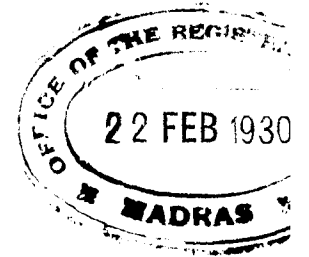


TRIVENI

A JOURNAL OF THE INDIAN RENAISSANCE

EDITED BY
K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO



*Adore enthusiasm, the dreams of the virgin soul,
and the visions of early youth, for they are a
perfume of Paradise which the soul retains in
issuing from the hands of its Creator.*

MAZZINI.

257

Vol. II. No. 6

Madras
(India)

Nov-Dec
1929



TRIVENI

'Triveni' is devoted to Art, Literature and History. Its main function is to interpret the Indian Renaissance in its manifold aspects. Barring isolated attempts, the Renaissance spirit as reflected in Andhra, Dravida, Vanga, Karnataka, Kerala, Maharashtra and other sub-national units, has not been carefully studied and presented to a wider public. 'Triveni' endeavours to discharge this duty.

'Triveni' seeks to draw together cultured men and women in all lands and establish a fellowship of the elect. To those that worship the Muses in loneliness, and not infrequently in indigence, the knowledge that their productions are made known to kindred souls must be a source of satisfaction.

All movements that make for Idealism, in India as well as elsewhere, receive particular attention in these columns. Translations into English of poems from all languages, will be a feature. In this, as in all else, we count upon the willing and joyous co-operation of all lovers of the Beautiful and the True.

May this votive offering prove acceptable to Him who is the source of the 'Triveni'—the triple stream of Love, Wisdom and Power—towards whom converge the self-same streams of Bhakti Jnana and Karma!

The Editor

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

THANKS AND GREETINGS

With the present number, 'Triveni' completes its second year. We desire to thank our subscribers, life-subscribers and contributors, for the valuable support extended to us these two years, and hope that they will continue to co-operate with us. Our New Year greetings to them all.

VOL. III No. 1. PAYMENT OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1930.

In the case of most subscribers, the subscription expires in December 1929. In the absence of any communication to the contrary, it will be presumed that all old subscribers will be willing to receive the journal as usual. It will be a great convenience if the annual subscription of Rs. 6/- for 1930 is remitted to the office by M. O. or Cheque¹ before the 10th of February 1930. Otherwise the first number of Vol. III (January-February 1930) due on the 15th of February will be sent by V. P. P. to recover the subscription. We trust that all V. P.'s will be duly honoured.

INCORPORATING 'THE NEW ERA'

Arrangements are in progress for incorporating 'The New Era' with 'Triveni' from this year, and it is expected that Prof. Radhakrishnan and other distinguished members of the Advisory Board of 'The New Era' will serve on our committee. With the co-operation of Mr. M. S. Chelapathi M.A. B.L., Editor, 'The New Era,' we hope to make the journal brighter than ever.

A SPECIAL REQUEST

In the coming year every old subscriber of 'Triveni' is requested to enlist at least two new subscribers, and thus enable the journal to serve the cause of Indian Culture in a much larger measure.

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO, Editor

¹In the case of all cheques on banks outside Madras City, a sum of as. 4 should be added.

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L. N. GUBIL SUNDARESAN.

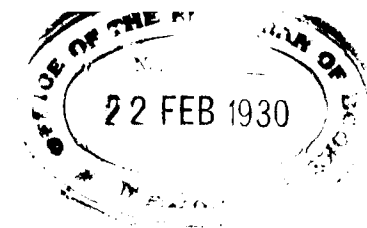
Journalist, Trichinopoly. Has travelled extensively in the West. A young man full of energy and enterprise. A frequent contributor to the press.

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Lecturer, Kallikota College, Berhampore. Well-versed in Tamil literature. Has written a number of prose dramas in Tamil which are greatly admired.

S. P. SARMA, B.A.,

Formerly of the Servants of India Society. A prominent worker in the labour movement. Possesses a fine critical acumen. (The B. L. degree conferred on him by the Editor is a little premature.)



OUR LIFE-SUBSCRIBERS

The permanent Life-subscription for *Triveni* is Rs. 100/-. The following is the further list of those who have enlisted themselves since October last. The Editor's grateful thanks are due to all Life-subscribers. He trusts more will come in.

41. Sir A. P. Patro, Kt, M.L.C., Madras.
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A BULLOCK CHARIOT
By Abul Hassan
INDO-PERSIAN SCHOOL
Collection of Mr. Sitaram Shah, Benares.

Selected Examples of Indian Painting and Sculpture

BY O. C. GANGOLY

III. A BULLOCK CHARIOT

BY ABUL HASSAN

Indo-Persian School

(Collection of Mr. Sitaram Shah, Benares)

We have here a magnificent study of a Prince riding in a car, the descendant of the old Indian *ratha*¹ driven by a pair of bullocks,—as seen through the imaginative vision of a Persian artist in India,—and recorded in the gorgeous and transfiguring language of his decorative art. A homely pair of Indian bulls, with all the rich array of bells, anklets, and golden clasps on the horns, rivalling the rich robes of the Prince himself, is here sublimated to an atmosphere of romantic tales,—while the prosaic background of a dusty Delhi street scene is obliterated and replaced by a background of gold-brown tone, embroidered by delicate foliages and lively sprays of flowering plants judiciously spread over the vacant spaces,—adding a flavour of romance and imaginative richness to the whole composition. Even the driver, as he waves his thin airy stuff in pretended chastisement of the bulls, poses in an attitude of grace and beauty worthy of a fairy tale. A homely street scene is sublimated to an atmosphere of romance and of mystery. The pair of bulls, portrayed in their characteristic type and habit, with great vigour and realism, has wonderful æsthetic qualities in the magnificent contours of their backs echoed and silhouetted

¹ Still surviving in the prosaic *ekka* still current in the United Provinces.

against each other and drawn with an unsurpassing delicacy and a wonderful feeling for animal form. A very peculiar feature is their lively and expressive pair of heads with large eyes which seem to suggest and symbolize a brave, courageous outlook, even a curiosity looking forward to any kind of journey, however laborious or adventurous. As compared with the treatment accorded to the animals, rendered with an astonishing realism, yet endowed with sympathy, humour and romance, the faces of the human charm and reticence are relatively flat and lifeless, the artist being more interested in the lively pair of mounts than in their human riders. The name and signature of the artist, Abul Hassan, are given on the front panel of the car opposite the left knee of the Prince. He was the son of the celebrated Persian artist, Aqa Rizza of Herat, and obviously belonged to the well-known Herat School of Persian Painting which flourished under the patronage of the Safavid dynasty (1502-1722). As will appear from the following extract from the *Tuzuk-i-Jahangiri*, the memoirs of Jahangir, this artist and his father were attached to the Great Moghul from his infancy:

"On this day Abul Hassan, the painter, who has been honoured with the title of *Nadir-uz-Zaman*, drew the picture of my accession as the frontispiece to the *Jahangir-nama*, and brought it to me. . . His father, Aqa Rizza of Herat, at the time when I was Prince, joined my service. He (Abul Hassan) was a Khanzada of my Court. . . My connection was based on my having reared him. From his earliest years up to the present time, I have always looked after him, till his art has arrived at this rank. Truly he has been *Nadir-uz-Zaman* ('wonder of the Age').

The temper, outlook and the technique of the Moghul School proper have to be distinguished from those of the imported Persian School which Akbar set his court artists to follow as models. In the earlier phase, the Indian painters of the Moghul Court slavishly followed the manners and mannerism of the Per-

sian School, represented at the Moghul Court by several Persian artists of great distinction, of which Abul Hassan was undoubtedly a talented exponent. But the indigenous Moghul School, very eclectic in its outlook, and chiefly represented by indigenous Indian artists, soon outgrew the influences of their Persian masters and founded a style aggressively realistic in vision as well as in technique—which is clearly distinguished from the decorative language and the romantic colour schemes of the Persian School. Realism in the sense illustrated in the Moghul portraits was unknown in the Persian School, while the richly ornamental and the conventional rendering of trees and plants and human portraits is wholly absent from the Moghul School proper. The term 'Indo-Persian' therefore accurately suggests the quality of the works of Persian artists in India and those of the Indian artists who followed for a time the conventions and mannerisms of the Persian masters. The term 'Moghul School', on the other hand, is used to designate the native indigenous quality of the works of the Indian artists at the Court of the Moghul Emperor, who developed a new eclectic style, which is a curious amalgam of the Indian, Persian, and European manners. The art of the Moghul Court in its 'Indo-Persian' phase is intensely decorative in its technique and richly romantic in its vision, and contrasts clearly with the somewhat prosaic pedestrian art of the Moghul School. Through this master-piece of Abul Hassan here reproduced, one can glimpse the rich inheritance of the jewel-like radiance and the imaginative fairy lands of the Persian masters, which Akbar and Jahangir bequeathed to the Indian artists of their Imperial Studios.¹

¹ An accurate colour facsimile of this miniature is given in *Rupam* No. 35-36, (July—October 1928.)

IV. DEATH OF HIRANYA-KASIPU

(A ceiling Panel, Temple of Vimal Shah, Mount Abu.
Medieval School: 1031 A.D.)

When the stories of the *puranas*, the didactic myths of Brahminical *sagas*, began to be translated in stone, first during the Gupta period, the seeds of Brahminical sculpture were sown in the fertile soil of a neo-Hindu renaissance, to fructify in a school of sculpture singularly characterized by an energy and vitality and a wonderful power of dramatic expression, which attained its highest perfection between the 8th and the 12th centuries. Of all the *pauranic* myths, none is more popular with the Indian artist than the story of the demon-king Hiranya-Kasipu, who by merits in another life acquired a boon that he will not meet death at the hand of God, man or animal. The story is also used to illustrate a phase of Hindu religious belief which lays down that whoever worships the divinity, be it in terms of hatred or love, shall attain salvation. The demon-king had thought of Vishnu all his life through his hate, but the divinity did not on that account refuse him the grace of salvation.

Such is the story translated plastically in a remarkably composed marble relief from one of the ceilings of the Temple of Vimal Shah at Mount Abu erected in 1031 A.D. The *Nara-simha* (man-lion) and the demon-king are pictured in a complicated mortal embrace which gives the pair a physical as well as a spiritual unity (*sayujya*) from which it is difficult at first to disentangle the figures of two distinct individuals. They combine and coalesce, as it were, to spell out a highly organized design for an intricate monogram—the symbol of the *jivatma* absorbed in the *paramatma*. The group itself is placed within the halo of a sixteen-petalled lotus (*sodasa-dalapadma*) spread in a complete circle rich in its ritualistic symbolism. The halo of the circle assists at a singular dramatic effect—for a circle has no top or base—and one is perplexed for a moment to discover which figure is uppermost and who is the winner



DEATH OF HIRANYA-KASIPU

A ceiling Panel, Temple of Vimal Shah, Mt. Abu
Medieval School: 1031 A.D.

of the duel, the demon or its slayer. But the sculptor has not forgotten to furnish the right clue, in the indication of the hand touching the head of the *Nara-simha*—which indicates the top of the picture—the crown of the composition, and one is pleasantly surprised to discover that the vanquished figure is lying prostrate in a dramatic pose, with his head very significantly placed on the left foot of the Divinity, who kills the king's body to give him the immortality of salvation. In the symbolic language of the Indian religious love, the ambition of the devotee to receive salvation is "to find his refuge in the feet of the divine". This symbolism is pictorially realised with literal faithfulness without hampering the plastic expression. The difficulty of filling up a circle with artistic effect is cleverly surmounted by the three emphatic lines which radiate from the centre, two of which are furnished by the two hands of the man-lion joining near the breast, the third line being provided by the left thigh of the prostrate figure. These three lines break up the circle into three segments. In contrast to these radiating lines, there are a series of converging lines offered by the petals of the lotus which make towards the centre. Thus a rhythm is evolved out of the ebb and flow of two distinct series of lines, one of centrifugal and the other centripetal motion. These help to invest the composition with a quality of movement which is quite independent of the action of the fighting figures. The impact of the combatants finds an echo in the impact of the lines, which balance each other in an unexpected harmony. Seldom has the story of the *puranas* been told in plastic language of such singular depth of concentration and with such intense dramatic expression. It has the concentration and symbolism of a *bija mantra*, as well as the expansive suggestiveness of an epic. For sheer terrifying power, or, as Elie Faure has picturesquely put it, "grandiose bestiality", this virile relief puts to shade the classic "shriek in marble" with which we are familiar in the Greek Laocoon.

Sri Aurobindo's 'Kalidasa'

BY DR. R. VAIDYANATHASWAMY, M.A., D.Sc., Ph.D.

The Creative Process and the source of Creative Energy are in the last analysis inscrutable mystery. What, for instance, is the nature and process of the influence emanating from the great souls who stand out in history as the leaders of men, who have guided humanity in its evolution by creating institutions and laying down the *Dharma*? What is the vital impulse behind the external mechanism of a nation or an empire, which sustains it generation after generation, producing leaders, philosophers, poets, men of vision and of strength? What again is the process behind the transformation of personality through sudden religious or other experience? And—this is a paramount question for us today in India,—when the integrity of national life has been lost, by what art or device can the vital energy be coaxed into it again?

The *Tantra* offers to us the concept of *Nada* and *Bindu* as a proximate analytical description of the typical creative process. Disregarding the refinements of the theory, we can put the matter roughly thus. The state before Creation is one of dispassionate quiescent *Chit*, which, though it constitutes the stuff and the positive support of all existence, is yet a negative condition, inasmuch as nothing can be said about it, *avyakta*. Then there starts somewhere a minute vibration, *spanda*, which instantaneously spreads like a flash and gathers itself up into a central point of illumination—the *Bindu*. With the *Bindu* comes a definition of the Indefinite, a centre of reference or I-sense, an outlook and a preparation born of recognition and self-definition; for the *Bindu* is an essentially unstable massed-up potential energy, which must dissolve and disperse itself through dynamic evolution.

In this description of the typical creative process, the initial minute vibration which starts the whole process culminating in the dynamic centre, can only be accounted for by *Karma*, that is to say, by some sort of *memory*, while its instantaneous spreading has to be looked upon as due to a vague *recognition* or rather *Love*, culminating in distinct consciousness in the *Bindu* (observe that a single word *smara* in Sanskrit means both 'love' and 'recognition'). Why and how *karma* and *kama* act is utterly inexplicable; the only thing that can be asserted on the basis of Yogic experiment and observation (particularly of the descent from *Samadhi* to normal consciousness), is that some subtle chord of memory is touched somehow, and that Love or Recognition electrifies into manifestation the active *Bindu*, the dynamic purposeful 'I'.

This account of the creative process would indicate that the ultimate principle in all creative action—whether it be the energising of an individual or of a nation,—is *to recall to memory*. Whenever this can be done successfully, the *Bindu*-Self has to appear by an inevitable spiritual law, and the pang of love-recognition with which it is born, contains within itself implicitly all the dynamic mechanism of its future unfoldment, its creative evolution. Thus all ultimate problems of individual or corporate life, resolve themselves into a question of memory and recognition, which may be formulated as 'who and what am I?'. This profound truth has been thoroughly grasped in India, in all its aspects and implications. Thus the *guru* of Ancient India initiates the disciple in *Atmavidya* by reminding him of what he is, *Tattvamasi*. Generations of *Upasakas* worship the Deity with a traditional string of sacred names, in order to arouse memory, and to force the repetition and fixation of the original revealed experience which gave it birth. In the same way, when Brahma is produced at the beginning of a new *Kalpa*, the *Purana* relates how the Lord has to remind him of his earlier creations, in order that he may be able to create again.

Again, of all the invocations in the *Upanishads*, is there

any which rings with more passionate intensity than the prayer in the *Isa*, "*O! Will, remember, remember what thou hast done!*"

It is again the same fundamental truth in a special application, which has been rediscovered by Freud in psycho-analysis. The psychopath, in treating a case of hysteria, first sets himself out to discover, by dream-analysis, the sub-conscious purpose of the hysteric manifestation, and then proceeds to *remind* the patient of his own intention in permitting the symptoms. Immediately, the whole creative process described is gone through in the mind of the patient, and the *Bindu* once formed effectually checks the particular hysteric symptom. Verily in all this, the commonplace maxim that Knowledge is Power, becomes true in a new and unexpected sense.

It would appear, therefore, that the state of utmost helplessness and ineffectiveness that can ever be imagined, is the loss of the sense of Self. The Tamil imagination has created a happy picture of this condition in the fable of the fly which forgets its own name, and sets about to learn it by asking every creature that it meets. The condition of India at the present day, in her loss of self-consciousness, her loss of *Dharma*, in her general ineffectuality and lack of orientation, is not dissimilar to that of the fly of the fable. One feels that the shade of India wanders about from Himalaya to Ceylon, lingering among the ruins, trying to *recall, recall*, or knocking at the doors of her cultured sons and daughters, asking distractedly 'Oh! Tell me, what am I?' Especially does the shade haunt the Pundits, the historians, and the archaeologists, but alas, they can give but little comfort! For, what they know has been realised not as *Aham*, but as *Idam*, not as the *experiences* of a single national soul in its career, but as philosophies, facts and dates; therefore, it is incapable of touching the sensitive nerve of memory, it does not precipitate the dynamic self-revelation, and force the re-integration through a recovered self-definition. It would seem as if the miraculous restoring touch can only come from a divinely gifted teacher, from one who has dedicated himself without

reserve to the Highest, who, leaving behind all the pettiness of the lower self, can establish himself firmly in the *Mahat*, and act therefrom in the plenitude of divine wisdom and power.

* * * * *

In the troublous days of the dawn of Indian Nationalism, it was Sri Aurobindo's voice which spoke out, vibrant with the message of the New India rising from her ashes, and the vision of a future wherein her agelong ideals, her *Sanatana Dharma*, the supreme inner law of life to which she had consciously moved, assimilating to themselves the positive elements of the modern age, would fructify into a supreme synthesis. Prophet and leader of the Young Nationalism, he infused into it the spiritual fervour and high-souled devotion brought from the two great fountains of Indian inspiration—the *Gita* ideal of surrender and *Naishkamyakarma Yoga*, and the *Tantric* figure of the Mother, fresh with the memories of Ramakrishna. Later, as political exile, Sri Aurobindo set himself out, guided by the hand of a Divine Providence, to explore, seize and assimilate the innermost self of the India of the milleniums, to re-live her intensest spiritual realisations, to assort, order and estimate the great spiritual syntheses of her past. The conviction of his earlier years, that the key, the vital and interpretative principle of India's national history, was to be sought in her persistent and many-sided spiritual effort, deepened into a certainty as he proceeded, till the Soul of India stood revealed to him, in all the forms and ways of her seeking through the ages, and in the sudden and tragic check which prostrated her at last. The nationalism which he offered as *Ahuti* into the fire of *Yoga*, returned to him transformed—for, Sacrifice does not destroy, but always purifies and transmutes—from a blind rush of the imperfectly disciplined emotion, into a growing into the very self of India, and a love, rooted in one's life and being, yet founded in detachment, of all that India stood for,—the effectuation of spiritual ideals into social forms, and into all forms of human activity.

His whole writing breathes of this mystic intimacy with the soul of India; phrase and word ring true, fraught with the meaning of centuries. Even in his earlier books, a new and strange power of expression is revealed. I mean not only that the style, charged with suggestiveness and power, is like a pure flame of idealistic fervour, but that the English language itself is subdued to something which approaches the poise and cadence of Indian thought. In the *Arya* and later writing, the style undergoes a subtle transformation, parallel to the transformation of personality which sustained yogic discipline entails. It loses *eagerness* and *rush*, and develops a *restfulness* and *depth*, suggestive of a calm equipoise. However great or moving the theme might be, one feels that the style is not only adequate to the theme, but that it carries it lightly without a tremor agitating its still depths. The book before us is titled '*Kalidasa*', and suggests a literary appreciation and criticism of the Indian Poet. In point of fact, the book has a much larger purpose. It surveys the post-Vedic history of India, and infers the three successive phases of development—characterised respectively as *moral*, *intellectual*, and *material*—from the representative poets Valmiki, Vyasa and Kalidasa. A large and illuminating characterisation, quite in keeping with what one would expect from the course of development of the individual soul. For, if the *Veda* with its *Sudhana* of Sacrifice may be characterised as a psychological synthesis, and the *Upanishads* with their supreme insistence on the ultimate comprehensive principle of existence, the *Poornam*, be characterised as a spiritual monistic synthesis, it is not unnatural that the spiritual impulse of the *Veda* and the *Upanishad* should realise and work itself out in succeeding ages in all the planes of national life, thus completing a 'round' or cycle of experience. Sri Aurobindo thinks that at the time of the barbarian invasion, India was already preparing for a new and more perfect age. "It was the supreme misfortune of India that before she was able to complete the round of her experience, and gather up the fruit of her long milleniums of search and

travail by commencing a fourth and more perfect age in which moral, intellectual and material development should be all equally harmonised, and all equally spiritualised, the inrush of barbarians broke in finally on her endless solitary *tapasya* of effort, and beat her national life into fragments. A preparation for such an age may be glimpsed in the new tendencies of spiritual seeking that began with Shankara, and continued in later Vaishnavism and Shaivism and in new turns of poetry and art, but it found no opportunity of seizing in the total life of the nation and throwing it into another mould. The work was interrupted before it had well begun; and India was left with only the remnants of the culture of the material age to piece out her existence."

A characterisation of this kind is of course too broad to serve any *specific* historical purpose or theory; on the other hand, it is precisely because of this generality that it has so much interpretative value, and helps us to form a unified picture of the broad course of Indian history.

Sri Aurobindo apparently regards it as beyond question that a *single* mind, Vyasa, was responsible for the Mahabharata; also he agrees that the Ramayana refers to a period anterior to the Mahabharata, without however committing himself on the question whether Valmiki wrote after or before the Mahabharata. Both of these questions are controversial, each Indologist prejudging them according to his own particular idiosyncrasy, and supporting his view by arguments of more or less value, the main point of agreement lying in giving little or no value to indigenous tradition. It is apparently the study of the Epic itself which has led Sri Aurobindo, as it led Dahlmann, to the view that the Mahabharata pictures the life of a single age, and that a single individual was responsible for it, not in the sense that he wrote every line of the Epic, but in the sense that he gathered round the central plot selections from available current material, with suitable adaptations, alterations and additions, and built it all up into a single unified whole. As for

the Ramayana, the fact that some Indologists think that it might have been contemporaneous with the Mahabharata, though emanating from a different part of the country, shows that textual considerations which were supposed to point to the Ramayana as the later work, may probably be based on additions or interpolations, and would therefore not be decisive. On the other hand, the fact that the Ramayana shows no acquaintance with Krishna or the Gospel of the *Gita*, as well as the general character of the work giving the impression of a 'younger and less sophisticated humanity', should form sufficiently strong *inner* evidence in favour of the traditional view of the Ramayana as the earlier work.

There are some delightful touches about the personality of Valmiki. For example: "To the pure and delicate moral temperament of Valmiki, imaginative, sensitive, enthusiastic, shot through with rays of visionary idealism and ethereal light, this looseness and violence were shocking and abhorrent." And again, penetrating, thought-provoking judgments, such as "Valmiki's mind seems nowhere to be familiarised with the high-strung intellectual gospel of a high and severe *Dharma*, culminating in a passionless activity, raised to a supreme spiritual significance in the *Gita*, which is one great keynote of the Mahabharata. Had he known it, the strong leaven of sentimentality and femininity in his nature might well have rejected it; such temperaments, when they admire strength, admire it manifested and forceful rather than self-contained;" or again, "Valmiki's characters act from emotional or imaginative enthusiasm, not from intellectual conviction; an enthusiasm of morality actuates Rama, an enthusiasm of immorality tyrannises over Ravana. Like all mainly moral temperaments, he instinctively insisted on one old established code of morals being universally observed as the only basis of all ethical stability, avoided casuistic developments and distrusted innovators in metaphysical thought, as by their persistent and searching questions dangerous to the established bases of morality, especially to its wholesome ordinariness and everydayness." This

characteristic temperament of Valmiki is well revealed in the opening incident of the Ramayana, which is apparently a genuine account of the origin of the poem, and which strongly suggests the view taken by Sri Aurobindo, namely that the Ramayana is an æsthetic reaction against an age of aristocratic violence and immorality, and pictures a past imperial civilisation idealised.

Then follows a brilliant description of the age of the Mahabharata, and its predominantly intellectual character, as contrasted with the moral note struck in the Ramayana. Insight supplies what is lacking in the shape of actual data, in seizing the personality of Vyasa. We read of him: "But while Valmiki was a soul out of harmony with its surroundings, and looking back to an ideal past, Vyasa was a man of his time, profoundly in sympathy with it, full of its tendencies, hopeful of its results, and looking forward to an ideal future. . . . Vyasa does not revolt from the aristocratic code of morality; it harmonises with his own proud and strong spirit and he accepts it as a basis for conduct, but purified and transfigured by the illuminating ideal of *Nishkama Dharma*. But above all, intellectuality is his grand note; he is profoundly interested in ideas, in metaphysics, in ethical problems; he subjects morality to casuistic tests from which the more delicate moral tone of Valmiki's spirit shrank; he boldly erects above ordinary ethics a higher principle of conduct having its springs in intellect and strong character."

The third period, or the age of material civilisation mirrored in Kalidasa, is much nearer the range of historical vision, and is reconstructed for us vividly in outline and detail, from the indications in the works of Kalidasa and other poets of the period. With the very acute characterisation of the *person* Kalidasa, which follows, I suppose it is hardly possible even for a lover of Kalidasa to disagree. The superb description of the peculiar quality of Kalidasa's genius and his special poetic gifts, is a sheer feast of literary criticism; at the same time, the difference in level between the Ramayana and Mahabharata on the one

hand, and the works of Kalidasa on the other, is not lost sight of: "His poetry has therefore never been, like the poetry of Valmiki and Vyasa, a great dynamic force for the moulding of heroic character or noble or profound temperament." The reason of this difference lies, paradoxically enough, in the fact that Kalidasa was too completely the artist and hedonist. While Valmiki achieves sublimity "by disdaining all consistent pursuit of the sublime," Kalidasa's appreciation of "high ideal and lofty thought is æsthetic in its nature, and he elaborates and seeks to bring out the effectiveness of these, on the imaginative sense of the noble and grandiose, applying to the things of mind and soul the same æsthetic standard as to the things of sense themselves." It is a most remarkable thing, that in spite of his intense æstheticism and hedonism, Kalidasa is virile enough not to fall into the cloying languor of a Keats, or the second-rate level of a Tennyson. Sri Aurobindo attributes this to "the chastity of his style, his aim at burdened precision and energy of phrase, his unsleeping æsthetic vigilance," but there is probably a deeper reason as well, depending on racial character and environment. The book closes with a study of the *Ritusamhara*, as shewing in undeveloped form the peculiar poetic qualities of Kalidasa.

As a work of literary interpretation and criticism 'Kalidasa' stands on a high pedestal of excellence. While this is so, we have said enough to indicate that herein does not lie the whole of its value. It brings a new historical outlook and insight into the field of literary estimation, born of the vision of a single national soul in purposeful activity, expressing and progressively realising itself in Time. In small compass, with a few finished strokes of the pen, and almost unintentionally, in the garb of literary criticism, a glimpse is conveyed to us of this mighty soul, of the flavour of its peculiar individuality, of what it sought and wrought for during the long period of its active life.

Sittannavasal Frescoes

BY M. S. SUNDARA SARMA, B.A.

I

The earliest well-known examples of the art of painting in India have been so far confined to the northern border of South India and are as varied in their technique as in the subjects they treat about. Those of the Ajanta caves are of the greatest extent, though only a fraction of the whole remains now to be seen. Most of them are considered to be of Buddhistic origin, because one or two of them are labelled as such or because a few of the *Jataka* stories are conveniently read in them. Whether the whole of the paintings are really so is to be doubted, especially because the later followers of Lord Buddha, in their over-zealous endeavour to proselytise, labelled and adopted so many things that had existed in the country. Whatever that may be, there is no questioning the fact that there is not one central or dominant key for the interpretation of the scattered paintings in any of the caves. It cannot be due entirely to the loss of most portions of them. At Ajanta the art covers a long period of time running up to centuries, and as such the treatment and the subject matter have been very varied and divergent. Though the technique of them all was alike and indigenous, the contents thereof are neither strictly in unison with the notions of art as depicted in Indian architecture and sculpture, nor in accordance with those *dhyana slokas* or contemplative verses of the Indian *Shilpa Sastras*. They are no doubt depicted with a degree of proficiency unmatched in Europe till about the fourteenth or fifteenth century. Though a joyful contemporary life and manners are depicted therein, the deeper surgings of the art of the land which sway its architecture and sculpture, whereby Indian art really becomes a microcosmic concept of Cosmic

aspects, are clearly absent from them, except indirectly here through a phase of the life of the Lord Buddha, or there through depicting a particular *leela* of the Lord Krishna, one and the same incident very often being interpreted by the Buddhist or the Hindu each according to his own way! The high spiritual symbolism, the Cosmic idealism and the deep content of real Indian art are alike absent in any of them. So much so, that criticism saw therein a 'frank naturalism' a characteristic that was solely attributed to the so-called 'Buddhist art' within which category these cave paintings were summarily incorporated irrespective of the subject matter of the compositions.

That this mature art of painting could not have been confined to this particular locality has long ago been wisely recognised, because of the few traces of frescoes found here and there in the country, and because of the innumerable literary references to the existence of picture halls or galleries. There were really no other visible records to show us as to what extent and in which direction the art had prevailed really in ages long gone by. Criticism was in doubt whether to trace the art from Tibetan banners or Central Asian walls till it rested with the satisfaction of going out elsewhere than this country!

Being the most perishable of the fine arts, it had to submit itself, for want of visible records, to the whims and fancies of criticism till it found a fortunate discoverer in Mr. T.A. Gopinath Rao, the learned author of *Indian Iconography*, who in his energetic search for Pallava inscriptions on rocks, chanced to come across some old relics of frescoes at Sittannavasal in the year 1919, just a century after the discovery of those at Ajanta.

"These paintings are perhaps as old as the shrine and are in a fairly good state of preservation, and need being copied fully," wrote Mr. Gopinath Rao to his friend and collaborator, Prof. G. Jouveau Dubreuil of Pondicherry, who, on his part, went over to the cave early next year and saw that from an artistic point of view, the remains were similar to those of Ajanta paintings and that they were very remarkable. He forthwith drew the

attention of the public, by means of a leaflet in which a rough tracing of the outline of one of the dancing figures only was given, as the Professor's photographs of the paintings, though taken with care, were unable to give satisfactory results.

Realising only too well the real value and importance of the discovery, the artist in me hastened to the spot and stood face to face with the precious old relics early in October 1922.



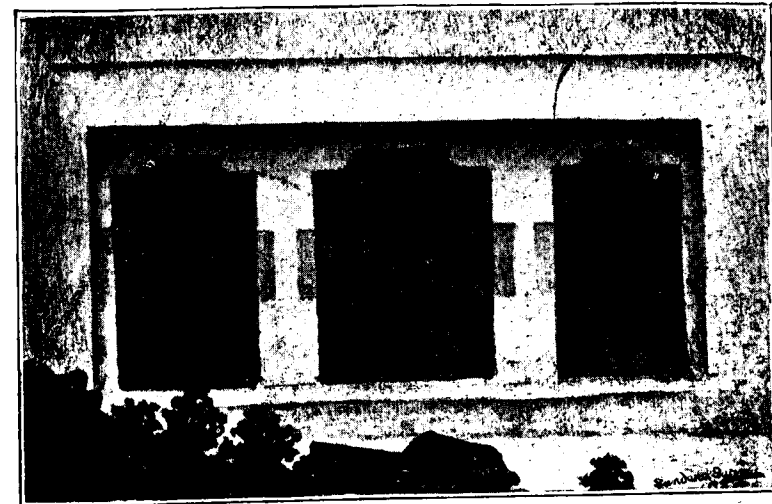
(The dancing figure as published by Prof. Dubreuil—a little tilted from its original position in the cave)

Before leaving the cave for the time being, I made careful copies, though smaller in scale, of the two dancing figures and a head on the pillars as well as a portion of the panel found intact on the ceiling of the cave. My copies were exhibited at once before the *elite* of Pudukottah during my lecture in the College there, when the value of these paintings was duly pointed out and emphasised. The *Madras Mail Annual* of 1924

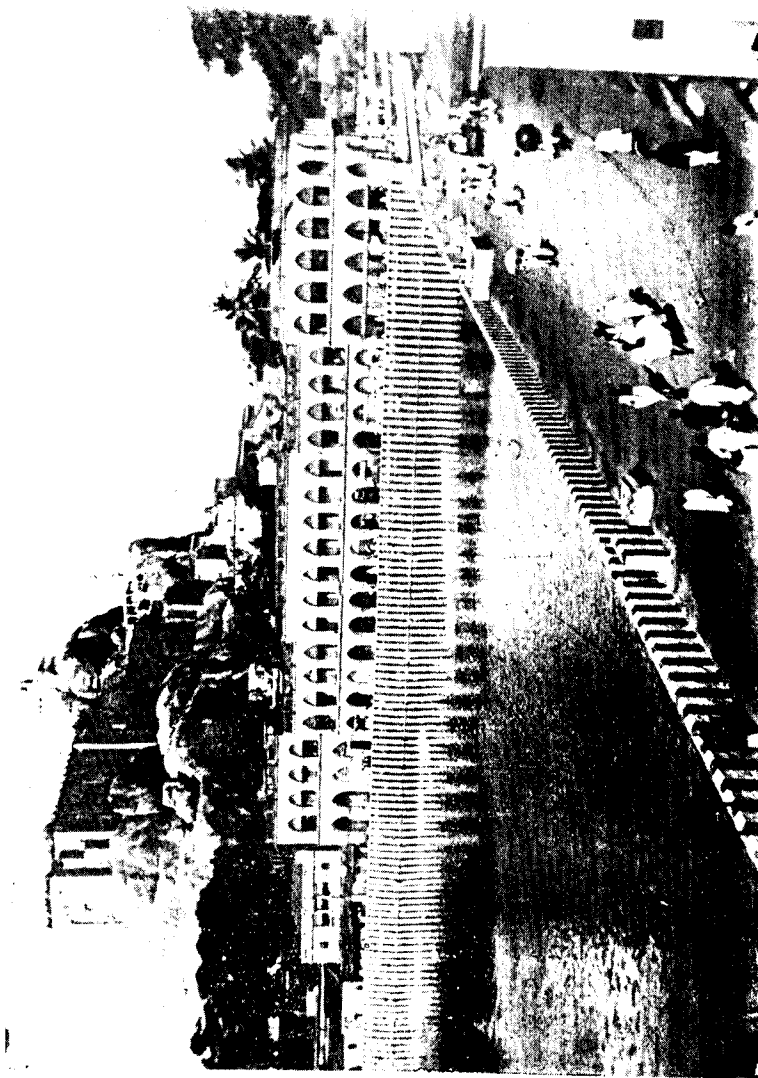
promptly purchased and published beautifully in colours one of these dancing figures with a note about the cave which I had sent at Dr. Cousins's request.

The Ajanta frescoes, though discovered in 1819, failed to attract attention until 1843 when Mr. James Ferguson persuaded the Directors of the East India Company to copy them at public expense. The copies that were made by Mr. Gill in pursuance thereof were unfortunately lost. Subsequent copies too, by others, shared the same fate. Only between 1872 and 1885 when Mr. Griffiths, in collaboration with his pupils of the School of Arts in Bombay, made elaborate copies and published the now-famous atlas folio volumes, some adequate justice may be said to have been done to the Ajantan discovery.

Lest a similar tale may not be told of the newly discovered paintings at Sittannavasal, I was preparing, so far as an individual could prepare, to go to the cave duly equipped, to make copies of the whole of the visible paintings. In the meanwhile, in addition to the reproduction of one of the figures in the *Mail Annual* of 1924, I was exhibiting my copies at various places I went out lecturing, and Dr. James H. Cousins of Adyar took with him in his North Indian tour a set of my copies, exhibiting them and talking about them at several important places. Another Madras paper, *The Daily Express* also published an article by me on the value of these paintings, accompanied by black and white reproductions of all the copies I had then made. While in the North, Mr. N. C. Mehta had my copies, that were exhibited at Lucknow by Dr. Cousins, traced by an youngster of the Bengal School, without either my knowledge or that of the Doctor who had exhibited them. He reproduced them in his book *Studies in Indian Painting*, giving the credit to the stealthy copyist of my pictures! Mr. Mehta has, however, sent me later a letter of apology, not realising that apologies alone do not mend matters always. But I was content that by some means or other the old frescoes had been brought to greater public attention.



Outer view of the Sittannavasal cave



The Rock Fort, Trichinopoly (See Page 77)

SITTANNAVASAL FRESCOES

19

Through the kind influence of my friend, Dr. K. N. Sitaraman, who was then the Vice-Principal of the College at Kolhapur, the Chief of Aundh took interest in the copying of the frescoes at Sittannavasal, and placed very generously at my disposal a munificent sum that enabled me at once to go to the cave fully and duly equipped. Early in the year 1926, I started out for the cave to do full justice to the paintings by copying carefully to scale and tone all the visible portions of the old frescoes. Madame Bermond, an accomplished French painter, came along with me to the cave and was of immense help to me during the few days that she kindly remained with me after seeing the old relics. I continued my stay there for several weeks more till I finished the work for which I went over there.

President Jawaharlal

By CHANDRA DATTA PANDE

'From log cabin to White House' is rather a commonplace feature of many a great man's life. Such is not the experience of Jawaharlal Nehru. In him, surely, we do not find a Mussolini or a Masaryk, cradled under the humble roof of a blacksmith or a coachman, and having to fight every inch of his way in the world, in misery and starvation. Yet, it cannot be gainsaid that his is a remarkable career; more so, because it has been singularly uneventful.

It was Booker. T. Washington who gave a splendid criterion of a successful life. "Success is to be measured," he says, "not so much by the position that one has reached in life as by the obstacles which he has overcome while trying to succeed." According to this criterion, it is quite possible to conceive of quite a large number of brave souls who have lived a more successful life than that of Jawaharlal Nehru, and yet have been denied the good fortune to be the cynosures of a nation's eyes.

While it cannot be denied that Jawaharlal got a good start in life by reason of his father's eminence, it would be far from correct to imagine that he owes his present position to his father. On the other hand, it adds considerably to the credit of Jawaharlal that he could achieve greatness, in spite of his father's high position. If the Christian scriptures are right in saying that it is as difficult for the rich to enter heaven as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye, it is no less true that the sons of great men can seldom reach the paternal level. It is rarely that one finds a Younger Pitt surpassing the glory of a Chatham. And we know how even Austen Chamberlain has been taunted as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's pale shadow. In our country the instances of inherited greatness are rarer still.



President Jawaharlal

Jawaharlal Nehru had, besides his 'unearned' position, qualities which inevitably brought him to the forefront. Had he not been so fortunately placed in life, he would have been perhaps obliged to plod his way in the outskirts of politics for a time. But it is beyond doubt that a man endowed with his talents and animated by his ideals would have easily emerged out of obscurity. He was born to be great. But his circumstances tended to rob his achievements of their charm.

Though born and brought up in the lap of luxury, in an atmosphere least congenial to good training, he was by his fond but wise father subjected to the rigorous discipline of British Public Schools. After finishing his school career at Harrow, he entered Trinity College. In 1911, when he was running his twenty-second year, he took his bachelor's degree and was almost immediately called to the Bar. A year later, he returned to India fully equipped with all that British education could give to an Indian. But as it is apt to be under such training, he lacked a sense of appreciation of Indian tradition and culture. As he himself expressed in his memorable statement before the Court in May 1922, "he came back to India with an outlook more British than Indian." In that very year he attended the Bankipore Congress as a delegate, at a time when the Indian National Congress was completely in the hands of Moderates and titled dignitaries. No amount of prophetic vision would have enabled anyone to forecast that this elegant youth, who resented a sartorial discrepancy more than a change in the creed of the Congress, was destined to play such a great role in the struggle for the freedom of the country. And indeed, it requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive the exact mood in which this young man, who even today when seventeen more winters have passed over his head, is a veritable fountain of fiery extremism, listened to the orations of such seasoned Moderates as Rao Bahadur R. N. Mudholkar, the President of the session. Perhaps he did not relish his first experience of the Congress.

Pandit Jawaharlal's political career actually begins from

the days of the Home Rule movement. He took a prominent part in popularising Dr. Besant's League in the province. He worked with so much zeal and vigour, that a year later, in 1917, he was elected Joint General Secretary of the All-India Home Rule League along with Mr. (now Sir) C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. By the way, it is tempting here to observe that the difference in the politics of these two talented sons of India, who so recently had worked in unison, precisely indicates the advance that has been made in Indian politics in the last decade by the parties they both represent.

The advent of Non-co-operation made a world of difference in the outlook of the nation and in the lives of many a national leader. It was not merely a change of political programme, but a religious transformation. And nowhere was the transformation more remarkable than at Anand Bhawan—the far-famed mansion of the Nehrus.

Jawaharlal Nehru put his heart and soul into the N. C. O. programme. He worked in the spirit of a soldier. He spoke little but toiled ceaselessly. He had implicit faith in 'Swaraj in one year.' He would be furious at the meetings of the Provincial Congress Committee if anybody suggested that funds should be provided for the coming year, because he could not tolerate anyone doubting the certainty of Swaraj on the 31st of December, 1921. It was with this faith that he worked under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership, while the Mahatma on his part trusted him as his faithful and most favourite lieutenant.

Twice he was put in gaol. At the time of his second release, a veritable civil war was going on in the Congress camp. Das and Nehru had raised the standard of revolt and Sjt. Rajagopalachar was heroically holding his master's banner aloft. The whole country was divided like England at the time of the Wars of the Roses, into two camps 'pro-changers' and 'no-changers.' Jawaharlal was disgusted with the activities of the pro-changers led by his own father. Without any reservation he threw his weight in favour of the 'no-changers'. At the Cocanada

Congress, Maulana Mahomed Ali's choice of General Secretary fell on him, and no President since then could think of forming a Cabinet without including Jawaharlal.

Early in 1926, his wife's delicate health necessitated his stay in Europe for a period of more than twenty months. His sojourn on the Continent influenced him mightily. Jawaharlal made the best possible use of his leisure. He came into contact with eminent contemporary thinkers. He studied very extensively and observed minutely every phase of European life that affected the course of world events. His thorough knowledge of the French language enabled him to look at things from a point of view other than British.

As a delegate of the Indian National Congress to the first World Congress of the League against Imperialism at Brussels, he made a profound impression by his intellectual competence to grapple every problem that confronted the subject and oppressed nationalities of the world. In Europe, he generally moved in the circle of those revolutionaries who had made common cause with Russia for putting an end to British Imperialism. Thereby he naturally became a supporter of the Soviet organisation of society. But Jawaharlal was not a wholesale convert to the doctrines of Karl Marx. At the end of his sojourn, he had an opportunity to see the actual working of the Marxian programme in a country whose problems were the same as those of India. The young Pandit was greatly impressed by the all-round awakening that he saw amongst the Russian masses.

He returned to India at a most psychological moment. The all-British Simon Commission had been just announced. That had stirred the whole country. Straight from Europe, he came to Madras to attend the Congress. After having breathed the free air of European countries, it seemed anomalous to him that the Indian National Congress should cherish such an uninspiring ideal as 'Self-Government within the British Empire'. A sworn foe of Imperialism in every form and

of British Imperialism in particular, he could not reconcile himself to it. He captured the imagination of the country. Mahatma Gandhi was in retirement. Jawaharlal was the hero of the Congress, and the advocates of Independence achieved a notable triumph. When at the All-Parties Conference at Lucknow the older leaders showed a tendency to lower the ideal in order to secure unity, Jawaharlal refused to countenance the move. He, along with Subash Bose, started a new organisation to uphold the cause of complete Independence.

At Calcutta, he was in a very delicate position. As a leader of the Independence movement, he was in duty bound to oppose the Nehru Report, and on the other hand he had to look to the wishes of his patron-leader Mahatma Gandhi, and his own father. In the end he chose to bow to the gentle persuasion of the Mahatma. He keenly felt his surrender and many enthusiastic Independence-wallas accused him of his 'lack of strength'; but unlike his younger colleague—Subash Bose—he earned the credit of entering into a reasonable compromise.

To the man in the street, Pandit Jawaharlal appeals neither on account of his high intellectual attainments nor his burning patriotism and sincerity of purpose, but for reasons which are singularly attractive to the plebian mind. He is spoken of as a class-fellow of the Prince of Wales. It is an obvious piece of street gossip. But is it not enough to be the son of Pandit Motilal Nehru to catch the eye of the public,—Pandit Motilal Nehru whose brilliant legal acumen and statesmanship are 'commonplace' before the splendours of his life? Were not his clothes washed in the laundries of Paris? And was not his presidential carriage drawn by thirty-four horses? This halo of glory which his great father bequeathed to him, has lent additional charm to his striking personality. His urbanity is polished; his intellectual equipment fine; his deep-set eyes full of life and light mark him out as a commanding figure. People instinctively shrink from the intellectual superiority of his gaze. In an assembly, he maintains a retir-

ing and rather thoughtful pose which really betrays his aristocratic bent. But in the company of friends and colleagues, he is extremely affable and often indulges in childish pranks. Unlike his father, he is free from all aristocratic disregard for humbler men.

Jawaharlal's sole passion is his patriotism and his only recreation incessant work. Occasionally he relaxes and takes to riding and swimming. Though thin and supple, he enjoys good health and has a tremendous store of energy. His reading of books is extensive, his mastery of details amazing; his grasp of modern problems and new ideas sound, his knowledge of International affairs vast. One suspects that his love of socialism is not so much due to the suffering and poverty of the working classes as to his intellectual conviction that the men who fatten on unearned incomes are the helpers of foreign exploitation. He has no soft corner for them. He loves the poor because he hates the rich. And he hates the rich because they are the supporters of foreign rule. To a landlord, he is Lenin incarnate, and to many Russophile communists, he is a 'tepid reformer', 'an exponent of bourgeois interest' and at best a 'social democrat'. To many a politician who has scrupulously fought shy of modern ideas, his head contains nothing but a hotchpotch of confused thinking. However, in Jawaharlal Nehru, one finds a link between the old and younger generations. But both schools harbour an apprehension about the efficacy of his leadership, the one believing that he goes too far in his extremism, the other feeling that he goes not far enough to strike terror in the Government.

It must be confessed that what may be said of Jawaharlal's qualities of head and heart, cannot be said of his will and determination. He has shown himself lacking in assertion in the presence his 'superiors'—only two in number, Mahatma Gandhi and his own father. He comes to a right decision and is assured of a powerful following, but soon his amenability to persuasion overcomes his determination. He thus embarrass-

es himself. And if he earns the confidence of his superiors, he tries the patience of his youthful followers. In Calcutta and lastly at Delhi, he has betrayed his incapacity for bold action though he could have risen to the occasion. Those who have the opportunity of observing his trend of thought know full well how much he rues his surrender. He passes miserable days and nights. He gets vexed with his own weakness. Then he recants and gets deeper into the mire.

And then there is a legitimate complaint against his temper. He is easily piqued but his fury is short-lived. He often distorts his face in disgust and he cannot tolerate every speaker indulging in some 'nonsense'. His thin lips quiver in anger, when he sees some 'impropriety' being abetted or shielded. He often finds himself pitiably helpless to check an outburst of bad temper, but his constant efforts to make due amends lend him added grace. Those who are acquainted with his sincerity of purpose and soundness of heart do not mind his cross temper and acerbity. It is reasonable to concede that his keen intelligence and impulsiveness prevent a proper judgment of what others say. If he did not possess extremely polished manners, his treatment of others might leave an impression of coarseness and vanity, elements completely foreign to his nature.

Up to the present moment of his career, Jawaharlal has had an unbroken record of success. And there is no reason to expect it will be otherwise in future. But as he has come to occupy the highest position in Indian Politics at a comparatively early age, there is room for apprehension. The destinies of India at a critical stage of her history are bound up with Jawaharlal. Will he lead her to victory and the glorious dawn of Swaraj?

The Art Revival in Andhra

By K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO¹

The worship of the Beautiful is one of the principal elements in the worship of the Divine. Beautiful sights, sweet sounds and lovely thoughts, take us nearer to God. We are all trying to give a form to Him who is formless. We are not content to see Him in the glow of the sunset, in the dancing waves, the mountain tops and the depths of the forest. We try to think of Him as the babe that reposes in a tiny leaf, as the player on the flute, as the cosmic dancer. He is a million-fold more beautiful than the most beautiful forms we can dream of. Yet, these are all methods of approach to Him.

The joy that comes to us through the fine arts is not merely physical. It is a reflection of the bliss that is born of our union with the Divine. The capacity to appreciate beauty is inborn in everyone of us, but this love of beauty has to be awakened and fostered. The creators of beauty are greater by far than those who merely love it. Poets and musicians, painters and sculptors, are therefore worthy of the highest regard. The creative power of God manifests itself through them.

India has, through the ages, been famous for her achievements in the fine arts, and though foreign domination has caused a temporary set-back, there are signs all around us of a great awakening. I do not propose to speak at length about the ideals or the technique of Indian Art. The subject has been rendered familiar to most of us by the writings of Mr. E. B. Havell, Doctors. Ananda Coomaraswamy, Avanindranath Tagore, J. H. Cousins and Messrs. O. C. Gangoly, G. Venkatachalam and T. G. Aravamuthan. I shall confine myself to the attempts

¹ English summary of a speech delivered in Telugu while opening an Art Exhibition at Bhimavaram.

made in Andhra for the spread of Indian Art. It is necessary that the attention of all Andhras should be focused on to them.

Whenever Indian paintings are reproduced in journals like 'The Modern Review,' 'Rupam' and 'Triveni,' it is usual to style them as specimens of 'Bengal Art'. While slight variations in expression are possible over a wide continent like India, it must be recognised that the traditions and methods of Indian Art are essentially the same everywhere. Since the revival of Indian painting in recent years is due to the magnificent endeavours of E. B. Havell, Avanimdranath Tagore and the students of the latter like Nandalal Bose, Asitkumar Haldar and Promode Chatterjee, the movement has come to be associated with Bengal. But it is rapidly spreading to all provinces, and though at first sight the 'tapering fingers' and 'half-shut eyes' might appear to be strange, the appreciation of modern Indian paintings is becoming more general.

The late Kopalle Hanumantha Rao was a great advocate of this artistic revival. He was in many ways the most remarkable Andhra of his time. A few months after the starting of the Kalasala in 1910, Dr. Coomaraswamy visited the institution and delivered some lectures on Indian Art. Hanumantha Rao's one great passion, ever after, was to open a section of Oriental Painting in the Kalasala, or at any rate to send a few students to Calcutta to learn the art. But it was only in 1922, after his passing away, that the section was opened with Sjt. Promode Kumar Chatterjee as Art teacher. The Kavuta brothers—Rama Mohan and Ananda Mohan—and their sister Lakshmi Devi and Messrs. Adivi Bapiraju, T. Kesava Rao, C. N. Vasudevan, A. Subba Rao, G. Mallayya and others were students of the section and distinguished themselves by their splendid productions. Sjt. Ramendranath Chakravarti and after him G. Mallayya have been in charge of the section. Some of our students—it is my habit still to speak of the Kalasala as *mine*—continued their studies at Calcutta, Shantiniketan and Mysore. Through their

efforts, the Art Revival in Andhra has progressed rapidly and today's exhibition is a tribute to their work.

I must here refer to the silent but powerful influence of a cultured Englishman, Mr. Oswald J. Couldrey, sometime Principal of the Rajahmundry College. He had a great fascination for our folklore, our puppet shows and our paintings. It was through contact with him that students like Kavikondala Venkata Rao and Adivi Bapiraju first composed their exquisite folk-songs. Mr. Couldrey discovered the latent genius of Damerla Rama Rao, encouraged him in his early efforts in painting, and enabled him to proceed to the Bombay School of Arts for advanced study. Mr. Couldrey took his students on prolonged tours to Ajanta, Ellora and Sanchi, and inspired them with a love for indigenous art. He is thus one of the makers of the Andhra Renaissance in Art.

Rama Rao was undoubtedly a great genius. His pictures, and more especially his landscapes, have extorted admiration all over India and abroad. It is a great calamity that he should have been cut off at the early age of 27 while yet his art was attaining perfection. Among his students, Messrs. Varada Venkataratnam and C. Satyanarayana are distinguished artists, though I have sometimes felt that there is a monotony in their themes and figures.

I want you to realise that Art is not confined to great paintings and sculptures, but pervades or ought to pervade every sphere of our existence. We should seek to make our homes and surroundings beautiful by using beautiful carpets, mats, printed cloths, carved stools and polished brass utensils. We seem to have forgotten the art of decorating our houses with 'kolams'. There is a regular invasion of ugliness in the matter of our dress, furniture and household decoration. We are content to accept books and magazines printed and bound hideously and filled with ugly advertisements. All this must be changed. Exhibitions like the present give us an opportunity to worship the Beautiful and realise the God within us.

Current Topics

THE GANDHI-IRWIN CONFERENCE

To those who had been looking forward to a speedy and peaceful settlement of the Indian problem, the breakdown of the Delhi Conference between the Viceroy and Indian leaders has caused the gravest disappointment. The Resolution of the Lahore Congress defining Swaraj in terms of complete Independence is a necessary sequel to the breakdown of negotiations. Differences between the progressive political parties in the country have been accentuated, and the coming year is likely to witness a combination of all those who have pinned their faith to Dominion Status and the Round Table Conference, as against the Congress that has declared a boycott of that Conference. Even those Congressmen who have felt bound to obey the Congress mandate regarding resignation from the legislatures, are making open declarations of their desire to seek re-election as Independent candidates. Pandit Malaviya is trying to bring together the more moderate elements in the country, while Gandhiji is maturing plans for a campaign of civil disobedience in selected areas. Parties and programmes are all in a flux, and within the Congress itself the Democratic Party has emerged as a result of personal more than political differences.

It is yet too early to forecast the developments ahead. But one thing is clear. Gandhiji has definitely accepted the leadership of the nation in the coming struggle for Swaraj. Whoever might happen to wear the Congress crown, Gandhiji will continue to wield the field-marshal's baton. In President Jawaharlal and the new Working Committee, he will find powerful instruments for the working out of his plans. Blame is sought to be attached to him in certain quarters because he asked for a guarantee

of the grant of Dominion Status from the Viceroy. If the Viceroy as a representative of the British Government was not authorised to promise Dominion Status, so too were Gandhiji and Pandit Motilal, as representing the Congress, precluded from offering co-operation except on the terms laid down in the Calcutta Resolution. They were on their way to Lahore and they could not very well ask for a postponement of the Congress decision without a definite assurance of the establishment of Dominion Status. If Swaraj has to be won through a Round Table Conference, the Liberals and others are perfectly competent to plead the Indian case for Dominion Status. The Congress has parted company with them, and is no longer concerned about preparing 'a case'. It hopes to mobilise the nation and forge an effective sanction to back up the demand for *Purna Swaraj*. This is indeed the parting of the ways, between Dominion Status and Independence, between Liberals and Congressmen, between Swaraj by negotiation and Swaraj by civil disobedience.

THE INDO-BRITISH MUTUAL WELFARE LEAGUE

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to a communication from Lady Emily Lutyens and Mrs. Hannah Sen, setting forth the objects of this organisation and inviting co-operation from those who are in sympathy with its ideals. The future of Indo-British relations is at present a matter of great uncertainty. The days of Britain's political domination are numbered, but the readjustment of relations on the basis of a fellowship on equal terms in a Commonwealth of free nations is the cherished goal of idealists like Dr. Besant and Lady Emily Lutyens. It is this larger faith that lies behind the organisation of the League which expresses "a willingness to learn rather than a wish to dictate." It is open to Indians and Englishmen of all schools of thought to help the League in its noble endeavours, for the cultural contacts between the two countries are bound to continue, long after the unfortunate relationship of the "rulers and the ruled" ceases.

DR. AND MRS. COUSINS

We extend a hearty welcome to these friends of India and Indian Culture on their return home—for, have they not made India their home?—after a prolonged and eventful tour in America and on the Continent of Europe. Wherever they have gone, they have sought to interpret the ideals of a renascent India, and to counteract the evil propaganda of 'drain-inspectors' of the type of Miss. Mayo. Mrs. Cousins was a prominent member of the Indian Women's Delegation at Geneva, and also represented India at International Conferences of women along with Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya and others. She is now planning an All-Asian Women's Conference with a view to preserving all that is best in Asian culture. Dr. Cousins too intends to go back to America and lecture once again to American audiences about the arts, philosophy and literature of India. The collection of pictures of modern Indian artists which he took with him during his last tour enabled the West to glimpse for the first time the great possibilities behind the art-revival in India. In nearly every place he visited, he organised exhibitions of these pictures, and famous artists and art-lovers welcomed these visible symbols of an India seeking to recover her lost soul. The exhibition in London created a particularly favourable impression. *The Illustrated London News* reproduced half-a-dozen water-colour pictures in its Christmas Number, thus giving an opportunity to a much wider public to get to know Indian Art at first hand. Dr. Cousins has always been an invaluable friend of rising Indian artists, cheering them during moments of gloom, and bringing their productions to the notice of cultured circles in all lands.

The cause of cultural co-operation between East and West has never had more devoted exponents than Dr. Cousins and Mrs. Cousins, and we respectfully wish them godspeed in their unselfish work.

Poetry and Reality : A Restatement of Literary Values

By JAMES H. COUSINS, D.LIT.

If we accept the verdict of English literary criticism on what it has decided to remember as relatively immortal in English poetry, and make a curve of the latter since its Anglo-Saxon beginnings, we shall draw a line resembling a series of waves growing higher and higher until the ascent in our time flies over our heads towards an incalculable future.

Whatever bend that future may add to the curve, the achievement up to our point on it constitutes a mass of literary material which is quite beyond the capacity of any individual to give it complete study. Much of it has become literary archaeology, despite its retention in academical syllabuses. Its language and environment are largely obsolete. Its annotations, whereby life is sought to be injected into it, are in reality its epitaphs.

The process of denudation in poetry which is indicated by explanatory annotation is not sufficient to preserve a manageable area of tillable poetical land. The emergence at our end of literary history is at a much higher ratio than the submergence at the other end. An American girl not yet sixteen (1929) has wrought more of the stuff of eternity into poetry than did the first two centuries of English literary history.

This increase of poetical quantity and quality creates a problem for the literary education of the future. Selection is necessary; and the inter-relations of comprehension and enjoyment of poetry, making varied calls on the mental and emotional endowment of editors and anthologists, makes personal predilection at present the main law of syllabuses and texts.

Reliance on the sifting capacity of time may be suggested.

But the matter is so pressing that we have not time now to wait on Time. We have also lost assurance in its infallibility. Two centuries of burial under Samuel Johnson's epithet 'metaphysical' have not prevented the spirits of Donne and his confederates from finding incarnation in editions beyond their longest dreams. If their idea of a best seller was a book that, because its quality was of the best, sold least in quantity, they must wonder what is wrong with posterity. And he who buried them has taken a place among the forgettable shades in the literary Valhalla, and may or may not storm ghostily at the peculiar perversion of speech that has turned his term of opprobrium into one of merit.

In modern criticism, too, exploring feet strike disconcerting snags. Explanatory annotation is not its test, for footnotes on fact remain much the same as they pass from one generation of editors to another. But the exposition of interior significances is another matter, and calls for an interpretative endowment which is not always in the possession of those who undertake the responsibility of selection for students or judgment for the general public.

For example. In an annotated edition of Wordsworth's Immortality Ode for schools, we find a curious obscuration of the meaning of the concluding quatrain. The lines are:

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

"In these beautiful lines," says the annotator, "Wordsworth insists once more that it is by the heart that we truly live: that to love is to believe." But the annotator is not satisfied with this doctrine, and asks the question: "Is not knowledge necessary for belief? for love itself?" But if we read the lines attentively we shall see that, while the poet does give the larger share of the four lines to the emotional aspect of the matter, he places himself behind the feeling and thinking aspects of his life. Through feeling he

makes contact with Nature, thus establishing the sympathetic relationship (which is the real burden of the lines) without which true understanding (not merely feeling) of the significances of life is unattainable. But the emotional element is not an end. It is a means. Thanks to it the mental mode of the poet's life receives a richer contribution of thoughts; and these thoughts, evoked by sympathetic relationship, take on a profundity beyond emotion. He reaches inner understanding. And this is the whole temperamental character of Wordsworth. He is of the reflective order, and makes the experience of "the human heart" the means towards the illumination of "the philosophic mind."

Take an example from American criticism. A recent anthology of modern American poetry impresses one accustomed to the richness of English poetry with its spiritual and intellectual poverty. But one is halted on the verge of a judgment of American poetry when, near the end of the book, one comes upon the phrase, in regard to one poet, "a too determined mysticism," and, in regard to another, a criticism of his first book as "a strange mystical affair." There is here an obvious intrusion of barriers and personal limitations; a lowering of criticism, from its function of balancing, to the mere weighting of scales against mysticism in poetry. The darkening effect of predilection is seen in the same critic's disposal of *The Builder* by Willard Wattles as being like "scraps of Scripture rendered by Mother Goose." The limitations of the little lyric are obvious. But the dramatic interpretation involved in it has escaped the critic. An anti-theological prejudice has prevented his seeing its purely spiritual significance, which belongs to no special Scripture, but is written on the open page of every introspective imagination.

The poetry of laughter seems to be in no better case with modern criticism. The compiler of an alleged humorous anthology recently published in London tells us, in his preface, that he had included nothing that had made him not merely

smile but laugh. He includes Byron's *Vision of Judgment* which he describes as "a masterpiece of humour." There is surely some perversion of literary values when Byron's outpourings of bitter and brutal sarcasm on George III are regarded as humorous, and when sarcasm and bad manners in verses on other nations than his own and in epigrams on the dead, are esteemed by the anthologist as matters for laughter. The anthologist gives the book the sub-title *A Book of Buffoonery*; but balanced criticism will hardly accept this as excusing an attitude which is destructive of literary sanity by presenting, as comic, subjects that are essentially tragic. Murder, suicide, and sudden death put on horse-collars for a jape. The name and location of a dead chieftain in India are punned on in a "threnody." A screed in the same manner on the death of a king of England by a poet of India would be regarded as something else than comic. A poem by a clergyman, *The Female Friend*, an innocent and sincere expression of the quiet joy of comradeship between a good man and an accomplished woman, is included because it is "unintentionally comic." From which it would appear that verses jeering at relationships between men and women are eligible for the comic laurel in their own right, while verses of transparent purity are only eligible if they can be leered at with the aphrodisian suggestion which is so disastrous a portent in the modern literary (and artistic) atmosphere of the occident.

Literary evaluation of the kind thus exemplified has been defended on the ground that art must be judged solely as art. But the dogma of literary irresponsibility is rapidly becoming untenable before the test of life that is reaching towards the sceptre of all human endeavour. A rising literary pragmatism begins to feel that literary criticism which is merely literary is not criticism. Creative literature, serious or comic, speaks out of life; and true criticism must look at literature not out of literature but out of life. And it must do so not merely in

service to individual writers, but in service to those groupings of writers in eras and movements which take their place with labels, such as classical, romantic or metaphysical, labels that assume an air of finality and compel approach through fixed assumptions that paralyse contemporary understanding and enjoyment by obscuring the eternal under the terminology of the temporal.

Only by the test of life, not his private life, not the life of his time, but of life today, and life in its fulness, are we now getting a glimpse of, for example, the reality of Shelley's poetry. Any student of English literature can tell us that he was one of the poets of the third romantic era in English poetry at the opening of the nineteenth century. But to Matthew Arnold he was an "ineffectual angel"; to Stopford Brooke "the least comprehensible of all the poets of England"; to Lafcadio Hearn "a very great fool" with "less solid matter in him than any other English poet who has reached the first rank." A newer criticism, born into the era of analytical psychology, begins to regard these utterances less as final judgments on Shelley than as self-disclosures of dark areas in critical vision. Today we regard solidity with less respect than we regard the radio-activity that William Watson saw in Shelley as his "flush of rose on peaks divine"; we have left Brooke's critical domesticity at the Victorian fireside. The "ineffectual angel" has become a regenerating power; his poetry becomes increasingly comprehensible as the capacity of humanity to comprehend it increases; his wisdom is patent to the wise; his matter becomes the most significant in English poetry. And his literary criticism begins to be regarded as the finest guide to the understanding and enjoyment not only of his own poetry but of all poetry, because it seeks to penetrate beyond personal vagary into eternal verity.

"All high poetry is infinite," wrote Shelley in *A Defence of Poetry*; "it is as the first acorn which contains all oaks potentially. Veil after veil will be undrawn, and the inmost

naked beauty of the meaning never exposed. A great poem is a fountain forever overflowing with the waters of wisdom and delight; and after one person and one age has exhausted all its divine effluence, another and yet another succeeds, and new relations are ever developed, the source of an unforeseen and an unconceived delight."

It is a fact of literary history that, while empires have survived quite a large number of poets, there are certain poets of the "infinite" order who have managed to survive empires: and the poet who, in the general subsidence of the past, has managed to sustain his peak above the horizon, has set less store on the expanse of his base than on the altitude of his summit. Take care of the summit and the base will take care of itself is a law of the poetical life. The base may cover a vast number of finitudes, like so much of the alleged poetry of today. But, as Vasishta, a wise man of the East, said many centuries ago, "the mere addition of the finite to the finite cannot produce the infinite." The summit reaches towards the One Infinite from which the finitudes descend. We know more about Homer today than Homer did. That part of him (or them) that is incarnate in the Homer of words responds to our deepening and expanding question because the height of his genius gave his vision a deeper depth and wider horizon. His mouth uttered more than his words because his inner ears heard the vast significances that whisper from star to star, significances that ultimately elaborate themselves into the codes and calendars of mortal life. The Word is made flesh, and the flesh is rumourous of its parentage. The *obiter dictum* of God is atomised into the *obiter dicta* of the poets.

This quality of spiritual involution in poetry, and of consequent evolutionary response to those who can give the true evocative touch, is due, as Shelley points out, to the fact that poetry (and we are thinking only of 'high' poetry) "acts in a divine and unapprehended manner beyond and above consciousness; and it is reserved for future generations to contemplate

and measure the mighty cause and effect in all the strength and splendour of their union."

In this affirmation we have the foundation of a true psychological estimate of the nature and function of poetry: psychological in being founded on the psyche, or soul of humanity, not on a sex-complex or neural reactions or emotional fluctuations. Poetry is thus seen as a river whose source is on the hidden peaks of the inner nature of the poet, which breaks at its source into two cascades, one mental, the other emotional. These cascades reunite where they merge into expression. They take on local appearance from environment; but their animating principle is the flowing water from the living spring.

Emerson in his *Ode to Beauty* gives us the phrase for the first poetical manifestation of this descending creative stream. He calls the 'high' poets

Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so.

The first item in a qualitative estimate of poetry is the proportion of 'divine ideas' that it contains; that is to say, those intuitional assumptions, those basic attitudes and directions towards ultimate reality, that are the core and inspiration of the poet's creative life. These 'divine ideas' (the immortal ejaculations of the poet) may be an instant's flash from the heaven of his spirit; but the clouds of his imagination will give the lightning of the idea a shape and its thunder a rhythm, and both will bring the 'ecstasy of rain'. In other words, the creative activity of the intuition will proceed to intelligible formulation which will be accompanied by æsthetical responsiveness; or may move towards emotional expression in intelligible form.

These elements constitute the full 'soul' of a poem; the psychological trinity-in-unity of *intuitive impulse*, *cognitive mode* and *æsthetical mood*. But the soul will remain discarnate unless it finds an instrument capable of imparting to it the

outgoing energy and rhythmical quality which we may call its *life*, and the localisation of substance, in words and arrangement, which we may call *form*.

We have now before us a complete conspectus of the whole nature of a poem; its soul and body; its inner psychological content, its intermediate biological element, its external physiological and anatomical constituents. But we have something more than this. We have the whole nature of the poet himself. We have, moreover, the whole nature of the Cosmic Life so far as we can contact it. The ancients of India saw this category millennia ago, and called them the *tattvas* and *tanmatras* of the universe, or the structures and orbits of the atomic bases of life.

The poets themselves have at times expressed their sense of personal and creative affiliation with a deeper process than merely emotional reaction to external stimuli; and it is interesting to note how the creative imagination lays out its pattern of process on the four corners of reality—creative impulse, thought, feeling, and external presentation. A few indications must here suffice.

A Hindu poet of the seventh century, Appar, singing in the Tamil language, figures the paraphernalia for the calling forth of inner reality as a churning-rod of love operated by the cord of intelligence, each imparting something of itself to the other, and thus removing the obstruction of either mental or emotional exaggeration from the way of the inner Being. Shelley anticipated the evolutionists in the forty-third stanza of *Adonais* by a generation, and leaped so heartily forward that he has passed over the heads of the Freudians on his trajectory of poetical prophecy towards the point in psychological history when "the One Spirit's plastic stress" will be discovered as the master 'complex'. In the fourth act of *Prometheus Unbound*, in the Chorus of Spirits beginning "Our spoil is won," he gives us a complete category of psychological process. The freed Spirits call to their service the powers of "Love, Thought and Breath" in

order to build "a world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield." The pattern here may be perfectly superimposed on that of the *Katha Upanishad*, the ancient Hindu scripture of cosmic and human psychology, which declares that there are two beings, the cosmic soul (Shelley's 'Spirit of Wisdom') and the individual soul (Shelley's 'Spirits of the Human Mind'), who jointly in the exercise of intelligence (Shelley's 'Thought') experience enjoyment (the emotional experience which Shelley calls 'Love') in their good deeds (the vital activity which Shelley calls 'Breath'). It will be noted also that the purpose of creative expression is here inferred. The Spirits of the Human Mind serve the Spirit of Wisdom; deeds are for the enjoyment of the Soul.

Even Swinburne, who is not usually credited with philosophical acumen, shows the stigmata of reality on his creative imagination. His sonnet *To George Frederick Watts* opens thus:

High thought and hallowed love, by faith made one,
Begot and bore the strong sweet-hearted child,
Art . . .

Faith is his equivalent for the Spirit of Wisdom; the activity here is art. The adjectives 'high' and 'hallowed' give altitude to the creative spring.

Rabindranath Tagore, the lineal descendant of the oriental singers who are also seers, in an essay on *The Principles of Literature* writes:

Our soul has her hunger for . . . immediateness of realisation, whereby she is enabled to know herself. The love, the contemplation, the vision, that alone can satisfy this hunger finds its place in Literature, in Art.

Again the "Square Deific" appears,—vision, which is the creative exercise of the intuition; contemplation, which is thought as the oriental mind thinks it; love, and art; and again the declaration that the purpose of art is the service of the Soul, not the service of art itself, not the service of sense.

Now this, that we may call the spiritual view of the arts, is very different from the hedonistic view which, from the days

of Aristotle to our own, has held that the purpose of art is only to impart pleasure. "The Master of Those who Know" had, however, a more dignified idea of the purpose of art than the production of that kind of pleasure which is experienced in the practice and appreciation of such kinds of art as Herbert Spencer stigmatised as "alternating between the sensual and the sanguinary." Aristotle's idea of happiness was that of the thinker. It was not a matter of sensuousness or sentiment merely, but of moral and intellectual experience. It came out of the discovery of the individual's own true expression and the control of the lower nature by the higher in order to preserve a true and healthy instrument of expression.

When the creative impulse is set free in art, it gives the double happiness of release from inner pressure (a spiritual complex) and of tangible realisation, in permanent art-forms, of intangible and impermanent impulses. By the exercise of his art the artist projects his share of eternity into temporal and spatial limitations, and at the same time imparts to his external expressions the sense of inner largeness. Others share in the artist's experience, through his art-forms; for the creative impulse is common to all, though as yet starved in the multitude, and its achievement gives, with variations caused by varied temperamental endowment, a common happiness. This is the true hedonism of art. But it has gradations of shadow, from the lofty response to 'divine ideas' to the guffaw at pruriency in rhyme or shape.

The general hedonistic syllogism that, because art gives pleasure, therefore pleasure is the purpose of art, has passed into another with the temporary passing of life into the laboratory, namely, that, since sex is the subject-matter of art (a premise which is not fully true of occidental art and almost completely false of oriental art), art is therefore the expression of a sex-complex. In the view which we are here enunciating, art is the expression of the cosmic creative impulse which is universal and inescapable. This impulse, which may be termed a creation-

complex, fulfils itself not only in physical forms, but in emotional and mental forms, and for the same purpose, namely the carrying on of the inter-related phases of the universal life, the cognitive, the æsthetical and the substantial. Over-emphasis on any one of these phases leads to monstrosity, though the process of expression even in exaggeration has its accompaniment of pleasure in some degree. The liberation of the pent-up life is the ultimate end of expression; but the pleasures of the 'sensual and sanguinary' order which dominate occidental art today do not release; they put chains of habit on the expansive nature of humanity, and lead to satiety, degradation and disintegration. The high pleasure of high art, on the contrary, is the purifying and exalting reward given by the Universal Soul to the soul of humanity for providing fit ways for the release of its super-abundant energy.

That poetry is not yet certain of its own reality, its true nature and function, is seen in its oscillations between the domination of thought which marks its classical eras, and the domination of feeling which marks its romantic eras. This is a sign of spiritual timidity; of fear, on the one hand, of yielding itself to the higher; of a bad conscience, on the other hand, when it turns its back on the light and walks in its own shadow. In the work of artistic redemption, particularly in poetical criticism, the fundamental need is a revision of values based on a true understanding of the realities out of which poetry arises. The foregoing considerations indicate a ground-plan on which the structure of a literary criticism may be reared with a larger measure of adequacy and stability than belongs to the criticism now current.

An Aspect of Gandhiji¹

BY M. KALIDASU, B.A., B.L.

You cannot properly understand the life and work of Gandhiji without coming into contact at more than one point with those fundamental principles which concern "God's ways to men". It is not that these ways ever require to be 'justified', but rather that since the birth of intelligent life, the attempt has been to understand and express, as best each man can, those fascinating but illusive ways. Indeed the avowed purpose of Gandhiji's experiments with Truth is to analyse, test and appraise, much as a chemist does in his laboratory, the implications and tendencies revealed to a tireless investigator. To Gandhiji, Truth is synonymous with God.

It is not the desire of the writer to assess the worth of Gandhiji's contribution to the Indian movement for Swaraj and the world movement for cleaner international dealings and the elimination of violence in the settlement of both international and sub-national strifes. It is not doubted that his contribution in these matters is not only far-reaching but also unique. It is no small achievement to suggest to, and, let us hope, to convince the world that the tenets laid down by Jesus Christ for the guidance of individual conduct have the same potent operation on national and international dealings.

On the occasion of Gandhiji's *Shashti Abda Purthi*, the writer's thoughts have taken a turn towards Gandhiji's contribution in relation to the spirit of this Age. Gandhiji's life must have convinced a good many wavering minds, not merely about the existence of the soul as distinct from the body but also of its supremacy. He himself most solemnly asserted before the representative of the mighty British Empire in India

¹ Written on the occasion of the *Shashti Purthi* of Gandhiji.

that the soul force which he preached and practised, was any day superior to the brute force of which the Empire boasted. He showed in his campaign of Passive Resistance in South Africa that this assertion is not a mere hypothesis but represents an actual fact. His own Sardar again established only recently at Bardoli the validity of that assertion. He convinced so clear and influential a thinker as Professor Gilbert Murray that in dealing with a man like Gandhiji, the rulers of the world are dealing with a new force of life which cannot be 'purchased' by any of the hitherto tried methods. If the later attempt by him in the same direction, in launching the Non-co-operation movement in India, has not so far borne fruit, and if the half-hearted attempt by the Germans in the Ruhr Valley has proved abortive, it does not by any means prove that soul force is a mirage. It only means that Gandhiji's countrymen and the most military nation that the world has so far known, next to the Spartans, have not either understood or practised the fundamental conditions necessary for the fruition of that force.

What then are the pre-requisites for the success of this soul force? The body is of the earth, earthy. It is built up and sustained by the constant play of catabolism and metabolism, that is to say, by a constant process of destruction and construction. Its needs are rooted in desires and passions. It clamours for incessant satisfaction. It preaches the survival of the fittest. Tennyson's horror-struck exclamation

"Nature red in tooth and claw,
Shrieks against the creed"

is its highest contribution to the riddle of this world.

When you come to deal with the soul, you are at once confronted with factors of a totally antagonistic character. Love is its essence. Intelligence is its sole attribute. Happiness is its birthright. The ancient *Rishis* proclaim that "*Sath Chith Anandam*" is not only the fundamental but the sole truth of at once God's and man's existence. We are unable to see the wood for the trees. The soul is hampered in expressing itself

hy its constant partnership with the body and it is small wonder that the best thinkers feel sometimes befogged. As Shelley points out, after all

"Life is like a dome of many coloured glass,
That stains the white radiance of Eternity."

If, therefore, we are dealing with soul force, we are dealing with an aspect of life which, any one must admit, has not been tried on any large scale in fields other than those that are confined to relations between individual man and man. The history of the world shows that mankind learns its lessons tardily and only after repeated failures. Failures do not furnish proof of error. Rather they furnish to the discerning eye, opportunities for examination and readjustment. Like the man of vision and scientific thinker that he is, Gandhiji utilises every failure for re-examination and readjustment. The Chouri Choura debacle would have frightened a less clear-eyed leader. But Gandhiji's faith in God and in the truth of his doctrine is so strong that he proclaims his faith more insistently than ever. He explains the necessary conditions more clearly and is never tired of repetition. You satisfy the conditions he demands: you can then pronounce with justice a verdict. Till then, how are you entitled to tell the world that his doctrine is wrong?

The most clear-eyed thinkers and the founders of all religions have taught the same truth that Gandhiji is teaching today. He is labouring in the same fields in which Buddha, Christ, Sri Krishna and others laboured, though his objective is different. One point however which, of necessity, must have influenced the average man in regard to the great men referred to above should be noticed. Whether the miracles and acts of a superhuman nature attributed to them are true or not, the influence exerted by those great men, on mankind in the mass, is in a fairly large measure attributable to the popular belief in their truth. We are living in a scientific age. The top ranks of modern thinkers have constantly declined to admit, as a working hypothesis, the truth of miracles. Those

persons who still swear by such superhuman occurrences, like the Theosophists, are seeking to explain to the world that such events are due to the operation of laws which are so far unknown to humanity. Gandhiji told us often that though his faith in God is supreme, he is not yet vouchsafed His full vision. He never claimed the possession of superhuman powers. On the other hand he most emphatically disclaims any pretension to such attributes and in fact to the Mahatmaship thrust on him. As is the case with the laborious inductive scientist, he is an experimenter in the beginning, in the middle, and in the end. In this sense it may be said that his personality is unique. He may be regarded as the representative man whom Humanity has thrown up in this age of science to prove the existence of the soul and the truth of the spiritual life, in the manner and in the spirit of inductive science. He has proclaimed to this age in clarion tones that, judged even by the standards by which alone this age is prepared to judge truth, all the truths which man has ever regarded as his precious heritage are scientifically verifiable. He is a soul-chemist.

Chitra

BY K. CHANDRASEKHARAN, M.A., B.L.

"I am Chitra, the daughter of the Kingly house of Manipur" says the princess in this play as she announces herself, to the Gods. Clearly does this indicate the key to her whole character which is at once frank and dignified, free as well as self-poised. Born as she is a woman, she has none of the untaught arts of look and language of her sex. The simplicity of her speech draws us to her as much as the purity of her soul. We admire her when she spurns the boon of a God which has made her person lovely; for she covets the perfection of the spirit even more than that of the body. She looks all the more radiant in her knowledge of true love; for hers "has no touch of earth". Her hero and Lord, Arjuna, stands almost a contrast before her even as "the low sun that makes the colour".

Rabindranath Tagore has wonderfully divined this short drama containing a profound suggestion capable of detaining us long. For he alone knows to weave with consummate skill, "an endless meaning in the narrow span of a song". The whole purport of this drama strikes us as original both in form and substance. The anguish of Love when it fails in its expectation of a higher purpose awakens in us the sense of the futility of much that passes for that noble quality in this world. All that is given us, we begin to realise, is only the shadow. The psychological factor playing a significant part in this play cannot fail to whet the edge of our enjoyment, when the poet robes it in the ineffable sweetness of his language with the powerful aids of fancy and feeling.

There is not much wealth of detail or warmth of expression to engage us here. It is almost all the narration by either

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Arjuna to himself or Chitra to the God of Love, of their respective thoughts and hopes of the other. We are not often treated to situations wherein Arjuna and Chitra are wrapt up in ecstasy. Yet our heart's desires receive ample fulfilment from the unlimited scope for conjuring up the felicity of love from their own speeches which impress us with the indescribable charm of delicacy. Critics may find this drama too short to deserve the name. But the true lover of art will scarcely pass without realising that the rare suggestion in Rabindranath answers for the perfect enjoyment which we may derive from a complete play of many acts.

To minds, which often receive real sustenance from the infinite variety and unstinted flow of expressions vivifying and portraying to us the depths of love, jealousy, disappointment, and revenge, which the immortal characters of Shakespeare illustrate, the comparatively little soliloquy or the brief passages wherein Arjuna and Chitra are made to reveal themselves in this play, may not have any great appeal. But this is perhaps where Tagore's genius distinguishes itself by its singular chasteness and individuality. It is truly the product of the Oriental imagination. The tendency of art and activity in the West is expansive while in the East it has shown an immense concentration and singleness of purpose. Her love at first sight when described by Chitra to the God Madan, has no more ado about it than the typically simple language, devoid of the colour and detail, naturally imported by poets in order to evoke our emotions. "Ah, foolish heart! whither fled thy presumption . . . I know not in what whirlpool of thought I was lost," says the princess indeed conveying to us more than adequately the sudden gush of fresh impulses in her heart which deprived her of the power of speech. Really nothing more is required to keep the reader alive to the springs of love bubbling in her virgin soul. Nay, the imagination can fill in the rest left unsaid by her. The mind enjoys the refreshing device of the poet that has opened up for it a vista of

love's longings by one gentle stroke of the pen. Again, nothing can stand comparison with the picture of the first union of Arjuna with Chitra, wrought with such a fine brush. The very scene where they meet for conjugal bliss speaks of the perfect harmony in nature which prepares us, as it does the lovers, to forget everything else in the security of love. The gradual development towards the heightening of emotions, is brought home to us no less vividly by the dramatic meeting of Arjuna and Chitra and their eagerness to linger long in each other's company, than by the description of the moon and the night which are in symphony with their increasing passion. The poet paints the scene thus: "The moon had moved to the West, peering through the leaves to espy the wonder of divine art wrought in a fragile human frame. The air was heavy with perfume. The silence of the night was vocal with the chirping of crickets. The reflection of the trees hung motionless in the lake." Then occurs the gentle, unconscious movement in nature itself for the mingling of body and soul, when "the moon has set behind the trees" and "one curtain of darkness covered all". What greater testimony do we need to the wonderful power of the poet to fill us with supreme satisfaction unaided by any lengthy argument or account, than what is contained in that single sentence, "Heaven and earth, time and space, pleasure and pain, death and life merged together in an unbearable ecstasy . . ."

This very short play of one Act containing none of the attractions of variation in scene, action, and characters captivates us by its beauty even as the tiny bead of dew transformed into a laughing orb by the all-pervading sun. There is no more complexity in the plot than there is in the colour scheme of the clear sky. However, the blending of fine shades of thought in a single theme is rendered with such rare intuition and skill, that as we begin dissecting it, we experience the same agreeable surprise at the emergence of fresh components, as at the rainbow colours from a ray of pure light.

There is in us no feeling of vagueness bordering on

dissatisfaction as we finish the book. But a strange discontent lurks within the heart as that of Arjuna when he fails to "feel Chitra on all sides". What sort of a woman is Chitra? She is neither so plain as her manly training might indicate to us, nor too elusive as Arjuna considers her when his first madness of love begins to die away. Anyhow she is not "a Goddess hidden in a golden image". The noble ambition in her fed with youthful fantasies, to meet the greatest hero of the five Pandava brothers and to "break a lance with him, to challenge him in disguise to a single combat and prove her skill in arms against him" is the true outcome of her early education. But the woman in her, irresistible at the meeting of "the fervent gaze that almost grasps you like the clutching hands of the hungry spirit within," responds to the cuckoo call of love and the one strong desire that possesses her afterwards is to murmur to him, "take me, take all I am". There is a real conflict at first in her, whether to accept Arjuna when she learns of his broken vow of celibacy. The warning note is sounded to her by her conscience which says "This is not love, This is not man's highest homage to woman". But alas! like many others she slowly yields to the compromising attitude of allowing herself to be courted. That feeling, ebbing away within her with the first excitement of pleasure, the inner vision gradually strengthens her will until when finally she loathes her very body which has become the seducer of her hero's heart. She then emerges a new being reconciled to her lot and ready to make her last sacrifice at Arjuna's feet. The final revelation of her true self, so sudden and impressive, cannot but leave a lingering taste of the high and the noble in our memory even long after the book is closed. Chitra certainly is greater than man and woman put together, though by the strange irony of fate she happens to be both.

The hero of the play next claims our attention. Is he no better than a thoughtless dissolute man seeking only physical perfection even at the risk of losing the fame of his heroic manhood? Poor Arjuna! He desires much to know more

of Chitra in order to "clasp something that can last longer than pleasure, that can endure even through suffering". But herein lies the sadness of his failure to discover the secret of that enduring passion born of unsatiating desire and unsullied thought. He knows little that the eyes of woman, naturally quick in discerning man, get quicker still when they are love-opened. For Chitra painfully notes that the hours of thoughtless pleasure are over and the time has come for her being discarded. The sense of satiety brings with it the desire for change. Arjuna yearns to see Chitra in her manly self riding on the horse and "dispensing glad hope all round her". The same Arjuna, who has spurned her youth when it was devoid of the softness of the woman, kneels before her when by the boon of a God she becomes beautiful. We are thus amused at the contrariness in man and woman when Arjuna is found fickle and Chitra steady, in her feelings. The intensity of pathos overwhelms us when each of them passes through the inner struggle in trying to understand the other. The figurative language and evasive answers of the princess set the mind of Arjuna a-thinking. But all the while her heart is on edge doubting much the strength of Arjuna to retain a steady glow. The battle of wits, so naturally following on a flat refusal from Arjuna for further dalliance, is finely depicted. The keenness of disappointment has none of the soul-killing depression of spirit on Chitra. She earns fresh glory for having suppressed her ego and offering to her Lord the abiding proof of her great devotion to him, a child in the womb, whom, if born a man, she wishes to rear into a second Arjuna.

On the whole the character of Chitra satisfies the tests of an ideal woman. To fully appreciate the purpose of Tagore's introduction in this play of an incident not found in the *Mahabharata*, namely Chitra's metamorphosis into a lovelier being by the grace of a God, we should have the imagination to attribute it to the happy device of the poet to illustrate how the fleeting and the artificial are easily attractive, while the real and the

permanent have no immediate appeal to us. The idea in making Chitra superior to Arjuna in her aims and activities, may be traced perhaps to the real opinion of the poet that the true woman of India has always a nobler function to perform than submissively following her Lord. She is a saviour to many a frail forlorn being, whose soul would have weltered in abject complacency of material prosperity, but for the helping hand of a devoted wife to lead him on to sublimer altitudes. Such a woman is a priceless possession to her husband and acts as his best friend, perfecting his nature by her constant attendance, born of gentility of service and sweetness of disposition.

The last speech of the princess ends with the words "I offer you Chitra, the daughter of a king". The same dignity as at the beginning, but now made doubly worthy of her by the magnanimity of her heart, that persists in self-abnegation, compels us to honour her for all that she stands for—faith, purity, love and sacrifice.

Ode to the Sea

BY A. F. KHABARDAR

My ears are dinn'd with discords of the earth ;
My mind is vex'd ; a hilly heaviness
Doth weigh my heart and squeeze it of its mirth ;
An earthy suffocation doth oppress
My free-born breath with an unusual stress ;
I feel the barren desert burning lone,
That parches all my being with its fire ;
Who shall now make me free ?
I flee in fiery haste to find thy throne,
And hear the solemn voices of thy lyre : .
O save me, hold me in thine ecstasy,
Unfathomable Sea !

Thou organ-voice of Nature's full-blown art !
Thou younger brother of immeasurable Time,
Who fills and yet unfills his bounteous heart
That seems for ever in its fullest prime !
Thou worthy shadow of that Mind sublime
That spreads on earth its depth and vastness grand !
Thy giant size and solemn awe proclaim
Thine august majesty ;
O stretch across thy strong and succouring hand
To one who has, like thee, a foaming frame,
O soothe him at thy million-pearled knee
Illustrious Sea !

Who has not heard thy lyre, immortal Bard !
Who has not felt thy music nobly sung ?
A thousand breezes carry free, unbarr'd,
Thy message to the mountain-daughters young,
Who leap forth from their homes as magic-stung :—

ODE TO THE SEA

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They rush, they rush to thee, down nights and days,
Rush through a thousand rocks and valleys wide,
As I now rush to thee :
O fold us in thy mighty warm embrace,
And seat us in thy heart thro' Love's great tide,
Chanting thy million-tongued melody,
Great Minstrel Sea !

The threshold of thy Palace past, there cease
The mortal mists of earth and sky from sight :—
Ah ! *here* within thy halls of glassy peace
I feel a wavy joy, a white delight,
Which gives my feeble soul new depth-born might.
Thy gloomy grandeur, where no wind even dares
To flutter his wild tempest-scaling wings,
Is the true elegy
Of all the glory of the earth's great heirs,
Buried unknown as kings or common things :
Sing on ; who can unravel thy mystery ?
O potent Sea !

I walk on jewell'd floors and golden sands,
And shells that bear the history of a race ;
I wonder at the starry-fruited lands
That teem with their aquarian populace.
Who can explore thy vast unfathomable space :—
Thy diamond caverns and thy coral caves,
Thy gem-deck'd courts, thy coffered depths divine,
Thy pearly privacy,
Thy living springs, thy ever-blossoming waves,
Thy magic chant that fills our mundane shrine ?
We fail to reach thy cosmic sanctuary,
Immeasurable Sea !

Thou mirror of the fairy Universe !
Wherein she wearies not all night and day

To look and get a glimpse of Truth, that terse
 And nude, gives faithfully her soul away.
 Thou mother of the thundering clouds, that slay
 The tyrant *Grishma*¹ with their pattering spears
 And pour upon the earth thy bounteous bliss
 To bloom again in glee!
 We, who have brief delights and griefs and fears,
 Forget thy rolling tides that never miss
 Thy duty stern, thy self-imposed decree,
 Unswayable Sea!

The great obey the Law: and thou art great;
 The mighty never overleap their bound
 Of self-restraint; their will's inviolate;
 Or if they did, the world would soon be found
 A mass of chaos struggling all round.
 Thou knowest the Law, and greatly yield'st to it:
 Thy constant service, thy undying love,
 Thy true fidelity,
 Thy moon and sun with whom thy heart is knit,
 Thy loftiest task of Life all joys above!
 Could we observe thy great austerity,
 O mighty Sea!

Life flags but tame with those who have no aim,
 No noble impulse stirs their puny mind:
 There is a whitest point in every flame,
 There is a central power each globe behind:
 God says, "Unturn the leaf and there Me find."
 Ah! who could teach us more of Life's great goal,
 Or point our vision to the beaconing gleam
 Than thine high sanctity?
 Let thy eternal whispers lull my soul,
 And let thy rhythmic roll spur my great dream;
 Make my tongue vocal with thy harmony,
 O thundering Sea!

¹ The Lord of Summer.

Chinese Polity and Political Thought

BY PROF. S. V. PUNTAMBEKAR, M.A., BAR-AT-LAW.

Since 1911 China has been trying to maintain a republican form of government. In spite of the attempts of its first President, the late Yuan-shi-kai, and her provincial military governors, the various Trichuns, today in 1929 the Republic of China is a united country and a liberated country, having surmounted under the leadership of the famous nationalist leader, Dr. Sun-yat-sen, and his followers most of her internal difficulties and her external complications. Though internal organisation on modern lines and external relations on an equal international basis will take some time to be consolidated and achieved, China seems now to have reached a stage when the reactionarism of her old officers and Trichuns, and the extra-territorial rights of the foreigners are not likely to return. Her national strength has become centralised and her progress seems to have already started on the basis of the three principles of nationalism, democracy and economic livelihood.

The adoption of a republican and parliamentary form in her central government does not mean that China had no knowledge or practice of democracy in her local government and institutions. Moreover, all her institutions have been democratic in operation. Thus writes Giles in *The Civilisation of China*: "The nominal form of government is an irresponsible autocracy; its institutions are likewise autocratic in form but democratic in operation."

China possesses a long continuous history from about 2800 B. C. and we have chronological information about her kings and dynasties from that period. Though the information about early dynasties is fragmentary, semi-mythical and not well-

authenticated, we begin to learn a good deal about her ideal rulers Yao, Shun and Yu from 2357 B. C. Their period was considered to be her Golden Age which lasted till 2197 B. C. and is also known as the Patriarchal period. Since then, China has had varied political experience in tribal, patriarchal, feudal, imperial and local organisations and also in her internal conflicts of dynasties and external wars with Huns, Tartars, Mongols and Manchus who tried to invade, to conquer and to rule her.

Our knowledge of the Chinese polity and political thought really dates from the writers of the Chou dynasty which lasted from 1122 B. C. to 249 B. C. and which gave thirty-five rulers to China. During this period, great teachers, thinkers and administrators arose. This period is also known as the Classical period of Chinese history, and we have to rely on the writers and books of this period in understanding the principles of Chinese polity and thought. There are unfortunately not many foreign writers even of a later period who can give us an insight into Chinese affairs till William of Rubruk, a Franciscan, and Marco Polo, a Venetian, gave accounts of their Eastern travels to the European world in the thirteenth century. No doubt there are a few references to China by Indians and Arabs who visited the country and stayed there for the purposes of religion or trade.

The great writers who laid down or emphasised the main principles and methods of Chinese society, polity, ethics and philosophy and have moulded Chinese life and thought up-till today are the famous Kung-fu-tse or Confucius (550 B. C.—478 B. C.) and his follower Mang-tse or Mencius (372 B. C.). Other teachers like Lao-tse (604-517 B. C.) and his follower Chuang-tse are more metaphysical and individual in their thought and less ethical and social than the Confucian school. Moti who lived in the fifth century (450 B. C.) was a philosopher of mutual love and an altruist and an idealist who believed that the principle of love could reform society and

maintain it. He founded his philosophy on the ideal of universal goodwill and advocated its full application in the dealings of men.

Loa-tse's school is, as stated above, mystical and metaphysical. In its ethical aspects and results it expects requiting hatred with goodness and following a life of primitive simplicity and purity, of non-assertion and non-resistance. It encourages becoming good, rather than doing good.

Thus there are three chief schools, namely those of Lao-tse, Confucius, and Moti, all of which developed during this period, and which show the fundamental bases of the Chinese mind. The social and ethical character of Confucian teaching and philosophy, the individual and the metaphysical character of Laocian teaching and philosophy, and the democratic and humanitarian character of Motian teaching and philosophy, show the individual, the national, and the cosmopolitan or idealistic traits of the Chinese mind and culture. But for the purposes of polity and political philosophy, the Confucian school advocating social conceptions of authority and obedience is more important as it has really moulded China in that respect. No doubt Laocian and Motian influence has been there but not much in matters of polity and society. One was too enlightenedly egoistic and the other too ideally altruistic. The Confucian school has tried to balance, adjust and harmonise the egoistic and altruistic elements in the composition of the Chinese society and its institutions by preaching a socio-ethical philosophy of strict social conduct, decorum and propriety.

The character of Confucian thought will therefore give us the political ideas of the Chinese. They have no writers who have written on purely political philosophy of the origin, nature, aim, forms and functions of the State, as we find in India the *Arthasastrakaras* and *Rajasastrakaras*, and in Greece the Sophist and the Socratic schools at that early period. Pure political philosophy, divorced and disentangled from other aspects of thought, originated independently only in these two

countries. But it is not that the Chinese writers and teachers were without any political ideas about the State. They were primarily social thinkers and developed a full social philosophy and a code of social rules of propriety and etiquette (*li*) based on certain fundamental conceptions of nature and also of human nature, and of man's moral behaviour. Legge says: "A life ordered in harmony with *li* would realise the highest Chinese ideal and surely a very high ideal of human character." And *li* means "consonance with established principles, rules or customs" which is the highest form of life. Confucius said: "To subdue oneself and return to prosperity (*li*) is perfect virtue."

With the Chinese, State did not mean the whole society, as with the Greek thinkers of the Socratic school. With them the society included the State. To them, amongst the many organised aspects of complete social life, the State is only one aspect. It is an organisation of the community for purely political purposes. State or political community did not mean with them, as with the Greeks, the highest of all communities which embraces and subordinates all the rest. To the Greek, the State is the highest and the best and the self-sufficing entity. It is also the society, and if man is without it, he is, in Aristotle's words, "the tribeless, lawless, hearthless one". Thus here in the political aspect of life and its secular organisation, every other human aspect of life, religious, social, economic, local and personal, was merged. There were no individual rights against the secular State; there was no voluntary self-governing group existence for any other non-political purpose of life outside the State. Man was considered by nature a political animal, and in the State alone—the perfected form of his associative and self-sufficing life—it was stated that he ought to live for attaining his perfect virtue or good. This was the absolutist or idealist conception of the State, omniscient, just, and virtuous. There was none above it, beside it or within it which could oppose its rule and control. In it man's aim and end were justified and achieved.

This absolutist attitude was not adopted towards the origin, aim and function of the State by the Chinese or Hindus, nor did they develop an absolutist philosophy of an idealist State. In this Greek sense or the later Hobbesian, Austinian, Hegelian and Marxian sense, the Chinese and the Hindus did not conceive of the State. Their State theory or conception was purely political and functional, as a subordinate part of a larger social theory of human life and functions based on organic and functional ideas. In their view, human society has a number of aspects and a number of functions. State is only the political aspect, organised for the political function of protection of common interests and removal of conflicts within the social life of the community. In the social constitution and its aims and ideals, the State is bound and limited to its functional purpose. This is really a constitutional theory of politics. Man is not completely subordinated to or merged in the State. He lives a large part of his social and personal life outside it in independent groups or individually. He rises against it if it perverts or confuses its function and encroaches upon his other aspects and liberties of social and individual life.

We must view Chinese political philosophy or State theory from this point of view, and not from the Greek, German or Jurist points of view and deny its having developed any idea of State or political philosophy.

The Chinese do not possess a purely secular aim or standard of life. They possess, in their social customs and propriety ascribed to a Golden Age and past tradition and fully stated by Confucius, also a spiritual or ethical aim which moulds their view-point and inspires their institutions. To them the State does not precede all forms and institutions of life, nor succeed and supersede them as the final or the perfect form, either for the secular life of safety and security or the spiritual and ethical life of the highest good and virtue. We must study, therefore, Chinese political thought in the light of these observations about their views of life and conduct.

The Chinese believed in 'nature', as being good and as prescribing principles and rules for the right conduct of men. Nature is not bad but requites good with good and evil with evil. Thus the order of nature is moral and requires men to observe her laws or principles which are fixed. Men who possess *li* are really "living in consonance with fixed principles of nature". Men must follow it in order to become good, as the whole universe is doing it. This moral way is the way of man and universe. He who achieves it becomes the superior or the ideal or perfect man.

Man is thus conceived as a part of nature and has a function to perform according to nature's standard. He is good by nature. Confucius and Mencius advocated this view about the goodness of human nature. Mencius says: "Benevolence, righteousness, propriety and knowledge are not infused into us from without." Therefore in the beginning, man's nature is good. And if he regulates his life in accordance with the established principles of ethical order and harmony found in nature, his life is correct, moral, virtuous, perfect and best. Consequently his virtues, wisdom, beliefs, customs and institutions must all conform to these aims and principles and help to realise them. And the State is only one of such institutions.

Of course the criticism of such philosophy is how to find out these established principles of nature which are supposed to be embodied in customs. No doubt they are generally attributed to the superhuman or divine genius and wisdom of a teacher or a lawgiver or to those traditions which have survived the test of time and whose origin is not known or shrouded in mystery. Our difficulty, however, is that this can be said about every lawgiver and every ancient custom and hence the result is that there remains no common standard of goodness and its principles, and there are often conflicting standards found amongst different peoples and different ages or even amongst the same people. Such an interpretation of nature and its goodness leads to an authoritarian and static

conception of society which is not very helpful to freedom and progress. It emphasises rigid forms, traditional ideas and static conceptions.

In order to get a proper idea of the Chinese conception of the State, the following extract from Confucius will help us :

"The illustrious ancients, when they wished to make clear and propagate the highest virtues to the world, first put their States in proper order. Before putting their States in proper order, they regulated their families. Before regulating their families, they cultivated their own selves. Before cultivating their own selves, they perfected their souls. Before perfecting their souls, they tried to be sincere in their thoughts. Before trying to be sincere in their thoughts, they extended to the utmost their knowledge. Such extension of knowledge lay in the investigation of things and seeing them as they really were. When things were thus investigated, knowledge became complete. When knowledge was complete, their thoughts became sincere. When thoughts became sincere, their souls became perfect. When their souls became perfect, their own selves became cultivated. When their selves were cultivated, families became regulated, their States came to be put into proper order. When their States were in proper order, then the whole world became peaceful and happy."

Here in this statement we find that the greatest emphasis is laid upon complete knowledge and sincere thought and virtuous character as the primary bases on which any social foundations could be raised and maintained. Hence the character of Chinese thought and the spirit of her social institutions could hardly be absolutist and authoritarian in character and working. The Chinese did not believe in revelations. They believed in the highest virtue and wisdom and accepted as guides philosophers like Confucius, Mencius or Lao-tse. Political power in the shape of royal absolutism or parliamentary sovereignty which made and sanctioned laws was not contemplated or allowed by the Chinese thought and practice. With them there is a law above and behind the political power itself.

The people could resist or rebel when the political power encroached upon this antecedent constitution and conception of society. The ruler was there no doubt to interpret and apply its rules and principles but not to change or subvert them. The people were the real and ultimate voice of the Heaven.

Western writers state that the Chinese form of government is based on the patriarchal idea and is a benevolent paternalism, while in Western political philosophy the development is a movement away from the patriarchal idea to an idea of the State as an abstract personality possessing inherent sovereignty.

No doubt the Chinese emphasise upon the leading of the good life by the people as well as by the ruler, but this does not mean they conceived of the Empire merely as an enlarged family under a patriarchal head who was all in all. The Emperor is merely a judge and a magistrate with definite functional duties. If he is considered a representative or Son of the Heaven, it is only for a certain purpose and under certain conditions. The ruler must be a sage so that there will be a great harmony in all things, and virtue, righteousness, and propriety will all remain in their proper places. He must know the laws of life and nature, get in harmony with the great scheme of things, and then direct the people in accordance with those laws. The successful ruler must know, understand, and direct his administration in conformity with the great laws of Heaven and Earth. Royal government no doubt was accepted as the ideal and only form by the Confucian school. But the ideal ruler was to take care in learning what led to perfection and excellence in government and in avoiding their opposites. The Chinese theory is a theory of government by good examples. There is the paternal notion only for the stressing of the welfare of the people. But there is no patriarchal tyranny, absolutism or despotism of the royal power, indicated or accepted by any writers of note of the Classical period who have moulded the Chinese mind and practice for all these centuries.

The Chinese believe in the idea of one ruler, and the Empire as a sort of family with the Emperor at its head. The Emperor represents Heaven. 'Hwungti' meaning Emperor, signifies one possessing complete virtues and able to act on heavenly principles. There is no divine right conception here, because the Heaven is not understood as any personal God. The Chinese Heaven is more a system of nature, and its laws can be understood and observed by any one through the exercise of his own faculties. They are laws of body and mind, and they come about through natural associations of men with men. The most perfect expressions of the will of Heaven are those expressed by the model rulers like Yao, Shun and Yu. They are not supernatural but wise and virtuous men, whose government was one of men of merit and happiness. Such an ideal ruler having positive wisdom, virtue and knowledge, is a representative of the Heaven working for the welfare of the people. There is no revealed code. He is not a priest or a divine monarch. Good government is the Emperor's responsibility, and his failure to discharge it is a sign of his unfitness and a cause for his removal. His failure means Heaven's displeasure. The people's right to depose him is inherent in his failure. If the Emperor is not virtuous or benevolent, he cannot remain as a ruler. The people are justified in deposing him. It is their recognised right. Hence there is no absolutist theory of the State, and no absolute right of the ruler. The State is a functional organisation and the ruler is a constitutional monarch. The constitution is laid down in the 'Great Plan' which prescribes the virtues of the ruler, his constituent and welfare functions, his responsibilities and duties, his departments and their work, and other necessary matters. This 'Great Plan' is in accordance with the law of nature. The ruler does not question the various relations and rules which Heaven has fixed but learns to keep them in harmony and order. This is the great Royal or perfect way. It is a government by a good man. His goodness is judged by his ability to carry out the 'Great Plan' which may be called a code.

or a constitution of good laws, laying down the duties of the ruler and the ruled. The 'Great Plan' is thus a regular scheme of government, its nature and functions.

There is a very great democratic conception amongst the Chinese which makes the people's pleasure or displeasure as the index of Heaven's approval or disapproval of the ruler's actions. Benevolence, righteousness, propriety, knowledge and harmony with the laws of nature, are to be the characteristics of a ruler.

Thus there is only one form of Government recognised and that is monarchy of a benevolent and virtuous type with a right of the people to depose a ruler if he goes wrong. Monarchy is an office and not a possession or ownership. It is not based on birth or force or any sanction but on the proper attainment of the wisdom and virtue by the ruler. The wise ruler acts for the commonweal and order of the people. Thus the people's position is very important in the government. The power of the people is the deciding voice. The government exists for the benefit of the governed. According to Mencius, "the people are the most important element; the sovereign the least important". "Heaven sees as my people see: Heaven hears as my people hear." The people and their voluntary groups and associations cannot be forced into submission by the ruler. Therefore it is the considered opinion of the scholars that the Chinese government, though paternal and autocratic in form, is democratic in its actual practice.

Whenever personal government is not limited by benevolence, it is despotic. The Chinese rulers were subject to restrictions almost as good as a written constitution. These were restrictions based on custom and rules of propriety, as binding as any restriction can be. The ruler cannot be absolute. He had no power to dispose at will of the lives and property of his subjects. The theory of the ruler being the Son of Heaven does not exempt him in political and personal matters from a definite code of etiquette, propriety, rules and aims. The ruler

was subject to Heaven and the people determined what Heaven might be, according to Mencius. It was Confucius who laid down the system of propriety and interpreted the 'Great Plan' which was accepted by China and her social thinkers as their social and political constitution. Confucius emphasises on the people's part. "When a prince loves what the people love and hates what the people hate, then he is what is called the parent of the people." This is surely democratic in spirit and a response to the people's will. The wishes of the people gave the sanction to the rulers. Mencius says: "A sovereign who oppresses the people will be slain, and his kingdom will perish".

The attitude of the rulers and their authority were not to be despotic. The people were the final arbiters about the personal right of the rulers to rule and were thus the supreme political sovereign in the State.

The ruler has no right of legislation. The State is only concerned with the penal code. The civil law is not a State institution at all. It is the Chinese family and clan which regulate civil matters. In a number of non-political aspects of life, the Chinese form voluntary groups, and co-operative associations or guilds which regulate their lives and business. The village communities do a large part of self-governing work and are largely independent of the central government except for the payment of certain taxes. Mr. Thomas, a writer on Chinese political thought, calls the Chinese government, in spite of its monarchic form, a democracy in theory and practice. We can say that the Emperor really is only a symbol of unity of the Chinese people and a ceremonial centre of their political, religious and social constitution, and a link between the Heaven and the Earth, as the Son of the one and the parent or the representative of the other.

The Chinese civil service was organised, not on birth or wealth or religious privileges, but on the principle of merit and educational qualifications. There were no caste, noble or

priest privileges. The best man, tested in a competition open to all, was chosen as an official.

Thus the Chinese democracy rested on the following ideas :—

- (1) The people's right to rebellion against the ruler who departs from the fundamental scheme and plan and propriety of the Chinese constitution.
- (2) Heaven's will is based on the people's will.
- (3) The people's non-political aspects of life organised by them in self-governing groups and co-operative associations or guilds which are democratically worked and are prior to and apart from the State.
- (4) The people's local units such as villages and towns worked on a self-governing plan as also their family and clan organisations in their own sphere of life.
- (5) The official class is chosen in a competitive examination which is open to all.
- (6) The ruler has no law-making power in civil matters. He is only a judge or an arbiter and an administrator.
- (7) He must conform to certain standards of virtue and propriety. Otherwise he is unfit and loses his right to rule and is to be deposed. He and his officials must both be virtuous and wise, and know, and work for, the good of the people, interfering as little as possible in their daily and normal life. They are there only to promote the virtue and to prevent the evil as understood, laid down and interpreted, by the Chinese sages of the Classical period of the Chou dynasty.

Such in short seems to be the character and working of the Chinese political mind and institutions before the advent of the Western influence and forms of government in the central power from 1911, when the modern Chinese republican period starts.

“An Idealist's Dream”

BY P. B. SATHE, B.A., LL.M., M.R.A.S.¹

“Tuck, Tuck, Tuck, Hullo, are you in, Prabhakar?” I knocked at the door, and enquired.

Prabhakar was my friend from childhood. We were in the same primary school and continued our studies in the Amraoti High School together. We matriculated in the same year and joined the same college in Poona. Prabhakar was considered to be a very brilliant student indeed. He used to write short stories and poems and these used to be published in different magazines. Prabhakar's photograph had also once been published in a special issue of one magazine along with his short story. The financial position of Prabhakar's family was not very happy. He was very fastidious. He had taken his photograph from the best photographic studio by paying rather exorbitant rates and had sent it for publication. He always felt that he was a gifted poet and born writer. He was conscious of his abilities. I did not like this, but apart from this, he was really a loving friend.

“Hullo, Prabhakar, what are you at?” said I.

Prabhakar was sitting at his writing table. He turned round.

“Hullo, come on, Wasudeo” said he, and pushed his curly hair from off his broad forehead.

“O! how are you out at such an odd time in the afternoon?” said Prabhakar.

“Good gracious” said I, “Is this afternoon? It is past 5-30, my good friend. Did you not realise what the time was? You writers are very strange people indeed!”

“What do you say, Wasu? Is that 5-30?” said Prabhakar,

¹ Adapted from his own short-story in Marathi.

and wiped his glasses. "Good heavens! I do not know how time passed. I sat at the table at 1-30 and 4 hours have passed since then!"

"But, Prabhakar, what are you at? Can I see what you are writing?" and I moved to the table.

"O, No," said Prabhakar. "You cannot see the papers. A guest cannot come into the kitchen and test the dishes before they are served."

"Enough of that, Prabhakar. Pray let me see what you are writing. You write nice stories and that is why I am so anxious to see what you are writing. Would you at least let me know what you are writing about?"

"Yes, I may oblige you by doing so", said Prabhakar and he again wiped his glasses. "Do you know the well-known magazine, *Vihar*?"

"Yes" said I.

"The learned Editor of that magazine has asked me to write a novel for it. You know the Editor of the magazine, that well-known gentleman, Mr. Apte. He is going to publish my novel this year as a prize book to the subscribers of his periodical. How do you like the idea?"

"Oh, Lo. Our Prabhakar then is going to come before the world as a novelist. Well, Prabhakar, let me tell you I really love to read your stories," said I.

"And really do you do so," he peered through his glasses at me and cast on me a wondering look. His eyes began to sparkle with delight.

"Do you really do so?" Prabhakar again said.

"Yes, I do" said I "I really like your stories. I read your stories published in *Manoranjan* so often. Prabhakar, I really think you are going to be a very great writer indeed, but I hope you will not forget a friend like me."

Prabhakar was looking at the ceiling: perhaps he might be thinking of his future greatness as an author. After a short time he laughed.

"Have you finished your nonsense?" said Prabhakar.

"You may call my speech nonsense," said I "I cannot write nice love-stories like you. I cannot even write good answers to the questions set in the examination. Sometimes I do write letters to my father, but they are very formal."

"And what about those letters addressed to Mrs. Wasudeo?" said Prabhakar, and laughed a mischievous laugh.

"My wife is a girl of the old type. She needs one hour to read a postcard and two hours to write it and with all that

"Enough of this," said Prabhakar "You are getting a naughty boy. You are really a bookworm. You have absolutely no idea what romance means."

"I do not care to know what romance means, but tell me please what novel you are writing and would you not stop your writing now?" said I.

"No, No," said Prabhakar. "Today is the 15th of September. The special issue of *Vihar* is going to be out on the *Diwali* day and my book will also be published at the same time."

"I must now try to finish my novel as early as possible," said Prabhakar, and he began to collect the scattered pages of his manuscript.

"Why, Prabhakar, you seem to be getting fond of Mr. Apte. What is your idea? You want to marry his daughter, Kusum, it seems. She is in our class. You want to be a writer for Mr. Apte's magazine and then to be his son-in-law. Very splendid idea, and I do not think it will be a bad match."

"A fine stroke, indeed," said Prabhakar and he again pushed back his curly hair and cast a casual look in the mirror hanging on the wall. "A prosaic man like you has become a poet now; but tell me, Wasu, why should I not get Mr. Apte's Kusum? They say I am a good writer and, if I am successful, I am bound to get fame and money, both. I shall then be able to keep Kusum in comfort. Why should I not then aspire to win the hand of Kusum in marriage?"

"Oh, Sheikh Mohamad! Do not begin to build castles in the air like this. You must have lots of money to get Kusum's hand. Mr. Apte may praise you as a good writer but he would not marry you to his Kusum if you have not got heaps of money—Be sure that Kusum would not also like to marry a poor man like you."

"Then you can see it, Wasu," said Prabhakar. "It is my ambition to marry Kusum. I know that she reads my stories and likes them. I believe that I am going to be a successful writer and also going to earn heaps of money as an author. Be sure that I am going to make Kusum quite comfortable in my house."

"Amen", said I, "this is all that your friend would wish."

"Remember this, Wasu," said Prabhakar, "note what I say. Today is the 15th of September 1921. Within 5 years from this date you will find Prabhakar known as a very great author and writer of Maharashtra. You will find me very rich and living a very happy life with Kusum".

"Be it so," said I "but enough of these dreams. Let us now go for a walk".

Prabhakar pushed back his hair again. He brushed those unruly curls, put on his coat and looked at the papers lying on the table. The name of the novel which Prabhakar was writing was *An Idealist's Dream*. We left Prabhakar's room. We heard the sound of a motor-horn. We turned to the left and a motor passed by us. It belonged to Dr. Paranjpye. Miss. Kusum Apte was one of the occupants.

* * * * *

The next year I left Poona and began to look after my lands. I learnt that Prabhakar had also left Poona but I did not know where he had gone. Our correspondence also stopped after some time. I was an agriculturist after all. We people who have to look to cultivation do not get time to write letters.

I went to see my brother-in-law in September 1926 at Khandwa. Accidentally I met Prabhakar in the way.

"Halo, Prabhakar," said I.

"Halo, Wasu," exclaimed Prabhakar.

I went with Prabhakar to his house. Prabhakar was a clerk in the Khandwa post-office. He used to get Rs. 50 a month. His wife was ailing and therefore Prabhakar had to cook himself. Prabhakar had two children and they were also very weak. "Wasu," said Prabhakar. "Let me go to the bazaar for a short time. I want to make some purchases. Today is the 15th of September. There are still 15 days more, and then I shall get my pay. It is such a hard time and one is always in difficulties for money."

We heard the sound of a motor-horn and a beautiful car passed by Prabhakar's house. "Whose car is this, Prabhakar?" I asked. "Oh, it belongs to Dr. Deshmukh. Dr. Desumukh is Civil Surgeon here, you know, and Mrs. Deshmukh was driving the car" said Prabhakar, rubbing his bearded chin.

"But I remember to have seen this lady somewhere, Prabhakar," I enquired.

"Yes, you have seen her," said Prabhakar. "Do you not remember Miss Kusum Apte who was with us in the college? It is she. She is now married to Dr. Deshmukh, but pray wait for a short time and let me go to the bazaar. I will come back within 15 minutes." And he walked out of the room. I sat on and looked round the room. A book was lying on the table. It was a torn book and some of its pages were missing. I looked at it. It was Prabhakar's own book. Its name was *An Idealist's Dream*. I began to glance through those tattered pages of that book, *An Idealist's Dream*.

The Indo-British Mutual Welfare League

To
SIR,
The Editor, 'Triveni'
Lyceum Club,
138, Piccadilly,
London, W. 1. Nov, 7th, '29.

May we use the columns of your esteemed paper to draw attention to the work of "The Indo-British Mutual Welfare League" a non-political and non-sectarian organisation of Indian and British men and women in London, linked together for greater friendship and mutual service? The Aims and Objects of the League, as set out its official leaflet, are as follows:—

(1) To promote a closer friendship between India and Britain through mutual understanding and service. (2) To help existing organisations in their work of social development. (3) To provide a bureau where accurate information on India may be obtained. (4) To assist Indian visitors to become acquainted with welfare work in Britain. (5) To hold lectures and conferences on social subjects of interest to Britishers and Indians. (6) To raise a Scholarship Fund for students.

Recent events have awakened considerable British interest in Indian Problems, resulting in the growth of several societies and committees desirous of helping India on her path of social progress. The League, as a strong central unit, is endeavouring to affiliate all such existing organisations and has on its Committee representatives from The Women's Indian Association (Mrs. D. Jinarajadasa), British Commonwealth League (Mrs. Rama Rau), Saroj Nalini Dutt Memorial Association for the spread of Women's Institutes (Mrs. Matthai), The Ladies Auxiliary Committee of The Indian Y.M.C.A. (Mrs. M. Palit) etc.

The spirit animating the League is one of mutual responsibility with a willingness to learn rather than a wish to dictate.

In placing these facts and avenues for co-operation before your public, we invite response from your readers and would welcome any suggestions and criticisms.

Yours faithfully,
(Lady) EMILY LUTYENS, *Chairman.*
MRS. HANNAH SEN, *Jt. Secretary.*

Ferry Boat¹

BY KAVIKONDALA VENKATA RAO B.A., B.L.

Bring me to this side
The ferry boat from that side.
In the field, my husband
Will be thinking of me.
It is already noon:
The Sun is just overhead.
I bring my husband hot rice and curry.
He gets angry with me
Sitting in the threshing floor.
He waits for me under the short mango-tree.
There are passengers for thee always
Who go this way and that way every day.
I am of the village,
And only for today, O Lord!
Bring me to this side
The ferry boat from that side.

Translated by the Poet from his own TELUGU song.

¹ Originally published in *Poetry and the Play* Edited by Mr. S. F. Wright.

Of Twilight

BY KAVIKONDALA VENKATA RAO, B.A., B.L.

"A damsel of darkness or of light,
Who are you? my beloved!"

"I am of neither. I am of twilight.
With the finished ray of the frolicksome evening Sun,
Falling upon my forehead;
With the lace border of my thin white saree
Sweeping earth's uppermost bed;
I bear my brazen pitcher,
And bring fresh water from the well
Sunk in the Temple precincts."

"It doesn't matter. Tell me, my beloved!
If it be hoary stars or glorious moon,
What time you retrace your steps from the well."

"Why do you want it?
Of what avail would it be?
Anyway the silver ring on my toe
Doth by itself tinkle
As we meet,
And water in my pitcher,
Doth of itself outsprinkle,
The moment we each other greet."

Translated by the Poet from his own TELUGU song.

Trichinopoly: the Athens of South India

BY L. N. GUBIL SUNDARESAN

The part played by Trichinopoly in South Indian History before the advent of the Muhammadans and after the British advent is too well-known to be mentioned here. But the vicissitudes of the fortunes of Trichinopoly in the intervening period have not generally received the attention which their importance deserves. The importance of Trichinopoly throughout the period of South Indian political greatness is due not only to its geographical position but also to its topography. Its situation in the Cauvery Delta and its topographical features, reminiscent of ancient Athens, have made it the key to political predominance in the Carnatic.

The greatness of modern Trichinopoly may be said to have commenced with the establishment of the Nayak rule in the far South in the second quarter of the sixteenth century. It was during the regime of Visvanatha Nayak that Trichinopoly, which had just before been under the Tanjore ruler, was included in the Madura kingdom in virtue of a decree of the Emperor of Vijayanagar. The town was rendered fit for human habitation, thanks to the exertions of the Nayak, who further made himself responsible for the excavation of the Teppakulam tank.

Though Trichinopoly, owing to its strategical importance, received the closest attention of the Nayaks, for its position as a capital of the kingdom it was indebted to Muttuvirappa who in 1616 changed his headquarters to it with the object of making effective war on the king of Tanjore. So by the time of the accession of Tirumala Nayak to the throne, Trichinopoly had become the capital of the Madura kingdom. Another event which contributed to enhance the position and importance of Trichinopoly

was a famous battle which was fought at that place about 1616 during the Great Civil War which convulsed and debilitated the Vijayanagar Empire shortly after, and in consequence of, the death of the glorious sovereign, Venkatapati Raya. That battle has been described as the battle of Trichinopoly by the Jesuit writer Barradas. But the more exact researches of recent times have shown that the battle was fought at Topur (modern Tohur) near Trichinopoly.

But we can rightly speak of the battle of Trichinopoly as it might be reasonably supposed that the greatest and most decisive battle of the most calamitous civil war necessitated a particularly large army whose activities could well have ranged from Topur to Trichinopoly. The battle of Trichinopoly was more ruinous to the Empire than the epoch-making battle of Talikota had been. Thus Trichinopoly witnessed the greatest event in the post-Talikota history of Vijayanagar, an event which may be regarded as having given the death-blow to the once mighty and prosperous Hindu Empire of Vijayanagar.

Tirumala Nayak, for reasons which need not be discussed here, transferred the headquarters of the kingdom to Madura, but the loss of prestige thus sustained by Trichinopoly was made good later by Chokkanatha Nayak about 1665. From that date to the end of the Nayakship of Madura (to about 1736), it remained the capital of the kingdom. During the reigns of Tirumala Nayak and Chokkanatha Nayak there was a vast extension of Jesuit missionary enterprise at Trichinopoly.

It is hardly necessary to chronicle the varying fortunes of Trichinopoly which may be described briefly as a series of sieges of the place by the the Mysore General, Kumarayya. During the regency of the famous and good Mangammal, Trichinopoly maintained its position intact. The last event which deserves to be mentioned here was the suicide of Minakshi, the last Nayak sovereign, owing to the treacherous policy of Chanda Sahib.

The Wonderful

BY V. V. CHINTAMANI, M.A. •

Lovely was fire and wonderful;
I caught it like a fruit and scorched
My frail and delicate fingers
To know that fire was hot and cruel.

Often I leapt to pluck out
The ruddy rising Sun from his heaven,
The more I gazed the fiercer he grew
And blinded my wondering eyes.

Out of a handful of snow
I chiselled a lovely statue,
Which melted as I was making it
And I wondered its dissolving with my own heat.

I pleased my serpent soul
With the harmony of my senses,
When the music ceased it bit me to the consciousness
Of "what is wonderful is dangerous".

Utopia

BY V. V. CHINTAMANI, M.A.

What steeds will carry me, O,
What steeds will carry me,
Towards the land I vaguely see
The dream-land of true Love?

Where be the engines swift, O,
Where be the engines swift,
To reach beyond this life's rail-road
The dream-domain of Truth?

Where are seaworthy ships, O,
Where are seaworthy ships,
To cross the ocean-streams of Time
And touch the Dream-cape of Hope?

Will Zeppelins succeed, O,
Will Zeppelins succeed,
To over-soar life's endless space
And gain the dream-heaven of Peace?

'Tis fancy lends me wings, Aye,
'Tis fancy lends me wings,
To shoot myself with eagle-speed
To my dream-land of Cheer?

Iarpakai Nayanar: A Play

BY K. N. SUNDARESAN, M.A.

[*Original Story*: Iarpakai Nayanar was famous in Kaveri-Pumpatnam for his great charity and bounty and for his refusal to let depart any devotee of Siva unless he took from the Nayanar whatever he may be pleased to ask. One day Siva came to him in the disguise of a Yogi and desired as his gift the Nayanar's wife! Nayanar swerved not from his promise. But his friends and relations objecting, the Nayanar at the Sanyasi's request, with sword in hand, escorted them both to the end of the village. Leaving them in a grove beyond the village gates, the Nayanar was returning home when he heard a cry "Iarpakai! *Abhayam!*" "Who molests thee?" cried the Nayanar and when he ran to the spot, the Yogi had vanished. Husband and wife understood it all as an ordeal planned by Siva. Suddenly Parvati and Parameswara coming on their *Rishabha Vahanam* gave them *darsan*, and took them to Kailas.]

A STREET

SANYASI: (to himself) What a dance he danced today, now before me at the temple! Uma wondered if it was myself come in disguise and dancing there! What a soul of prayer sang in that voice quaking the worlds across with its rapt threads of ecstasy! "Thy feet! Thy feet!"—thus he caught my feet in the tangle of his music—His heart's strings spread a net around me. He is gathering the net into his hands and I,—the willing bird,—rejoice his house is near! I shall know today how full his bounty can be! (Pointing to a house) I shall ask the boy. (Aloud) Little one, can you tell me? (Aside) Here it is. Ah! he runs to play, he heeds not my words. But—is my disguise perfect? This third eye! close thou!—bang thy door upon the future! Be like a *Tilaka* which men fondly wear to look like me—their God! No, no. What a mad fool I was! A Sanyasi wears no *Tilaka*. Boy! boy! just a word, stay!

BOY: It is their turn now; tell me quick! What for?

SAN: Will you show me the house of the richest man hereabout?

BOY: There, there it is.

SAN: What! so *poor-looking*! Surely that cannot be.

BOY: I don't know. It is the richest of all houses here. Most flows out from that door—must that not be the richest then?

SAN: Look! the houses, on either side—yet. . .

BOY: Swami, you are coming here a guest, don't you want the kindest house, the most hospitable roof to shelter thee even if it be not as high as the sky and the stars?

SAN: Yes, such a house, show me such a one!

BOY: Then go in—enter. Hesitate not that the lamp that burns within is tiny and dull!—Or come to mine if thou wouldst meet frowning brows—will you come there?

SAN: I will go with thee.

BOY: To curse my father! No, I will not take you there.

SAN: Nor will I come. When doors await ready open, why should I knock at closed ones? My journey is as long as the world—come along. This is the house? The pial is deserted!

BOY: There! They call me to the game! I cannot tarry—I must be away!—There is always somebody at the door.—Go, call!

SAN: Just a moment; go in and announce a guest. Go, my good son! . . .

(BOY RUNS INTO THE HOUSE)

What creaking noise is that?—the creaking of a swing?

(A PAUSE. BOY COMES OUT RUNNING)

Did you announce me? What was he doing?

BOY: He was swinging in the swing!

SAN: Who else? May I go in?

BOY: All of them—Sarada too! He is coming!

(THE BOY VANISHES INTO THE STREET)

SAN: Play, play! all play for the boy! Poor boy! But know I not men too?—old, aged men whom I call but who heed me not!

(NAYANAR RUSHES OUT, IN HASTE)

NAY: Come, Holy Swami, come! Forgive me, thou hadst to wait.

(STUMBLES AT THE DOOR) And my *Sashtanga* prostrations!

SAN: You paint a holy look to your awkward fall! Yet, I will call it a prostration. God bless you and your poverty!

NAY: I came in haste—hence I stumbled. As to my poverty—I thank God—His Ganga He has untied from His locks, to shower her upon my roof in plenty, living as I am in this city where Kaveri runs, pouring her waters.

SAN: You want to be the ocean itself—Many rivers and rills swelling your idle treasury—God bless you so!

NAY: Nay, nay, the thin stream too falls into the ocean—so let my little hand overflow through its finger crevices! Who is it in the corridor? Sarada! Nalinai! Bring another lamp!

(SARADA, WITHIN) yes, Papa!

SAN: I hear you are the richest merchant here—yet such lamps you light in the home! So ill-looking a house! A miser!

NAY: God sends not darkness in vain. Is it not sin for mortals to pierce it with ray-arrows of light and to mock his purpose with a vain blaze all night long? Swami, is not night rest after weary day, to withdraw the eyes in the dark to look within? A little lamp suffices. And when devotion encroaches upon the night, . . . lamps we will have—like stars—never like the glare of the sun.—Be seated, Father!

(NALINAI ENTERS, WITH A LAMP)

Place it in that niche. Pour oil into the other too—and raise the wick to the brim of the cup.

(NALINAI DOES SO)

SAN: Ha! how wondrous it glows! The lotus blooms in sunlight, the *alli* (kumudam) in moonlight, and woman in the lamp-light! Is it not so? Only, I mean—has not the lamp its own splendour of light?

(NALINAI LIFTS HER EYES TO HIM, AND GOES WITHIN)

NAY: Leave the baby here, prepare for his *puja*—bring milk and flowers. Ask Sarada to come. Both, bow to the Holy feet!

(NALINAI LEAVES THE BABY ON THE FLOOR)

Bow to him! Where is Sarada? (NALINAI BOWS)
(the child cries) Ah, even this she cannot bear! She is sleepy, she must be put to bed. Take her within and bring the offerings.

(NALINAI GOES WITHIN)

SAN: Is she your daughter?

NAY: Yes.

SAN: That beautiful girl, . . . she is an *apsarasi*! You may be proud of her!

NAY: Who, who? No, no! that child—not she!—she is my wife.

SAN: Wife? I thought not so. This is the only child?

NAY: My eldest son is sailing the seas—he is a pearl-merchant—he is wandering in foreign lands.

SAN: Have you no fear that this pearl of a son may sink into the sea no more to proudly come to you calling "Father!"

NAY: Death is everywhere, like God. Hence I know, Death is God. Why should I fear for my boy? If God loves my darling more than I do, then He will take him home and I grudge not the pearl to shine on His worthier bosom!

(ENTER SARADA)

SAR: Papa! Papa!

NAY: Bow to the Swami!

SAN: God descend to earth as thy husband!

NAY: Sit down, dear! sit down!

SAN: How exactly like her mother she looks!

NAY: She is my daughter Sarada. Sit down. Sing to him thy song about Uma! Let him hear!

SAR: I will bring the flowers. Mother asked me to take them here. She is putting baby to sleep, I will bring them anon.

SAN: About Uma! Let me see, let me see, sit down! (Goes to catch her) Oh! She has escaped out of my hands Will you not sing? I do not want your *puja*!

(SARADA GOES WITHIN)

NAY: She is very shy. I have myself asked her to sing it to me—she won't. We must catch her when all alone. She sings, her voice enchanting the invisible audience outside.

SAN: Hush! Is it she? The snakes may rush out (looking at his neck and waist) Where are they? The child is in danger!

NAY: What! You search about neck and waist? Do you wear serpents like Siva?

SAN: (Aside) Ah! I forgot! (Aloud) And I am not His devotee in vain! I do wear sometimes, but now I have not brought them here. I forgot! Hush! Is it she? That song?

NAY: I think so!

SAN: The ordinary voice—what a pitch it takes on, as it begins to burst in song!

NAY: It is her mother.

SAN: I thought so—voice and form must go together! Hush!

(SONG FROM WITHIN)

Come, sleep! wrap my darling in thy cosy dark! Wrap her safe from the dread fears of the night,

Blind their eyes to vain fruitless groping, my darling must step
 into the lovely dark sleep,
 Watch her as thou watchest for the golden cloud for thee to
 come and go,
 Open wide thy drowsy dim eyes,
 Guard her jealously, and bring my darling back again to her
 eager mamma in the moon.
 Come, Sleep, O come!
 SAN: I feel like falling asleep! My eyes and head whirl
 round and round! Ah! only the sweetness of the song
 keeps me awake. No, no, lullabies must not be sung thus
 —the child would never sleep!
 NAY: Such is the sweetness of a home! Feel you not the
 village sleeps, lulled by the song?
 SAN: Hush! Again! I know the baby has not slept! Didn't
 I say?

(SONG)

Come, sleep, creep upon her senses slowly, softly, slowly as she
 searches at the roof for thee!
 But, sleep, good sleep, come not in the guise of death to steal
 my darling's eyes away,
 At her heart rocks a cradle, where joyous, merrily, eternally
 thou may swing and swing, keep the heart ever swinging,
 Come, sleep, creep softly on her soft chubby form. Let the cradle
 rock ever, ever, though she sleeps!
 NAY: Slumber enfolds her now!
 SAN: Sleep in the guise of death! Ah! singing of death
 to a child just born!! Strange indeed is your home!
 NAY: Why not, Swami? Death! How soon it begins to chase
 birth—as soon as born? This ceaseless coursing of the
 blood in the veins round and round—is not this chase
 and pursuit and escape at last the sure catching of the
 prey?
 SAN: Such a song my mother too should have sung—but they
 are flown from memory! My mother!! (laughs)

NAY: Didst thou never marry?
 SAN: Never was a home for me, for a lullaby has lulled my
 ears.
 NAY: But peace is in your soul! O great Holiness! What a
 vow had been yours!—What penance! No song can
 melt you. Because here first you have heard to-night
 —meseems . . .
 (ENTER SARADA)
 NAY: Where is mamma?
 SAR: She is putting baby to sleep. She asked me to go.
 NAY: What is this? She must come for the *pūja*.
 SAR: Why? Is not you who must do it? Mamma said so.
 NAY: She too must come. The baby sleeps.
 SAN: But she must keep the cradle going! How can she
 come?
 NAY: No, no, bid her come, Sarada!

(SARADA GOES WITHIN).

SAN: No *pūja* for me—make it all at the temple! Don't waste
 the good milk on my dusty feet or the fragrance of
 flowers on one who has lost all sense for it. Not for
 these I come to man!
 NAY: Worship of His devotee ascends through him to heaven!
 SAN: True, true, but this will suffice, I will give you my
prasadam—touching the gifts with my hand, will it not
 be a blessing? Give me the flowers here—where is the
kumkumam? For them,—and . . . this *vibhuthi*
 here for you. (Enter Nalinai and Sarada) Sarada!
 come here. No, I will not place it on the hand—I will
 mark it myself between the brow and parting of the hair.
 NAY: Stay yet, Sarada! the flowers! take them!
 SAN: Why, I will wind it round the knot of hair behind. What
 Sarada! why laugh? that an old man should do this?
 SAR: You have not done it well at all. How it falls here and
 peeps there!
 SAN: Arrange it as you like. Now let the mother come.

(NALINAI STRETCHES HER HAND TO TAKE THE *Kumkumam*)

SAN: No, I will mark it myself.

NAY: Bend down, bend down! Bend down!

SAN: Why close your eyes? If you are afraid to look at me straight, turn behind, I will wind the flower-wreath on your locks.

(NALINAI RISING)

NAL: What a Sanyasi, you! And my lord! He insults the wife, and you look on! What a husband! Fie upon your *prasadam*. I wipe off the *Kumkumam*!

(WIPES IT OFF FROM FOREHEAD AND RUNS IN)

SAN: A curse on her!

NAY: You are in a disguise! What profligacy has come here in holy robes! I took thee for a better!!

SAN: Who do you think I am? Fine hospitality to the guest at your door! Insolence! A hypocrite and a profligate! You dare call a holy man thus! Here and now you shall suffer for it.

NAY: And you are a guest? A homeless wanderer? From door to door a guest begging alms?—thus you behave! a beggar cringing for your daily bread—ah! you are no Sanyasi! you are a villain in holy clothing! Away! Out with you! The roof will fall of itself on your head to have roofed a knave like you!

SAN: I will go anon—but not before my curse! Thus you treat a guest! what a guise you put on in the temple where you danced in ecstasy! You shall see me yet as a Sanyasi, grim and stern, with ready doom in voice and eye! Come—my *Kamandalu* and stick!

NAY: Many a guest has come and gone—I never saw the like of you! Do what thou wilt. If you are a Sanyasi indeed, you will rue your insult to a wife—your own wrath will recoil on your head. If you are not—you deserve my words. Do what you will—step out from my door—Not one moment more—you desecrate this home—this altar of Siva.

SAN: Not till you drag me out! Come, dare touch me! Ah! There is no water here! Ganga! Yamuna! See the erstwhile empty pitcher now—there is a handful! Now. . . .

SAR: Papa, papa! he mumbles to himself—some magic mantram! Look!

NAY: Let him close his eyes—muse or mumble or pray, curse or bless! Reck him not—go in, go to mamma. Darkness is in his mind as without, about his eyes.

SAR: You must not, Swami, you must not!

(SHE SPILLS DOWN THE WATER IN HIS HAND)

SAN: Who did it? Vile girl! You dare touch me!

SAR: Forgive him! Forgive papa!

SAN: Away, or on you too the thunder falls!

SAR: Let the lightning pluck my eyes away too! Forgive them, forgive papa.

SAN: Foolish girl! Forgive? Again—I will do it, will you knock down the water?

SAR: But there is no water! What will you do?

SAN: No water! there is enough to drown you and all here—the whole city! Again!

NAY: Sarada! what can he do? Let him murmur his threats to himself! He has closed his eyes. Let us see what his eyes will open upon. Call mother here: She must see this fun. (laughs)

SAR: His eyes will open on this!

(SHE SPILLS THE WATER AGAIN FROM THE HAND)

Why do you look so upon me? What will you do?

SAN: A silly girl to thwart my purpose!

SAR: In the name of Uma, I implore you—I fall at your feet, forgive them, forgive papa, forgive mamma! Recall your mantrams!

SAN: He, he does not ask! It is only you—their vile tongues have not recalled!

NAY: If I have said aught in ignorance, forgive me, forgive us—yet—

SAN: What! you would praise your own ways?

SAR: Say, say! do not be wroth with them!

NAY: Now your rage is cooled, let me ask thee, Holy Sire—
certainly you are a great Swami—is not a wife's honour
sacred—were not death better than to bear this
shameful sight?

SAN: Well; what did I do?

NAY: Forgive me, you offered to fasten the wreaths of flowers
on her tresses.

SAN: Was she not your daughter?

NAY: This is she!

SAR: I am the daughter.

SAN: That too? Is she married?

NAY: She is my wife!

SAN: Alas! Alas! I am stained impure—not all the floods of the
Ganga can cleanse me again! alas!

NAY: And Swami! was I wrong, then, to take your words for
an insult?

SAN: I forgive you—It is your right.

NAY: My harsh words, seeming-insolent,—forgive them!

SAN: What did you say? "Out with you!" so you cried. I
will no longer stay. I go.

NAY: Nay, nay, everything is now peace. Stay here for the
night, great Swami.

SAN: Not one moment more, where *she* is. I remember your
words—I go.

NAY: Refuse me not—the guests that come to my door go
not thus. Nor shall you.

SAN: Every guest was not like me.

NAY: Yes, like unto you in holiness and devotion to Siva.
When you closed the eyes and I saw the chanting of
your lips—what a power of ascetic penance beamed
on your form!

SAN: And you treated me so shamelessly! I will not stay.

NAY: Then, be it so. My own words are against me, though I

confess their hasty utterance in a hot moment of out-
raged honour. But one request, which you shall grant.

SAN: What! ask it, let my granting atone for my insult to
your home today. Quick! I feel I am on thorns to
stay under this roof.

NAY: Every guest that steps to my door does not go till he
takes something from my hands. And you too must ask
your wish. Grant me this favour!

SAN: What! Are you a king? You boast you can grant what-
ever is asked!

NAY: I am not a king, yet my hand has not grown weary, nor
has my body fainted in this purpose. Thank God till
now.

SAN: Till now! Beware of the future! You are imprudent—
beware—what are you? You are not a god to create,
to dispense and to bless!

NAY: But God is on my side and I fear no wreck. Ask what
you will.

SAN: I will accept none from your hands.

NAY: Why? because of today's—Oh! let not my vow break
today and spill down the daily store gathered these
many years.

SAN: No, no, a guest must be a worthy guest—which I am not.
Waste not your bounty on desert sands. Let me go!
Sarada, it is you who have saved your house today—and
me too from the dread shot of dangerous curse from my
angry heart. All blessings on you! (Rising to go)

NAY: Force me not to prevail upon you thus—for your Siva's
sake—Siva, your as well as my own daily thought—
for His sake.

SAN: Then, I must. Don't you know I am a Sanyasi and my
wants are few? Perhaps, you still deem me a profligate
and urge me to beg for one of my many needs.

NAY: Break not so my heart, break not so, Holy father.

SAN: Tell me, how rich are you?

NAY: I know not. But ask whatever you desire!

SAN: Every guest has taken from you what they desire! Ah! I see, you must be a great good man!

NAY: Why, none has yet flayed my armours from me as from Karna. The God that measured the two worlds has not crushed my head to death,—what have I done?

SAN: I have one desire—that will I ask.

NAY: Ask it, ask it.

SAN: You who love the home too much, shall not go to seek for the gift through all the worlds.

NAY: Is it such a simple thing to grant? You do me a great favour. But, Swami, be not afraid to ask what is close to your heart.

SAN: Yea, close to my heart, rather what is in my heart. Yet it will be so easy for you. Does not that make you glad, Sarada?

SAR: You are a good Swami—very good to me and papa.

NAY: Easy or difficult—let your heart utter it and to grant it to a Yogi makes me doubly blessed—a Yogi who knows no desire.

SAN: I have no desire—only today I suspect it whispered to me—"Why not this?"

NAY: Tell me, tell me—

SAN: Guess yourself! Guess.

NAY: I cannot!

SAN: Guess, what is it a Sanyasi needs most?

NAY: Ah! you have it not, do you need the softest tiger-skin to sit and pray upon?

SAN: Not I! I can pray sitting on thorns and spikes!

NAY: Torture me not with hazarding of futile guesses. I am not a god to guess others' minds truly.

SAN: But, did you not say that God is on your side? Perhaps, He is against thee. I tell you, it will be impossible for you to give. I will not put you to shame, or put

myself to shame with a refused boon. Let me go. My blessing on you!

NAY: You must take a boon from me.

SAN: Already, I have taken your angry words in my ears—a strange gift to a strange guest; that suffices.

SAR: He always speaks in this strain! Why not ask what you desire?

SAN: Will he grant it?

NAY: I will, I will, with my heart's blood, I will!

SAN: You need not bleed, then say you were dead before you could grant it. It is you who kindled that desire—and will it be yourself to fulfil the desire?

NAY: I kindled the desire! The more I am bound to fulfil it! Say it!

SAN: Then give me . . .

NAY: Say, say!

SAN: Then give me,—give me—no! I will not ask . . .

SAR: Swami, Swami!

NAY: Swami, Swami!

SAN: Then give me Nalinai!

SAR: Who?

SAN: Give me Nalinai.

SAR: Oh, our ruin! Oh! Woe, woe, the home!

SAN: Do you hear? What? do you hear! give me Nalinai! You called me villain—for your sake I will make that base falsehood an innocent truth for you.

NAY: Nalinai? who? which Nalinai?

SAN: Who? I know only one, I have seen only one, the only one that I want.

NAY: My dear Nalinai, my wife—my Nalinai?

SAN: Your dear Nalinai—yours! only if you please. If she be so dear to you—do not; and I promise. . . .

NAY: Promise what? She will not . . .

SAN: I promise I shall go quietly away, with not a word of anger. No curse either, although you deceived me by breaking your word. Will you give me?

NAY: Do you jest? Why do you laugh as you ask?
 SAN: I jest! It is you! You bade me ask. I asked. Now you refuse!! Who jests, you or I?
 NAY: Are these my ears? Ha! Do you hear what he says? My eyes! Is it his lips that utter this?
 SAN: I say again without shame—it is I.
 SAR: Oh shame! Shame!
 SAN: Silence, girl! or I shall make thee dumb!
 NAY: Is it true you ask me?
 SAN: I say without shame, will you give me Nalinai—your wife? Already you have called me profligate and hypocrite. I don't mind your calling me again so. Shall I go home?
 NAY: What home have you? You are a profligate indeed—no Sanyasi! The disguise is torn asunder.
 SAN: Say so, say so!
 SAR: But you have promised us you won't curse us again.
 SAN: So, I will bear your taunts quietly.
 NAY: Know you not it is unholy?
 SAN: Already, I am impure—I have touched her.
 NAY: No, No! only you offered the flowers for her locks—you have not touched her.
 SAN: The Kunkumam!
 NAY: You did not touch her then too, my jealous eyes watched it well!
 SAN: Then jealously keep yours as your own. You base wretch, you refuse the boon you so coaxingly urge me to cringe for, then plead that your kick is that of soft golden lotus-feet! How you hatch your excuses! Cursed be me, why did I enter this sinner's house to-night!
 SAR: Let him go, father! Papa, let him go.
 NAY: Soft, yet, Swami! whoever you be, you have asked this for your own sake. I plead, the blossom once worn must not profane alien tresses. Is this not true?
 SAN: But the tree first wears it on its tresses—yet, all *puja* is with these same flowers!

NAY: They are the tree's own, born from its womb! Take then my daughter here, Sarada!
 SAN: I will not see her. Away! My heart is all elsewhere—my eyes all full with her—her image raising the wick and pouring the oil.
 NAY: Take this virgin fruit—save us from shame!
 SAN: Me, who will save from shame? None can if thus you persist!
 NAY: Remember, Swami, did you not say how close Sarada resembles her mamma?
 SAR: Speak not to him about me! Drive him from our home!
 SAN: Say so, my good girl! say so! I will not lift my tongue against you.
 NAY: Silence, Sarada! You will repent it later! But sire, how closely she is like her mother? Take her, if it is beauty that has made the closed petals of thy heart burst today!
 SAN: I take a picture? No! Give me the original, the original that has the voice to sing; not a throat that knows the song, but is dumb!
 NAY: If she sings that song now,—about Uma—then . . .
 SAN: I tarry not! will you grant my boon or no? then, I go? I have not come here leisurely to choose a bride.
 SAR: But you have come to take one away!
 SAN: If he keeps his word.
 SAR: He will give no word for this!
 NAY: I give it.
 SAR: Go, go, you fool—all your thinking in the forest has not taught you what virtue is. He has never seen a woman before!
 SAN: Yes, truly, and the first I saw touched my heart like fire. And look you here, Nayanar, it is that fire that glows through the robes here like the *Kashaya*!
 NAY: Sankara protect me and forgive me! Sire, I never strayed from my word—nor will I today.
 SAN: Then, bring her here. I will lead her home.

NAY: Even in a dream I dreamt not thus—but it has come to-day—I will yield as though God asked me this.

SAN: Now I am blessed! And you too! Your word shines inviolate, the brightest star in the firmament to-night.

NAY: The twinkling is over—and my purpose shines steady now!

SAR: Woe me! Papa, Papa! what is it you do?

NAY: I know it—he is a Sanyasi! And I must! Not I to fear to keep my word!

SAR: Papa is mad! Papa is mad!

NAY: Call mother here!

SAR: Alas, alas! I won't—I go out!

(EXIT INTO STREET)

(To be Concluded)

Indian Mercantile Marine and the Coastal Traffic Reservation Bill

BY THE HON'BLE V. RAMADAS PANTULU

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

The history of Indian shipping and maritime activity is now entirely a record of the past. The brilliant story of the rise and prosperity of that great national industry of ours, covering a period of over twenty centuries, and the pathetic tale of its decline and fall in very recent times are faithfully narrated by writers like Prof. Radhakumud Mukherjee, Mr. S. N. Haji and others. Mr. S. N. Haji, writing in 1923 in his *Economics of Shipping* says:

“It is worthy of notice that, in the matter of shipping, the glories of India can be traced not merely to a dim and distant past, but its progressive growth can be traced right up to the end of the 18th century and unfortunately its progressive decay from the early years of the last century to the present year of grace 1923.”

Between 1781 and 1830, nearly 300 ships were built on the Hoogly. In Bombay, an enterprising firm of Parsee contractors achieved fame as ship-builders, and in 1802, the Admiralty ordered certain men-of-war also to be built in Bombay. Within the last three decades, no less than 20 shipping companies were floated with an authorised capital in the neighbourhood of 10 crores of rupees; but, almost all of them succumbed to the aggression of foreign shipping interests. Not much purpose will be served by my attempt to epitomise the historical survey of the vast coastal traffic and the extensive maritime intercourse between India and other countries

that once subsisted. The present position is this: ninety-eight per cent of India's export and import trade and about ninety per cent of her coastal trade are served by foreign ships which are owned by non-Indian companies; in other words, roughly no more than 10 per cent of India's coastal trade and 2 per cent of her foreign trade is carried today in Indian bottoms. India's tonnage in overseas trade may be graphically described from two standpoints. One way of looking at it is to compare the tonnage of the different countries engaged in the overseas trade of India. India, the very country whose import and export trade forms the subject of comparison, occupies the last place as a negligible factor in international trade. In 1924-25, British tonnage carried 73.5 of India's overseas trade; Japan 6.9 per cent; Italy 5.6 per cent; America 3.6 per cent; Dutch 3.2 per cent; Germany 3 per cent; while India carried 1.6 per cent of her trade. The small balance of 3 and odd per cent was shared between all the other nations of the world. Another way of judging India's position is to compare her tonnage with that of the other maritime countries. In one of the coloured charts, exhibited at the Congress Exhibition held at Calcutta last December, 27 sea-faring countries of the world are piled up in the form of a pyramid with Great Britain with her tonnage of over 19 millions as the base and India, with her tonnage of a little over 1½ lakhs, as almost the top piece of the pyramid, occupying the 24th place. There were then no doubt Chile, Turkey and Poland occupying the remaining three topmost places, with tonnage of very little less than that of India; but since the figures in that chart were compiled, Chile and Turkey reserved their coastal trade to themselves, and Poland has taken steps to develop a National Mercantile Marine. So, India must have now ascended to the topmost point, thus occupying the lowest place among the maritime nations of the world, notwithstanding the fact that she has a magnificent coastal line of about 4,500 miles and an export and import trade of huge dimensions.

THE ASSEMBLY RESOLUTION OF 1922

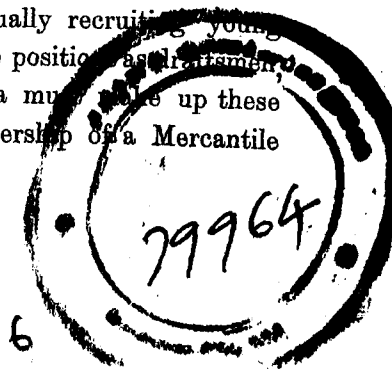
This is a position which no Indian can contemplate without the gravest concern for India's commercial and political future. With the insignificance to which she has sunk in the international trading world and the complete severance of her maritime intercourse with the rest of the world through the medium of her National Marine, her individuality as a nation and her influence in international affairs have become totally extinguished. The desire, therefore, of India to re-establish contact with the other nations by means of her own mercantile ships and to regain at least a fraction of the vast foreign and coastal trade of which she has been deprived is something more than a mere "fancy of national sentimentality" as her exploiters assert. From time to time, attempts have been made by businessmen and legislators to bring home to the Government not only the gravity of the situation, but also the great importance of forming a Mercantile Marine and encouraging ship-building in India. These attempts assumed the shape of definite proposals in 1922 when Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer moved a resolution in the Legislative Assembly asking for the examination of the measures to develop the Indian Merchant Marine in all its aspects by an impartial Committee of experts and others interested in the subject, and when Mr. S. N. Haji embodied his proposals in the form of a Bill for reservation of the coastal trade of India for concentrating public attention on it. Sir Charles Innes, in accepting the resolution on behalf of the Government, made it abundantly clear in his speech, that while the Government recognised that the desire on the part of the people of India for their own Mercantile Marine was very natural, they emphasised the insurmountable nature of the difficulties that stood in the way of the realisation of that desire and warned them against forming "too great hopes for rapid development of Indian Mercantile Marine," to use his own language. The scope of the resolution as originally moved was also materially curtailed

by a substantial amendment which Sir Charles Innes persuaded the mover of the resolution to accept. The desirability of building up an Indian Mercantile Marine and the general measures that are called for in that behalf being more or less matters on which there is little scope for differences of opinion among those who genuinely favoured the promotion of true Indian interests, Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer rightly asked at first that the Committee proposed by him *should prepare a scheme* for the furtherance of six definite objectives which he detailed. But Sir Charles Innes had the words *prepare a scheme* occurring in the resolution replaced by the words *consider what measures can be usefully taken*, perhaps realising that it would be easier to turn down suggestions couched in general terms, than definitely worked out schemes, with which the Government might eventually find itself in disagreement. The Assembly had no alternative but to accept the amended resolution lest it should be defeated in its original form or rejected by the Government, even if the Assembly carried it. The debate, however, sufficiently indicated the general nature of the measures which were favoured by the popular representatives. State aid was asked for chiefly in two directions: adequate facilities for the training of Indians for sea careers and the reservation of coastal trade to Indian-owned ships. Other shapes which State aid might take were thus summarised by Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer: It might take the shape of an exemption of ship-building materials from import duties, of preferential railway rates to goods shipped over specific steamship lines, of loans to ship-owners for the construction of ships, of reimbursement of port dues, of subvention for the carrying of mails and of subsidies for ships run under Indian ownership. Sir Vithaldas D. Thackersey urged the intervention of the State to put an end to deferred rebates and rate wars which virtually killed Indian shipping enterprise, an aspect of the subject with which I shall deal later.

THE MERCANTILE MARINE COMMITTEE

The Government, after the lapse of an year from the date of the adoption of the resolution by the Assembly, appointed a Committee known as the Mercantile Marine Committee in February 1923 with terms of reference which were more or less in accordance with the main terms of the resolution. The Committee completed its task in an year's time and made its report in March 1924. The recommendations of this Committee, which have to be gathered from the report as a whole, for the usual practice of summarising them at the end has not been followed, must be conceded to be progressive and sympathetic on the whole. One of the main conditions which militate against the development of shipping enterprises in India, apart from foreign competition and the resources and resourcefulness of the existing British-owned lines, is the want of experience and knowledge in the shipping trade which are so vital for the success of new ventures. The ship-building activity itself has been so thoroughly extinguished as not to be even thought of. Sir Charles Innes, little realising what a sad commentary it was on the character of the administration of this country by his own countrymen, made, while speaking on Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer's resolution, the damaging admission that "what impressed him most was the complete absence in India not only of *trained ship-builders*, but of *the means of training ship-builders*." He went on to say: "In England, wherever there is a ship-building port, it has its school or schools in which a full technical education can be obtained. There are three universities, in each of which a chair of naval architecture and engineering is established, where a full scientific education in the subject can be got; the result is that ship-designing is done by men of high scientific and technical attainments and ship-yards are continually recruiting young men who are technically trained to take up positions as draughtsmen, foremen and managers." He says India must make up these deficiencies before aspiring for the ownership of a Mercantile

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Marine. The cruelty of the joke is patent. But he did not venture to state when and how a process of education in maritime engineering and nautical training can be completed, even when an attempt to start it had not been made till then by the Government of which he was so worthy a representative, in charge of its commercial portfolio.

The Mercantile Marine Committee, however, acting on the preponderance of opinion of the witnesses who appeared before it, recommended that adequate facilities should be provided in Indian waters to Indians to equip them as officers and engineers in the Mercantile Marine and to open out suitable sea careers to Indian young men. A section of diehard opinion opposed the idea of even creating these training facilities. In order, therefore, not to leave the admission of Indian apprentices into merchant vessels and their employment after training to chance or to the goodwill of the unfriendly shipping companies, the Committee recommended that before a licence is granted to any company for coastal trade, an undertaking should be taken that apprentices would be taken to the extent of at least two per ship subject to a maximum of 60 for any Company, and that Indian officers or engineers as they become eligible would be employed up to the extent of 50 per cent of the total number of officers and engineers employed. The Committee, so far as I am aware, has not made any recommendations which are calculated to promote the ship-building industry in India.

Almost the entire body of witnesses representing the vested interests, cried halt at this stage and strenuously urged on the Committee that the active assistance on the part of the Government towards the creation of an Indian Mercantile Marine should stop at the provision of the training facilities and that the rest should be left to "a gradual process of development by ordinary commercial methods." This plea is evidently the outcome of the consciousness on their part of the potency of the offensive and defensive weapons of warfare employed by them in shipping commerce and of the practical impossibility

of any development of Indian enterprise on a normal commercial basis.

Development by ordinary commercial methods implies at least equal opportunities and a fair field for competition. It is idle to pretend that such opportunities do exist. Numerous instances of unfair dealing with Indian Companies have been brought to light. Among those which were adduced, I shall mention only two by way of illustration. When a contract for carriage of 12 lacs of tons of coal from Calcutta to Rangoon was pending, even an opportunity for tendering for the business was denied to the Indian Companies and the contract was placed for 10 years elsewhere at rates which the Government declined to disclose in the *interest of the public*. When three boats with full cargo of timber on account of the Government of Burma were fixed directly in London and the Scindia Company protested, the Government of India merely said that they could not interfere with the discretion of the Provincial Governments. In this connection it may be mentioned that even such a conservative body as the Council of State agreed to a resolution moved by Sir Lalubhai Shamaldas when he was my colleague in that Chamber, that, when the rates of the Indian and foreign companies were the same, the Indian companies should be given preference for carrying of Government and Railway materials from any ports to India. But was this recommendation ever put into practice? It is therefore sheer hypocrisy to speak of "a gradual process of development by ordinary commercial methods." Even self interest to relieve unemployment in Britain did not induce Britain to extend the benefits of the scheme of State aid to ship-building Industry in British dockyards to agree to build ships for Indian Companies and Sir Lalubhai Shamaldas who was specially deputed to England on this mission had to return disappointed.

The case for India naturally was that it was practically impossible for Indian companies under existing conditions to gain a footing in the trade, overcoming foreign competition and

that, in order to build up Indian Mercantile Marine, it was not enough to merely train Indians to man ships, and that in addition facilities should be given to own and manage the ships and that the two things should progress side by side. Fortunately, the Committee, in a way, agreed with this view in principle and stated that they could not agree that the provision for training facilities alone exhausted all the necessary avenues of action which could be usefully taken for the development of Indian Mercantile Marine. Among the various measures examined in this connection, the most outstanding one, with which alone I propose to deal on this occasion, is the reservation of the Coast Trade exclusively to Indian-owned ships. It is admitted on all hands, to quote the words of the Committee, that "in other countries, which have desired to develop a National Mercantile Marine, one direction in which action has been taken to this end has been to reserve the coasting trade for the subjects of the particular country concerned." This principle is not disputed even by the representatives of the British shipping interests in India, but on the other hand, it is pressed into service by them to advance their peculiar interests in a curious manner. This attitude of theirs is made clear by the demand which they put forward, before the Great War, for the repeal of an old Act known as the Indian Coasting Trade Act V of 1850, by which the coasting trade of India was thrown open to all comers. The demand for its repeal was made with a view to the exclusion of foreigners (non-British subjects) from the coastal trade of India and thus to further strengthen the British monopoly. Foreign competition with the British having greatly declined after the war, the demand was not pressed with any insistence latterly. But, in view of signs of the revival of such competition, and the prospect of some surplus tonnage lying idle in British ports, the Mercantile Marine Committee indeed recommended the repeal of that Act, subject to treaty obligations with foreigners. The proposal for the exclusion of foreigners is made

to rest on the theory that "the coastal trade of a country is regarded universally as a domestic trade in which foreign flags cannot engage as of right, but to which they may be admitted as of grace." In other words, the Committee's recommendation is made to rest on the supremacy of the British flag in Indian coastal waters, the trading in which is, in international language, a "domestic preserve". So far, it is smooth sailing.

The next question that naturally presented itself to the Committee for its solution was whether it is permissible to discriminate between British ships and Indian ships which fly the same flag, and reserve the Indian coastal trade in the interests of India or Indianised concerns, which is inevitable if India is to be really helped to develop her Mercantile Marine. Much was made of the so-called "flag discrimination" involved in such a course. But the fancied legal difficulty was fortunately easily got over. Section 736 of the Mercantile Shipping Act of 1894 (a Parliamentary Statute) confers powers upon the legislature of a British possession to regulate by an Act or Ordinance its coasting trade, subject to certain conditions. Taking advantage of this legislative provision, the Commonwealth of Australia enacted a law which had the effect of conferring on Australian ship-owners a monopoly in Australian coastal trade. The object was accomplished by providing in the Australian Navigation Act a system of control by means of licenses to trade on the Australian coast. The Committee points out that the conditions attached to the grant of a license for the Australian coasting trade apply to all British shipping alike, but the nature of these conditions is such that they have the practical effect of automatically shutting out all except Australian-owned vessels from Australian coast trade. On the strength of the Statute and following the example of Australia, the Committee recorded the following opinion: "It is clear, therefore, that if it is decided to take similar action in respect of the Indian coasting trade in the interests of Indian ship-owners, there is nothing in the British Merchant

Shipping Law which would prevent action of this kind being taken, provided the conditions enforced are applicable to British and Indian ships alike." The Law Officers of the Crown in England who were consulted on the matter also stated that it was competent to the Indian Legislature to do what the Australian Legislature did; in other words, there was no legal impediment to India protecting her interests in coastal trade, in the same way as the other nations have done.

The questions that were thus still left for consideration by the Committee, merely bore on the merits of India's claim to develop her own National Mercantile Marine and to the immediate means that were calculated to lead to the ultimate realisation of that end. The first question that was pressed on the Committee was whether it was desirable and necessary to have an Indian Mercantile Marine at all. The Indian witnesses were unanimous in answering the question emphatically in the affirmative. The representatives of British shipping interests, however, strongly objected to any form of State aid to build up Indian Merchant Shipping Trade, and one of their main arguments is thus summed up by the Committee. "They (the opponents of Indian claims) point out that there has been no complaint regarding either the efficiency or adequacy of the services offered by existing shipping lines (British) and consider it would be a mistake to substitute for them an agency (Indian) the efficiency of which is problematical and in any case has yet to be proved." Two assumptions underlie this line of self-defence adopted by the British capitalist concerns. These assumptions are, curiously enough, self-contradictory. One is that Indian shipping can develop and progress on normal commercial lines on equal terms with the powerful British and other foreign shipping companies. The other is that Indian enterprise is not likely to prove economically more beneficial to the country, either in the direction of efficiency or adequacy of service. If the latter assumption is true, then the former suggestion is patently insincere. But as necessity knows no law, so does the exigency of a desperate

argument know no logic. The Committee, however, although its actual recommendations were very halting, found no difficulty in brushing aside the special pleading of the vested interests. Their decision on Indian fitness is thus stated: "In any case, it seems unfair to pronounce an adverse judgment as to the ability of Indians to run shipping companies as successfully and efficiently as the present concerns until they have been given an opportunity of owning and managing ships under more favourable conditions than those prevailing today. Indians have proved successful in other technical trades in which a short time back they possessed little or no practical knowledge or experience, and we see no reason why, given a favourable opportunity, they should not prove equally successful in the shipping trade."

DEFERRED REBATES AND THE RATE WAR

The emphasis in the Committee's verdict on Indian talent and capacity to develop a National Merchant Marine, it should be noticed, was on the creation of a favourable environment for progress. Where a virtual monopoly exists, it is evident that no such environment can possibly exist. If things stopped with monopoly alone, and unfair methods of commercial warfare and the help of allied foreign interests do not aggravate the strangling effects of monopoly, there might have been still some chance for Indian shipping enterprises to struggle even against odds. But, as a matter of fact, no available device nor adventitious aid has been neglected in order to perpetuate the monopoly. I shall mention a few of them, which, I hope, will serve to illustrate the methods whereby the foreign vested interests daily consolidate their position in such a way as to leave no room for Indian progress. First of all, there is that iniquitous system of what are called "deferred rebates". Deferred rebate is a portion of the freight money which a shipping company returns to the customer, that is to say, to its shippers, at the end of an year in consideration

of the customer giving all his shipments to the same carrying company. These deferred rebates are really hostage money collected in advance and kept with British and other foreign companies, to be refunded to Indian shippers only on furnishing proof of their continued and unswerving loyalty throughout the year to the foreign companies. Any lapse into patriotic mood to encourage an Indian company in that period will entail severe penalties, involving sometimes loss of lacs of rupees. The Fiscal Commission's report, which was concurred in by its European members as well, has the following observation on the deferred rebate system: "The system of shipping rebates is one of the strongest buttresses of monopoly. It is clear that an arrangement whereby a certain percentage of freight is returnable to the shipper at the end of twelve months, provided no cargo is shipped by an outside line, is a powerful weapon for maintaining a shipping monopoly. Other countries have recently legislated against this system and we think that the Government of India should make a thorough enquiry into the desirability of initiating similar legislation in India." Will the Conference of shipping interests, which the Viceroy proposes to convene in the near future to consider measures to develop Indian Mercantile Marine after getting the Coastal Reservation Bill out of the way, take up this question of legislation against deferred rebates?

Then there is the rate war. The foreign companies exploit the Indian shipping concerns to the fullest when there is no competition in the field, and keep their coastal rates as high as possible. Here is what an expert body like the Fiscal Commission says: "Somewhat parallel to the complaints about railway rates, are the complaints which we have received about coastal shipping rates. The causes are different, but the results are stated to be the same, namely, that Indian goods are handicapped in transmission in comparison with goods from foreign countries. Rates have been quoted to us showing a great disparity between the charges on goods shipped

from one Indian port to another and those of goods conveyed between India and foreign countries. Such disparities more than neutralise the natural protection which an industry might expect to receive in its own country by reason of the distance of foreign manufacturing centres. The cause of the high rates in the Indian coastal trade can, according to their critics be summed up in the one word "monopoly". The foreign companies can however afford to bring down the rates of freight on the coasts to an uneconomic and unremunerative level, the moment they discover any sign of Indian shipping enterprise appearing on the horizon; and its effect would be to drive away the Indian tonnage from the field, for no Indian company can afford to work at a loss for a long time. Mr. Walchand Hirachand has exposed the latest phase of the rate war in his address to the shareholders of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company, only a week ago. Mr. Hirachand puts it bluntly when he says that the foreign companies manipulate their rates with the sole view "to prevent, if they can so manage, even a single ton of cargo from being shipped by an Indian vessel," no matter how much they themselves lose in the pursuit of this object. The facts adduced by Mr. Hirachand leave no room for doubt that the rates of foreign companies have been purposely brought down to an uneconomic level and that the coast was deliberately saddled with superfluous tonnage to hit the Scindia Steam Navigation Company and other Indian shipping enterprises. The foreign companies have what is called "tramp tonnage" as opposed to that engaged in regular lines, which can afford to accept cargo at low rates for stray voyages, as it has not to meet the many and varied obligations of regular liners. This has added to the complexity of the rate wars. Notwithstanding the reduction in the rates of freight in coastal trade, the British companies can give high dividends to their shareholders owing to other advantages they enjoy. The Chairman of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., explained the situation in these words: "The

real position is that, although the advent of Indian shipping companies on the coast compelled the British shipping companies to bring down rates, they have got today other monopoly routes and sources of income from Government patronage and mail subsidies, denied to us, whereby they can make large profits which Indian shipping cannot do on the coast." Next, the British shipping companies enjoy incalculable benefits arising from almost the whole foreign trade of India being in the hands of foreign business houses. These houses naturally patronise the foreign shipping companies and never the Indian shipping companies. Then, the facilities for British shipping companies and British railway companies in India to combine to mutual advantage, also put the Indian shipping companies at a disadvantage. Evidence was tendered before the Mercantile Marine Committee of an instance in which a Shipping Company and Railway Company entered into a contract with a view to attracting trade to a particular port which afforded them peculiar facilities. I have said enough to show that a policy of open door is not conducive to the growth of indigenous shipping enterprises and that the Mercantile Marine Committee are right in laying emphasis on the need to create a favourable field and legitimate opportunities as a *sine qua non* for Indian shipping progress.

THE COMMITTEE'S RECOMMENDATIONS

Coming to the actual proposals of the Committee, the central recommendation is to secure for India a moderate measure of coastal reservation of Indian trade. The scheme is thus summarised by the Committee itself:

"What we wish to provide for in our coastal trade regulations is that after a time the ownership and controlling interest in the ship or ships for which licenses are required shall be predominantly Indian and we think that this qualification should be held to have been fulfilled if a ship conforms to the following conditions—(a) That it is registered in India, (b) That it is owned and managed by an individual

Indian or by Joint Stock (public or private) which is registered in India with rupee capital, with a majority of Indians on its directorate and a majority of its shares held by Indians, and (c) That management of such companies is predominantly in the hands of Indians."

The Committee expressed its inability to provide for the complete Indianisation of officers and engineers or to lay down that ships applying for licenses shall be those built in India, for some time has to elapse before these conditions can be attained. It is, however, gratifying to note that the Committee unequivocally expressed the hope that, in course of time, it would be found practicable to add both these desiderata to the conditions of the license.

The net effect of the Committee's scheme is that no ship shall be entitled to engage or take part in the coasting trade of India unless such ship has first obtained a license and no such license shall be granted to a ship unless its ownership and controlling interest are predominantly Indian. The conditions of the license also constitute a material part of the Committee's recommendations. The obligation to admit and train Indian apprentices and to employ qualified Indian officers and engineers, as they become qualified, at least to the extent of fifty per cent of the total number employed by any company, is one of those conditions. Another feature in the license which is recommended by the Committee is one of very great interest and importance; the license reserves to the licensing authorities the power to deal with deferred rebates, rate wars and other devices which act unduly as restraints on trade, the nature of which I have dealt with in some detail.

SIR P. S. S. AIYER'S RESOLUTION OF 1926

The Report of the Committee, as I already stated, was made in March 1924. The public anxiously waited for about two years thereafter to see if the Government would take any action on it. There were no signs of any prospect of Govern-

ment moving in the matter. Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer again came forward in March 1926 with a resolution with a view to induce the Governor-General-in-Council to recognise the need for training Indians for nautical careers, to accept the policy and measures recommended by the Indian Mercantile Marine Committee, and to announce his intention to adopt in the near future a system of licensing in respect of the coastal trade of India. The utter futility of the resolution is self-evident, for it does not commit the Government to any definite action and is content with the announcement of the Government's future intentions. Indeed, Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer expressly said in the course of his speech that he wanted no more from the Government than a mere assurance of their goodwill towards the Indian aspiration for a Mercantile Marine. Here are his words :

"I do not wish to go into the question of the immediate reservation of coastal trade. All that I ask in the resolution is that the Government should *only announce* their intention to adopt in the near future a system of licensing in respect of the coastal trade. I hope that the Government may, if not now, at any rate in the future, find it possible to accept this part of my resolution."

What consolation such a certificate of the legitimacy of Indian aspirations would have given to Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer, or the Assembly, or the country, it is difficult to conceive. I have purposely dwelt at some length on the scope of the resolution to show what effect this sweet reasonableness and high degree of moderation, for which Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer has a sustained reputation, produced on the Government spokesmen. Straight came Sir Charles Innes's rebuff: "It is perfectly true", said Sir Charles, "that as Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer has said, the proposed system of licensing was to come into force only on a date to be notified, but the whole principle of that recommendation was "reservation," precisely the thing to which he had numerous objections of a serious character.

The only purpose which was served by Sir Sivaswamy

Aiyer's colourless resolution was the announcement of acceptance by the Government of the proposal to set up a training ship in Indian waters which has now culminated in the arrangements connected with the recruitment of apprentices to be trained in the ship called *Dufferin*. Otherwise, it has tended on the whole to prejudice the Indian case for Mercantile Marine and reservation of coastal trade very considerably. Sir Charles Innes took full advantage of the occasion not merely to condemn the actual recommendations of the Mercantile Marine Committee, but also to undermine all the sound principles underlying all those recommendations. The most cantankerous partisan of British vested interests and the most determined opponent of Indian progress could not have done better. He resisted the proposal for *reservation* on the novel theory of *expropriation* which has, since his famous speech, become the main battle-cry of the British shipping representatives. His positions are best expounded in his own words :

"Once you admit on the statute book an Act which embodies the principle that it is right to squeeze out or depreciate the property of those who have built up a trade or industry in order that others may succeed to it, one does not know to what lengths that principle may be carried. . . . Once admit that principle, what I fear is that it will give rise to similar demands in respect of other industries like oil, coal, or whatever it may be."

Why fear? If he and his Government are trustees for Indian welfare, why fear Indians asking for protection from the trustees? He once more raises the exploded pleas against distinction between ships *owned in a country* and ships *registered in a country*, and flag discrimination, and frightens the Assembly by saying that the pleas are of a technical nature "to which the highest importance is attached in shipping circles" although there is nothing very technical about them except in so far as they are perverted to advance the self-interests of British shipping circles to which he evidently refers when he speaks of "shipping."

circles". His pompous assertion that "it is a fundamental point of policy that flag discrimination should be opposed in every part of the British Empire" leaves the Indians absolutely cold, for they are not admittedly in love with British Imperialism. He has no answer to give to the Australian example already referred to except to doubt its wisdom. A Royal Commission, however, subsequently upheld the wisdom of the Australian Commonwealth's action in reserving her coastal trade. South Africa is seriously contemplating to replace the Union Jack by a flag of her own. The Indian National Congress is wise in having hoisted her own national flag even at this stage of her political struggle and, if it is any consolation to Sir Charles Innes, Indian ships engaged in coastal trade will fly the tri-colour national flag to distinguish them from the British ships flying the Union Jack. Sir Charles disposed of the unanswerable argument on the Indian side that other nations in their own interest reserved their coastal trade and have thereby admitted the so-called principle of expropriation, if there is one, in a characteristically imperialistic manner. Here is what he said about other countries:

"They had to take that course because, in times of war, they might want their own Mercantile Marine to feed their people and because they wanted that Marine as a second line to their Navy. India is fortunate in that that overmastering necessity is not present in this country. India's shores are protected for her by the British Navy and, in times of war, she can always rely on the British Navy to protect her communications and her trade."

This argument might with equal propriety be applied word for word to the Civil and Military Services which are vouchsafed by Britain to India. Not content with these grounds of high policy, Sir Charles attempted to convince the country that an Indian Mercantile Marine would involve this country in economic loss. I shall come back to this argument when I deal with the objections raised to Mr. Haji's Bill. Finally, Sir Charles

thought that unless he also set up the interests of one province against another, his services to this country would not have been adequately discharged, and knowing as he does that Bombay has achieved some success in Indian coastal shipping and that the cry for reservation came mainly from Bombay, he was at considerable pains to tell Burma and Bengal that they will be particularly ruined by the coastal reservation of Indian trade. It may therefore be said without fear of contradiction that the result of the debate is to establish that all attempts, however reasonable, to placate British opinion on matters of £.s.d. are utterly futile and that the attitude of the Government towards Indian Mercantile Marine is not one of mere apathy but hostility.

MR. HAJI'S BILL

Two more years elapsed after the humble prayer of Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer was sternly rejected by the Commerce Member before any definite action was taken by the Assembly. The Government opposition and the hostility of foreign shipping interests to the Indian claim for reservation of coastal trade, did not show any signs of abatement in spite of responsible declarations of India's right to Responsible Government which, it is now stated, was never meant to be anything less than full Dominion Status. It is in such circumstances that Mr. S. N. Haji, M.L.A., introduced his now famous Bill to reserve the Coastal Traffic of India to Indian vessels in the Legislative Assembly on the 9th February 1928. In due course a motion to circulate the Bill for public opinion was carried in March 1928, and in pursuance of it the Government of India circulated it to various persons and bodies and a large and informing mass of opinion was thus elicited. The Bill was then referred to a representative Select Committee consisting of nearly 20 members among whom were Pandit Motilal Nehru and Sir Purushothamadas Thakurdas on the popular side. The Select Committee reported on 20th March 1929 making some important changes in the original

Bill. There were three Europeans on the Select Committee. Sir George Rainy, who succeeded Sir Charles Innes as the Commerce Member, represented the Government and Messrs F. J. Simpson and W. Stenhouse Lamb the British commercial interests. These three gentlemen, of course, dissented from the principle of reservation as well as from some of the material recommendations of the Committee whose report was otherwise absolutely unanimous.

The provisions of the Bill as amended by the Select Committee follow in their general outline the scheme propounded by the Mercantile Marine Committee. The object in view, namely, the reservation of the coastal trade of India to Indian controlled vessels, is achieved by a system of licensing from such date as the Governor-General-in-Council may, by notification, appoint after His Majesty's pleasure on the Act has been publicly signified in British India by notification. An Indian controlled ship is defined as follows by the Bill:—

“Indian controlled ship” means a ship chartered by the Government, or a ship owned by or, if the ship is chartered, owned and chartered by—

- (a) an Indian, or
- (b) a company incorporated and registered in British India, or a corporation, partnership or association—
 - (i) in which, in the case of a company, not less than 75 per cent. of the shares or stock, other than debenture stock, or in the case of a corporation, partnership or association, not less than 75 per cent. of the capital and the right to not less than 75 per cent. of the profits, is vested in Indians in their own right and for their own benefit, free from any trust or fiduciary obligation in favour of any person other than an Indian;
 - (ii) of which the Chairman of the Board of Directors and the Managing Director, if any, and

not less than 75 per cent. of the members of the Board of Directors are Indians;

- (iii) in which not less than 75 per cent. of the voting power is vested in Indians.

The actual licensing procedure is briefly this: (a) The Governor-General-in-Council, in each year, will publish by notification an estimate of the total tonnage which is, in his opinion, essential for the needs of the coastal traffic in that year; (b) applications for licenses for the purpose of engaging in coastal trade will then be received and granted to ships of an aggregate tonnage, not exceeding the tonnage determined as above stated; (c) in respect of the first year after the commencement of the Act, licenses will be issued to all Indian controlled ships applying for the same, if they were Indian controlled on the date to be specified; (d) in respect of the 2nd, 3rd and 4th years, the licenses shall be reserved for Indian controlled ships up to an aggregate tonnage of two-fifths, three-fifths and four-fifths respectively of the tonnage determined for the year; (e) in respect of every year after the fourth year, licenses will be issued *only* to Indian controlled ships. The process of reserving coastal trade to Indian controlled ships is thus completed in a period of five years from the date of commencement of the process. Then safeguards are provided for making up deficiencies in tonnage by issuing licenses to non-Indian controlled ships, if in the 2nd, 3rd or the 4th year, the Indian tonnage applying for licenses falls short of that required and determined as aforesaid. Power is also given to the Governor-General-in-Council to issue permits to unlicensed ships in certain conditions, if no licensed ships are available or the service rendered by licensed ships is inadequate to the needs of coastal traffic or a part thereof. Then follow penalties for breaches of the provisions of the Act, exemptions and Rule-making power. This, in ~~brief~~ is Mr. Haji's Bill.

OBJECTIONS CONSIDERED

The objections raised to the modest provisions of this Bill are practically the same as those urged against the recommendations of the Mercantile Marine Committee, and were almost exhausted by the witnesses who championed the British shipping interests before the Committee and by Sir Charles Innes in the debates on Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer's resolutions of 1922 and 1926. Among the critics who entered the arena after the Bill was circulated in March 1928, the Bengal Chamber of Commerce and the Bengal Government deserve special mention. It is difficult to say which of these carried away the prize in the competition to damage the Indian case for Merchant Marine in general and Coastal Reservation in particular.

The Bengal Chamber considers that investment on Indian Mercantile Marine is an unwise diversion of capital. It advises Indians to develop their urban industries and concentrate their endeavour to modernise Indian agricultural methods. In fact, the Chamber makes no secret of what it means, for it says in so many words that "the soundest policy is quite clearly to concentrate all available investment money in the sphere of economic activity from which external capital has always held aloof and will continue to hold aloof." In plain language, it means that Indian capital should not be invested in those spheres in which British traders and industrialists have already entered in India. It is needless to attempt to refute a plea so barefacedly selfish. The revenues earned by foreign shipping concerns in Indian coastal trade is about 10 crores of rupees per year, out of the total annual Indian shipping trade revenue of over 50 crores of rupees. The estimated cost of building the necessary tonnage to carry India's coastal trade is somewhere near 10 crores of rupees. It would not have been difficult for India to find this capital if shipping business built up with it had a fair chance of success. Reservation is asked for in order to avoid an annual loss of 10 crores through

the domination of coastal shipping by foreign interests. The Bengal Chamber's objection to this proposal merely amounts to asking the Indians to forego this revenue with its incidental benefits, to help the British companies to continue to earn it. Then there is the case of expropriation which has been already answered by me. But are the cries of "expropriation" and "annexation of earnings that rightly belong to others" founded on facts? It is difficult to discover a single clause in the Bill which aims at expropriation. All that the Bill seeks to do is to regulate the coastal trade by means of licenses and it is open to any shipping company to obtain a license by Indianising itself in a certain number of years, by taking a reasonable amount of Indian capital and a reasonable number of Indians on its Board. And how does the grievance of expropriation arise at all? As a matter of fact, have not British companies earned many times their original capital in the long course of years during their virtual monopoly of the trade?

Mr. Haji and others possessing first-hand knowledge of the intricate subject of shipping economics in India have carefully answered the objections to reservation based on so-called economic grounds such as the following: (1) There will be unrestrained competition or a shipping ring resulting in enhanced freights; (2) there will be loss of foreign tonnage, and (3) it will be uneconomic, as in the slack season most of the tonnage will be unemployed. It is indeed needless to answer objections which enter into such details, mixing up foreign and Indian interests, if it is established that reservation is on the whole beneficial to India as it undoubtedly is. It is for Indians to decide what is economically beneficial to India and not for her exploiters. Responsible Indian opinion of Bengal and Burma, by supporting the Bill, effectively disposed of the economic fallacies calculated to provoke inter-provincial jealousies over the principle of Coastal Reservation. The old and the familiar desire to safeguard the interests of Indian consumers by dumping on them cheap foreign

goods and utility services is re-stated in the form of a new proposition that reservation of coastal trade will result in rise of freights to the disadvantage of Indian shippers and consumers. This edifice of solicitude for Indian welfare is skilfully demolished by the Chairman of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company Ltd. He asks for an explanation as to the following disparity in British shipping rates, though the coastal trade of India is not now reserved. The rate of freight on iron and steel from Belgium to Bombay, a distance of 6,300 miles, is Rs. 13-12-0 per ton of 20 cwts., while the rate on the same articles from Calcutta to Madras, a distance of 759 miles, is Rs. 18 per ton. Again, the rate on cotton bales from Bombay to Antwerp, a distance of 6,300 miles, is Rs. 10-8-0 per ton of 40 cwts., while the rate on the same commodity from Tuticorin to Bombay, a distance of 815 miles, is Rs. 12-8-0 per ton of the same measurement. Sugar bags are carried from Sourabay to Bombay, a distance of 3,210 miles, at Rs. 10-12-0 per ton of 20 cwts., while they are carried from Bombay to Cochin, a distance of 580 miles, at Rs. 10-2-0 per ton of the same 20 cwts. As the Chairman of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company points out, the fact is that it is not the policy of reservation that decides the rates of freight, but they are based on various factors such as the volume of trade, return cargo expenses of the ports and the like, which are independent of the policy of reservation and which are conveniently ignored in the economic arguments resorted to by vested interests. But, is it any use trying to convince the 'unconvincible'? The Chairman of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company speaks the bare truth when he says that "it is futile to argue with those who never fail to discover signs of India's economic prosperity in the continuous process of India's economic exploitation by foreigners in league with an alien bureaucracy."

The references to the Coastal Reservation Bill, now pending in the Assembly, in the speech made by the Viceroy before the Associated Chamber of Commerce, shows that His Excellency also

views the Bill with disfavour. His Excellency made the following among other observations: "I am not one of those who see in such discrimination any possible solution of the problems which now beset India's growth, for the interest of all communities which comprise the population of India are far too intermingled to allow of separatist treatment; nor am I in favour of speeding up the development of Indian enterprise by the heroic, I might even say dangerous, methods advocated by the Bill." The attitude taken up by Sir George Rainy, the successor of Sir Charles Innes, towards the Bill is precisely the same. His Excellency's allusions to "*separatist treatment*" and "*discrimination*" have an evident reference to the claim of British shipowners to be treated as British Indian Nationals for the purpose of shipping prerogatives in Indian coastal waters. Colonel Crawford, addressing a Madras audience a few days ago, characterised some of the clauses of Mr. Haji's Bill as being "simply robbery, legalised robbery", presumably basing the British shipowners' proprietary claim to coastal trade on this prerogative.

The Chairman of the Scindia Steam Navigation Company made a fitting reply to this claim from which I beg leave to quote. "The *£. s. d.* have such magic effect on the British mind that foreigners during recent months have shouted that they are Indians—sons of the soil—Nationals of the country. With England as his Home, a European subject of the Crown appearing before the Indian Criminal Courts of Justice, insisting upon special benefits like those of the Lee Loot in the Civil and other Services on the ground of his colour, prestige and efficiency, always anxious to vote with the alien Government of the land not only for stifling the legitimate aspirations of Indians but also for forging new fetters—both economic and political—for preventing them from advancing in all directions as free citizens of a free country, it is mockery, nothing but cruel mockery, for the European in India to claim that he is the National of the country only when his pocket is touched." The

simple truth is India is making a humble attempt to regain her lost ground and recover back her national assets of which she was deprived by a system in which exploitation and administration worked hand in hand.

A NATIONAL ISSUE

I should have briefly narrated the facilities which other countries had given and are giving to develop their National Mercantile Marine so as to contrast the attitude of self-governing countries with that of the Indian Government, had I not already run to prohibitive length. Since the Great War, no Maritime country having a national Government neglected to develop its own merchant shipping. Italy, Spain, Japan and Germany made in recent years enormous developments by subsidising their navigation enterprise. Italy sanctioned a loan of 45 crores lire at a cheap rate of interest for building new tonnage. Spain recently entered into agreements with one of its Shipping Companies by providing to it facilities to acquire 14 Big Ocean Liners to compete with foreign ships calling at Spanish Ports and specially with those running to Central and South America. The case of Japan's progress was specially urged upon the Mercantile Marine Committee, one of whose European Members was deputed to study Japanese development. Germany's case is phenomenal. The Treaty of Versailles left Germany in 1920 with practically not a single ship of any consequence in International Trade and her small fleet had no more than a tonnage of 6 lacs. In five years' time the German Government so encouraged their Ship-building Companies as to enable them to build up 30 to 40 lacs tonnage. Unfortunate India with a vast sea board and other natural facilities for shipping could do nothing along those lines of progress, for her destinies are in the hands of a Foreign Government and her economic enterprises are dominated by foreign commercial interests. We are really indebted to 'Ditcher' in the *Capital* for the following candid warning:—"The Legislative Assembly may pass Mr.

Haji's Bill, but the Council of State will almost certainly throw it out. Mr. Haji is a skilled and persistent propagandist. But it is highly improbable that his Bill will reach the statute book unless and until India attains Dominion Status." This warning must serve as a powerful incentive to us to make the Costal Reservation Bill of Mr. Haji a National Issue. If the Bill can reach the statute book only when India attains Dominion Status, let Indians of all shades of opinion unite in demanding in one voice immediate and full Dominion Status for India. The one remedy for India's political and economic ills is Swaraj.

CONFERENCE OF SHIPPING INTERESTS

The Conference of shipping interests over which H. E. the Viceroy presides and which assembles at New Delhi on 3rd January, 1930, affords a splendid opportunity to the British Government and British capitalists in India and England to give early and tangible proof of that "change of heart" which Mahatma Gandhi desires as an earnest for Swaraj or Dominion Status which is promised in Lord Irwin's announcement. The Press Communique announcing the Conference very rightly says that "the question of development of Indian Mercantile Marine is not of interest to shipping firms only but is one in which the whole commercial community is concerned"; and commerce, in its turn, is not of interest to the commercial community only, but is a national concern in which the prosperity of the whole country is involved. The test of real self-government is industrial and commercial independence, and it is in that sphere that Britain can first manifest the genuineness and *bona fides* of her intentions to emancipate India. She conquered India by commerce and holds India today in economic bondage, partly through political power. The re-conquest of India by herself shall be through commerce once more; without political turmoil, if Britain voluntarily restores to India her economic freedom; or in the wake of a bitter political struggle, if Britain persists in her present economic, industrial and commercial

policy. Will Britain aid India in her attempt to remove the causes that obstruct the development of her indigenous commercial enterprises, or will she throw obstacles in India's path to economic Swaraj? That is the question which the Conference has to answer.

The composition of the Conference seems to be fair and unobjectionable. The British interests are represented by a deputy of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom and two representatives of the Associated Chamber of Commerce in India. The Indian interests are represented by a representative of each of the main Indian Shipping Companies and two representatives of the Indian Chamber of Commerce and Industry, besides Mr. S. N. Haji. The agenda and the list of subjects set down for discussion are not available. The Press Communique, however, gives some indications of the Government's intentions as will be seen from the following passage in it: "The Government of India, for reasons which have been more than once expressed, have been compelled to oppose the Coastal Traffic Reservation Bill now before the Legislature, but they are in full sympathy with the widespread desire that India should possess a merchant fleet of its own and they recognise that, under existing conditions, there are several difficulties to be overcome before this result can be achieved." While the reiteration of Government's opposition to Coastal Traffic Reservation is distinctly discouraging, the rest of the passage consists of mere platitudes which carry us no further than the declaration desired by Sir Sivaswamy Aiyer to which a detailed reference has already been made. The representatives of Indian shipping interests are expected by the Indian public not to be satisfied with certain concessions which are calculated to merely ensure the prosperity of the existing Indian companies. Questions like the deferred rebates and rate wars, the consequences of which have been described in some detail, should be dealt with in a fair and equitable manner, so as to effectively do away with the evils of monopoly which powerful vested interests now enjoy. In railway enter-

prise, the Government have fixed minimum freights and fares to guard against the disastrous consequences of unrestrained competition. Is it possible to place some check on uneconomic rates charged by those who are in a position to kill rival enterprises by recourse to them? Will the recommendations of the External Capital Committee regarding the rupee capital, majority of Indians in the directorates and the like, which have not been so far favoured by the British capitalists, be now agreed to as conditions to be fulfilled for the privilege of shipping in Indian coastal waters? After everything is said and done, an immediate measure to ensure reservation of coastal traffic is the only sure way for the development of Indian Mercantile Marine. If that is ruled out in the discussion, the Conference may be pronounced to be a failure. If it is agreed to and, when the Legislative Assembly meets, the Viceroy is able to announce on the 25th of January 1930, that measures for coastal reservation have been resolved upon, then the value of his political announcement of 31st October 1929, will be greatly enhanced and India's mistrust in Britain's promises and pledges will to a certain extent be removed and her belief will be strengthened in the potentialities of the Round Table Conference to lead India to the Promised Land of Swaraj.

Puran Singh : the Sikh Poet

BY S. P. SARMA, B.A., B.L.

India is truly said to be the home of spirituality. In spite of her apparent diversity, there is a fundamental oneness underlying all her thought and action. Particularly is this so in the field of religion. The number of religions practised within her borders is legion, but her Religion has been only one. Hindu and Muslim, Sikh and Parsee, Brahmin and Pariah, have all sung different tunes but they have sung the name of the same Lord and, what is more important, fully recognised the fact. It is only the pedestrian that is bewildered by the number and the variety of the trees surrounding him. But he who rises in spirituality even by a few steps will gain the proper perspective and assign the trees to their proper places. Hence it is that the mystic is the same all over the world. Indeed, he speaks almost the same language everywhere. Whether it is the Christian mystic of the middle ages in Europe, or the Persian Sufi singing his ecstatic vision of the Lord, or the Pariah Nanda immersed in contemplation of Nataraja, almost the same figures of speech are used and almost the same words. The devotee, for instance, is always the beloved and the Lord is always the Lover. Supreme Bliss is spoken of in terms of conjugal felicity, and union with the Divine like the union of the lover and the beloved. The parable of Sree Krishna and the *gopis* is eternally true, only the application naturally varies with time and country. Besides, the true mystic invariably recognises that the various religions are only the different editions of the same Book of Truth. Only those who do not know wrangle. Thus Kabir could not see any distinction between Ram and Rahim and Puran Singh too feels the same noble difficulty. Thus he sings, he a follower of the Sikh religion :—

"The world met Him in Krishna, Buddha; in Christ, in Mahomed; but I know him as my Lord and Father,—Baba, Guru Nanak. Him I have seen not once, but for ten generations. He in a thousand ways gave signs to us of *Nam*, the Holy one."

Puran Singh was born in 1881 in Abbotabad in the North Western Frontier Province. His father was a subordinate Government official who was out on tour for the greater part of the year. The upbringing of the children fell solely to the lot of the mother, a woman of rare courage and simplicity. Puran Singh speaks lovingly of how she did everything for the children, particularly of her taking them to the hill-streams and giving them a daily plunge in the crystal, biting cold water. The family lived in a village and every evening, she repaired with the children to the Sikh temple where they all listened to the hymns of the Guru every morning as they were sung by the village priest. Puran Singh was a good student, for the sake of whose education the family soon moved to Rawalpindi. Thence he moved to Lahore for the college, this time alone. The separation between the mother and the son was very painful but the lady had a rare way of reconciling herself to the inevitable and she soon composed herself. Not so, however, the loving son. At Lahore he constantly thought of his mother and spent many an anxious hour in that way. But ambition was rapidly growing in him. While not yet a graduate, he secured a scholarship to go to Japan and study Applied Chemistry there in the Imperial University of Tokyo. This was in 1900. Academic honours however were not for the young Sikh whose heart was full of poetry and whose soul was longing for God-realisation. The only benefit he derived from his Japanese tour is thus expressed in his own words: "I was in the Tokyo Imperial University studying Applied Chemistry for more than three years and learning a good deal of the industrial life of that country. I came in contact with the leading Japanese people and was a friend of many a family, where I found the love of flowers,

• of nature and of Buddha. I met men of silence, men of joy, poets and artists, and I always sought for the hidden riches of the soul wherever I went. Towards the close of my stay there, I gained the new joy of freedom from self and everything dropped from my hands. I turned a monk. Tears of joy rolled from my eyes . . . It seemed that I loved everyone and that everyone loved me." This was an extraordinary turn in the life of an Indian student of Applied Chemistry in Japan. But that was not all. Soon Puran Singh came into contact with a Hindu Sanyasin who "touched him with Divine Fire" and made him a Sanyasin also. Before long the characteristic ideas of Hindu Renaissance today like Nation-making, awakening India to its ancient greatness and so on, filled the mind of the young initiate. The call of the Motherland became more and more urgent until at last it could no longer be left unheeded. Puran Singh left Japan and reached Calcutta—donning the yellow robes of the Hindu Sanyasin. The circumstances of his family, in the meanwhile, had grown from bad to worse and his parents came to Calcutta to find him out and to take him back. With much difficulty they detected him in his Hindu guise and took him to Abbotabad with them. As a Sikh, he had violated a very strict religious injunction in having cut off his hair and removed his turban. But forgiveness was ready and he soon went back to his fold and to the bosom of his family, yet the fire that had been kindled in him by the Hindu Sanyasin was not extinguished but was burning bright, as ever.

To most of us, the poems of Puran Singh can be available only in their foreign garb, and what beauty and what imagination do they reveal! Like Tagore, Puran Singh also has the gift of conveying in English a faint echo of the music which must be thrilling in the original. His songs are all based on the Sikh Scripture, the Granth Sahib, and display the reaction of such a noble book on a sensitive, poetic and God-intoxicated soul. He has a rich imagination and a great gift of

expression. And yet the thoughts and feelings in his mind are so far removed and elevated, that ordinary words fail him and he has oftentimes to resort to parables in order to convey what he feels. Difference of opinion there might be as to his greatness as a poet or as a mystic, but every one of his songs has the true ring of the seer. Tagore probably has a richer imagery or loftier heights of spiritual realisation, but Puran Singh also unmistakably belongs to the same category of saints and seers.

Reviews

[We shall be glad to review books in all Indian languages and in English, French and German. Books for Review should reach the office at least SIX WEEKS in advance of the day of publication of the Journal.]

ENGLISH

The Hindustan Review.—Edited by Sjt. SACHCHIDANANDA SINHA, Bar-at-Law (15, Edmonstone Road, Allahabad. Annual Subscription Rs. 6.)

It is now six months since *The Hindustan Review* commenced to reappear as a monthly magazine. And we have been wondering all the time whether it is right for a baby-journal like *Triveni* to appraise the work of a veteran publicist like Sjt. Sachchidananda Sinha, who for thirty long years, has maintained a high level of journalistic excellence and made his *Review* a power in the land. But the same pleasant convention which enables the rawest junior at the Bar to refer to even the Advocate-general as 'my learned friend', gives us an opportunity of rendering homage to 'our esteemed contemporary'.

In the very first number, the distinguished Editor sketches the development of Indian public life during the last thirty years, and everybody will concede that *The Hindustan Review* and its Editor have played no mean part in that development. We are told how the first article for the *Review*, thirty years ago, was written by Mr. (now Dr. Sir) Tej Bahadur Sapru, a rising lawyer. We note with great pleasure that Dr. Sapru's eldest son, Sjt. Prakash Narayan Sapru, is associated with Sjt. Sinha in the conduct of the journal. The articles in every number cover a very wide range, though, naturally enough, greater prominence is given to the political and economic problems of Modern India. With his usual catholicity of outlook, the Editor has thrown open his columns to persons of different schools of thought. Babu Rajendra Prasad writes about the Revival of Non-co-operation and Dr. Besant about Dominion Status for India. Among the younger writers of note may be mentioned Mr. C. L. R. Sastri, son of Mr. C. Y. Chintamani.

REVIEWS

The reviewing of current literature is a particularly attractive feature of the journal, which enables the reader to keep in touch with the best contemporary thought. Further charm might be lent by including reviews of books in the various Indian vernaculars. *The Modern Review* led the way in this matter, and other Indian journals ought to follow that example. *The Hindustan Review* is not only well-edited but also admirably printed and got-up. In this respect, it is like *The Review of Reviews*. We heartily wish the *Review* a future as brilliant as its past.

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO.

The Law and Theory of Railway Freight Rates:—SRINIVASAN, K. C., (B. G. Paul & Co., Madras, Rs. 10.)

The Government of India's recent announcement that it proposes to revise the Indian Railways Act of 1890 must naturally compel the commercial community to take interest in the very important problem of amending the Act in such a way that adequate checks are imposed on the power of the various railway administrations to form their rates policy against the best interests of the country. There can be little doubt but that the very light control exercised by the Legislative Assembly on the railway budget is in no small measure responsible for the grossly unfair treatment which the railways mete out to those who cannot enlist the support of the various European Chambers of this country or are not able to bring pressure on the Railway Board. The incorporation of the railway companies in England with directorates which are by no means responsive to the pressure of Indian interests, the powers which they wield out of all proportion to the capital invested by them, and their natural inclination to allow their policy to be guided by considerations fundamentally racial, are responsible for the gross maladjustment of the rates policy of the railways to the real and genuine needs of the country. An independent writer with a full knowledge of the facts would be in a position to expose the vagaries of the system now in vogue, but there is no one in India who is well-versed in the actual facts and at the same time enjoys the requisite independence. Our commercial men are not farsighted enough to make it worthwhile for any one to specialise in investigations of the kind which lead to a thorough understanding of the complex problem of rates. The men on the staff of the railways take their cue merely from the I. R. C. A. and

have neither the inclination nor the opportunities for studying the important questions of policy which underlie all rate making. That remarkable figure in Indian intellectual life, Sir Asutosh Mukherjee, realised with an astuteness which is really uncanny, how important a subject this is, and with his characteristic energy he set about finding a person who could be trusted to speak on it with inside knowledge. It is to him and the Calcutta University that we owe the publication of two excellent books on the rates-system,—the only books which gave the public an inkling into the processes by which the rates were manipulated to suit circumstances. The constitution of a Rates Enquiry Committee, however, gave rise to an opportunity for the system of rates coming within the purview of a person of really first-class attainments, and, as chance would have it, so capable a person as Sir B. N. Sarma was appointed the President of the Committee and so competent a person as Mr. K. C. Srinivasan, was appointed its Secretary. The three years of the secretaryship gave Mr. Srinivasan so full an insight into the system that the book which he has produced as a result of his intimate study of it is a work of abiding merit and of outstanding excellence. Mr. Srinivasan, however, is a servant of the Railway Board and naturally could not give away any of its secrets and his book does not indeed help us to divine the purposes of that body. But Mr. Srinivasan's purpose,—that of acquainting the public with a description of the rates-system and an account of how it has grown, and of the surface movements which have guided its evolution, and of the fundamental principles that underlie all sound rate-making,—has been admirably achieved in the volume before us.

The book starts with a historical survey of the growth of the Indian railway system and of its relation to the activities of the Government. Chapters follow on the elements of Indian railway finance and the outlines of railway statistics and the machinery by which a consistent rates policy is sought to be worked out and controlled for the whole of India. Mr. Srinivasan points out how the Indian system would be unintelligible to one ignorant of English and American conditions and therefore devotes, very rightly, a number of chapters to a comparative study of the conditions obtaining in those countries. A series of chapters follow on the classification of goods and of freight tariffs and the conditions of carriage, and he sets out, in admirable outline, the various considerations which determine the fixation of reasonable rates. An elaborate and careful study of the

vexed question of undue preference is attempted in a series of three chapters, and the interesting—often complicated—problems of terminal charges are dealt with in three more chapters. The subsidiary topics of the minimum and the short distance charges go into a chapter and those of through rates and continuous mileage into yet another. The last chapter of the work is one of the most interesting in the book,—perhaps the most useful,—to the businessman who has a grievance and desires to bring it to the notice of the Rates Enquiry Committee. Every chapter bears the marks of careful workmanship and close thinking—and for the lay reader the subject has been treated in so popular a form that he is bound to find the book more attractive than he expected it to be. The only suggestion we would make is that, if a new edition is called for, the author may re-group the chapters so that Chapter VI may follow Chapter VII, and Chapters XI, XVIII, XIX, XX, XXI, and XXII may follow Chapter XIV.

LEX.

Moonbeams:—V. N. BHUSHAN, (Masulipatam).

These short poems of Mr. V. N. Bhushan are not all of them equally inspiring. But this much must be said to the credit of the poet, that he has some beautiful traits of feeling and real appreciation of life. There are certain touches of fine and delicate feeling as in the 'Jasmine' and 'Innocence' and they reveal that true poetic quality of appreciation and criticism of life. They have that blending of rhythm and meaning which points to achievement of poise. We wish him the success that he truly deserves.

K. C. VARDACHARI M. A.

TELUGU

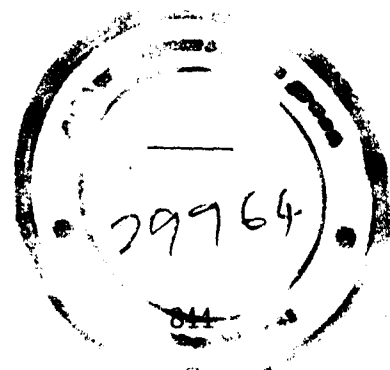
Satyasamrajyamu:—Dhanvantari Raghutthamacharya (Sri Rama Press, Kuppam, Chittoor Dt. Price 8 as.)

This small essay on truth and the way of approach to it is a healthy and really clear presentation of the modern tendencies of all youth towards truth, shorn of all the small wisdom of the past which presented the world of existence as illusion. The world is a creation of delight and therefore our problem is not how to get out of it, but how to get at its centre of being which is to be found only in the Self or *Atman*. He begins by saying that we may treat the Vedas as

untrue, we may regard the Rishis as speaking falsehood and we may dismiss system-builders like Sankara as mere quibblers and barren logicians. But one thing alone we cannot treat as false and that is the aspiration towards truth which is at the centre of our inmost being. To disregard this fact of aspiration to truth and its possibility for our self is fatal to life. This realisation of intrinsic beatitude is possible only through infinite Love for the eternal. Love, the author defines as 'inexhaustible affection'. He undertakes to show in the second section on Living,—refusing the theory of some people that the world is a vale of sorrow and unhappiness,—that the world is not such a wretched place but all this unhappiness, pain and fear and sorrow is limited and passing and has no eternal significance. For the Self seeks truth and happiness in itself because it knows that it is to be found within itself, however hidden and veiled this knowledge is.

This self-realisation is attained by giving up our life at the altar of that greater and diviner Life at the core of our existence, which is unlimited, and intrinsically and eternally blissful. It is only by subordinating, as the author says, our finite view of life to the richer and complete life that Bliss dawns upon our selves. Towards this end of complete happiness, faith in oneself and the truth alone will lead one. This small book is written in simple Telugu and can be followed easily by any reader. The author must be congratulated for putting forth clearly the philosophy of the age which refuses to regard the world as a place where intelligent creative happiness has no place and is only a vast monastery to practice austerities and put on melancholy airs of world-weariness. Such books of Hope and Faith in oneself are very requisite in India, at any rate, more than in any other country, and the author has done well to present it to the people of his country in their own language.

K. C. VARADACHARI M.A.,



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