method in art is necessarily better than another method; each serves to express what it alone can express—as a tree carries its own principle and a cloud its own, as music embodies its soul and architecture its soul—and so differs from another as there is one glory of the moon and another glory of the stars. The point is that realism, even great realism, is not the only way of life in the theatre.

But the absence, in general, from our realistic plays of common life of all such qualities as style, declamation, formal arrangement, rigor and austerity of idea or brilliance of mood, can but lead to disastrous ends. It means that the dramatist will be less and less able to speak except of that common or simple, or at least audible and visible, side of life that this method can express. It means that actors use only that side of their art that renders—faithfully, intensely or casually, according to the actor's talent—what we can see and hear in life and the feelings that such experience can arouse. And it means that audiences exercise in the theatre these same responses, and are engaged with recognitions, convincing verisimilitudes, duplications, and such emotions as these recognized verities can express. They forget that the art of the theatre is not confined to such details and such recognizable material, but has also in it elements that have the property of music to convey pure idea, to put into us what no words can express; that the ideality of architecture is an element in the theatre too, that every fertility or freedom of line, rhythm, form, and arrangement is possible to this theatrical art. The richness, the variety, of the theatrical medium ends only with the complete resource of life. It is free as life is, its forms are free of all but their own expressiveness. Great realism is a fine thing in the

theatre, but in so far as the realistic theory and practice leads us to forget this freedom, the realistic theory and practice must be considered, seen in their due scale, and set aside when they are unsuited to what is to be expressed.

Obviously, the eternal process of all creation in art turns on the relation of the artist to the world without. He establishes the relation of the living centre in him to the elements outside him and expresses himself through them, as the central living principle of a tree takes shape in terms of dust, the forces of wind and sun, gravitation, and the rest. He takes, his own, as Molière said, where he finds it. His use of these external terms is as far or as near to their general and accepted actuality as he chooses. At his own peril and his own choice, he is close to his external material or remote from it. In this respect the theatre differs from no other art. The underlying principles of all arts are the same; what is essentially true of one is true of all.

In the face of these two truths, it is no more possible to say, as many laymen and some critics did, that Duse in "Così Sia" was not good because she did not resemble an old peasant woman in either appearance or gesture, than it is possible to say of a madonna of Rossellino's that she is not good because she does not look either Jewish or like a carpenter's wife. In such a case, what is expressed is said in terms of the human body, human spirit, human actions; they are the means by which the expression is achieved, but they are not what is expressed. If Duse wishes to express maternal love, simplicity, and religious exaltation, and to free them of special applications or likeness if she wishes to use the peasant woman only for these ends, that is her own privilege and her own peril. She can give you the peasant woman feature for feature, making the soul of her arise out of the peasant woman's literal self. You may delight in the precision of her resemblance and get little else, or you may respond to what soul she has created into these exact details that she reproduces from life. She can give you the woman as remote as a figure in an early fresco, filling in the abstract form with only ecstasy and eternal dream. You may receive the ecstasy and dream of it, free of restricting recognitions, or you may so resent the remoteness that the idea is lost. It is at the artist's own need and through his own necessity that he chooses his relation to the external detail. To miss what Duse at such a time had to say may have been, however, for lack of the ability to understand the technical language that she spoke—the visual line, the tone, the rhythm that the art of a thing consists of; and that is the misfortune of ignorance or of a poor natural endowment on your part. But to have a theory that supports you in such obtuseness is a calamity. It means that you miss a great artist's conception for the sake of what you might at any time acquire—you can always have the sight of a peasant by going out into the fields.

Not long ago, I saw in New York City a production of "The Merchant of Venice," that drama of Shakespeare's that so constantly attracts actors, and that suffers so much from the weight of their egotisms and lack of cultural scope. We had, for example, the Casket Scene. This scene is, as anyone ought to see, to vary Shelley's line, a pageantry of lovely ghosts on a Venetian stream. The father's will, his daughter's oath to marry according to the casket's choice, the love Portia feels for Bassanio and his love for her, coming with bright retinue to Belmont to try his fortunes for her hand, and estates—all this, together with the verse, the rich words, the embroidered figures and poetic images is of one texture. It has the quality of Veronese, a golden masquerade of life, an arrangement, in the nuances of which appear the sting and beauty that will delight us and increase our living. What happened in this production? This:

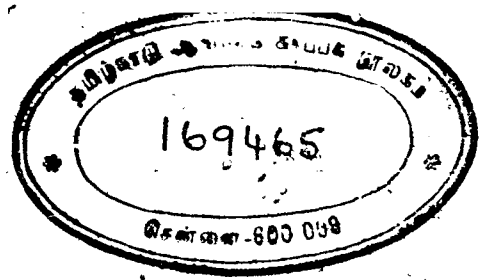
The easiest part of such a scene to contemplate realistically is the story; actions are easily seen as actual. The effort is made, therefore, to give to this story, to the incidents that happen with the love, the caskets, the suitors coming and going—to give to this a certain plausibility, to make it,

real. But to get the scene right we must know that to work so is to be misled by a false reality. It is to throw the scene out by an illusion of realistic probability. The event, the action, is as much the artist's material as anything else. He may use it as realistically or as remotely, as photographically or as abstractly, as he likes.

The artist has as much right to arrange and design a piece of incident to go with his rhythmic ideas, to carry his verse melody, to accompany his scenery, as he has to arrange or design music or scenery to accompany his incident. He may make a stylization, an arrangement of his incidents quite as much as of his words, scene, or music. The event can have the same removal and the same quality as the writing; the events of the Trial Scene, for instance, must find their key, exactly as the Quality of Mercy speech is more happily seen not as a sermon but as an aria. One of the elements that compose the scene is not more real than the other; they are all external material through which the dramatist expresses his own idea, the action as much as any. The scene is a work of art complete in itself, with its own essential characteristic, and free of everything outside itself.

In every piece of artistic creation, there is a moment when something takes place that was not present before and that could not have been predicted. At this moment it is born; life comes into it, its soul or idea achieves a body. It fills this body, which in turn expresses it. In this final unpredictable element lies the difference between the mechanical and the creative. The essence of life is that it is unceasing, everchanging, as contrasted with what is fixed and dead, and there are as many forms in art as there are aspects to be expressed out of this stream of life; for, as Spenser said, soul is form and doth the body make.

The life in man is infinitely varied, inexhaustible; there is no form that is right when separated from the one content that it alone expresses; there is no method that is better or worse save with regard to the soul that is to be expressed. The word "natural" in art makes sense only when it implies no binding obligation to anything outside a work of art's soul, idea, intentions. The work of art is not natural with regard to something else but with regard to its own nature, it approaches complete naturalness as it is free of all characteristic not its own. In the face of these truths, how disastrous it is to arm an audience with some plausible and single-minded theory of realism! To set abroad in the theatre of a democracy so dangerous a theory as that which says that any man can judge the art of the theatre by comparing it with what he is to assume he knows to be our daily facts, is disastrous. You set up among the good citizens the heresy that everyone of them who knows that horse has four legs is the judge of all the horses of theatrical art.



REVIEW

Art and Labour by W. G. Raffé (The C. W. Daniel Company, 3, Tudor Street, London, E.C. 4. 3/6 net).

This is a little book, but contains six thoughtful chapters held together by one central idea. To the author the intrinsic utility of all genuine art is not in its success as a medium of exploitation, of prestige, or of propaganda, but as a divine power for the integration of humanity. Mr. Raffé deplures the modern opposition between art and labour. This he sets down to the evil of producing everything under compulsion and cramping restraint without regard to the real needs of society. He therefore pleads for the freedom of creative energy, the crying need being, not "living wage" but living work. Not that the author advocates any kind of unrestrained activity. Rather he wants a disciplined art because, he says, creative power can act only by self-limitation. But such discipline is not to be attained by external means. Says our author "The military notion of all control which has crept into factory and school from the barracks and drill ground, is in repression. The true artistic idea of control is in suppression—which is to be achieved only by self-discipline and inward agreement. In suppression—or restraint—to use the common term—is the secret of all great art. Only the lesser forms of art aim at expression, and the least of those at the expression of personal emotion. How many experience personal emotion great enough to warrant record? It is only those phases which are common to humanity, which have an universal contact, that are truly worthy of expression; but all great emotion is marked by restraint, which is the essence of dignity. Without self-control there is no art. Without imposed military mass control there can be no war."

The author uses the word "art" in a wide sense. "Works of art can be produced in many kinds of material, although we are accustomed mostly to think of art as being a narrow range of visible or tangible or audible things, all made to buy and sell. All the deliberate creative acts of humanity, dealing with things external to himself rank as art, for art is the creative power of humanity exercised in his rule over himself and his environment. He may choose to exert his power in destroying nations and laying waste the continents, and call it conquest; he may buy and sell the bodies or the labours of his fellows, and call it trade; but in all such activities he never rises to the true creative powers of which man alone is capable." Therefore it is that "all real art is that which re-states anew some part of the universal truth in some localised form, the individual factor restrained in devoted fashioning of the work of art as the vehicle of the non-personal factor. The content of all great art is essentially non-personal. The form of much real ancient art was created by unknown hands, in the sacrifice of their personality to the social power of creation which we call art." The conclusion of the author is " . . . the greatest result of having laboured is not in the work produced, but in the access of power in the worker: and the greatest gain to the artist from his labour in the creation of works of art is not in those works, however great they may be, but in the creation of himself, which none other can do for him."

Mr. Raffé regards art as a social activity and labour as a delight and not as a cursed necessity. Discarding the merely material aspects, he goes to the root of things—the inner source. Yet the book is not a philosophical treatise, but the delightful rendering of a brilliant analysis of the true needs of life. It is well got-up and is decorated with wood-cuts by the author.

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