

TRIVENT

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE



and

THE NEW ERA

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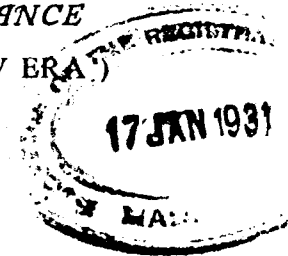
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NOVEMBER - DECEMBER, 1930

TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

(With which is incorporated 'THE NEW ERA')



EDITOR

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(Formerly Editor, 'The New Era')

Madras
(India)

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1930

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*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

Dear Reader,

We know that you are as much interested as ourselves in

- 1. the improvement of the 'Triveni', and*
- 2. its early conversion into a monthly.*

*These objects can be achieved only by **doubling the number of subscribers** during the coming year, 1931.*

Will you not help by enlisting at least one new subscriber?

Thanking you,

*Yours sincerely,
K. Ramakotiswara Rao,
Editor, 'Triveni'.*

P.S.—Please peruse the accompanying Appeal, and do your best for 'Triveni'.

‘TRIVENI’ AND ‘THE NEW ERA’

We are glad to be able to announce that ‘The New Era’ has been merged in ‘Triveni’. We hope that this result will meet with the approval of the friends of both the magazines. Though these two journals were living separate, it must have been apparent to many that there was much that was common to both. No doubt each had its special features, and no journal need be born if it has nothing special to propagate. But in the combined effort, an attempt will be made to bring out the best features of both. The fortunes of serious journalism in our country are exceptionally precarious, and united they could look forward to a stabler and more prosperous career than while single. We appeal to our friends and subscribers to evince in the combined venture the same interest and sympathy they were pleased to extend to the two journals separately.

M. S. CHELAPATI,

Editor, ‘The New Era’

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO,

Editor, ‘Triveni’

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 November last. The Editor's grateful thanks are due to all Life-subscribers. He trusts more will come in.

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74. „ V. Govindarajachari Garu, B.A., B.L.,
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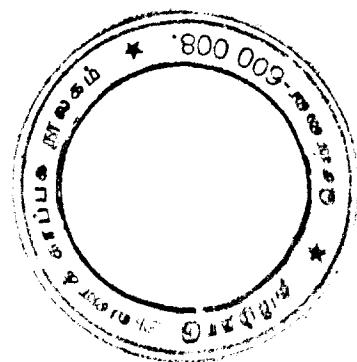
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An Image of Avalokiteswara



The Salvation of the King of Elephants (Gajendra Moksha).

Nepalese School, Eighteenth Century.

Collection of the Royal Asiatic Society, London.

Selected Examples of Indian Painting and Sculpture

BY O. C. GANGOLY

XI. THE SALVATION OF THE KING OF ELEPHANTS (GAJENDRA MOKSHA)

Nepalese School, 18th Century

(Collection of the Royal Asiatic Society, London)

When Pala Painting of the 11th and 12th centuries was transplanted to and took root in Nepal, it underwent wonderful transformations both in its manner and outlook. It not only outgrew the miniature sizes of the illustrations of the Pala manuscripts but it attained a novel decorative manner and a new and an emancipated form. In this new development it used and assimilated the elements of various pictorial traditions, one of which was undoubtedly borrowed from the manners and conventions of Rajasthani Painting of the 16th and the 17th centuries. This transformation and development is very typically illustrated in a magnificent composition depicting 'Vishnu riding on Garuda to rescue the elephant'—(*Gaja udharana*, or *Gajendra moksha*)—a subject frequently resorted to by artists of Rajputana and of Northern India. The story, as related in various Vaishnavite texts, runs as follows:—

One day the king of elephants, a devout worshipper of Vishnu, went to quench his thirst in a lake in the garden of Ritumat, on Mount Kailasa. Here he was seized by a crocodile (*graha*=seizer) and he began to sink into the depth of the water. In fear of his life, the king of elephants, cried out for help to Lord Vishnu, offering a lotus as a tribute of devotion. The cry of the devotee (*bhakta*) immedi-

ately brought the Lord from His Vaikuntha—and He came rushing down riding on his Garuda, and slew the crocodile, thus rescuing His devotee.

On a patch of clouds quaintly pictured in Chinese conventions, the gods seated on their 'aeroplane' are singing the praise of the Divinity ever ready to rescue the faithful devotees from the sorrows and the miseries of the world. In a moving and dramatic composition, the story is given in a pictorial setting of attractive decorative embellishments. The earth and the sky—the *martyaloka* and the *devaloka*—are divided by a conventional line, cutting up the picture in two rhythmic sections, while the tree, at the extreme left of the picture, though having its roots in the earth, shoots up into the cloud land, almost like the prayer of the mortals mounting up to the heavens to fetch the God from heaven. The trees are not realistic in style but are green in the intense decorative formula familiar to us in the early *Ragini* pictures of the Rajput school. The pair of gods sitting in the *vimana* are also dressed rather naively in the familiar drapery of the Rajput chieftains of the seventeenth century which appears to have been current in Nepal at the time. The big brimmed hat known as the *samla*, the double-breasted coat, and the *dopatta* or *uttariya* flung over the coat, are familiar Indian dress still surviving in various parts of India. The pair of seated figures at the right corner are probably meant to represent the donators of the picture who commissioned the artist to paint the picture. The lively elation of the king of elephants as he welcomes his Divine Rescuer, is very forcibly told in a few simple, yet expressive lines. His joy is very skilfully echoed in the rows of flying cranes in the sky above, and in the dancing movements of the plants which encircle the trees. Even the row of lotuses in the lake lift up their rosy heads in keen rivalry, each presenting itself, each claiming the honour of being presented, as an offering to the Deity. The Saviour Himself on His *vahana*, rendered in a spirited attitude of motion as He rushes down to the help of His

devotee, is, of course, the crowning peak of the composition. Yet the attention is skilfully divided between the Deliverer and His devotee—the white skin of the elephant contrasting with the deep blue complexion of the God. Though given in a set formula of pictorial illustration, there is a lively and a naive expressiveness rendered in terms of a skilfully organized composition, moving in its rhythmic lines, and vibrating in a rich orchestra of decorative motifs, which transport us to a mysterious world of legendary romance.

XII. AN IMAGE OF AVALOKITESWARA

Pala School, 10—12th Centuries

(Collection of the Nalanda Museum, Bihar)

The last phases of Buddhist Sculpture in India are represented by the rise of the Pala school in Eastern Bengal in the brilliant period of the 10th, 11th and 12th centuries. The rise of the Pala school, (referred to by Taranath, the Tibetan historian, as 'the Eastern school'), under the master-sculptors, Dhiman and Vitapala, natives of Varendra in East Bengal, gave a new turn to the old Buddhist schools of Saranath and Magadha, referred to by Taranath as the '*Madhya desa* school'. Upto a certain time the two schools appear to have preserved their distinct peculiarities. But early in the 12th century, the Magadha school may be said to have merged in that of the Pala school. There are evidences of an even earlier contact. The famous Vitapala had numerous disciples in Magadha and it has been recorded that both Dhiman and Vitapala were in Nalanda, probably on royal commission, to execute images or others works of art for embellishment of the famous monastery. The Pala school can be easily distinguished by many of its local peculiarities. One of the peculiar features is the introduction of local forms of architecture in the background, principally the eight-faced pillars on *kumbhas* and the tri-foiled arch, the native form

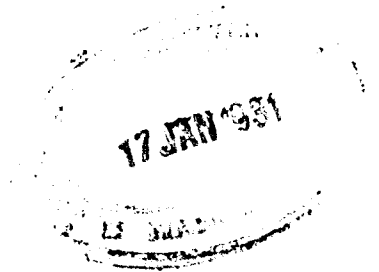


Image of Avalokiteswara.
Pala School, 10th—12th Century.
Nalanda Museum, Bihar.

of Varendra and Orissa. A second peculiarity is the introduction of a conventional floral design representing elaborately carved lotus stems under the throne (*asana*), where secondary figures of donators are sometimes introduced. But the most distinctive characteristic is to be found in the peculiarity of its plastic language. It speaks in a form marked by an elegance and sweetness rather than by vigorous modelling. In fact the modelling is completely obscured by clear-cut outlines and submerged by elaborate decorations, which almost give a feeling of metal work.

The example here illustrated from the collection of the Archaeological Museum at Nalanda conveniently illustrates nearly all the peculiarities enumerated above. The tri-foiled arch terminating in a low relief of a *kirtimukha* ('glory face') encircles a pair of flying garland bearers. The octagonal pillars placed on abbreviated *kalasas*, hung with chains, are in characteristic *Gauda* form. The elaborate lotus stems help to weave the two minor figures under the lotus seat in organic relation to the principal figure. Of the ornaments, the most characteristic features are the pair of 'flowers' projecting behind the ears. The headgear is a crown of 'three points' (*trichuda*) later on frequently used in Nepalese images. The hair is disposed in a graceful pyramid of matted locks (*jata makuta*) like those on images of Shiva, on which is the effigy of Amitabha, the spiritual progenitor of Avalokiteswara. The most attractive feature is the graciously sweet expression of the full-fleshed, rounded face, treated with much feeling and tenderness. The ornaments, necklace of pearls, with the *hrin-mala*, the sacred thread—in the form of a pair of pearl strings—the jewelled belt and armlets are rather subordinated to the general modelling of the figure, a feature somewhat rare in images of the Pala school. Free from the tiresome mannerism and technical virtuosity of later specimens, this image is a singularly fine illustration of Pala Sculpture in its finest manners both of technique and of vision. The sweet benignity of

the pose of the seated God—as He looks down the miseries of the world—in a mood of sad reverie, extorts our devotion, and one is induced to imitate the role of the little floating figures inside the arch, who weave their hymns in little garlands of flowers, rich with the sweetest fragrance of the passionate hearts of ardent devotees.



Agrarian Reform in India: The Legal and Economic Aspects

BY V. RAMADAS PANTULU

It is not perhaps so widely recognised as it should be that our Tenancy Laws have an enormous influence on the economic life of our farmers and that the weakness of India's rural as well as urban economy can, in no small measure, be traced to unprogressive and crude systems of our land tenures. The rights of the cultivators in the soil, the heritability and the transferability of their holdings and the extent of their freedom from eviction and enhancement of rent, are regulated partly by written law, the Tenancy Acts in force in the several parts of India, and partly by the unwritten law, custom and usage. The way in which land is held has many direct and indirect effects on agricultural prosperity which, in its turn, has its reactions on industry, trade and commerce. Mr. George O'Brien, in his 'Agricultural Economics' very clearly indicates the ways in which a bad system of land tenure may affect agriculture. He says:

"Farmers may be deprived of the security of enjoying the fruits of their labour or capital investments, the supply of land available for cultivation may be artificially restricted, the fertility of the soil may be permanently lowered, the size of farms provided may be unsuitable, the difficulties of acquiring capital may be increased and the successful application of a progressive agricultural policy may be impeded, owing to the existence of an unsatisfactory system of land tenure."

The World Economic Conference which met recently at Geneva has clearly traced the connection between agricultural depression and industrial depression. These general economic principles must necessarily have their fullest operation in a

country like India where 80 per cent. of the people pursue agriculture as an occupation and entirely depend on it for their subsistence. The state of our agriculture will naturally depend upon the efficiency of those to whose hands it is entrusted. It should, therefore, be the constant endeavour of those who are interested in schemes of nation-building to realise the effects of the systems of landholding in vogue in India on the well-being of her agricultural industry, and to strive to so modify the existing theory and practice as to create a self-reliant and prosperous body of peasant proprietors, on whose economic strength the happiness and efficiency of the nation largely depends.

It must be a matter of common knowledge even to casual students of Indian land tenures that, in most parts of India, occupiers of land do not possess rights which insure to them freedom from eviction and periodic enhancement of rents. The position, in some provinces, is better than in others; but nowhere does the farmer enjoy the full status of a peasant proprietor in his holding. The Tenancy Acts now in force in India have installed a new class of powerful landlords everywhere. It is not now necessary to go into the origin and history of these landlords. The widespread existence of this system of landlordism has been, and continues to be, a real menace to the economic progress of the Indian peasantry. Under existing conditions, the bulk of Indian peasants have no incentive to improve their holdings so as to make agriculture efficient and remunerative. Liability to eviction and enhancement of rent effectively deter tenants from sinking capital on the improvement of their holdings. "Security against the confiscation of improvements is universally regarded as a condition precedent to efficient farming," says an eminent writer on rural economics. Whatever might have been the services which landlords rendered in our pre-British rural economy, today they fulfil very few useful functions.

Speaking of the *Punjab*, the home of the peasant proprie-

tor, where the evils of landlordism are not so pronounced as in some other provinces, Mr. M. L. Darling, the most eminent authority on the Punjab Peasant, sums up the position of the landlords in that province in these words :

"Taking the province as a whole, it may be said that the landlord is even a greater burden upon society than the money-lender. The money-lender is doubtless an evil, but till he can be replaced, he is a necessary evil. On the other hand, the landlord is too often a parasite living on his tenants, wasting his substance and corrupting his neighbourhood." (page 332 of his 'Rusticus Loquitur').

In the *United Provinces* of Agra and Oudh, few ryots have permanent and heritable rights. The statutory tenant, who is the creation of recent legislation, enjoys the right of occupancy only during his life, and his successor has it but for five brief years after the death of his predecessor in title. It is no wonder, therefore, that the economic position of the bulk of the people of that province is deplorable to a degree. Let me cite one short passage from the graphic and faithful account of landlordism in the *United Provinces* which Mr. Brailsford, the talented Labour M.P. and Journalist who is now touring in India, has just sent to the British Press. Writing about land tenure in the U.P., he says :

"Walking through the fields we met a zemindar (landlord) and fell into talk with him about the system of land tenure. It had a feudal origin, and dates from the time of the Moghuls who relied on these gentry to support them in the field with foot and horse. The relationship under British rule became purely economic. The zemindar levies a rent out of which he must pay 45 per cent. to the provincial exchequer. He sinks no capital in the land. It is the peasants who dig the wells on which its fertility depends, and construct the mud-huts which form their crowded and insanitary villages. Relics of feudal service survive. The zemindar may summon the peasants to plough his own fields and exact from them, when he gives a feast, a tribute of milk and fodder. In return, I could hear only

of a rare permission to cut timber. I asked my zemindar bluntly what social service he performed in return for his rent. He answered, as plainly, that he had 'bought his rights, and owed no obligations, to the tenants. We are filling our bellies as everyone does.' In fact few of the old feudal gentry remain; their successors are mere tax-farmers."

In *Bengal*, land revenue is permanently settled in the greater part of the province. There are a few temporary settled estates periodically re-assessed and there are some Government estates settled directly with the agriculturists. There are hardly any peasant proprietors except those who hold directly under the State in Government estates. There is a great deal of sub-infeudation by the intrusion of tenure-holders, sometimes of more than one grade, between the proprietor and the occupancy ryot. These middlemen tenure-holders are a fairly numerous class in Bengal and the number of tenants who hold direct under the proprietors is small. Under the Bengal Tenancy Act, the occupancy rights can be transferred, but two very serious handicaps are placed on that right of transfer by the Bengal Act II of 1928. The purchaser has to pay a premium (*Salami*) of 20 per cent. of the sale price to the landlord at the time of the registration of the deed of sale, and the landlord is further given the pre-emptive right to purchase the holding, within two months of the sale, at ten per cent. over the sale price. The Bengal Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee have pointed out that the right of transfer of occupancy holding has thereby become largely nugatory and that the credit of the cultivator on the security of his land is likely to be restricted.

In *Bihar* proper, the bulk of which is permanently settled, the Bengal Tenancy Act is in force and the legal position of the Bihar ryot is the same as that of the Bengal ryot. There is some, though not a great deal, of subinfeudation. In *Orissa* and *Chotanagpur*, there are various restrictions on the ryot's

power of selling and mortgaging his holding. In the *Central Provinces* also, the conditions are very unsatisfactory. In only 27 per cent. of the land, which is now held by ryots, are there any rights of transfer worth mentioning, and even that not without restrictions of various kinds. The position of the ryotwari holders in the Central Provinces is not so good as in Madras. Their rights are heritable, but not transferable, except to the co-sharer or heir-apparent, or by sub-lease when sanction is obtained. The ryotwari holder is liable to be ejected for breach of certain conditions in the patta. Therefore, land held in ryotwari tenure in that province cannot be used as security for loans. The ryot of a ryotwari village there has, in fact, even less security than the occupancy tenant under the malguzars, the zemindars and jagirdars. The ryots of these classes of landlords enjoy very precarious rights in their holdings. The most favoured class of their tenants are the "absolute occupancy tenants" known in the vernacular as "Katai Mourusi." Their holdings are heritable and transferable, but that right is subject to pre-emption on the part of the landlord except when the transfer is to a co-tenant or heir-apparent. This favoured class of tenants is small when compared with the numerous classes of tenants who do not enjoy even these limited rights. In *Assam*, the prevailing tenancy is directly under the Government as the landlord. The Government lets lands on periodical and annual leases. Periodic lease-holders have permanent rights, heritable and transferable, but not the annual lease-holders. The latter are converted into periodic lease-holders after some time. Portions of the two districts of Sylhet and Goalpara are permanently settled and the ryots ('jotedars') holding under the proprietors have very restricted rights. In Sylhet, they possess occupancy rights, but have no power to transfer their 'jotes' (holdings,) without the landlord's consent. In Goalpara, after the Goalpara Tenancy Act of 1929, they acquired occupancy rights, if they held continuously for 12 years. This right is transferable only on payment of a

transfer fee to landlords. In *Bombay*, the conditions are better than in many other provinces. The prevailing tenure is ryotwari directly under the Government. The ryotwari holders have heritable and transferable rights. Since 1901, however, Government have introduced a new form of ryotwari tenure called the Survey Tenure. The holding under this tenure is subject to the restriction that it cannot be sold except with the Collector's sanction. The other forms of tenure like Talukdari and Khoti are confined to certain localities. Some of the ryots holding under Talukdari and Khoti landholders have occupancy rights while others have not.

The conditions in *Madras* are also less disquieting than in most other provinces of India. But even so, the position of the peasant is far from satisfactory. The two prevailing forms of tenure are the ryotwari and the zemindari, 27 million acres being held under the former and 19 millions under the latter. The ryotwari tenure with its periodical settlements, based upon no legal sanction but conducted entirely by the executive with an eye to derive increased revenue at each settlement, has many bad economic features and, in places and at times, it is oppressive to the cultivator. But the position of the tenants under the zemindari landholders is far worse, although it must be gratefully acknowledged that since the passing of the Madras Estates Land Act in 1908, the zemindari ryot's position has considerably improved. The Madras Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee, which reported this year, *inter alia*, on the economic condition of the peasantry in the province, say as follows:

"A ryot holding under a zemindar, or the kanamdar under a jenmi, is less well off than one holding direct from the Government. The Government sources of irrigation are, in general, kept in better condition and there are fewer incidental exactions in ryotwari tracts. In consequence, other things being equal, land in zemindari is less readily saleable outside and, therefore, less valuable, than that in ryotwari villages."

The zemindari ryot under the Madras Estates Land Act does labour under some real disabilities. He cannot compel his landlord to maintain the irrigation sources in good repair; he cannot claim remission of rent even when a total failure of crop occurs; he cannot enjoy rights of grazing in the wastelands of the zemindari; he is liable to pay a premium to the landlord for first admission to ryoti-land. The position regarding settlement of rents, following a survey, are so unsatisfactory that, in some cases in the Northern zemindaris, in the course of such proceedings accompanied by commutation of grain rents into money rents, some zemindars obtained, through the agency of the Settlement Officers, enormous enhancements of rents, going up to 300 per cent. in some instances. The position of the cultivating classes in the West Coast districts of Malabar and South Kanara is more distressing. The Verumpattadar in Malabar and the Chalgani tenant in South Kanara had no rights worth mentioning in the land that they cultivated. The position in Malabar has, to some extent, been improved by the Malabar Tenancy Act. But the liability to eviction for non-payment of rent, the obligation to furnish security, and certain other disabilities detract from the value of occupation rights secured by that Act.

I have merely mentioned some outstanding features of the chief tenures prevailing in some of the provinces, by way of illustration, in order to draw attention to the precarious economic position assigned to the bulk of the cultivators of the soil in India at the present day. Schemes for the upbuilding of rural India will hardly bear fruit, when the implications of this economic situation are not fully grasped and enthusiastic and strenuous efforts made to re-vitalise the peasantry who are the mainstay of the country. We hear the slogan of bringing about a change in the standard of living of the peasant and in his outlook on life. But, how, I ask, is this achievement possible, without making the peasant the owner of his holding,

subject only to his obligation to pay the just demands of the State or of the landlord in the shape of a fair and equitable revenue or rents, fixed under legal sanction and subject to judicial revision? It is hardly necessary to point out that capital and credit are as necessary to the agriculturist as to a person engaged in any other form of industry. But he cannot get it, for the simple reason that the entire problem of rural finance or agricultural credit hinges round the agriculturist's right in his holding and its true economic value as a bankable asset.

What is the State doing and what the chosen representatives of the agriculturists in the legislatures? The attitude of the Government is far from heartening. They apparently wish to proceed along lines of least resistance, so that they may not wound the susceptibilities of the landlord class and other vested interests. As regards their own land revenue policy also, the Government are unwilling to submit it to an examination by any impartial Commission or Committee. The question of the land revenue system and of land tenures was expressly excluded from the scope of the enquiry of the Indian Taxation Enquiry Committee and of the Royal Commission on Agriculture. Under the Montagu-Chelmsford dispensation, Agriculture was transferred to a Minister, while Land Revenue and Irrigation were reserved to a member of the permanent services. The piloting of measures for agrarian reform through the present legislatures is becoming increasingly difficult. Political or communal considerations and exigencies have led the representatives of the rural constituencies, who are returned by the votes of cultivators, making alliances and pacts with landlords, in the legislative councils as well as in party organisations outside the councils. Government is sometimes a privy to these alliances, it may be indirectly. Attempts to amend the Madras Estates Land Act so as to improve the condition of the zemindari ryots have, in consequence, been held up for the last five or six years. The position in other provinces

in regard to the prospect of improving the tenancy laws through the legislatures is equally gloomy. The spirit and outlook of Mr. Forbes, who heroically piloted the Madras Estates Land Act in 1908, in the face of a fierce storm of opposition from powerful vested interests, are now absent from our legislatures. The remedy lies in creating a strong public opinion in favour of sound agrarian reform. The tendencies in the Western countries have to be watched and adapted to Indian legislation, so far as they can be beneficially copied. There, the attempt is to improve the agricultural efficiency and increase the output from land in national interests by the creation of a class of small peasant proprietors. An instance in point is the "Small Holdings and Allotments Act" in Great Britain which empowers county councils to take all the land which any individual landholder in England and Wales possesses in excess of fifty acres, and to sell or lease it to a farmer or labourer. "The Land Purchase Acts" of Ireland and the activities of the "Estates Commissioners" which are directed to enable farmers to purchase holdings, are other conspicuous examples. Speaking of this machinery, Mr. Herrick says: "It is the greatest body not only in Ireland, but in the world, for using the aid and the credit of the State for the purpose of enabling farmers to acquire real estate." While schemes for nationalisation of land in the Western countries are in process of development, we witness in India the perpetuation of a system of extensive landlordism improvised by the East India Company for facilitating its revenue collection. There can be no possible doubt that today it operates to the prejudice of millions of small cultivators and leads to further economic degeneration of the masses in rural India. The landlord of 1802 A.D. is an anachronism. He must become a modern landlord who makes some contribution to India's economic development, if he wishes to survive the onslaught of current economic forces.

The present generation of students of law and economists

17 JAN 1931

from whom the future legislators will be recruited, will regard agrarian reform a subject of absorbing interest for economic and legal study. They can bring a fresh mind to bear upon the whole problem. It will be a folly to allow things to remain where they are. That way lies the process of further deterioration of our peasantry and agricultural enterprise. To quote Mr. Darling again: "At a time when all ancient institutions are being subjected to a searching and critical scrutiny, it is difficult to find sufficient justification for the landlord who neither helps his tenants nor develops his land." It is said that, in the old days, agricultural and political insecurity were so great that, without the assistance of his landlord, the peasant could not hope to hold his own against the ravages of Nature and the attacks of turbulent neighbours, and that the cultivator could not also tide over a bad season or a period of economic distress without his landlord's helping hand. Do landlords fulfil any of these functions today? In what way do they help their tenants against political insecurity or economic insecurity? Political insecurity no longer obtains; and as for economic insecurity, the landlords themselves are more often than not in debt, and an indebted landlord can no more help an indebted tenant than the blind can lead the blind. Any legislation which is aimed at improving the system of land tenures will fail in its purpose, unless it takes note of the almost revolutionary changes that have come about in the political, social and economic order of the people. Intellects which are not obsessed by tradition and custom and free from past commitments should be brought to bear upon the solution of this most vital reform, namely, the reform of land laws.

Legislation has to be called into play in rehabilitating the agriculturist in many another sphere of his life, besides his tenure. By the peculiar position he occupies in present day rural organisation, his economic dependence on others, his phenomenal illiteracy and chronic indebted-

ness, he is sometimes unable to protect his own interests, without the help of the legislature or the intervention of the State. Hence the necessity for measures to ensure for the agriculturist fair treatment in the determination and recovery of debts claimed against him, by means of suitable modifications in the general provisions of the processual and contractual laws. These measures have sometimes to be carried a step further, in order to prevent the peasant from experiencing the more serious consequences of indebtedness, such as the loss of his land or the permanent impairment of his capital, by exempting his holdings from liability to sale in execution of decrees or even by restraining his powers of voluntary alienation. The Land Alienation Acts, Acts to regulate the money-lenders' accounts, and the Usurious Loans Act, are instances of this class of legislation. The Royal Commission on Agriculture have also put in an eloquent plea for the enactment of a simple Rural Insolvency Law, on the ground that the existing law is more suited to urban and commercial classes than to agriculturists. The agriculturist who is ready to place his holding and other entire assets at the disposal of his creditor, must be given a chance of a new start in life, free from the burden of his inherited chronic debt. The Deccan Agricultural Relief Act, which was the outcome of serious agrarian riots in the Deccan in the year 1875, is an outstanding example of this species of statutory relief. Under the provisions of this Act, the courts have the power to go behind the bond or other document by which the debt is secured, and can determine the real nature of the transaction, irrespective of the provisions of the Indian Evidence Act. The main purpose of the Act is to safeguard the position of the agriculturist debtors against frauds by money-lenders. This is secured by empowering courts to investigate into the whole transaction, to reduce the interest which appears to be unreasonable, and to grant instalments for the repayment of the amount due. There are provisions in the Act under which agricul-

rists owing more than Rs. 50 can be declared as insolvents, although, in practice, the agricultural debtors have not taken advantage of them. A debtor's land cannot be sold unless specifically mortgaged in security, nor can he be arrested in execution of the court's decree. The Act also aims at preventing the transfer of land from the cultivating to the money-lending classes. In the Punjab also, similar legislation is in force. The Punjab Land Alienation Act of 1901, as amended in 1907, was intended to afford protection to certain chief cultivating classes, who are notified by the Local Government as being entitled to the benefits of the Act. Members of the notified tribes are grouped by districts, and within such groups alienations are regulated by the ordinary customary laws of the tribes; sales and mortgages by members of a group to persons who are not members of the notified group are prohibited by the Act. A mortgage in contravention of the provisions of the Act cannot be enforced unless sanctioned by a Deputy Commissioner, who corresponds to a District Collector in the Madras Presidency. Any sale in contravention of the Act is void and only takes effect as a usufructuary mortgage in the form permitted. In the United Provinces, the Bundelkhand Land Alienation Act of 1903 is in force, and it is based more or less on the model of the Punjab Land Alienation Act. Other instances of such legislation are the Central Provinces Land Alienation Act of 1916, which applies to Gonds, and the Agency Tracts Interest and Transfer Act which applies to the hill tribes in the Agency Tracts of Ganjam, Vizagapatam and Godavari districts in Madras.

How far these pieces of legislation have benefitted the peasants for whose protection they were intended, is a matter on which opinion differs. The fact is that, while they have certain undoubted advantages, they also carry with them certain patent disadvantages. The preponderance of opinion, however, seems to be not in favour of these legislative measures. Regarding the Deccan Agricultural Relief Act, the Bombay

Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee sum up their views in the following words:

"The evidence before us was almost unanimous in holding that the provisions of the Act were being evaded, that the agriculturist has lost his credit, and that the honest money-lenders were forced to withdraw from money-lending business in rural areas. Wealthy landlords, money-lenders, traders and professional men have been claiming protection and privileges as agriculturists."

Regarding the working of the Punjab Land Alienation Act, the following is the verdict of the Punjab Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee:

"In the first place, it is regarded by the non-agriculturist rural money-lender as the most serious obstacle to his business. Secondly, it gives the agriculturist money-lender a predominating interest in the agricultural usufructuary mortgage business. Thirdly, the agriculturist money-lender being very little hampered by the Act, tends to advance a higher proportion on the value of the mortgaged land than the non-agriculturist. The disadvantage of the first point is that it tends to maintain the high rates of interest: its advantage is that it restricts credit. The disadvantage of the second point is that mortgage is often made the means of expropriation: its advantage is that possession generally passes from one farmer to another. The disadvantage of the third point is that it enables many to borrow more who would be better obliged to borrow less: its advantage is that to the few who understand the use of money, more credit is available."

The general effects of the Bundelkhand Land Alienation Act are thus summarised by the United Provinces Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee:

"There has been a reduction in the supply of credit and an increase in its price. This reduction of credit has led directly to a fall in land values. There has probably been a considerable reduction in the total volume of debt; at all events it is lower in this tract than in any other part of the province. The non-agricultural money-lender has been

replaced to a considerable extent by the agricultural money-lender. Of the total debt in Bundelkhand, 42 per cent. is due to the latter and 44 per cent to the former. Even in Bundelkhand, where most landlords are small cultivating proprietors, some are richer than others. It seems inevitable that as a result of this Act, the richer landlord has increased his possessions at the expense of the poorer. It may be doubted whether the Act benefits the tenant."

About the Central Provinces Land Alienation Act, 1916, the Central Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee says that, "Credit in aboriginal tribes is shrunk somewhat, since the enactment of the law. Money-lenders are also springing up amongst these tribes. Economically the Act operates to perpetuate their backwardness." Regarding the Agency Tracts Act, the Madras Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee says that, "The provisions of the Act are entirely neglected and the hillmen generally allow their creditors to take possession (of the land) without protest."

In spite of the serious defects thus pointedly brought to notice by the five Committees, in relation to the Land Alienation Acts in force in their respective provinces, none of these Committees recommended the wholesale abrogation of these Acts. The Bombay Committee which suggested the repeal of the Deccan Agricultural Relief Act in its present form, has simultaneously recommended its replacement by another simple Act applicable to the whole province and giving relief only to small and genuine agriculturists. The significance of this attitude is evident. There is a natural repugnance to interfere with freedom of contract and the operation of well-recognised rules of evidence and procedure. The circumstance that such interference is not an unmixed good and that it reacts in some ways against the interests of the very person who is sought to be protected is also borne in mind. Nevertheless, there is some nervousness all the time, to advocate that in no case should an agriculturist be protected against the landlords and money-

lenders. Much depends upon local conditions, the general level of advance among the people and the balance of advantage or disadvantage. Legislators tread very thorny ground in attempting this reform.

There is, however, another form of legislative interference with freedom of contract and rules of legal procedure, which is open to less controversy and which is more or less a feature of some Tenancy Acts in India. Experience of administrators and courts has revealed that peasants can be easily made to contract themselves out of their legitimate legal rights under economic and other forms of pressure, to their serious prejudice and to the detriment of rural economy as a whole. In such cases, the legislature is called to the aid of the weaker of the two contracting parties, the peasant. Contracts preventing acquisition of occupancy rights in ryoti lands, and private agreements for enhancement of ryots' rent, are made inoperative under the Madras Estates Land Act on these broad grounds of policy. The probative value of certain terms in leases granted in anticipation of the passing of Tenancy Acts has for similar reasons been reduced or negatived. How far these and similar special legislative provisions have been effective in practice must be subjected to careful examination and, where such examination discloses the necessity for their modification, it should be boldly undertaken in general public interest.

Again, if the landlord's rights in any species of land which he does not personally cultivate, but habitually lets on competitive or customary rent, are considered to be so sacred as not to be confiscated by declaration of statutory occupancy rights in favour of the ryot, then let there be at least the provision for the purchase by the ryot of full rights of occupancy in the land he cultivates, on payment of a moderate price not exceeding two or three times the annual rent reserved. This right exists at present in the case of what are called "old waste lands" in Madras zemindaris. But much of the so-called private land or sirland of zemindars in Madras and other provinces

is habitually cultivated by ryots. Ryots must be enabled to purchase occupancy rights in such lands as well, on a small payment.

This short account of the directions in which legislatures can be approached to promote the economic prosperity of the agricultural classes in this country will, I hope, serve to stimulate interest in the present generation of law students and economists to embark on an extensive as well as an intensive study of the subject, not merely from an academic standpoint to get through the university examinations, but to equip themselves for the onerous task of genuine agrarian reform, which cannot be put off much longer. It is a mistake to suppose that this problem will solve itself with the attainment of our political freedom or the transfer of power from British to Indian hands. It is essentially a domestic problem and full of intricacies. It can be effected only by making new light dawn on landlords and tenants. Landlords must be persuaded to perceive the benefits of a more rational and equitable system of land-holding in this country, which will transform the existing weak, disorganised and disunited peasantry into a self-reliant, organised and prosperous community. The enlightened self-interest of the landlords should be appealed to. The cultivators must be roused from their placid and pathetic contentment and fatalistic repose. Their rights should be fearlessly championed. In this re-adjustment of the relations between landlords and tenants, and reconstruction of rural economy on new foundations, the legislators and economists are bound to play a prominent role in the near future and thus make a substantial contribution to the economic emancipation of their Motherland.

Santiniketan and Viswabharati

BY G. VENKATACHALAM

"What's in a name?" it is often said. There is more in a name than its mere sound and significance; there is a charm about a name as about a personality,—a subtle, elusive thing that defies definition or description, like an aroma of a flower. Some names make history; some stand out like giant peaks in a long range of mountains; some lull humanity into a sweet reverie of all that is good, noble and beautiful in life. Tagore's name is one such. It stands not only as the name of a great personality but as a symbol of the culture and genius of an ancient race. There is a haunting melody about the name, not, perhaps, in its sound, but certainly in its association and all it stands for. The name of Tagore is associated, in India, with everything that is poetry, beauty, art and culture. To the world abroad, it stands for India and all that is best in her age-old civilisation. Tagore embodies the highest cultural expression of an Indian and as such he has endeared himself to the world and has become a world-personality. Few names, in modern times, carry a romantic atmosphere about them as Tagore's; fewer still possess the magic personality, the perfect physical beauty and majestic appearance of an ideal manhood. Tall, handsome, a Christ-like face, with perfectly chiselled features and clear cool eyes, a flowing beard, soft and beautiful, a bearing and a gait, at once dignified and noble, with loose over-flowing robes, Tagore towers above, in sheer physical appearance, his fellowmen. There is an inward spiritual splendour in his dark deep-seeing eyes; a refinement in every gesture and movement of his limbs. His voice is melodious; his laughter free and silvery.

Anything associated with or originating from such a

personality is sure to attract the attention of the world, and his school at Santiniketan has now become a modern place of pilgrimage. Thousands visit this institution to pay homage to the Poet and to see his interesting educational experiment, which has drawn such world-wide attention. Tagore himself has written and lectured about his school in the various cities of the world; Mr. Pearson's book on the school has had a large circulation. And now what is the outstanding feature of this institution and why has it become so famous? There can be no doubt that it became famous because of its origin and association; and as to its special feature, it was an ambitious attempt at the modernisation of an ancient educational ideal, the ideal of an *Ashrama*, a kind of Forest-University. How far the Poet has been successful in achieving his ideal, time alone will show; the experiment is still going on and there are great odds to contend against. His fame and personality have contributed a good deal to its growth and its present status; his ambition to achieve his ideal in his life-time is worthy of his genius. The school is the dearest child of his heart and he has sacrificed everything, time, money, energy, talent, his whole life, for its development, and if today it is a world-centre for culture and learning, it is because of his all-consuming love for his school.

He speaks about its origin in his autobiography. He selected the present spot because it was the place made sacred by the memory of his great father, Maharshi Debendranath Tagore, who spent his last days in seclusion and in meditation under the shade of the *sal* trees there. The spot is marked now by a white monument erected by Tagore and his admirers. The place itself is not picturesque or romantic; there are no flowing rivers, expansive lakes, purple hills or green forests near by; no ancient monument to sanctify its past. Just open spaces, undulating mounds, scattered villages of the Santals, palm-fringed horizons,—these surround the spot. And yet, it has an atmosphere that grips you, that makes you feel

happy and peaceful, and the gorgeous sunsets every evening make you realise the beauty of the place more and more. The name, Santiniketan (Abode of Peace), is no misnomer but a reality to be experienced. There is a quietness about the place which is not of the dead but of the living; it has, in other words, an atmosphere, befitting its name—quietness for the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom.

Now “atmosphere” is not something vague, unreal and imaginary, but a *presence* to be felt. I cannot help contrasting here the impression one gets of another educational institution at the foot of the Himalayas, the well-known *Gurukula* at Haridwar of the Arya Samajists. The location of this *Ashrama* is picturesque and romantically rugged, with the mighty Ganges flowing on one side of its boundary and the foot-hills of the Himalayas as background, and yet it lacks “atmosphere”; there is nothing in the institution to make you “feel” anything, excepting the virility and stern asceticism that stare you from all around; from the students, from the buildings and from the surroundings. Take, for instance, a place like Adyar, an international centre of a world-wide movement: everything there breathes “atmosphere”. You feel it the moment you enter its trilithian-gates and speak to the very first man you meet. Holy places like Benares, Buddha Gaya have this “atmosphere,” though of a different kind.

There is a difference of opinion among the admirers of Tagore whether he was wise in developing his old “Santiniketan” (school for children) into an University of Learning, his present Viswabharati, and whether the place has the same attraction and serenity as it used to have in the earlier years. I, for one, feel this keenly each time I visit Santiniketan, and often wonder if the change was for the better or worse. One misses much of the simple beauty and idyllic nature of the place. No more do we see the picture of “little Buddhas” in meditation under the cool shade of *sal* trees; no more do we hear the happy laughter of little children that

played and studied about the compound in a care-free manner. In vain do you look for the familiar sight of the Poet, (*Gurudev*, as he is lovingly called,) teaching a cluster of children round him and telling them stories in his own inimitable style. All that is changed. Piles of buildings—shabby attempts at reproduction of old Indian architecture—rise about the compound and greet you with their sombre looks; learned professors go hither and thither “taking classes” for under-graduates; bespectacled students look at you from their research desks; debates and discussions ring through your ears as you pass by the dormitories; even Art students, who once delighted the world with their lovely little creations, are now fast turning into photographers, wood-carvers and book-binders. The old atmosphere of poetry, drama, music and dance, is now surcharged with thick clouds of scholasticism, punditism and commercialism. The Poet has no time either to sing or play with children or teach them; he is busy with finding ways and means to raise further funds to stabilise his University. The idealism which inspired Rabindranath to start this unique school, in which children will be trained and educated in an atmosphere of freedom and love, is slowly being replaced by other worldly considerations. Students and under-graduates are now being prepared for the Calcutta University Examinations, with their strict rules and regulations, their stiff curricula and stupid text-books. The old, quiet world of little children is now dominated by noisy adults and anxious elders.

But, still, there are other attractive features in the Santiniketan of today. Scholars from different parts of the world do sojourn there for teaching and learning; boys and girls still create beautiful things under the inspiration of a master-artist, Nandalal Bose; practical rural re-construction work is being carried on at Sriniketan; the Poet still lives there singing his songs, and on festal occasions great crowds gather there to rejoice with the Poet.

Tagore's living quarters is a beautiful building, designed after old Indian style, the only successful attempt at architecture in the whole place. The apartments of the Poet are simply and tastefully furnished with Indian-made things. Lovely little pictures done by the students there adorn the walls; small frieze and fresco paintings executed by student-artists beautify the interiors. There is repose, comfort and elegance in every little object to be seen there. Rabindranath lives in a suite of rooms upstairs, while on the ground floor lives his son Rathi Babu with his talented wife Pratima Devi, an artist herself. When guests arrive, the whole house becomes a common family property. Years ago, the Poet lived near the same place in a small building of few rooms with one servant to attend on him. He is now surrounded by a happy family who serve him dearly. The other interesting buildings in the compound are the newly-constructed Kalabhavan and the Girls' Hostel. The architecture is simple, airy and chaste. Art students work in cosy corners in Indian styles; girl-artists have a small building of their own in which they work under the supervision of Sukumari Devi, a promising Indian lady artist. Music is taught by Dinandranath Tagore, the living repository of Rabi Babu's songs; dancing by two teachers from Manipur, and a number of girls take lessons in this art. The Library is one of the finest in India and has a good collection of books in the European languages. The whole place is electrically lit, and a motor bus meets visitors and guests at Bolepur station. Selfless workers like Ariam Williams and others make visitors' stay interesting and profitable. The Poet plays the part of a silent host, and guests return with his blessings and with pleasant memories.

Current Topics

THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR

The Round Table Conference will break up about the middle of January, and, in all likelihood, a number of sub-committees will tour the different provinces of India to seek further light on the many intricate problems awaiting solution. But is not this a round-about method of doing, over again, the work of the Simon Commission under a different garb? When it was suggested in certain quarters that the Indian Delegates to the R. T. C. in London were no better than witnesses furnishing information to the British Cabinet, our 'representatives' felt deeply hurt. They claimed—and the Viceroy echoed the claim,—that they were clothed with all the dignity of plenipotentiaries, invited to meet the British political parties on terms of equality and to discuss the terms of a settlement between two great Nations. It was to be a frank and friendly discussion on the basis of Dominion Status with a few agreed, transitory reservations. Otherwise, said they, no self-respecting Indian would have cared to flout the opinion of the vast majority of his countrymen. But the Conference, as we pointed out in an earlier number, was side-tracked and got into a discussion of the terms of Federation with the Indian States. The British Cabinet were content to play the part of umpires, and the interminable discussions in the committees have led to conclusions in which, obviously, nothing is concluded. No settlement is possible on the communal question till, as important British journals have pointed out, the Government make an open declaration of their intentions regarding the all-important issue of Responsible Government at the centre. And similarly, no proper scheme of Federation can be evolved unless the position of the States' subjects as citizens of All-India is recognised, and the Princes are willing to submit to

a curtailment of their autocratic powers. It is far too much to expect that these large problems will receive adequate attention or admit of satisfactory solution within the two or three weeks that yet remain. And so, the scene of activity will shift from St. James Palace to the Viceroy's House at Delhi. But who, we ask, are the people that will tender evidence before the sub-committees in India, and what validity will attach to their conclusions while a sullen Nation and its accredited leaders stand aloof and lathi Raj and Ordinance Raj are rampant?

The only effect of the Conference has been to detach from the main current of national life the small, though important, stream of Liberal opinion. The Indian Liberals took umbrage because the Indian element was excluded from the Simon Commission, but the R.T.C. has been the means of securing their co-operation. Now, as in 1921, the Liberals will sit in the seats of power, while the bulk of Nationalist India will refuse to accept the settlement arrived at. If the British Government and their Indian allies are anxious to restore peace in India and to lay the foundations of an Indo-British Commonwealth; if, in other words, they wish to prevent the R. T. C. becoming the proverbial mountain in labour, the first steps they would be well-advised to take are the declaration of a general amnesty and the convening of a fresh Conference in India with the specific object of drawing up a Dominion Constitution. It might then be possible to persuade Gandhiji and other Congressmen to attend and contribute to the success of such a Conference. But so long as courage and far-sighted statesmanship are lacking, these inevitable steps will not be taken. It almost looks as if things must get much worse before they can begin to get better.

THE FAILURE OF LORD IRWIN

At the fag-end of his Viceroyalty Lord Irwin has sought to justify his policy in relation to the present political upheaval in India. He takes credit to himself for ignoring the wishes of

those who would make a desert of India by relentless repression. He believes he has trodden the middle path between the extremes of "Martial Law and no d—d nonsense" and the abdication of power in the face of open defiance of constituted authority. But his apologia is unconvincing, in that it fails to take note of the many and flagrant breaches of the law by those who are its guardians. With the best of intentions, Lord Irwin has succumbed to the Provincial Satraps and the reactionary elements in the Central Government. If piety, sincerity, and a marvellous capacity for fine phrases could have enabled a Viceroy of India to discharge his onerous duties, then indeed Lord Irwin might have made a successful Viceroy. But it was his misfortune to have been called upon to administer a country that had grown sick of personal rule and was yearning for the substance and not the mere forms of Responsible Government. Gifted with the imagination to understand and even sympathise with the Indian view-point, he yet lacked the strength to beat down the opposition of the permanent services and other vested interests. Like Viscount Morley, he made himself the instrument of policies that were revolting to his higher nature. In the pre-Reform era he might have been a popular Viceroy like Lords Ripon and Hardinge. A decade hence, he might have proved an admirable constitutional ruler of an Indian Dominion. But now the times are 'out of joint' and he has been asked to 'set it right'. He has pleased none—no, not even his nominees to the R. T. C. The Government of India Despatch on the Simon Report and the recent revival of the Press Ordinance are glaring instances of Lord Irwin's inability to assert himself as against his die-hard advisers. He will go down to history as a pathetic failure.

THE NEXT VICEROY

The sceptre passes from Lord Irwin to Lord Willingdon. His appointment has come as a surprise to everybody, though some affect to believe that the surprise is a welcome one.

That in his declining years an ex-Governor of two Indian Provinces should be required to pilot the ship of State through troubled waters is something strange. Various reasons are being adduced by his admirers to prove that the choice is an ideal one. To the Indian Liberals, it is an event of happy augury that the Governor-General of a self-governing Dominion is to guide the first faltering steps of the infant Dominion of India. To the members of the permanent services, the appointment of an ex-Governor to the Viceroyalty is in the nature of a fresh lease of unfettered power for themselves and a triumph for their policies. To the communalists of Madras, Lord Willingdon is the patron-saint who gave them their first great chance in South Indian politics. Mr. St. Nihal Singh is loud in his praises of Lord and Lady Willingdon, and he is positive that the appointment will be a success from the political no less than the social point of view. For, is not India to be a Federal State ere long, and has not the noble Lord gained valuable experience in composing the differences between the component parts of the Canadian Federation? But others, again, aver that Lord Willingdon was the one Governor in all India to work a scheme of dyarchic government with conspicuous success. And now that there is to be a dyarchy of sorts at Delhi, Lord Willingdon may be trusted to become the head of another 'happy family'.

All this, however, is but rank speculation which does not interest the average Indian. At the commencement of every new Viceroyalty, extravagant hopes are roused, and at the end of every period of five years, these hopes are given a burial. And, after all, where even Lord Irwin has failed, it is futile to expect Lord Willingdon to succeed. It is not a new Viceroy that India needs, so much as a new orientation of policy.

"LAW AND ORDER"

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru is reported to have remarked that, in India at the present time, there is too much of law and too

little of order. But every day that passes confirms the Indian public in the view that *both* law and order have been abrogated. It is not necessary here to draw attention to the many abuses of power by the Magistracy and the Police. One of the most notable, however, is the unprovoked lathi charge delivered on the occasion of a private and perfectly peaceful social gathering at Peddapuram in the East Godavari District. From the published reports, three points clearly emerge: 1. No order under Sec. 144 had been promulgated in the locality. 2. No Magistrate was present to declare the assembly an unlawful one. 3. No time was given for people to disperse, and even as people were dispersing they were pursued and beaten. This is one of the most reprehensive acts of the guardians of law and order in the Southern Presidency. It was hoped that with the famous judgments of Justice Pandalai in connection with the ridiculous banning of Gandhi caps and National flags, there would be a return to sanity on the part of the men dressed in brief little authority. But the lesson was not learnt, and some of the leading men and women of East Godavari including Miss P. Kameswaramma and Pyda Venkatanarayana, Zemindar, have been very severely handled.

Though it is now nearly a fortnight since the occurrence, no official version has been forthcoming. The matter, we understand, will be brought up before the next session of the local Legislative Council by way of a motion for adjournment. Some of the victims intend to take legal steps in the civil courts against the persons responsible for the lathi charge. As the matter is soon going to be *sub judice*, we refrain from further comment, except to remark that the Home Member of the Madras Government is an Indian.

THE ANDHRA UNIVERSITY

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to two remarkable pronouncements by Prof. S. Radhakrishnan and Mr. Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar on the ideals of a modern Univer-

sity. Both of them lay emphasis on the importance of spiritual values and the contribution which India has got to make towards the higher synthesis of Matter and Spirit. Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar addresses himself more particularly to the problems confronting the Andhra University. Claiming to be 'of Andhra', he puts in a passionate plea for the development of Andhra culture under the ægis of the new University. Owing to the unfortunate controversy about the location of the Headquarters, and the lack of adequate financial support, the University has not so far been able to settle down to any constructive work on progressive lines. As Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar points out, no university can function at the present day without ample resources, to be supplied by the Government or the aristocracy of the land. While the University has not instituted Honours or Post-Graduate courses, it is becoming increasingly difficult for Andhra students to obtain admission into the older University of Madras. Without funds, without a local habitation, and torn by dissensions, the University has done little to justify the hopes of its founders. And just when things are brightening up, it has been deprived of the services of its talented Vice-Chancellor, Mr. C. R. Reddy. All eyes are naturally turned to Prof. S. Radhakrishnan as the prospective Vice-Chancellor. If the Andhras can learn to work together for higher ends, the University may yet function successfully, and not only contribute its share to the Renaissance of Andhra Art and Literature but also open up fresh avenues for its alumni. But there is a fundamental consideration to which Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar drew attention. The country is passing through a great political crisis, and unless the energies of the best men and women are released from the pursuit of the goal of political freedom to that of cultural effort, nothing of importance can be achieved. Till then the utmost that seats of learning can hope to do is to hold a few examinations and grant degrees.

Subbarau's 'Yenki' Songs

BY M. CHALAPATHI RAU, B.A. (HONS.)

"Keats? What are Keats?" asked a tyro in English Literature when reference was made to one of the greatest of English poets. That well indicates the attitude of the average English-educated Indian towards the poets of his native tongue. It is but a part of the tragedy of unfulfilment during this twilight of a transition. It is no wonder that masterpieces arrive unsung, unwanted, almost unread; and there are no 'best-sellers' in India.

But not so with 'Yenki-Patalu' and its author. This thin little volume of songs, that had the gusto of ballads and the stately lilt of lyrics, with their full-throated freshness and innumerable charms of sentiment and felicities of expression, came upon us like the light of a new experience. It seemed as though it had given form to those shapeless songs that lovers whisper to the winds, as though those still-born thoughts and common sentiments, often left unuttered, were muffled in new melodies. It typified a transition and announced a break. It was even hailed as a phenomenon; some gloried in the starfire of its phrases; some delighted in the music of its rhythms; and some dissected it for concealed beauties. Mr. Subbarau, the author who ushered these songs without much ado, seemed to have broken the back of tradition with one fierce wrench, and shown the literary world how to be at once popular and permanent; for these songs that had the tang of permanence in them were recited and remembered and discussed everywhere. On the other side there was an uproar, a lament and a challenge. The Popes of literature who are protectionist in their policy assumed the God and affected to nod; they condemned the colloquialisms and vulgarisms; they moaned

over the simplicities and unconventional imagery, declared that Yenki was a prude, a witch and a coquette, and proclaimed that poetry is made of sterner stuff. They were sure they had seen the end of Telugu poetry, for they prophesied an age of bronze and prepared to shed tears. 'Yenki-Patalu' became the centre of a storm; it became the symbol of a new school; it had, indeed, caused one of those mild sensations which often start revolutions. It seemed as though discussion would never end; but, after all, the flattering imitators and the swearing critics that fought like the Greeks and Trojans over the body of Hector, ceased to discuss it even as Englishmen have ceased to discuss whether Pope is a poet.

But there is no end to its charms and influence. It introduced the same problems in Telugu poetry as Wordsworth had introduced a century ago in England with his 'Lyrical Ballads,' the same important problem of the subject-matter of poetry and the language of poetic expression. The songs introduced a new genre in love-poetry in Telugu. They are mainly the expressions of Nayudu Bava in amorous gasps and delirious delusions giving tongue to his passions and sensations. Here is a new type of lover. The conventional lovers of Telugu poetry who indulged in breezy love-making, had contracted into wooden and lifeless types; they yawned and spoke ponderous phrases, but had made Telugu poetry tedious and monotonously conventional with all its wealth of imagery, where scene followed scene in traditional rococo fashion and allusions floated like icebergs in an ocean of mist. They were good artists too in kissing; every one of them lotus-eyed and broad-shouldered and long-armed; as in Homer every dawn is rosy-fingered and every hero swift of foot. But they lacked life, they lacked sincerity. To these forms, dead, half-dead and dying, Mr. Subbarau brought the freshness of a new experiment. He made his compatriots realise the sweetness of Spenser without his sensuality and the dash of the 'Ballad of the Nut-Brown Maid' without its archaisms. He

achieved a directness and simplicity with a frugality of phrase that was astonishing; he is comparable in this estimable quality to Mr. A. E. Housman, though the latter's 'A Shropshire Lad' is quite different in theme and style. It was an escape for a generation bored to death by detective novels that tried to thrill but provoked hearty laughter, and shapes of dramas 'that shape had none' which were exact mirrors of bad poetry, bad taste and bad manners. But the little volume set the critical world in much guessing and fruitless fancy. Yenki's identification was debated with as much vigour as the 'dark lady' of Shakespeare's Sonnets, the age of Hamlet, the colour of Othello, and with as good a result; so also Yenki's character, Yenki's birth, Yenki's breeding, Yenki's voice; some detected two Yenkis, and some a thousand Yenkis, while others were not sure whether she is a blonde or brunette. It is a mischievous mockery to compare the present-day poets with the classical authors, and damn the former in the light of the latter; it is as mean as damning the Peddannas, the Potannas and the Timmannas in the light of the Krishna Sastris and the Subbaraus. It is neither necessary nor inevitable; one might be accustomed to glare always at the stale skies, the blue gods and the blushing goddesses of Ravi Varma, and yet have enough taste left to appreciate a Raphael, a Reynolds or an Abanindranath Tagore. And to call in for comparison 'Narayanamma' and 'Chandramma' songs is to miss a vital difference, a difference between a finished product and flotsam and jetsam, between imagination compact, full,—bodied in beautiful rhythms, and imagination in tatters and fancy in rags. They have practically denied these common folk and rustics the right to love in poetry: as if love in royal robes or divine graces is different from love in rags; it is the same flame that consumes a Krishna, a Dushyanta, or a Nayudu Bava; the same as a transcendental passion, or an elemental emotion, or a domestic sentiment.

The charge of coquetry and inconstancy in Yenki is more

easily made than justified; it is like seeing odd glances and gestures and call this woman a whore and that a wife; they are the inconsistencies of life as it is lived and not the consistent and monotonously conventional life of romances written according to rules, or, worse, to the order of a tasteless patron. It is love in its impulsive swell, the foam of fancy playing on the ebb and tide of emotion; and what little is incoherent is the incoherence of agitated and insurgent imagination, which is as necessary to a poet as its exact opposite is to a critic. But the fact remains that 'Yenki-Patalu' achieved a compression never known before, and a simplicity that was new and startling to some whose ideas lie buried under a pyramid of phrases.

But a more serious objection raised was the objection to the adoption of the language of popular speech. The critics that ventured to offer this criticism were as cynical and narrow-minded as the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly' Reviewers of the last century, when Wordsworth provoked their conservatism with his polemical prefaces. The language, they said, is not only colloquial but the vulgar speech of the lowly classes; the language of poetry should be idealised; in affecting to repudiate the Ancients the author 'writ no language'. They would have justified their prejudices a little had they staked their name on the theory alone; but it is the performance, the achievement that is more than half of the theory. It was when Wordsworth could not achieve much in accordance with his theories and achieved more when he set them at naught, that his theories and innovations became his idiosyncrasies; but 'Yenki-Patalu' is more than full with the beauty of achievement. The author has more than justified himself by his splendid workmanship. He has manumitted many colloquialisms; he has coined freely from the unmined gold of popular phraseology. There is a rich variety of rhythms running uniformly melodious throughout. If it is not the language of learning it is the language of refined emotion and meaningful melody; it is the language of rural life,

the world of sheep-cotes and love-sick swains, a language that does not come by way of the clouds but comes straight from the heart,—direct emotions in straight speech, as direct as laughter or tears. To the Poet it is "emotion recollected in tranquillity"; he gives the artistic rhythm to the wild disorders of rapture. It is not possible to illustrate these aspects without quotations, and quotations in this case from one language to another are unthinkable. But there is nothing stupidly slangy, and little that is even commonplace in the whole work. In his austerity and spare use of adjectives he contrasts heavily with the many-coloured mosaics of long-tailed similes and mixed metaphors, wherein the subject and predicate play hide and seek with each other; and if it seems unnatural, it is only because it is new in its sweep and intensity.

It is not with Spenser or Wordsworth, however, that he ought to be compared though he has the doric delicacy of the former and the naturalness and simplicity of the latter; it is with Robert Burns, with his rusticity and rich rhythms, the Burns of his light-hearted love-lyrics, that a comparison can be sought. Burns is more varied in his themes; but this comparison can be made without being charged as a plagiarism-hunter or a parallel-hunter. It is impossible to read these lyrical ballads, as Burns' own love-songs, without feeling an inward glow. Burns is at his best when he writes in dialect; he is so truly passionate and sincere and downright; so light, so airy, and so swift and smooth of movement. Mr. Subbarau has the same ease and grace, and 'Yenki-Patalu' will thrill an Andhra with mild sensations as the songs on 'Mary Morison', 'Bonnie Lesley', 'Duncan Gray', and 'Jean' continue to thrill and stir the bonnie Scot:

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;

For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic another !

* * *

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie !
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane' again sae bonnie.

Here is a specimen of sweetness and subtlety :

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.

There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And many a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

* * *

There is not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean,
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

'Yenki-Patalu' do not suffer by comparison, as the language in which they are written is one of the sweetest in the world, in poetic vocabulary so rich, and, in distribution of vowels and consonants, so proportionate and resonant. But they defy translation, as they defy analysis ; the very repetitions that add emphasis and charm in the original, if reproduced, sound like mere sentimental shouting. In trying to tear the hearts out of them we get only dismembered entrails ; at best we can have only poetic paraphrases ; but here they are given for what they are worth. The charms of Yenki are pinned in a few pregnant phrases from Nayudu Bava :

My heart is stifled in my throat !
My heart is struggling in my throat !
I cannot sit—not sit a while
She looks at me, she makes me smile,

And if I speak, she spurns at me,
She signs from the corner of the eyes,
She taunts and tantalises me,
If I sit near she flares at me !
My heart is stifled in my throat !
My heart is struggling in my throat !

She keeps me here and goes away,
Ah, she has tried and harassed me,
And taken all my breath away,
And melted with her witchery !
But to be silent with a will
My spirit cannot stop or still !
My heart is stifled in my throat !
My heart is struggling in my throat !

And in another of these stirring songs he has brought about an effect in colour and passion, which is so simple and true :

And when at dead of night
Alone and fearlessly,
Beyond the trees and hills,
I wander in the field,
My Yenki comes so softly !
My Yenki comes so slowly !

And when to the green fields
In the fulness of moonlight,
She comes enchantingly
In a bright blue saree,
My Yenki flashes beauty !
And seems the forest fairy !

And when I go towards her,
To meet my Yenki coming,
And when she sights me there
Coming to meet my lassie,
My Yenki's feet then falter !
My Yenki melts to water !

He is so filled with thought of her beauty that he cannot describe all her charms ; they are too many for him. He would take her to sacred places like Tirupati and row her to Bhadradi. At one moment he is teased by her ; the next he enamours and

is enamoured of her. He is the constant lover; the little tiffs between them are occasional and are only the passing phases of love on trial; life is loveless and ugly to him without her; and he works himself to a ferment of emotions, delusions and day-dreams. See how he has found what tickles her most and sets her in sweet moods:

And when amidst a throng
I sing a Yenki song,
My Yenki, stirred with ecstasy,
Behind the wall—so blissfully,
To see my Yenki's looks that day!
To see her beauty on that day!

And when the lassies, ladies gay
In household prattle praise and say
There is a music in my voice,
There is a sweetness in my noise,
To see my Yenki's looks that day!
To see her glory on that day!

And when the neighbour's wife and I
Talk a little sportingly,
Or when from field so late returning
At the end of evening,
To see my Yenki's looks that time!
To see her fiery at that time!

The burden of his love is so honey-sweet and heavy that he has stirring and picturesque dreams; as when he dreams of Yenki's beauty fading in the distance, sailing in a boat in an endless sea of water; and sometimes he has strange wishes:

Let Yenki think of me and shut her eye,
To see her eye-brow then so meltingly!
And let her dream of me and sigh a while,
To see her eye-brow such great riches pile!

His agonies and silent ecstasies are hers too, for he shares them with her. There is a sweet feeling when he naively says:

Put out, put out the light,
Let there be night!

I cannot hold my mind on thee,
And let night fill the garden;
To see thy eyes
With their flashes of light!
Put out, put out the light,
Let there be night!

And in that flash I'll think
Of thy own beauty,
And think till my eyes will sink
With chinks in seeing thee,
Put out, put out the light,
Let there be night!

And the looks suppressing,
And the form forgetting,
We two will sleep together
Not knowing each other,
Put out, put out the light,
Let there be night!

All his thoughts are centred and consumed in that one passion, which flares up into the imagination of the poet, the lunatic and the lover, though the lover here is saner than a lunatic and more practical than a poet.

If Yenki's lover is all picaresque in his thoughts and gestures, Yenki herself is picturesque in her moods and impulses. To her lover she is a fairy, a deity, the sweetest lass, with smiles and softer wiles; for he says in the most stirring and revealing song of all:

There is no lass like Yenki,
There is no one so pretty,
But I have lost my lassie,
She'll never come to me!

And beads on neck so fair,
And flowers in her hair,
And if she raises eyes,
Such golden glories rise!
There is no lass like Yenki!
She'll never come to me!

And a mole on her cheek
 And beauty great—to speak,
 One smile alone is as bright
 As a thousand diamonds' light!
 There is no lass like Yenki!
 She'll never come to me!

And if she sings a lay
 All sins will fly away,
 And if she tells a story
 It lives eternally!
 There is no lass like Yenki!
 She'll never come to me!

And darkness in the garden,
 And the yards all darken,
 And when I go for food,
 A bumping in the blood!
 There is no lass like Yenki!
 She'll never come to me!

And a glory she brings
 Even to a house of kings,
 My precious stone—my smart
 Sweet girl that ate my heart!
 There is no lass like Yenki!
 There is no one so pretty!
 O, I have lost my lassie!
 She'll never come to me!

Here there is no luminous haze or hazy luminosity which is Milton's merit in his epics, no impressionist dots and splashes; it is all so clear and precise. She is not portrayed in the proportions of a conventional heroine; she has an originality and individuality of her own, whose central feature is the integrity of innocence. She has all the flirtive fancies of a coquette; she is, indeed, as unstable as water and as inconstant as the moon in her charms. It is this which led the critics to deny her the status of a wife, though she loses nothing in her devotion, affection and passion. She is unaffected, natural and simple as a rustic girl; but a rustic girl, graceful, playful and fanciful,

fully developed in her emotions and ecstasies, and exulting in them. Her lover asks her what jewels he can get and set around her grace and beauty, but her greatest ambition is only a pious wish, for,

I will follow thee,
 I will live with thee,
 Give me a guileless heart!
 And thou be happy,
 I'll build for me
 My palace in thy shade!

And how she deludes herself, and delights in those delusions, and with what ardour she remembers her lover!

"Why hast thou come alone at night?"

"But he and I played here alone!"

"And why lookest so at the foaming river?"

"His heart too boils like that foam!"

"And what is charming in the crescent?"

"For when the crescent goes he comes!"

"For he and I played here alone.

His heart too boils like that foam!

And when the crescent goes he comes!"

But there is nothing to beat the following in showing the fever of her fancy and single-minded emotion; she is thinking of him, her lover, her king, who promised to come the day before yesterday,

And when I go for water,
 I feel—I swear, O sister,
 That some one follows after!

And when I look in the mirror,
 I feel so shy, O sister!
 I hear somebody's laughter!

In the moonlight still, O sister!
 My body thrills, O sister!

He is so true and wise,
 I see him in my eyes!

In a few flashes she reveals herself as a jealous mistress. She has no need of mirrors; for she can see herself in his crystal eyes, and looking deep into the stillness of his eyes she changes, colours, and laughs within herself. The moon, who is as necessary in the conventional romance as a brown tree is to some paintings, gets her share of Yenki's attentions and is the confidant of her heart-hidden ecstasies, her hopes, fears and love-lit miseries; and addressing the moon she recalls her lover's words, how

He said, "this day for ever
This day for us will live,
And not to the wind even
My embrace will I give."
But 'is it just, O moonie
To laugh at me, my moonie!

He looked at me,
He looked at thee,
And said "this moon will be
Betwixt us two the witness."
But do not weep, O moonie!
Thy pity is enough!

It is in such fulness of fancy that their passions break through prison-bars and they lose their identity, and stray into the infinite of a bodiless being. Yenki has become a star in Telugu poetry; she has cast the spell of her name far and wide, and will live of her own right.

But Yenki and her lover have not so much of separate identity. He lives in her and she lives by his light; and it is in their sweet chatter, their love's tittle-tattle that they harmonise together. The author has shown no less art in this group portraiture than in the revelation of the separated sweet-hearts. The following is so subtle in its revelation and suggestions:

When I spoke of what we may
Have been in the last birth,
My birdie, my Yenki,
She laughed all shy!

When I spoke of what we two
Might be in a future birth,
My lassie, my Yenki,
She whitened all ashy!

And when I said how long
This bliss for us will last,
My Yenki, my Yenki,
She watered in the eye!

It is the purer side of a passion, the pure gold of it, tied up in thought or breaking through silver speech. And listen to this prattle:

"Such bright beauty and being
So much in a mirror's space,
How has it sunk, my king,
In a pearl's little face?"
"Yenki, how all thy charms with art
Are fixed within my heart?"

"One look, one beauty shed,
One laugh alone my king?
One part alone, how spread
Across this shining string?"
"Is not at once thy beauty caught
In goodness, word and thought?"

"But O strange mystery!
That thou of such straight grace
Shouldst dance so easily
In the pearl's little space!"
"But Yenki that in drops and wicks hath been,
Dancest thou not in mind, unseen?"

The Poet makes Love speak with two voices, one the voice of masculine grace and the other of feminine coyness and charm, the one so charmingly fanciful and the other trembling with shyness and secret thoughts, till they echo in the valleys of their hearts, and meet and sweeten each other, and rise in the end to the rapture of a symphony. He has crystallised Love in

character; and wrought it in jewelled thought and gasps of rapture. The effect is added to by the beauty of the background and the fore-ground, indicated in a few sweeps. There is so much in atmosphere; it is atmosphere that is half the charm of Kalidasa's 'Sakuntala'; it is atmosphere that rescues many of the romantic heroes in Telugu *prabandhams* from being stale or shrunk; and it is atmosphere that fuses the ideal and the real in 'Yenki-Patalu'. The hills, the paddy-fields, the rivers, the valleys, the cows are all touched so lightly, not luridly; and they reflect the charms of pastoral peace.

It is a curious paradox that the best authors are the worst influences; yet the paradox persists in all literatures and in all ages. It is the same with Tagore; it is the same with the author of 'Yenki-Patalu'. Poets and poetasters cleared their throats and even succeeded in copying his simplicity without his sensuousness, his downrightness without his dignity. But their melodious trifles shrivel into the spectres of parody; they have only lowered love and love's light speech to booming rant or light-hearted gossip. Yet 'Yenki-Patalu' remains unique in the simplicity of its conception and the luminosity of its phrase; if there is one quality which distinguishes it in song after song it is sweetness, sweetness in thought and sweetness in expression. There is, however, no excess of mere sugary sentiment. He only bade good-bye to baroque luxuriance, to clangour of sound and flamboyance of colour; and, by his success, he has made simplicity desirable, and even fashionable. Yet, simple and sweet as are the rhythms, they run in and out so variously that they never snap into sing-song sweetness. It can be said of him, as it has been said of Tennyson, that every word in him is a picture; he achieves a gallery of frescoes, so exquisite in conception and finish. There is no melody that does not mean a picture; each song screens its part of rural scenery; and each scene is transposed into song. It is like going from peak to peak of harmony, a plaintive solo or a grand chorale, till in the end the effect is a synthesis and a

symphony. There is one serious criticism to be made, however. The sequence is not clear; the lovers ought to have received a fuller development; there ought to have been more of local colour; for a poet such as this has no need to be parsimonious. These touches would have made of it an epic of emotion; and the unity, which is now a unity of interest, would have been more concentrated and compact; and the critics would have kept dumb. But the theme is unflagging in interest, with its flux and reflux of rhythm, the flow and overflow of ideas. As it is, it may go down like a beautiful fragment, as fragmentary as the fraction of an exquisite fresco or the torso of a Greek god. Many will regret the meagreness of output when they delight in the melodies of a voice that is still.

But it will live when most of its contemporaries will be dead. The lovers will live through the ages; their love will be a light in Telugu Literature. We can imagine these songs remembered wherever men sing: the soldiers singing in a swagger by the camp-fire, the brawny men and maidens of the village in a chorus sowing or reaping, the milkman with stray notes in the first hour of morning. The author himself sang them before he wrote them. He has, however, no mannerisms even when he sings at the top of his voice. He is, apparently, mannerless, even artless; yet the subdued glow and singing undertones, the sense that is so clear and the metre that sings for itself go to wake up echoing melodies. These are raptures that only rare art can give, an art that seems artless but genuine. We see the lovers lazy and languid or laughing and sportive; we see them in the half light and the full light, stuttering and gasping enchantment, and prattling like voices in a dream. We see them sporting in the shade, or the one playing with the tangles of the other's hair. Perhaps we think more of Yenki; we see her going by her lover with the milk-pot on her head and flowers in her hand, passing by the rivers or through the valley, so still with deep thoughts and silent ecstasies.

A mountain here and a mountain there,
 And in the mountain valley,
 She puts the milk-pot down
 And prays to the temple-deity.
 Alas ! methinks, to see her
 These eyes are only two !

And paddy-fields here and there,
 And between the fields of paddy,
 She gives the milk and flowers
 To me, my beloved Yenki,
 And says ' why need we riches ? '
 And fills my breast with pity !

Here they are snapped in the glow of an unaffected rapture like fire-flies in a greenery ; it is their loveliest and most picturesque pose ; and in that pose, for most readers, they remain for ever.

Asoka and the Laws of Love and Piety

BY KALIPADA MUKHERJEE, M.A.¹

"Now after so many centuries of futile effort to protect ourselves by the methods of the pagan system of violence, it should be evident to every man that all such effort, far from ensuring our safety, tends only to add a new element of danger both to individual and social existence."—Count Leo Tolstoy (*The Kingdom of God is within You*).

Mr. H. G. Wells in the introduction to his *The King who was a King*, dreams of a time when "form, story, and music, will be brought together to present the conditions and the issues of the abolition of war in a beautiful, vigorous and moving work of art which will be well within the grasp of the ordinary film audience." The film is already, in his words, "a means of expression exceeding in force, beauty and universality any that have hitherto been available for mankind." We can well foresee with Mr. Wells a time when the abolition of war will be a great spectacle, a great music-drama sufficiently illuminating to the ordinary film-goers in every country, with regard to the evil consequences of warfare. But, Asoka the great Hindu Emperor of India who reigned more than two millenniums ago (circa 273—232 B. C.) had no such means at his command by which he could inculcate to the subjects and wayfarers of his extensive empire the precepts of the Lord Buddha who was the first in the world to preach that 'Love is the greatest religion'. In that far-off age Asoka distributed rock-edicts and pillar and column and cave inscriptions throughout his far-flung dominions, in wildernesses and on waysides for the edification of his subjects

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who knew how to read the popular Indian dialect, the Pali. The story of how, during a reign of over forty years, Asoka had not to wage a single war with neighbouring kings, far less with other Indian potentates, should prove of incalculable benefit, not only to war-spent Europe but to all the nations of the world.

With the termination of the reign of Bindusara in 273 B.C., Asokavardhana or Asoka succeeded his father as King. Before that he had acted as Viceroy first at Taxila in North-Western India and then at Ujjain in Malwa, as tradition would have us believe. We know also from legendary lore that he had an elder brother Susima, who contested the succession and delayed the formal coronation for nearly four years. But the story told by the Ceylon monks that Asoka slaughtered 98 or 99 brothers in order to make his way to the throne, is now considered, and rightly too, by the historians as a popular myth. All this grotesqueness may have been invented for the sole purpose of edification and for laying emphasis on the wonderful change which came into the life and character of the great king after his conversion to Buddhism.

The most outstanding event in the life of Asoka—the one war of aggression which was waged during a reign of more than forty years, was, however, the Kalinga war. It was Asoka's only war of aggression, directed against the kingdom of Kalinga on the coast of the Bay of Bengal—the neighbouring kingdom of Vanga as the kingdom was then called. It was conducted on such a vast scale that it entailed the slaughter of well-nigh 100,000 men, the death of many times that huge number, and the captivity of not less than 150,000 persons. The indescribable sufferings of all those men, the heart-rending wailings of the wives, children, parents and relatives of those slaughtered and dead, produced an ineffaceable impression on the mind of the victor. The Kalinga war proved to be not only the one great decisive event in the life of the victorious monarch, but it was to become one of the greatest decisive events in the world's history.

Asoka's own imperishable words which still remain in the form of edicts and inscriptions, carved on pillars and rocks, tell us how he was driven by his ambition to be the cause of untold calamity to his subjects, and how he took refuge in the Law of Piety which brought solace and lasting peace to his remorseful heart. Rock Edict, No. XIII runs as follows:—

“Kalinga was conquered by His Sacred and Gracious Majesty when he had been consecrated eight years (261 B.C.). 150,000 persons were thence carried away captive, 100,000 were there slain, and many times that number died.”

“Directly after the annexation of the Kalingas began His Sacred Majesty's zealous protection of the Law of Piety, his love of that Law, and his inculcation of that Law (*Dharma*). Thus arose His Sacred Majesty's remorse for having conquered the Kalingas, because the conquest of a country previously unconquered involves the slaughter, death and carrying away captive of the people. That is a matter of profound regret to His Sacred Majesty. So that, of all the people who were there slain, done to death, carried away captive in Kalinga, if the hundredth or the thousandth part were now to suffer the same fate, it would be matter of regret to His Sacred Majesty. Moreover, should anyone do him wrong, that too must be borne with by His Sacred Majesty, so far as it can possibly be borne with. Even upon the forest folk in his dominions His Sacred Majesty looks kindly and he seeks to make them think aright, for, if he did not, repentance would come upon His Sacred Majesty. They are bidden to turn from evil ways that they be not chastised. For His Sacred Majesty desires that all animate beings should have security, self-control, peace of mind, and joyousness.”

In the same edict is the explanation of the true conquest which consists in the conquest of men's hearts by the Law of Duty or Piety. The noble monarch tells us also how, long before he dictated this edict, he had already won such victories, not only in his Indian dominions, but in kingdoms six hundred leagues away from his own, in the realms of the Greek Kings, Antiochos, Ptolemy, Antigonos, Magas and Alexander.

Throughout India, towards the south in the Chola and Pandya kingdoms—as far as the Tamraparni river, believed to be in the modern Tinnevely district—in his own dominions among the Yonas, Kambhojas, Nabhapamtis, and also the Andhras and Pulindas—"in fact, everywhere," says the gratified king, "men hearing His Sacred Majesty's ordinance based on the Law of Piety and his instruction in that Law, practise and will practise that Law."

This sort of conquest is the true conquest, inasmuch as it conquers men's hearts by the Laws of Piety and of Love. This conquest is the only full conquest and it was realised by Jesus Christ who came after the Buddha, as such. This royal preacher Asoka, even like the religious teachers, understood clearly that this conquest holds good not only in this world but in the next, and brings in the Kingdom of God on earth. Therefore it is, that he exhorted his sons, grandsons and all his successors to follow this path of true conquest, and if perchance they should ever become entangled in armed warfare, to have recourse to gentleness and patience, so that they might win that inward joy of spirit which abides in us in both the worlds.

How Asoka came to know of the Law of Piety is told in popular stories in India. It is said that while he was groaning with remorse in his heart, he met one day a Buddhist monk, the very picture of meekness and piety, Upagupta, whom he questioned the cause of such inward happiness as was evident on his pious and radiant face. Upagupta related to him everything with regard to the principles of the religious order to which he himself belonged. The remorseful king became at once strongly impressed, bowed down to him and became his disciple soon afterwards.

This beautiful picture recalls to us a very familiar picture of modern times. Leo Tolstoy in his early youth,—a soldier who had taken an active part in the bloody Sevastopol war—had to spend in 1847 some days in a hospital at Kazan. It

was here that he "in his conversations with Nikolaievitch, learnt about a Buryat Lama lying in the same hospital, who had been attacked by a highway man on the road and had been wounded. The Buddhist Lama, he learnt, had not offered the robber resistance, but had awaited death with closed eyes and prayers." This story exerted such a powerful influence on his mind that it revolutionised his whole outlook on life and the world. He became a Buddhist ever afterwards and left many disciples whom he instructed in the Law of Piety. His teachings embodied in tracts like, 'The Kingdom of God is within You' have exerted profound though silent influence on the minds of many contemporary thinkers and politicians of the world. It was Buddhism which was in a large measure instrumental in shaping early Christianity. The ideas of the abolition of war and of passive resistance originated in Tolstoy's mind when he pictured to himself the monstrosities perpetrated at Sevastopol, contrasted with the meek submission of the Buddhist Lama standing unmoved in the presence of death.

Asoka's remorse for the horrors of his one war of aggression and aggrandisement taught him that non-injury to all living creatures is a very high virtue, and bore fruit in his own time in the complete abolition of war, in India and the surrounding countries. And Europe's remorse during the great World War of 1914—1918, has resulted in the inauguration of the League of Nations from the suggestion of President Wilson with aims "to promote international co-operation, and to achieve international peace and security by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations, by the firm establishment of the understandings of international law, as the actual rule of conduct among Governments and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organised peoples with one another." But the student of history is strongly reminded of the Confederacy of Delos when he contemplates for a time the peculiar

character of the composition of the League. Strong and aggressive nations, like Sparta of old, have captured more than one vote in the deliberations of the League, by appropriating the votes of colonies and dependencies, when necessary, while some have been left without any. And the future consequences of such an arrangement may be more easily imagined than described.

It is to be regretted that Christian nations have forgotten that love, humanity and charity are the three fundamental principles of Christianity and that Jesus Christ himself was the Prince of Peace. The politicians have always considered it too meek to profess what the truth is, for fear of the loss of personal power and prestige. And, "there has been hypocrisy and hypocrisy, universal hypocrisy. No one marvels to find liberal science insisting upon the equality, fraternity, and liberty of men on the one hand, while on the other it is striving to prove the necessity of armies, executions, custom-houses, of censorship of the press, of legalised prostitution, of the expulsion of foreign labour, of the prohibition of emigration, and of the necessity and justice of colonisation established by the pillage and extermination of whole races of so-called savages," has been well said by Tolstoy.

Men today, more than ever before, have to ponder over the words of Rabindranath Tagore who said, "I belong to one Race, the Race of Man, I belong to one Nation, the Nation of Humanity." It is really to be regretted that there is still so much disunion among mankind. Says Tolstoy, whom I call here the greatest of all modern Buddhists, "The miseries of men are caused by disunion, and disunion arises from the fact that men follow not truth, but falsehood, of which there is no end. Truth is the only bond by which men may be united, and the more sincerely men strive after the truth the nearer they approach to true unity."

But how are men to be united in the truth, or even approach it, if they not only fail to proclaim the truth which

they possess but actually think it useless to do so, and pretend to believe in something which they know to be a lie? In reality no improvement in the condition of mankind is possible while men continue to hide the truth from themselves, nor until they acknowledge that their unity, and consequently their welfare, can be promoted only by the spirit of truth, until they admit that to profess and to act in obedience to the truth as it has been revealed to them, is more important than all things else.

It has continually to be dinned into the ears of even professed Christians that the Kingdom of God has got to be attained. But it requires effort to attain that Kingdom. And what is the nature of the effort by which we are to bring in the Kingdom of God? The answer is simple and has been given by Tolstoy who said: "Each one has but to begin to do his duty, each one has but to live according to the light that is within him," and then only will come the promised Kingdom of God, for which the heart of humanity yearns all through the ages. And then alone will come true the prophetic words of Jesus: "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God."

But when will it come?

Says Tolstoy in answer to this query: "Eighteen hundred years ago Christ, in answer to this question, replied that the end of the present world,—that is of the pagan system,—would come when the miseries of man had increased to their utmost limit, and when at the same time, the good news of the Kingdom of Heaven, that is of the possibility of a new system, one not founded upon violence, should be proclaimed throughout the earth."

And we know that the time when the present world should cease, has come already. During the last World War the miseries of man had increased to their utmost limit, and people all over the world dreamed that some new destiny was being shaped for them.

¹ St. Luke, Chap. 13: 29.

How can men gain that new destiny which is in store for them? They have only to cease to be hypocrites and free themselves from the slavery of falsehood. Asoka the Hindu Emperor became a Buddhist, learnt from Upagupta the religion of Love and Piety, and not only gained inward peace and freedom of soul but propagated with unique success Buddha's religion of Love to the farthest corners of the then known world. Modern politicians and thinkers and men have got to realise like Asoka, who was an adherent of the Buddha, the indirect illuminator of the heart of Jesus, that 'The only significance of life consists in helping to establish the Kingdom of God, and this can be done only by means of the acknowledgment and profession of the truth by each one of us.'

Standing before the deadly devastation and the huge toll of their 'boys', during the last World War, more than one English diplomatist and ecclesiastic was obliged to confess that, "War is the failure of human wisdom,"¹ and "The only price we can offer for our boys' matchless courage, standing to the death before us, is to see that never again shall this thing be."²

"Thrilled by the anguish and the shame
Of War's deadly tragedy of pain,
We must resolve in God's great name
To hurl its thunder, woe and flame
Back to the Hell from whence they came."³

But "the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there! for behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."

It was Asoka who, of all politicians and rulers of men, was the first to understand the message of the Buddha, so identical with that of Jesus Christ, and who tried to conquer the hearts of his subjects and of humanity at large by Love and Piety and not by greed and hypocritical self-deception. The twentieth century has much to learn from Asoka who, with stricken conscience, took refuge in the Buddha's Laws of Love and Piety.

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Theories of 'Rasa'

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The technical term *rasa*, like its philosophical counterpart *dharma*, cannot be correctly translated into English, since both terms are particularly of Indian origin and development. *Rasa*, according to Sanskrit literary critics, is the fountain of ecstasy which projects itself out of responsive literary minds either in the form of poetry or delectation: poetry, if the responsive person happens to be gifted with poetic genius or *pratibha*, and delectation when the mind happens to be too prosaic for any poetic output. Anandavardhana, the prince of literary critics in India, has declared that it is only out of a *rasa*-obsessed heart that poetry spontaneously flows out and therefore nothing should be introduced—either consciously or unconsciously—in its wake, which undermines the supreme sovereignty of *rasa*. So *rasa* is the most important topic dealt with in the *Alamkarasastra*—both in its scientific and artistic aspects. As such, the propounding of such a highly æsthetic theory of *rasa* and making it coeval with the *Alamkarika Brahman*, is peculiarly Indian, and terms like 'feeling,' 'sentiment,' etc., which are sometimes proposed by translators, are, to say the least, quite inappropriate, inasmuch as they would all denote particular aspects of the mind which are so many doors or approaches to the grand temple of *rasa* known to the *Alamkarikas*. But since *rasa* is a mental blooming or *vikasa* consequent on the ecstatic delectation which both prosaic and poetic responsivists share, we would not be missing the mark if we translate it as 'literary delectation.'

In his prologue to the *Ramayana*, Valmiki has beautifully suggested that it is the *vyangya* or the suggested element cul-

minating in *rasapratiti* that generates delectation in literature. Even in literature there is the game of hide and seek, and it is this that evokes and sustains the charm or *chamatkara*. Naturally a theory which concerns itself with the propounding, elucidation and gradual perfection of this doctrine is one of the most important topics of literary criticism.

The function of poetry has been declared to be an appeal to the heart, not to the head,—to the dormant emotion, not to reason. Sanskrit *Alamkarikas*, in their doctrine of *rasa*, try to explain the psychological process behind this appeal. The theories centre round the statement of Bharata, the 'father of literary criticism' in Sanskrit, *vibhavanubhavyabhicharisamyogad rasanishpattih*. Different theorists interpret this basic *sutra* in different ways, and elaborate different theories of æsthetic appeal. These differences arise out of the psychological and partly physiological prepossessions of the particular theorist.

Before attempting to understand the statement itself, the technical terms used therein, *vibhava*, *anubhava*, *vyabhicharibhava*, *sthayibhava* (which is only implied therein) and *rasa* must be clearly understood. *Rasa* is so called because it is '*rasyate*' or æsthetically enjoyed. It is a mental state of æsthetic bliss. The term *sthayibhava* means permanent mood of the human mind; latent or dormant, it is always in us,—a heritage from previous birth,—and is psychologically conceived as being that upon which literature works with its bewitching influence and turns into *rasa*. As it is always in us, it is called '*sthayi*' or permanent. It reduces all other mental moods to its own form, like the water of the sea absorbing everything and yet maintaining its own individual form. Perhaps it is on account of this fact that the *sthayibhava* is always latent in us as a heritage from previous birth, and perhaps also on account of its dominating character that any reference to it in the *rasasutra* was deemed unnecessary and irrelevant. Particular stimulants technically called *vibhavas* are

required to rouse up these latent feelings, and this is effected by means of *abhinaya* or excellent acting in dramas and powerful descriptions in other works. All other ideas in the mind are unconsciously banished, and we forget ourselves in the scene before us. It is then that the *sthayibhava* melts into *rasa* realisation. These *sthayibhavas* are considered to be nine in number, and they are *rati* (love), *hasa* (humour), *soka* (pathos), *krodha* (anger), *utsaha* (energy), *bhaya* (fear), *jugupsa* (disgust), *vismaya* (wonder), and *sama* (tranquillity). To the last is denied the status of a *sthayibhava* by some, but Abhinavagupta, the greatest literary critic, has definitely declared in favour of it. In any *kavya*, one of these is to be introduced as the *sthayibhava*; e.g., *rati* in *Sakuntala* and the *Meghaduta*; *soka* in the *Uttararamacharita* and the *Ramayana*; *utsaha*, the *sthayibhava* of *virarasa* in the *Mahaviracharita* and the *Kiratarjuniya*; *sama* in the *Prabodhachandrodaya* and the *Mahabharata*. This main *bhava* is kept in view throughout the *kavya* and all others are rendered subordinate to it or favour its smooth sailing.

Vyabhicharibhavas are many fleeting or secondary moods that are common to several permanent moods (*sthayibhavas*) and serve to completely manifest them. To take an example, *nirveda* (despondency) and *glani* (fatigue) are common to both *rati* and *soka*, and any description of these two as existing in the hero or heroine would tend to manifest fully the particular *sthayibhava*. Sita's despondency and fatigue in the *Asokavana* would generate *rati* or *sringara* in *vipralambha* or separation; but the same Sita's despondency in the 14th *sarga* of the *Raghuvamsa* or in the 3rd Act of the *Uttararamacharita* cannot but generate *karuna* or pathos. The word *vyabhichara* means 'overlapping' in logic, and probably because *nirveda* and *glani* run into and generate—under different contexts, of course,—both *rati* and *soka*, they have been termed *bhavas* that overlap *sthayibhavas*.

Anubhavas are tell-tale blushes or glances that betray the particular sentiment lurking within the heart. They also, in

their own way, pave the way for the *rasa* appeal. Eight of these, being the most important as they invariably arise in a sympathetic heart or *sattva*, are called *sattvikabhavas*. They are immobility or motionlessness (as on seeing a fair woman), complete forgetfulness of oneself (may arise from the same), horripilation, sweating, change of colour, trembling, tears, change of voice. They unconsciously make their presence felt soon after the realisation of the *sthayibhava*.

The *vibhavas* are so called because the particular words which manifest these lead to the suggestion of many associated ideas in their train, which all in their turn tend to the amelioration and nourishing of the *sthayibhava*. Such a *vibhava* which is the most powerful, and hence most important literary stimulant, is rightly declared to be of two kinds—*alambana* and *uddipana*. Love, anger, pity etc., manifest themselves in relation to a particular person; they depend upon these to be first roused in a definite form, and later they are further stimulated by moon-rise, treachery, plaintive sights and so on. These sentiments depend upon particular individuals for their existence: so they are known as *alambanavibhavas*. The circumstances that tend to excite the sentiments further are called *uddipana vibhavas*. The sixth Act of the *Sakuntala* affords us a striking instance. In the previous Acts, Sakuntala has been the *alambanavibhava* of the King's *rati*; but the King, under the influence of Durvasa's curse, forgets Sakuntala and repudiates her sternly. But the influence of the spell breaks at the sight of the ring of recognition he had presented to her. The ring would not have reacted so terribly on any other judge; why, a judge might have meted out some punishment to the culprit, the fisherman, or would have felt bound to institute an enquiry into the story alleged by the fisherman as to how he came by the ring. But with Dushyanta the case is different; streams of recollection force themselves on him; all at once he realises that Sakuntala has been the ill-fated victim of his wilful forgetfulness. He is unable to realise that it is all due to the curse of the irascible sage

Durvasas and so fathers all the blame upon himself. He sincerely repents for the curt repulse he meted out to his own wife. Trying to find solace in a picture of her, he laments:

"My love came; I repudiated her,
When she was pleading to my eyes, all warm
And living. Now I feast upon her picture,
My one sole prized possession in the world.
I let the radiant full stream flow past me,
And in my desert thirst for the mirage."¹

Here obviously the ring he had presented to Sakuntala acts as a very forcible stimulant and excites *vipralambha*. Similar examples of *uddipana vibhavas* may be found in Rama's bewailing over the loss of Sita when Hanuman brought him the ornaments dropped by Sita when she was being carried away by Ravana.

The technical terms in the *rasasutra* have thus been explained. The *sutra* itself states: "*Rasa* is manifested by the judicious intermingling of the stimulants (*vibhavas*), the after-effects (*anubhavas*), and the transitory moods (*vyabhicharibhavas*) with of course the permanent mood a *sthayibhava*." The permanent mood being worked upon to the fullest extent by the literary stimulants, the after-effects and the transitory moods, it transforms itself into a pleasurable sensation called *rasapratiti*. So far there is no difference of opinion, but when the theorists come to the explanation of the terms *samyoga* and *nishpatti*, they fly off at a tangent and propound various theories. Bhatta Lollata would comment upon *samyoga* as simple *sambandha* or relation, and take *nishpatti* to mean *utpatti* or production, or rather in effect *aropa* or attribution. By the relation of the *vibhavas* with others, *rasa* is generated first in the real hero and then transferred by us to the *nata* or the actor who has the fortune to impersonate the hero for the nonce. Sri Sankuka, a typical logician, makes the æsthetic *rasa* too prosaic by declar-

¹ Translation of *Sakuntala* by K. N. D. Gupta and Binyon. Macmillan, p. 126 Act VI, Sc. II.

ing it to be a matter of inference. *Samyoga*, according to him, means *gamya gamakabhasambandha* or the relation of the inferred to the inferable and *nishpatti* is nothing but *anumiti* or the result of inference. Bhatta Nayaka, with his *mimamsaka* predilections, seems to be a mystic declaring that by a generalisation (*samyoga*=*samyak sadharanatmataya yogah*) of the individual sentiments of the hero or the heroine, the sentiments in their general form come to be enjoyed by a blissful realisation in a bliss-obsessed heart and that is *rasapratiti*. Here *nishpatti* comes to mean *sakshatkarena vishayikritih* or actual vision, and *samyoga* means association or rather apprehension as general factors and not as sentiments of any particular individual. The last and the satisfactory explanation is that of Abhinavagupta who would make *rasa* suggested. *Samyoga* is taken to be *vyangya vyanjakabhasambandha* or the relation of the suggestor to the suggested and *nishpatti* is *abhivyakti* or revelation.

Bhatta Lollata was one of the first to make a determined effort in the direction of making clear the implications of this doctrine. The *sthayibhava*, *rati* is, according to him, first evoked by the *alambanavibhava* such as a maiden, further stimulated by meetings in pleasant gardens brightened by moonlight; it is made cognisable by *anubhavas* as tell-tale "side long looks of love", and is strengthened by transitory feelings such as desire etc., the *sthayibhava*, thus worked upon transforms itself into the sentiment of love, originally in the real hero alone (like Rama). It is then attributed by the audience to the actor who imitates the hero in form, dress and action. It is thus the spectator's apprehension of love superimposed in the actor that brings him delight. In effect the *vibhavas* are causes or the generators of the *sthayibhava*. *Rasa*, again, is treated as being primarily quite foreign to the spectator's minds, and at a later stage—and that too only secondarily (how, we do not know),—transplanted as it were, into their minds. Later literary critics demur to this theory, since the psychological process involved

does not seem to be properly appreciated; the evoking, nourishing and the transforming of the *rasa* is made to conform too much to the order of wordly things, as cause and effect.

The second theorist, Sri Sankuka, interprets the manifestation of *rasa* as a process of inference. The *rasa* does not really exist in the actor; yet by his clever gesticulations and imitations of the actions of the real heroes (which serve the purpose of the stimulants etc.), the *sthayibhava* is inferred as existing in him. This gradually and unconsciously leads on the spectator to believe for the moment that the real hero and the actor are identical. Thus the clever representation of the actor on the stage, aided by the inference of love or other sentiment as being identical with that of the real hero, generates a pleasurable sensation in our minds by a mental cognition of such love. It is thus finally developed into the stage of *rasa* in the spectator. Briefly, *vibhavas* are to be represented through powerful description in poetry, *anubhavas* through proper practice by the actor, and *vyabhicharins* through the illusive and skilful representation of the *anubhavas*; and the *sthayibhava* cannot be evoked by powerful literary descriptions, but it is only to be inferred. So, says Sankuka, there is no mention of it in the *rasasutra*. The *rati* of the two real heroes, therefore, being cleverly imitated, leads to the cognisance of *sringara* just in the same way as the imitation of a horse in the picture is sometimes termed a real horse by young children. Of course, this theory has managed to get over the fallacy of making *rasa* *paragata* or exist in another; but in so doing it has laid itself open to the charge that it revolts against our own natural experience; we do not, in cases of *rasapratiti*, infer the *sthayibhava* as an accessory to blissful realisation. On the other hand, we are able to deny the fact of our mind having gone through any process of inference, much less of 'poetic inference' or *kavyanumana* as the promoters of this theory would call it.

With Bhatta Nayaka, *rasa* seems to come into its own. The two previous theorists made it an objective entity, pro-

duced or inferred, and, what is more, made the real hero the *locus* of the *rasa*. But in the present theory, the centre of gravity is changed and the audience is made the primary seat of the *rasa*; and if at all the actor himself were to have *rasa* realisation, to that extent he loses his *natatva* and becomes one of the audience, admiring and appreciating like one of them. So the *rasa* becomes a subjective feeling of relish, and to Bhatta Nayaka must be given the credit for being the first to duly appreciate this psychological *locus* of *rasa*. Again, the psychological content of *rasa*, and the manner in which this is rendered possible, was clearly set forth by him for the first time. Also he clearly enunciated that *rasa* realisation is an extraordinary process, in no way allied with any other worldly process, but partaking more of the nature of the blissful realisation of the Supreme *Brahman*. Last but not least, he seems to have paved the way for Abhinavagupta's solution of the crucial problem of the blissful nature of the *karuna*-appeal, the *bibhatsa*-appeal etc. Thus we see that Bhatta Nayaka contributed, in no small measure, to the unravelling of the mystic psychological nature and content of *rasapratiti* and practically forestalled the explanation of Abhinavagupta who, to say the truth, rejected his third *vritti* or word-import, *viz*, *bhogikritih*, but accepted the result of the second,—generalisation of the individual *bhavas* and their perception as general factors. He took *bhogikritih* as a synonym of *vyanjana*; he also fully worked out the hint in *sattvodrekaprakasanandamayasaṃvidvisrantisatvatvaṃ bhogah*, and solved the *karuna* riddle. Naturally, therefore, Bhatta Nayaka's work *Hridayadarpana* will, if discovered, be of very great importance to Sanskrit literary criticism, since it will enable us to clearly trace the evolution of Abhinavagupta's theory of *rasa* and would also furnish us with another original estimate of the theories prevalent before him. The latter would be really very valuable, since we have at present only Abhinavagupta's summary copied *verbatim* or paraphrased by others. But his importance can be clearly made out from the fact that Abhinavagupta

takes very great pains to refute his theory, and also to state it to the best of his ability, taking care to record his (Bhatta Nayaka's) objections to the previous theories as fully as possible, perhaps because he clearly realised that Bhatta Nayaka could hold the mirror up to the psychological contents of the heart,—hence, perhaps, the name of the book, *hridayadarpana*,—only after carefully picking out holes in the theories of others; in fact the criticisms are most important for his theory as it was perfected on the ruins of others.

Bhatta Nayaka begins the statement of his theory by exposing the weak points in the theories of others. Supposing *rasa* were experienced as existing in another, either in the real hero or the actor, we cannot be responsive to such literary appeals; nor could it be argued that the spectator experiences *rasapratiti* on account of the *bhavas* which may arise in him after a study of the work. The reason is plain: if the realisations were considered as appertaining to ourselves, then it would be an admission of the fact that *rasa* is produced within us. And this is quite improper as the particular *vibhava* is expressly not meant as such for the audience, but for the real hero alone. Supposing it were further argued that the conception of '*kantatva*' for instance is only looked upon in its universal aspect (and not in its particular aspect of being the beloved of a particular hero) and as such only serves to call up our latent emotions, how can it fit in with descriptions of the gods? Experience shows that we do not think of our beloveds when the *sringara* sentiment is called up in us. Similarly how can the marvellous deeds such as Rama's bridging the sea etc., have any affinity with human efforts? It is not that the *utsaha* or the particular energy alone is remembered in such cases, as the same does not concord with our own actual experience. If it is contended that the *vibhavas* are produced by the force of the particular words used, that would not lead to *rasapratiti*. Nor is it a case of production; if so, no one would see a Harischandra or a Hamlet twice since actual misery alone

would be caused. Nor is it a case of *abhiyakti* or manifestation; for if it were a manifestation of something existing potentially, "then when the potential emotions were let loose, they would occupy their field of action in diverse degrees—thus contradicting the nature of sentiments as one. Moreover there would be the same difficulties as in the case of apprehension as to whether revelation applied to the hero or oneself." (Keith's *Drama*, P. 317) Therefore *rasa* is neither apprehended, produced, nor manifested by *kavya*; but the only solution is this: literary words come to be invested with a peculiar three-fold significance—*abhidhayakatva* or signification comprehending both the *vachya* (literal) and the *takshanika* (secondary) senses, *bhavaikatva* or idealisation which takes *rasa* into account, and *bhoktrtva* or *bhojakatva* or realisation which arises only in the mind of a person responsive to literary taste. If *abhidhayakatva* alone sufficed, there would be no difference between poetic expressions and sastraic axioms. The distinction between literal and metaphorical senses would be a matter of minor importance. The avoidance of harsh sounds in *kavyas* also would be meaningless. Hence we accept a second *vyapara* or import for literary words which relates to *rasa*. This second sense serves as the basis of the *rasa* and renders the universalisation or generalisation of the *vibhavas* etc., possible. Individualistic associations separating us from the actor and the hero are unconsciously submerged. It is at this stage that the third potency begins to function in the *sahridaya*'s mind. This leads to "appreciation by the audience of the sentiment, an appreciation consisting in a mental condition, made up entirely of the elements of goodness or truth (*sattva*) uninfluenced by other elements like passion (*rajas*) and dullness (*tamas*), that is entirely free from desire, comparable with meditation on the Absolute; this condition is the vital element: the enjoyment ranks above the æsthetic equipment which renders it possible." (Keith's *Drama*, p. 318). This theory is objected to mainly because it states without authority that poetic words specially

have a two-fold significance—*bhavaikatva* and *bhojakatva*, an idea quite alien to Sanskrit literary criticism. (Mallinatha has called his theory *bhuktivada* and because the theory of *sattvodrekaprakasanandamaya samvidvisranti* is taken from *sankhya* philosophy, he says that Bhatta Nayaka follows *sankhya* doctrines in explaining the nature of *rasa*-appeal. But it must be urged that Abhinavagupta, perhaps a contemporary of his, ridicules him only as a *mimamsakadurdivita* and this is substantiated by his new doctrine of *bhavana*, the conception of which is very similar to that of the Mimamsakas).

Abhinavagupta propounds his theory of *rasapratiti*, basing it on the doctrine of *vyanjana* or suggestion. He says he has taken his cue from the implications in the *sloka* of Kalidasa:—

ramyani vikshya madhuramscha nisamya sabdan
puryutusuki bhavati yatsukhito'pi jantuh;
tacchetasa smarati nunamabodhapurvam
bhavasthirani janantantarasauhrudani. (Act, V. 2.)

King Dushyanta is sitting on his throne and hears a sweet song which Queen Hamsapadika sings chiding him for his neglect of her. He also sees fine sights (which serve as *uddipana-vibhavas*) and at once his mind becomes all absorbed—he feels as it were that he remembers something which he cannot exactly comprehend, and yet all the same, his mind though happy only a few minutes ago, finds itself enveloped in some indescribable sorrow. The *sloka* suggests a reason: the mind remembers without its even being aware of it, at such occasions, some friendships of previous births, which leave an ineffaceable impression in our minds. The impressions of previous births take a firm root in our minds, even in our present existence. They require only some incentive to kindle them. *Kavya* or literature supplies the necessary incentive by properly revivifying the impressions or inherited fund of experiences, which serve as the basis of the *bhavas*, which when further worked upon by the *alambana* and the *uddipana-vibhavas* become the suggestors of *rasa*.

The words *abodhapurvamsmarati* are used in the *sloka*, according to him, to suggest that the process that leads to *rasapratiti* is an extraordinary process or a *lokottara vyapara*. We share the joy, but the process is mysterious. Dushyanta also knew he was hearing pleasant songs; but he could not account for the mysterious process which landed his mind in sorrow; similarly the *rasa* is realised; but if we were asked, "what are the mental processes that led to it?", we cannot answer. We witness a dramatic performance, we read a dramatic account; all at once—there seems to be no break at all—we feel the joy, we feel for the miseries, we seem to forget ourselves. Sometimes we even doubt if our mind went through any process to *rasa*. Therefore Abhinavagupta rightly states, remembering *abodhapurvam* or in a way in which we never remembered before, we realise *rasa*. Such a process, Abhinavagupta calls *suggestion*. *Rasa* is therefore according to him *suggested*. It is never, to use his own phrase, '*svapadavachya*'; or, the mere repetition of the name of a *rasa*, as for example, *sringara* does not make us have *rasapratiti*. It is, as it were, a game of hide and seek, in which the young boys lose themselves in the joy of finding out others. Abhinavagupta also makes much of the similarity between '*bhavasthirani*' in the verse and *sthayibhava*, the literary antecedent of *rasa*, and states on the strength of this and '*abodhapurvam smarati*' that Kalidasa knew the suggestionistic nature of *rasapratiti* and suggested it beautifully in his own sublime and poetic way.

Abhinavagupta thus postulates that man inherits a fund of *samskara* or impressions at his birth; education and experience intensify them in such a way as to make them responsive to literary appeals. Every creature that is born has an instinctive attachment for happiness and abhors misery. Thus all the *rasa* realisations have, we may say, a background of mental impressions. The heart may be likened to a harp of many strings answering in response to the various external impulses that echo its

own particular sentiment. The pleasurable sensation, generated, does not partake of worldly qualities just in the same way as the process leading to it. It is generic and disinterested. An ordinary effect, again, could exist even after its efficient cause had made itself scarce; but *rasa* makes its appearance and exit along with the *vibhavas*, its *alaukika* causes. Such a sensation, again, is always blissful, inasmuch as it arises only out of the absolute bliss in which the mind is immersed. The *vibhavas* are conveyed as ideal and generic, divested of their individualistic, spatial and temporal associations; the result is that the mind is lifted up, as it were, into a region of ecstatic bliss. The *vibhavas*, thus presented in a mind abstracted from all distraction, generate a blissful realisation. Just as every trace of the ingredients is lost in the cool drink, or rather, just as we, in the joy of drinking the sweet juice, remain oblivious of its various contents, so also, our minds get concentrated on *rasa* alone, to the complete exclusion of all the *vibhavas*, *anubhavas*, etc.

But such an answer could only account, it might be objected, to *sringara* and such other pleasant *rasas*. How, then, do grief, horror, disgust etc., which alienate the interests of man in ordinary life, become extraordinary forces of literary appeal when couched in fine literary style? What justification was there for the poet Shelley to sing

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought"?

To answer this, Abhinavagupta would take us a little farther. He has declared that the intensified *vasanas* could be revealed in our minds which are made sufficiently responsive by wide and sympathetic reading. The *vasanas* are called up in our minds by a skilful representation of the *vibhavas*, *anubhavas*, etc. Operatic elements, like singing, dancing, etc., also serve to intensify them. Certain other devices, less important than the operatic elements, will be briefly noticed below.

The *vibhavas*, *anubhavas* etc., represented, must be such as

deserve our credibility. So, famous *puranic* stories, the authority of which will not be disputed, ought to be dramatised. Where the poet alone is responsible for the plot, superhuman deeds ought not to be associated with any of the characters. Lack of suitable means by which *rasa* can be generated, again, ought to be avoided by a skilful representation of histrionic talents. Moreover, the audience ought not to be kept in any doubt as regards the dominating *motif* or the main *rasa* in the drama or poetry. Such an ignorance or doubt will naturally impair the nature of the *rasa* realisation.

Last, but not least, is the device of sinking our own happy or sorrowful thoughts, our own joys and sorrows. Birrell has aptly remarked: "Literature exists to please,—to lighten the burden of men's lives; to make them for a short while forget their sorrows, and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes and their grim futures." This is rendered possible by the generalisation of the *vibhavas*, *anubhavas*, etc., already spoken of. There is another way in which this will be accelerated. Fine dancing, or sweet music and excellent scenes are able to lift our minds from the usual associations. Abhinavagupta declares that even a person with an unresponsive mind is rendered responsive through such heart-appealing devices. The influence of these over Dushyanta in the beginning of Act V in the *Sakuntala* is sufficiently illustrative.

The *karuna*-appeal and the *bibhatsa*-appeal have got to be explained even then. These too are full of bliss because of the self-luminous consciousness in which these are presented and which is connected with *rasapratiti*. But Abhinavagupta admits that the bliss here is of a negative character. *Antaraya-sungahridayavisrantih sukham*, "bliss is a repose of the mind abstracted from all distractions." A complete absorption of the mind leads to this blissful state; it is only when the mind is vacillating and the ideas are at cross-purposes that we are troubled. This is an idea borrowed from *Saukhya* philosophers who posit "*chanchalyameva dukkhasya pranah*", "fickleness is

the very life of sorrow." When our mind becomes completely absorbed in *soka* or *jugupsa*, our mind gets the repose, *nirantara-yavisrantih*. This negative idea is applicable to complete absorption in every *rasa*. H. G. Wells strikes a similar note when he says: "Music does not dispel our sorrows, but transforms it into a sad joy."

The four important theories of æsthetic appeal propounded by Sanskrit literary critics have thus been briefly set forth and examined and the last alone, as it successfully stands the crucial test of the *karuna* and the *bibhatsa* appeals, has been universally acclaimed as being satisfactory.

A Defence of Ignorance

BY C.L.R. SASTRI, B.Sc.

I am writing this essay in a light-hearted spirit: as, indeed, an essay, properly so called, should be written. An essay is not a treatise. It is not a text-book, it is not a monograph, it is not, in short, a monumental work of any kind; and, as such, you should not set about it in the manner, for instance, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, or of Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations*. I do not, in saying this, imply any disrespect to either of these two masterpieces. For one thing, the very fact that they are masterpieces in their own special branches of study renders them immune from any churlish criticism, from whatever quarter it may issue. I imply only that an essay is radically different from such heavy tomes. It may be better, or it may be worse: I, personally, am inclined to think that it is better, infinitely better. But, whether better or worse, my whole point is that they belong to different genera, that there is, and can be, no means of comparison between the two: in other words, they are not *in pari materia*. As Mr. H. G. Wells says, in the *Week-end Review* of September 27, 1930, in regard to Mr. J. B. Priestley's *Angel Pavement* and Miss Rose Macaulay's *Staying with Relations* (both recently published novels):

"Why should one try the one by the standard of the other?

There is one law for the Chippendale cabinet and another for the China bowl. There is a glory of the concentrated sun and a glory of the scattered stars."

Why should one try the one by the standard of the other, indeed? There is a time for light-heartedness and there is a time for what Matthew Arnold, I think, calls "high seriousness": just as there is, we are told, a time for blank-verse and a time, too, to refrain from blank-versing. Let not the essayist sneer at

the serious author; and, by the same token, let not the serious author ridicule the essayist, the dealer in the common stuff of humanity.

I have confessed that I am writing this essay in a light-hearted spirit. The subject, by its very nature, by the very law of its being, demands that it should be treated in no other way. What is the subject? It is that of "Ignorance". And how can you write upon it in the spirit, say, of the Sermon on the Mount, and the *Bhagavad Gita*, and the *Upanishads*, and the *Saiva Siddhanta*? Why, if any subject desiderates the frivolous touch, it is this same subject that, in an hour of boredom, I have chosen in order to "blow the gaff", as the saying is, in order to clear my breast of the perilous stuff that has accumulated there—no one knows how and no one knows why. I do not mean, of course, that a man who writes upon ignorance, who writes, moreover, in *defence* of it, as I am proposing to do, must, of necessity, be ignorant himself: for, just as the French say, there is no need for a sculptor to be himself made of marble, so may an essayist descant upon ignorance and yet be himself a seeker after knowledge, a true savant. But I am descanting upon it in my capacity of an ignorant man, I am descanting upon it with the authority born of experience. "Well, then, here goes."

I am on the side of ignorance. It is possibly because I am myself ignorant. No doubt I am; and I could wish I were a little more ignorant still. There is no shame in that confession: at any rate, I am not aware of any. When everything is said that can be said, it yet remains true that ignorance is the portion of man; and, as long as this machine is to him, it will continue to be his portion. We need not, however, lose heart at that; in a sense that is the best that can happen to us. Knowledge is an exceedingly harmful thing: it is the seed from which all our misfortunes grow. We still suffer from our first parents' indiscretion: it is *after* we have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge that all the ills arise that flesh is heir to.

Of course, we may quarrel with our Creator for having planted the forbidden tree right in front of our progenitor. It need not have been planted at all: or, if planted, it need not have been planted so outrageously near him. We may, indeed, if we so choose, ask, with Byron's Cain, respecting Adam's transgression:

"What had I done in this?—I was unborn:
I sought not to be born: nor love the state
To which that birth has brought me. Why did he
Yield to the Serpent and the woman? Or
Yielding—why suffer?
What was there in this?
The tree was planted, and why not for him?
If not, why place him near it, where it grew
The fairest in the centre? They have but
One answer to all questions. 'Twas *his* will
And *he* is good.' How know I that? Because
He is all-powerful, must all-good, too, follow?"

But it is well, on the whole, not to ask. For one thing, it is the merest futility to carry on war with the Almighty: no good can come of it, as the rebel Archangel found out to his cost long ago. And God's reasons are inscrutable. So let it remain at that.

If we knew all, however, it would not matter; and if we did not know anything, it would not matter, either. It is our half-knowledge that is at the root of all the trouble. "Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief." The poet long ago told us that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. And so, no doubt, it is. A little philosophy, says Bacon, takes men away from religion; a greater brings them round to it. Knowledge is a kind of circle: we can touch only the circumference, we cannot get to the centre. Knowledge grows by what it feeds on. And it has almost no bottom: we may dive "deeper than e'er plummet sounded", but we cannot touch it. The more we know, the more there is yet to know. "There are as many fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

I do not speak, by the way, of the knowledge of facts. To be capable of telling the number of leaves on a tree, or of rafters on a given roof; of estimating the quantity of mud that is added on to the surface of the earth, per year, per square inch, by the agency of earth-worms; to know all about the census-reports, and to tell, without blinking, the amount of taxation per head in every civilized country;—all these may be proofs of a man's intelligence, and people may be the better, ultimately, for such items of information, but, after all, they turn no wheels, and grind no corn. They do not help us much on our journey through life. The larger problems of existence remain unaffected by them. When I speak of knowledge, therefore, it is not of this kind of knowledge: nowadays there is plenty of it, and if any one chooses to enthuse over it, he is at perfect liberty to do so. He has a right to follow his fancy, as the dame said who kissed her cow,—only I do not much approve of his choice, that is all.

I draw a distinction between the knowledge of facts, and the knowledge of ideas. The one can be learned by rote: the other comes only of intuition, imagination, and real, hard thinking. It is all the difference between a prosaic and a poetical mind. It is this idea that Hazlitt intends to convey when he draws a comparison between Scott and Shakespeare:

"I should like very well to see Sir Walter give us a tragedy of this kind (*i.e.*, *King Lear*), a huge 'globose' of sorrow swinging round in mid-air; independent of time, place, and circumstance, sustained by its own weight and motion, and not propped up by the levers of custom or patched up with quaint, old-fashioned dress, or set off by grotesque backgrounds or rusty armour, but in which the mere paraphernalia and accessories were left out of the question, and nothing but the soul of passion and the pith of imagination was to be found. 'A Dukedom to a beggarly *denier*,' he would make nothing of it."

I, indeed, make a great point of this; and the reason is not far to seek. In these days every blessed thing under the sun

is given the high-sounding name of knowledge. A man becomes a very great person by dint of accumulating a few sundry unimportant facts and then going forth into the world as though he had accumulated all the wisdom of the ages, as though he were a walking Solomon in all his glory. Fiddlesticks! He is no more great than many another man: he is wise in his own conceit, that is all. You might as well give credit for extraordinary powers of inspiration to Bradshaw's *Guide* or to somebody else's "Almanack." Compilation is one thing, creation another: the distance of the Poles separates the two. A man of this sort gets the name of "great" at an abnormally cheap price. If this, by itself, constitutes "greatness", then great people can be produced automatically; by machinery, as it were. Real greatness, however, when confronted with this mockery of it, will be led to exclaim, with the old lady in the ballad:—

"O deary me! this is none of I!"

He only is great, on the other hand, that starts, so to speak, from nothing, and builds a huge super-structure of imagination thereon, "That with no middle flight intends to soar above the Aonian mount," while (his mind) pursues, "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"; whose mind is his only study; who can spin vast schemes of thought and fancy out of his own inner self, as a spider spins thread; who can, in short, make something out of nothing. The others are but so many second-hand impressions of their betters; so many proof-sheets, as it were, of more original thinkers. Their minds are not their own but "the patches of other people's bookish duds".

Art is long and life is short. The man has not been born that could master everything of all things. And he is not likely to be born, either. He is wise who knows his limitations. In the small period of life that is granted us, anyone of us can congratulate himself if he is fortunate enough to escape being called a complete ignoramus. It would do us a lot of good if we kept this constantly before our minds. Our heads have a

fixed capacity; more than that they cannot contain. Charles Lamb knew this when he confessed:

"My mind has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; everybody is so much more ready to produce his own than to call for a display of your acquisitions."

We know whereon Socrates founded his claim for being the wisest man of his age: on this basis, that whereas everyone else thought himself a very wise man, he knew himself to be the biggest fool extant. He was wise in recognising his own worthlessness. The wisest of us is, indeed, but a fool. Pride exists only in a shallow bosom. As Mr. Chesterton says, "All men are ordinary men; the extraordinary men are those who know it." Or again, "It is the small soul that is sure it is an exception; the large soul is only too proud to be the rule. . . . In short, the great man is a man; it is always the tenth-rate man who is the superman." Or, as Hazlitt puts it, "No really great man ever thought himself to be so. . . . He who comes up to his own idea of greatness must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind."

We cannot see beyond the sky-line of our vision. Our power of comprehension is very limited. Things do not cease to exist because we ourselves fail to recognise them by sight. The Universe is a bewilderingly large thing: we are the veriest Lilliputs before it. We do not know how many worlds there are; nor what is in them. We do not know even of our own mother earth all that there is to be known. We but grope our way in darkness; but the humour of it is that most of us appear to be so self-sufficient. The American continent was as if it were not, until Columbus or someone else of the same name found it by accident; and similar is the case with everything. But the

American continent existed all the same before that. As the poet Spenser says:

"Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yea, have from the wisest ages hidden been :
And latter times things more unknown shall show.
Why then should witness man so much misween
That nothing is but that which he hath seen ?
What if within the moon's fair and shining sphere,
What if in every other star unseen,
Of other worlds he happily should hear,
He wonder would much more ; yet such to some appear."

'May Be'

BY PREMENDRA MITRA

(Translated from *BENGALI* by Srimathi Nilima Devi)¹

A dark, stormy night.

Impossible for eyes to see the awful clash of clouds in the dark sky, but easy to feel its intensity that has descended on earth. The town has taken fright, as it were, shrinking itself from the night of storm and trying to hide its face in some sheltered nook.

One cannot see the deserted road even where the gas-lamps light it dimly ; only the rain-struck torrents shimmer. The road-side trees hit by the storm look like helpless prisoners, trying frantically to cut their bondage of the soil. On a night like this the frightened earth looks also utterly helpless ; and the mind can only think forlornly perhaps of one or two helpless inhabitants of this planet of ours, not knowing precisely why it should compare the dim hopes of the whole human race with this lurid glint of the gas-lamps. Thoughts such as these were in my mind when I was wading my way home on the slushy road, protecting my body, as best as I could, from the onslaughts of the storm. Not merely the thought of the far-off future of

¹ *Translator's Note* : This short story has been translated, not word for word, (with the omission of one or two passages and lines, which, to my mind, does no injustice to the writer) from its original in Bengali, published in a high-class literary Bengali monthly, *Uttara*, of Benares. Mr. Mitra is perhaps the most promising and gifted of the young writers of the modern school in Bengal. This school differs from that of Tagore not so much in the treatment of a theme as in its style of writing and general scheme. In a few words, the style is less diffuse and expansive than that of the older novelists. It uses, more often than not, the vocabulary and diction of everyday conversation, and also draws its material from aspects of Bengali life not exploited hitherto. The prose is crisp, staccato, and pointed. In my translation I have tried my best to preserve, so far as possible, the spirit of the original in its treatment as well as style.

humanity but a fear, very definite and personal, and not entirely without cogent reasons, lurked in my mind.

The long road. I'd have to get across a bridge, newly-built but half-finished, narrow and hardly fit for human traffic. No railings to hold on to. Even in ordinary circumstances, one'd have had to step cautiously on the planks. But dangerous to do that on such a night. I stood hesitating to summon courage to face the danger. Nearing the bridge, however, I felt a bit re-assured to find that it was almost as good as finished. At least, no more any danger of slipping down. Although the railings hadn't been put, the planks looked secure enough for foot-hold. It was swinging violently while I stepped on it, first in fear and finally in desperation. The trouble was that I'd have had to make a detour of two miles to reach home with the storm still raging, if I hadn't come this bridge-way. Soon I realised that not merely courage but also physical strength was required for the crossing. At every step I took the risk of falling down into the river below, which the storm has made equally dangerous.

Not another wayfarer, I thought. "No shame even if I started to crawl on it. Nobody will notice me. So, why worry?" As I was thus cogitating, suddenly I saw a flicker of faint light of a kerosene lamp, to be sure, from over the other side, and I stood back. The light was just enough to liquefy the gloom with difficulty. Two human shapes emerged out of this liquid dark. One a woman. And together trying to cross the bridge. In fact, it did not at all strike me as curious that a man and a woman—just two of them—should wish to cross a bridge on a night like this. However strange, their action was by no means unnatural. But what struck me as most unusual was the way in which they were behaving. Evidently, the woman seemed reluctant to come. May be, through fear of the dangers involved in crossing over. May be, some unknown fear of something else affected her. But apparently she was resisting with all her strength the grip of the man. I

could also faintly hear bits of their conversation, which was enough to make me realise that the man was trying to induce the woman to come. Struggling through the storm, I had then managed to come half-way over the bridge. Meanwhile, they had also approached, the woman having apparently given in, perhaps unwillingly. I was now face to face with them. They were both wrapped closely. The dim kerosene light only threw up their faces. I stood still, startled. The face of the woman pale and drawn. In her eyes a look of despairing fear, almost inhuman. My curiosity deepened. But what was there to be done? So, I walked on but when I had almost reached the other end, suddenly I heard a most inhuman cry. Terrible! I looked back. The woman had fallen over, losing her foot-hold. I ran back. The man looked stupefied with fear, and was standing there like a log. It seemed futile to expect him to come to the woman's rescue. But how was it possible for me alone to save her from a river in flood? May be, she had in the meantime been carried away by the rushing current. To be able to swim was of no avail in to-night's river. Moreover, I didn't know how to swim. Suddenly I heard her piteous cry of supplication. Looking downwards I saw that an end of her *saree* had got caught in a steel-bolt. Evidently she hadn't fallen into the river. Enmeshed in the folds of her *saree* she hung face downwards. I gave a sudden push to the man, thinking it might wake him up from his stupor, and spoke to him: "Quick. Still time to lift her up." Mechanically the man held out his hand to help.

So the woman escaped death. She would surely have spoken to me, but it was scarcely the occasion for a formal expression of gratitude to me or enquiring who I was. I helped them across, and then returned. But as they went away I could hear some of the words they spoke. The woman was saying: "As I fell down I felt sure that you had pushed me over. Extraordinary— isn't it? I didn't slip . . ." Their conversation was now getting fainter in the distance, but still I could

hear the man laugh aloud and say: "Are you crazy? How could I have pushed you . . .?"

These fragments of words remained stuck in my mind for ever afterwards raising doubt and questioning. I couldn't forget the incident. More often than not, I thought of those two human shapes that night on that bridge, and speculated. From where had they come and why did they come to cross the bridge? Why did the woman fall down and why did she speak so strangely after her rescue, and whither ever did they go afterwards? Such questions have often agitated my mind. Obscurely in my mind I have woven yarns of these. And centering those two dim, distant shapes the following tale has taken shape.

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A grand mansion of large dimensions. But now in ruins. Now only a phantom of its former self, only a heap of broken, eaten-up bricks and chips of wood. Looks like the deserted haunt of ghosts. Difficult to realise, at least from its exterior and in the light of day, that life still beats in one of the rooms of this old, dilapidated dwelling.

Doves coo all day on the outstretching branches of a huge banyan tree which has pierced through the sides of an old lion-gate. The squirrels play fearlessly upon the heaps of ruin. Not the least suggestion of human habitation in this exterior prospect. When, however, the night falls, a dim, obscure light throws its faint ray upon the ruin-heaps. A wayfarer at night not knowing the history of the place has every reason to take fright.

Once upon this very ruin had Labanya got down from her palanquin. Her *saree* showed the wedding-knot at one of its ends. A Maid had come with her, who had said: "What a stupid man—this palanquin-bearer, to have landed a bridal couple at this ghost-haunted place!" On the road the Priest had had bouts of wordy warfare with the Maid, and she had had the upperhand. Contemptuous of her tongue, now the Priest answered: "Damn the woman, why should it be ghost-ridden?"

This is the ancient home of the Niyogis for seven generations—known all over the land. To you, ghost-ridden, eh?"

The Maid screwed up her eyes and spurted out: "What things to say! Can this really be a human dwelling?" Also, "The fellow is a miser. Wanted to save his money. So sent his daughter to this wilderness for snakes to eat her up"—this, evidently, aimed ruthlessly at Labanya's father.

The Priest gave it up. Useless to bandy any more words with the Maid. He walked on the path. This path is not just a formal part of the story, it is necessary to it. Stumbling at every step Labanya followed her husband, Mahim, over heaps of wood and brick, through a wilderness thick with knee-high weeds and undergrowths, reeking with the stinking smell of mildew, dark as a tunnel. The Maid trudged behind, disgusted and talking to herself intermittently: "Never heard of such marriage in seven generations. Not even a bridegroom's party. That skeleton of a Priest came slouchily with the bridegroom. He spoke to none. He asked for nothing. Gave away the bride as if she were a bundle, tied hands and feet. And who are these upstarts, anyway? No caste, not neighbours—not even a single soul to welcome the bride. Even the dogs and jackals have their ways of wedding."

Labanya took no notice of this harangue. She felt frightened. She wished she could feel the re-assuring touch of a hand. But no hand was stretched.

Bursting with rage, the Maid thundered at the priest: "Say, whither are you taking us?" The Priest got really furious this time. "To bury you, despicable woman!" he said. Of course, the Maid did say something in answer. Whatever it was, it was certainly not pleasant to the auspicious occasion of the bridal march. Had not a sudden sound of merry laughter broken the spell of the dark wilderness, the Maid would have gone on talking. Labanya peered through her veil at the direction from which the sound came. A voice was heard speaking: "Look, brother brings home his bride stealthily."

A conch-shell sounded. The dark path had ended. In front there was a court-yard, lined around with rows of rooms. Labanya stood in light. Her eyes rested—but only for a moment—on a girl's face. Never had she seen such exquisite loveliness. The girl spoke to her: "What an extraordinary bride you are! Why don't you bow? Don't you know how to bow?"

Labanya felt perplexed as to whom she should bow to. Bending herself she stooped down to touch the girl's feet. But the girl—Madhuri was her name—stood back, burst into laughter and said:

"No—not me. Don't you see our aunt?"

Labanya saw. A shiver ran through her body. Blind of one eye, the face was ghastly like a vulture's. Its fearsome expression of haggard decrepitude pierced her heart.

So began Labanya's life in her husband's home. The Maid could stick the ghostly place for two or three days longer, and then ran away grumbling as ever. In that huge, old house lived only three souls in three separate apartments, comparatively safe and secure. Above and below, on all sides, the same wilderness of weeds and plants—flanked by rows of old, deserted rooms. The roof of one on the point of coming down. The walls of another tumbling to pieces; but spiders, rats and bats have made them all their abode. The inmates are as mysterious as the rooms themselves. The old aunt is scarcely about. Nobody knows how she occupies herself in her own room. She admits nobody there. Labanya knows it. If, however, she happens to meet sometimes the old woman unexpectedly, the fierce look she sees in that face chills her heart.

She cannot altogether make out her husband. At day-time she loses herself in work. But at night when she enters the bedroom, she is frightened to death. A large room. Looks a bit quaint on account of some bamboo-poles placed to support some weak beams. Only two windows. One gives out to a large bamboo-grove and a pond. The other remains always shut.

One day trying to open it, Labanya got so frightened that she never did it again. Near it there is a room—old, out-of-use, and filled with broken pieces of furniture and rubbish. The moment she had opened this window she had heard a fluttering sound, and had closed it at once. May be, bats—but her heart could never be at ease again.

Entering the bedroom at night, Labanya finds her husband sitting on the bed. He takes no notice of her. She stands awhile, embarrassed. May be, she goes and quietly sits down on a corner of the bed. Even then, her husband does not look at her, engrossed in his own thoughts. Then, suddenly, he takes her in his arms and covers her with kisses. But she has no sense of fulfilment as she tries to surrender herself peacefully in his strong embrace; there is a constraint in her heart.

Then gently he makes her sit beside him, holding her in his arms, and says: "Are you quite happy here?"

Labanya nods her head.

"Do you like me?" A question any husband might ask any wife.

Blushingly she says 'yes,' and then hides her face in her husband's breast. But a conversation so simple in the beginning, suddenly grows serious. He lifts her up rather violently and speaks excitedly: "How easily you say 'yes'! Is it so simple as that?" Labanya is perplexed and stares away. Raising his voice he says again:

"Got to like me after only one embrace? Liking is very cheap—isn't it?" She does not speak. He jumps out of the bed and raves:

"Speak, for Heaven's sake, speak. Say something—can't you?"

Murmurs the frightened girl: "What shall I say?"

"Why, don't you know? How can you begin to like a man so easily?" he asks. She knows no answer. So she keeps quiet. Restlessly he walks to and fro in the room. His restlessness dies down as quickly as it came. He is quiet again.

He comes and sits by her side, and says: "Are you cross with me, Labanya?"

"No, but what was the matter with you?" she says, but there's a catch in her throat.

"Oh, that. That's nothing. I was only joking. Say you'll always love me?" he says.

A smile comes on her face. She buries her face again in his breast and speaks softly and half-audibly: "And you?"

But the joke does not end there.

Often at dead of night Labanya wakes up. She finds that her husband has got up and is watching her face, winklessly. The lamp flickers brightly on the wall. In his look there is no softness—it's piercing, almost menacing. Finding her awake, he turns his face aside and moves away.

"Why have you got up?" she asks.

"Nothing—nothing at all. You were saying something in dream and I was listening," he said.

"What was I saying?" she asked.

"Nothing. In case you did say something. . . ." That's how he dismissed the incident and then got out of bed.

One morning, when Labanya waked up, something bewildered her. It was still dark in the room. The lamp had burned out for want of oil. Nearly dawn. She could see through the eastern window that the bamboo-tops had caught the red tint. While getting up she found that her *saree*-end was tightly tied in a knot to her husband's *dhotie*. She laughed within herself at this prank of her husband's. Beginning to untie the knot she waked him up. Never could she have dreamed of her husband's behaviour a moment later. He grasped her hand violently and shouted: "Where are you going at this hour of the night?"

Labanya thought he was still half-asleep, smiled and said: "Are you dreaming? This is me—Labanya. Can't you see? Let go of me. You are hurting me."

Still he shouted at her: "Yes, yes—it's you, I know. But where are you going? Tell me at once, or I'll murder you."

Now she was annoyed. "First rub your eyes before you try to murder me. It's morning. Time to get up," she said.

He spoke no more. But after a little while, he started laughing loudly, saying: "Thought you were a thief. I was nearly going to kill you. I had a bad dream."

May be, what he said was true; but Labanya couldn't believe it altogether. That childish prank—the knotting of her *saree* at night—seemed absurd to her.

That handsome girl Madhuri seemed more mysterious to her than her husband. She was a few years older than herself. She hadn't the faintest idea who she was or how she was related to this family except that she used to call her husband "brother". But she wasn't his own sister. Not only her appearance but her behaviour also was not the least like his. She didn't look like a married girl—not quite. However, she always looked the picture of primness. She wore bordered *sarees* and ornaments and jewels, used *alta* on her feet, and ate betels which gave to her lips the colour of cherry blossoms but she didn't put vermillion on her forehead. Yet, she looked well over marriageable age. Her movements were most mysterious. Nobody could tell how she spent her time. Sometimes quite suddenly she would perhaps burst upon Labanya, put her arm round her back and kiss her, saying: "You know I have fallen desperately in love with you, Labanya. I wish I could run away with you somewhere."

Meaningless, disjointed words. Yet, Labanya couldn't restrain her laughter, and would say: "Where shall we run away?"

"Why Delhi, Lahore, anywhere. You dress up as a bridegroom and I'll be your bride, wearing a veil. You'll earn a living and provide for me. Won't you?"

"But why don't *you* become the bridegroom?"

"Silly. That won't do. How will a man's dress hide my beauty?"

That's mysterious Madhuri all over.

In fear, suspense, and hesitant delight, Labanya passes her life in the house of mysteries. She is getting used to it. It's seldom that her father's people enquire of her. She knows that she could no more go back to them. May be, no longer did she feel any such longing. She had almost come to the point of believing that she did have the courage and patience to be able to spend here the rest of her life. But things did not work that way. . . .

One morning. Her husband was having an early breakfast, as he was going out for the day to some distant place. Labanya enters the room to offer him betels. He draws her close and says: "Suppose I don't return to-night. Would you feel frightened to sleep alone?"

She knows very well that she would, but does not wish to worry him by confessing.

He asks again: "Answer me. Can't you?"

Hesitatingly she mutters: "No, I'll be quite all right. Don't worry."

"Worry? Of course, you'll be all right! That's just what you want! I know you prefer sleeping alone. Don't you?"

The bantering tone amazes her. She looks up. His face has grown hard. Not that she is totally unfamiliar with her husband's strange behaviour of this nature.

She speaks now in an offended voice: "Is it a crime if I say that I won't be afraid? I don't know—nothing seems to please you."

"No, no crime . . ." Mahim leaves it at that.

A little while after. Mahim speaks to her again: "Before I go away I want to show you something."

"What is it?" she asks.

"Come and you'll see." Labanya is hesitating, but Mahim gives her no time and almost drags her away before that old, out-of-use room. He opens the rusty lock and makes her go in. He gives her a box of matches to light from. As she is

about to strike a match, her husband rushes out and closes the door. Not only closes, but locks it from outside.

What sort of fooling is this?—thinks Labanya. She says: "What on earth are you doing? Don't play with me now—I've left the store-room open. Please open the door."

No response, no sound.

Again, she says: "This is no time for being silly. I have not even cleaned the dishes in which you've had your breakfast. Aunt, Madhuri—nobody has had her meal yet. Open the door—please."

Still no answer. She is really frightened now. She cannot see a thing in the darkness. She can only hear the sound of this or that.

So she begins to knock at the door violently and shout (albeit not becoming of a new bride) in a piteous voice: "Why do you treat me like this? I am so terribly frightened. Please let me out." Not even the sound of a footstep anywhere. True, she knows something of her husband's strange ways, but this . . . Suppose he has locked her in intentionally! Suppose this is no idle joke! The very thought made her creep. Now nobody would hear her from this place even if she tore her throat out shouting. Suppose again she has to spend the live-long day and night in this dark and lonely room! In her extremity of fear and anxiety she bursts into tears and cries out in piteous supplication: "Have mercy on me. Open the door, please. Why do you torture me like this?"

Nobody heard. There was nobody to hear . . .

She had no idea how long she was in that room. Languor had seized her and she had become absolutely inert of body and mind, when suddenly she caught the sound of footsteps near the door.

She called out: "Who goes there?"

The footstep stood still. Again she called: "Let me out, please." Now a peal of laughter.

"Oh, you there!" spoke Madhuri, opening the door. "I

thought you'd run away. How wrong of you to have disappointed me in this way," she said.

Truly, Madhuri's laughter was infectious; it would make even the dead smile. So Labanya faintly smiled and said: "Where but to the Hades can I escape?"

Coming nearer to Labanya, Madhuri said: "Silly. Why go there? Is there no place on earth? Say if you seriously wish to run away—I'll arrange everything for you. Nobody will know—not even a fly." Even in her this great agony of mind, Labanya couldn't help laughing wildly over Madhuri's silly talk. After a few moments' silence Labanya asked her: "Do you know why he treats me like this? What have I done?"

"What have you done! Why did you come to this house? Didn't I tell you before that you must run away; you paid no heed. You thought I was not serious. It's all your fault—and why shouldn't it be?" exclaimed Madhuri.

Soon, however, her voice became grave. She said: "Do you know why this house is like this? The curse of women. The ground on which each of its rooms stands is worn thin by the curses of a thousand women. For seven generations, the men have inflicted the most unthinkable tortures on their women; their curse lies heavy on this house. They have toyed and trifled with women and it is on account of a woman—that is you—that your husband anxiously eats his heart out. He is the last survivor of the race . . ." By this time the two women had come out in the light of the open. In the glare Madhuri's face wore a strange expression. Angry, contemptuous, it looked almost inhuman and grotesque . . .

Labanya couldn't completely grasp the import of what Madhuri had told her that day. But it left in her mind the germ of an unaccountable dread, which grew as she watched her husband's changing behaviour more closely each day hereafter. Nowadays he would go out practically every day, and before leaving, would shut her up in the room, now no longer with an alibi, but by sheer physical force.

Madhuri would, however, come and let her out soon after he was gone. That would be some comfort. But she would let herself be shut in before he came back. And, one day, he found it out. The game was up. . . .

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The night passed quietly. So did the next morning and noon also, without a word between husband and wife. In the afternoon rather unexpectedly Mahim said to her: "Come, let's go."

She stared at him with a look of surprise in her eyes, not realising what he meant.

"Get ready. We'll have to start now," he said.

"Where?" she asked.

"Don't know," said Mahim and took a shawl from the rack and threw it at her and said again: "That's enough. No time to change your dress. Come along."

His voice frightened her. She got up to go, but still ventured to ask him again: "Where do you wish to go?"

Mahim made no reply. He held her by one arm and came out with her on the path. The same path. Like a dark tunnel—covered knee-high with weeds and shrubs and over heaps of bricks and rotten wood. For once only Labanya looked back and could see the smiling look in Madhuri's lovely eyes. That's all. The same laughter that had greeted her on the first day of her arrival at this house rang in her ears, also on her hour of departure.

On the train. Not a word passed between them. It was night when they arrived in town.

Awful night! Terrific storm and pouring rain.

Mahim hired a hackney carriage and got in with Labanya.

"Where am I to take you, Sir," the cab-man enquired.

"Anywhere," said Mahim.

The cab-man had heard similar answers before. So he enquired no more and drove away.

Mahim was the first to speak, and now spoke like a different man.

"I have made you suffer enough. I am not sure if you don't hate me. But forgive me—I beseech you—only for this reason that the atmosphere of my house was poisoned. Now you know why I . . . Do you think you could forgive me?" he said.

In the dark Labanya began to search for her husband's hand. Finding it, she said in a voice overwhelmed with tenderness: "Do not speak to me like this. Could I have come away with you if I were really grieved?"

"Labanya!" called Mahim. His voice had become deeper.

"Yes, dear," she responded and laid her head in the deep of his breast.

"Couldn't we start all over again, like normal people? Isn't it possible to be re-born if I can wipe off my body the sins of seven forefathers? Do you think I could be my natural self if I was with you in a new place, where nobody knows us and we started life afresh?" he asked.

"Why not?" she said.

"But you've no idea what great obstacles there are in the way. My whole body is poisoned. But your love can cure me. Nothing else," he said.

"Why—don't I love you?" she asked.

"You do, but my mind is unhealthy and full of suspicion. Suspicion burns me, and I burn you too. Don't laugh at me—but if you reminded me of this everyday it would give me strength."

Meanwhile wandering about aimlessly the cab-man had got tired. "Sir, do you expect me to drive you about the whole night long?" he said.

"All right then. You can stop here," said Mahim.

Holding Labanya by an arm, he got down. Some place to which they were total strangers.

The storm still raged. The cab-man took his fare and looked bewilderingly as he drove away. He alone knew what he thought about it all.

"I hope, Labanya, you don't feel afraid," said Mahim.

"Not a bit, but where will you go?" said Labanya covering herself up well with her shawl and snuggling to his body.

"Let's go wherever it is. We'll think our new life to have begun just wherever we are when the storm ends," he said.

Labanya spoke no more. Arm in his arm she walked on.

Aimless wandering. They had not the slightest idea how they had got to the bank of a small river and before a bridge.

"Let's cross the bridge," said Mahim. Labanya hesitated for a moment. Then she said: "Are you sure that the bridge is quite safe? Suppose you fall down."

"Well, you also fall down with me. Couldn't you?" he said.

The same strange look as of old came in his eyes and it startled her. In the safe shelter of the carriage and holding Labanya close to his heart, he had perhaps dreamt a dream, but that had faded away from his mind walking on the road. May be, he was now thinking: "What faith can one have in a woman? What is her love worth? A woman who loves today wouldn't hesitate to be treacherous tomorrow! Then infinitely better it is to perpetuate this one moment and be at rest! Then, this tired mind of his would free itself for ever from the torture of suspicion and find supreme peace. What harm is there if the love that shames one in life is immortalised in death?"

So, holding Labanya's hand as he was crossing the swinging bridge, suddenly he pushed her over . . .

* *

The rest I have told. There my tale comes to a halt. I don't know where Mahim has led Labanya after crossing

the bridge. Silently they have got lost in the darkness of my fading imagination.

May be, Madhuri still wanders like a phantom from room to room of that ruined, deserted house—who knows?

May be, somewhere else has Mahim pushed Labanya over the bridge of life—who knows?

The Highroad to Success

BY PROF. ERNEST WOOD

(Author of "An Englishman Defends Mother India")

Most people want success in life, but few have sat down and thought about it, and made up their minds as to what it is that they really want, which if obtained would constitute success for them. Among the Stoics there were some who used to point the finger of scorn at the world at large, and say, "You want a little cake." Many people are sufficiently crushed to thank God for their good beds, decent meals and perhaps a few silk stockings and theatres, but others have a hunger for wealth, power, health, learning, beauty, fame, skill, friendship and other things. I am not going to criticise what people want, but I am going to describe some of the means by which they can get what they want. If they have chosen wrongly, they will change their desires later on.

The first point of strength leading towards success is the habit of voluntary decision. Decisions are often involuntary; by which I mean to say that people wait for circumstances to make up their minds for them. They cannot clearly resolve to forego one thing in order to have another thing, and so they hesitate indefinitely between the two. There is to be a holiday; father and mother cannot make up their minds whether to go to the country or to the seaside, and by the time they have worried over the matter for a week or two they really need to go to one or the other, it does not much matter which. Some ladies cannot decide which dress to put on on a given occasion, and sometimes they actually undress and dress again at the last moment, and as soon as they are outside the house they wish they had not changed.

All this is very weakening. In business it would be fatal.

In the private mind it is exhausting and devitalising. When one bit of work is finished, people say to themselves, "What shall I do next?" and deciding the matter is a process so tiring that they are not fit to do the work afterwards.

It is necessary to have voluntary decision, so that we leave unsettled in our minds only things which really must be left, because we are waiting for more information about them before forming a decision. Then our minds will be clear and clean. We can go on with whatever leads towards our purpose, leaving the rest to fixed routine. It would be very awkward if our knees and elbows were capable of bending backwards and in all other directions as well as forwards; it is just as well that we have established their manner of bending as a matter of routine, and have not to think about it, for that leaves us free to think about more important things.

If you cannot decide whether to go to the seaside or to the mountains, if you have considered the points for and against both of them, toss up a coin and settle the matter—not because there is any magic in the coin, but because there is unhappiness and weakness in indecision. If you cannot make up your mind, it means that the pros and cons are more or less equal, so it does not matter which way the coin falls.

More than one successful business man has said that he derived much benefit from keeping in his pocket a list of all the things that he had to do; then when he finished one thing or had a little time to spare, he would take out his list and select from it something suitable to the occasion. I knew a man who learnt to read and write shorthand while he was waiting at street corners for trams, and on similar occasions, and found his knowledge very useful to him afterwards.

Next to voluntary decision I would put voluntary reflection. If you are learning a language, it is not enough to think about it during the half hour which you give to it every day; you must reflect upon it every now and then, and plentifully. If you are a comic artist by profession you will be thinking of

that to some extent while you are walking in the street or sitting in the train, and you will be observing and imagining all kinds of oddities, which you would not notice without that prevailing mood or habit of reflection. The habit of reflection enables one to see the goal aimed at from every point of view, and it also enables one to see everything else from that point of view, and you soon find that hundreds of things can be turned quite easily to your purpose, instead of only one or two. He who has the habit of reflection does not need to wait very long for opportunities.

Further than that, reflection results in intuition, that is, in the awakening of deeper mental powers than those to which we are accustomed. It also gradually brings into its service the subconscious mind, with all its peculiar and generally unnoticed tendencies and powers. To put the matter briefly, it polarises our life, and makes it like a river, in which all the leaves and twigs which have been blown into it by the wind are carried in a definite direction.

And now a warning. If you want success do not wait for it to come. Want it as fully as you can want; want it like a child, but do not wish like a child, but rather will like a man. A man of success has no time for wishing; he is too busy with those bits of leaves and twigs. Wishing produces waiting and that is the opposite of willing, as is easily proved. If my watch is lying on the table and I consider whether to pick it up I must decide either "I will pick it up," or "I will not pick it up," because I know that I *can* do so. But if I thought that that watch weighed half a ton, I might find myself saying, "I do wish I could pick up that watch." It is necessary, therefore, to search your own mind thoroughly and discover and decide definitely what you want. You may find there many things which are incompatible, so you must next decide what you will give up. Then there should be something left which you want very much indeed. It is to be hoped that you want it as a child wants when it says, "O, I want it; I want it; I *want* it!"

The wise man accepts the materials of life that are available, and works with those. He does not step to wish, either that circumstances should be different, or that his own powers should be greater than they are. That would be merely wasting the energy, the power and the opportunities which he has. It is better to take the opportunities that we have, however small, than to wait for others, remembering that character begins where necessity leaves off. Many a person will show initiative and heroism at some special time, and then people say that he "rose to the occasion." But to rise to the occasion without the occasion, if I may so put it, is the sign of character and inward success, which is bound to lead to victory, whatever we may choose.

When the habit of willing (even if only very small things are in our power) instead of wishing is cultivated, we soon begin to see that benefit can be obtained from all kinds of experiences. Friends have some value, and so have enemies. We like a good opponent at tennis or chess. Gold is valuable, and so is common earth. A blind man in Henry Ford's works counts nuts and bolts better than those who can see, and I am sure the blind man is happier doing what he can and getting a standard wage for it than he would be, living on charity. Ford, a successful man, makes use of everything, according to its kind.

One of the great advantages of the habit of making use of what you can get, or of using the will always—which are both the same thing—is that will and character are developed, and as these are the real goods of life and the ultimate arbiters of our happiness, there is inward success even when there is not what would be called outward success.

We must contrast inward and outward success, not with a view to saying that outward success is not a good thing, but in order to point out that if one obtains outward success, and has not inward success, the outward success will presently be converted into failure. I can illustrate that with a story,

taken from life, of five brothers whom I knew. Three are old men now; the other two have long been dead. These brothers belonged to a middle-class family in England. They had to make their own way in the world, and so they all went into business and the standard professions. Presently two of these brothers began to be successful. The family was very proud of them. They began to make money, while the other brothers were succeeding only in an ordinary or moderate way. It was, however, observable that when the two brothers who were successful came to be about thirty years old they began to be fat and sick. They would not take exercise. They would not walk when they could ride. They indulged themselves in rich food, and too much of it, when they knew it was not good for them. They had not inward strength in either case, but by some mental cleverness they had been able to achieve business success. By the age of forty both brothers had been in the doctor's hands for five years, and by the age of forty-five both were dead. The other brothers are still living; old men now in the seventies. They are happy, living in a moderate way, surrounded by their families. Yet people still point to the dead brothers as the successful members of that family, as the people of whom the family should be proud, and say, "What a pity it is that the best should be taken away first!" They took themselves away, unquestionably, having talent in certain directions, but no inward strength and power, no inward success and mastery of themselves.¹

I knew another case on similar lines—an English family. These people were a little poor after the war, and had to go and live in a suburban house. They had been accustomed to better

¹ A few years ago, the American Bankers' Association studied the life experience of a hundred "average men" who were all strong and vigorous, with good mental and physical capacity, when at the age of twenty-five. Ten years later there were only ninety-five, of whom ten were wealthy and eighty-five not. Ten years still later only three wealthy ones were left, but there were still eighty-four of the others! Puzzle! find the men who are healthy, wealthy and wise.

things, but they could not now afford servants. They had saved a certain amount of silver, curios and other things, referred to as "The Plate", and they kept these things in a glass-fronted cabinet in the drawing-room, and considered that they were thereby saving at least some of their respectability. It is astonishing to what an extent these people tormented themselves with that glass-fronted cabinet. They were people fond of going to the theatre and away for holidays. But when they went they had to leave somebody behind to look after these precious articles. The people who went to the theatre did not enjoy themselves, for they were thinking of the person left behind. These things which they called their possessions were not their possessions at all. They possessed the people. I remember also a young lady who was fond of walking. One day in a shop window she saw a nice pair of shoes, and went in and spent all her spare money on these. Then she did not like to go out walking in them because she might spoil them, and yet she was too logical to go out walking in old ones and leave these at home, and so she did not go out at all.

There is much delusion about possessions. The fact is that only a man who has inward success will be master of his possessions, will have outward success. There are certain old stories about these things. There is a story of a man who came to the conclusion that his possessions were a great trouble to him, so he decided to give them up and live in a cave. He took with him one brass pot, and this pot used to stand at the door of the cave and hold his daily supply of water. When he was meditating, or taking a walk, he was still troubled by his brass pot, and kept wondering if a thief would take it. One day he found that a thief had taken it. To his own surprise he felt much relieved and said: "In future, when a thief comes this way, he will find an earthen pot, and I shall enjoy my walks in peace." But, at the same time, we have a story of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a man who could manage big affairs—of many of which we have only hints—but nevertheless was able to

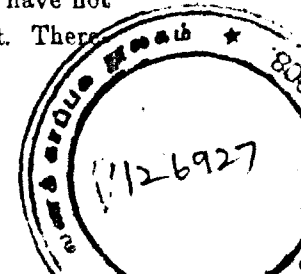
preserve his own calm and strength of mind because he was master of those things. He possessed them.

The fact is that if we cannot hold and possess things and use them and manage them without losing our own strength, it is better not to have them. It is better to measure our strength against the circumstances, and then we shall see that outward success is a possibility, but not more than is in agreement with the inward success we have attained—the strength of will, or mind. It is a mistake to think of anything as ours in a settled way. Only those things which we can use for a purpose of our own are really possessions. One day I met a little girl whom I knew, and she was carrying a cat. I asked, "Is that your cat?" Her reply was full of unconscious wisdom, "It is mine sometimes." Nothing is entirely mine and nothing is entirely not-mine. I have no children of "my own", but my life has been fairly well filled with those of other people. And as to things, it is only if my possessions are tools or utilities for me, ministering to health and beauty of body and mind, that I shall not find them a burden and myself their slave.

So, after all, the greatest secret of success lies in learning to use our own will, even in little things. There is no outward success for long without this inward success, but according to the degree of our inward attainment the outward success will surely follow. Even failure can be turned into success. If I have played a game and lost it, I have not failed if I really tried, because I shall be stronger for the next game. So why give in—ever? If you cannot succeed in one way, you may in another.

Self-control offers an opportunity for this development. To exercise, play, work and rest when we think these activities are due, and not to be governed by idleness or self-indulgence, is one of the secrets of power. There are many very small things which are very great opportunities. The benefit is felt at once. You have not destroyed your happiness because you have not allowed your body to be master—you have increased it. There

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fore follows the simple formula—if there is something you feel disinclined to do, if it is a good thing, go and do it at once.

Another way to develop the will, leading to success, is to see that you do something well. It does not much matter what it is, for, if you do something today a little better than you did it yesterday, you have gained in strength and capacity thereby. The man who improves his work improves himself. But we must also add this rule: that overwork is failure, that if my work of today does not leave me stronger and wiser for the work of tomorrow, then this day's work is bad, no matter what external results may show.

Then, again, we must know something about ourselves. Where should we be in the world without having seen the earth, the sun and the moon, and the trees and other things? That is to say, without knowledge? Where then may we expect to come if we have not seen and known ourselves, at least to some extent? This means that some practical meditation, or consideration, is necessary; so that we may realize where we stand, what we are, and what we are going to do about all this.

Finally, I would say, think of yourself as immortal. Many people feel that misfortune and death stand in the way of their progress. If you think so, they will. But if you believe that we are in a world of law, where nothing comes to us by chance, you will ignore these suppositions, fix your eye upon your object of ambition, thinking not at all of time, and so allow your vision of the goal to turn all your powers and your circumstances into its way.

The Confluence: A Play

BY SURI V. SUBRAHMANYAM, B.A., A.I.S.M.

CHARACTERS: INTELLECT

HEART

SOUL

Time of Play:—Evening

[Enter Intellect in a neat evening suit with a bow collar and a pince-nez, which he often removes when he wants to assert his opinion and puts it on when he is referring to one of the big books on his table. He looks rather up than down, with a sort of "I am all" air; often attempts to smile whenever he hears something to his taste, as if he is in a mood of patronising condescension. Rather grim in face, with a sort of pessimism settled on his forehead. He seems as though he is moving in an atmosphere which is considerably light and therefore unworthy of him. He is to be seen reposing in an easy chair.]

Enter Heart into Intellect's study, with long curling hair curled just above the shoulders; a sweet delicate face, with eyes shadowed with a mist of imagination. Wears a long silk gown reaching up to his ankles. His neck is bare and is perfectly modelled. On the whole his gait and manner are more delicate than those of the fair sex, but his neck and arms show a Greek god. He slowly turns the handle of Intellect's study, silently enters the room, and closes the door again without any creaky noise. Intellect is rather absorbed and does not notice him.]

HEART: Hullo—Good evening. Hope you are . . .

INTELLECT: Hullo—(pause) I am awfully surprised, pleasantly surprised though. What! you never intimated to me about. . . Never mind—Hullo, Good evening first—Give me your hand. (Heart gives his hand and after a warm shake of recognition, takes his seat in a chair offered by Intellect).

HEART: Long since though! It looks like returning home after a long voyage. In a foreign land to meet one of your own people—look! it is immensely pleasing, why, it is exhilarating. How do you feel?

INTELLECT: I have nothing to feel or rather I cannot feel anything, I suppose. I have become incapable of feeling. The one thing which appeals to me is that pile of books you see there. They are all intellectual, with no feeling . . . However I should like to hear a lot about you.

HEART: I think so friend—it may be my own feelings—that we were better in Heaven when all of us three, yourself, myself and Soul—I do not know what he is about now—were together moving hand in hand, playing, inventing and feeling only for Him. I can't understand why He should separate us like this and send each his own way; of course He said, 'you may all be united even in the world.' I am looking for that opportunity, dear friend, and am almost pining for it as an old maid for a lover.

INTELLECT: Oh Heart! look here. Now that you are before me, I recollect the old days. We were chums, like three seeds in a fruit nestling together surrounded by a thick pulp of sweetness. They were so sweet, it was hardly possible to know oneself fully. That is why, I think, we were separated here just to understand more fully the sweetness of the union. We are like those mad men who knock their heads against the wall of Misery just to feel how happy they would be after the knock. It isn't a bad experience, however, to be separated, provided you know that you ought to meet. I almost forgot about our meeting. I am so glad you put me back on the right way. The trouble with us, intellectuals, is that we have no heart. That is why you see some of us sometimes perverse. These perverse intellectuals give virtue a flavouring of vice and vice a flavouring of virtue, and try to turn every human relationship upside down. I told you, everything,

to me and to such other intellectuals like me, is an experience. I understand everything, even the obtruse metaphysics, explain everything, excuse everything but feel for nothing.

HEART: Oh yes. I understand, you simply peck at thought even as a wanton bird at an unripe fruit, allowing it neither to ripen nor to be useful for any purpose. When you forget me, friend, how can you hope to have peace in life? You look like some of those flowers plucked from the stem and displayed in painted glass jars in a drawing-room. Your bloom is temporary, sooner or later you will be forced to acknowledge that you have missed Life, having sought exclusion from me. I suppose you yourself without my beneficial help would prove a greater menace to the world's happiness than, say, I would prove, acting alone without your help.

INTELLECT: Having been reminded of our happy days when we were together, I shall not contradict you because I am able to feel something in your presence. Without you, of course, I couldn't feel anything. We convert even our own deformities of mind into use like some of those actors and actresses on the screen. We produce literature out of our barren lives, lives devoid of feeling. We give it, of course, a big name 'Art for Art's sake.' Look how funny it sounds and how I feel its littleness before you, as if anything can exist in this world for its own sake! I am sick of our attempts. Having no real feeling, we can afford to be indulgently tolerant to others' weaknesses. We develop sometimes a morbid humanitarianism which breaks down the distinction between good and evil. We express a sentimental pity for the 'sacred and irresponsible human' in the criminal. It looks like the sentimentality of an old man in dotage. Doesn't it? . . . (pauses). I assure you, friend, I have lost my ground before you. I have never confessed my weaknesses before, for it requires a heart to

understand one's weakness and to confess it—Intellectuals never bend their head low, for humility is a quality belonging to you alone. I almost forgot, as I told you before, that I had a dear old friend, Heart, in whose company I was happy. We intellectuals, following the religion of reason, stifle you. If only men were to know the happiness of having you! Oh, how foolish I have been! I am talking off all about myself like a spring unbound—I haven't heard anything about you. It takes one off his senses, you know, when he meets suddenly a happiness he has forgotten all these years; tell me how are you getting on in this world?

HEART: Thank you; you are very entertaining. My story is similar to yours. I wonder, we seem to be rivals, each shunning the other with these human beings. I have no place, as you said, amongst those of your following. But by those who have some feeling I am either over-indulged like the young wife of an old man, or ill-treated like a junior clerk in an office, that often has to bear the short temper of all above him when a fault decidedly belonging to none happens. Most of these who have a good heart have so little of intellect, that they are not able to control their emotions. It is mostly the fair sex that favours me, and I should add a section of the poets too—whom I think to be bisexual. But all these behave childishly. Most of them understand only my passive part—neglecting completely my active manifestation. They have the feminine pity but not the heroic heart which is dynamic. They have love, sometimes healthy, for an individual but not for an ideal or cause. They can serve only a few but not a just cause or a nation. There is another section which is unhealthy in its affection towards me. They are either sentimental on trifles, or egoistic. In most cases their love is extended only to themselves. When selfish happiness is the sole aim of life,

life is soon left without a purpose; it becomes blank and bleak like the vast expanse of the desert, priding only in its emptiness. You intellectuals, with no heart, can at least do something for others, you can create happiness for others. But these people with only this kind of heart do nothing positively good. Their love of self excludes every other consideration. Even when they love others, that love is only another name for captivity. Each is a prison for the other. They must have the intellect to choose an ideal and a heart to love it and work for it.

INTELLECT: But we write strange stories idolising love—making it the only thing worth living for in this world; of course we do not feel when we write. We write for others to feel.

HEART: Oh yes, the whole world is oppressed by these intellectual suggestions. Imagine, a few of these people having only heart, feel that they ought to be like those characters you describe in your stuffy strange books and actually behave like them. You almost make them believe that love of an individual is divine. In cases of love between opposite sexes, it is mostly the sex attraction. They mistake it for love and grow sentimental over it. Naturally it begins to wane, like the moon in the dark fortnight, after the marriage. Not having intellect they never understand that this love must become more impersonal every day, and that this love has to develop into that which knows not sex nor person nor partiality, 'but which seeks virtue and wisdom everywhere as the end of ever-increasing virtue and wisdom' and that 'true marriage is the purification of the intellect and the heart from year to year.' Oh Lord! I am speaking like an intellectual—Amn't I? I reflect your capacity. True friends are like that. Each bears a reflection of the other. I am reminded now of our great friend Soul. I wonder if we can meet him today. Oh! the happiness of all the three of us meeting! What is it—you look serious?

INTELLECT: Nothing, Heart, it is getting late. The evening sun is just hanging himself on yonder stem of the west like an over-ripe melon, ready to drop down into the sea beneath. It is at this time I expect our friend Soul, who generally prefers silent evening hours to visit. It is getting late, would you like to take a drink?

HEART: Thank you. Just wait. What is that noise, that looks like the flutter of the wings of an angel? It looks like the sound of tender leaflets smiling when caressed by the gentle wind. Oh yes, the sound is approaching—it must be our friend—(opens the door and looks) Oh God, it is he—he, Intellect, it is he—our Soul.

[Enter Soul, Heart having opened the door into Intellect's closet. Both Heart and Intellect stand up. Their faces express joy and radiance. Heart is closer to Soul.]

Soul is dressed like an angel with a pair of wings to his sides. Whenever he asserts, the wings flutter as if his asserted idea is something of heaven and wants to go back. His forehead is shining. He has bare arms and neck. His whole appearance is like a vision and he speaks slowly with a distinct accent . . .]

INTELLECT AND HEART (together): Good evening, Soul, good evening.

SOUL: Very good evening. Thanks. Give me your hands (shakes hands with both of them).

HEART: It looks like the acme of happiness—our meeting here today. We were just talking about you, Soul. You are wonderful. When Intellect and Heart think about you jointly, you at once make your appearance. Friend, how do you do?

SOUL: Thanks. The world seems like an ill-tuned instrument. I can't play any note. A few of the strings are, of course, in tune. But the whole of my music cannot be played on only a few strings. The intellectual strings are not in

harmony with the heart strings. Your fellows, Heart, when they want me, almost kill me by their ignorant ways of worship. They love me like an old mother that only knows how to love her son, but does not understand him. They are either superstitious or sentimental in their devotion. Such of your fellows, Intellect, that sometimes think of me, only do so to bring me into ridicule. They are not at all human. They are like flint, nothing can penetrate them but they break every thing they touch. They break me with their subtle discussions, sharp as a cutting edge and are proud of their dissective capacity. They talk of me more to exhibit their pedantry than with any love for me. That synthesis, that co-ordination of the attributes of all the three of us, that harmony, that balance is what is wanted for the happiness of the world.

(Coming a bit forward, he speaks loudly addressing the audience).

Not till then, not till man feels for me with all the poignancy that Heart is capable of, and works with the supreme power of Intellect for the realisation of my manifestation, shall he attain peace. This sort of one-sided favouring of either Heart or Intellect can only be, like lumbago, a hindrance to progress.

(Turning to his friends).

Friends, I am very glad we all met here today. Let us work together, let us produce again the white radiance out of these divergent rays of light. Let us be together and, working through one favoured man, evolve a better world. He shall have all the attributes of all the three of us in so perfect a unison that a contact with him produces melodies ineffable. He shall verily be a confluence of the triple stream of the powers of us three, and the world shall know itself respecting him.

Friends, let us come closer.

[They all embrace. The lights go off on the stage but the

light on Soul's forehead shines. The curtain is dropping slowly.]

SOUL: (In a loud voice) Goodbye friends, till we meet again in our favoured mortal. Good night to you all.

[A white Gandhi cap is seen floating in the air before the curtain drops completely.]

My Family Friend

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

Bent with age, yet burning with love for us is my family friend. He has seen our palmiest days with a pride unobtrusive, and a joy unfathomable, and watches our thinning numbers with a melancholy that sits deep in his heart. It is his innate philosophy that reconciles him to every sorrow that afflicts us. For he resembles then the sea-captain, calm and resigned in the face of the foulest weather, but with a stern sense of duty that calls him incessantly to action. Though past his seventy, his vigour and vision have not waned for all the many tiresome details of his daily routine. For his avocations are many, ranging from an active trusteeship of charitable institutions to the enviable post of a supervisor of building constructions. We know him as a comforting figure by the side of every sick-bed and a diligent advocate of many a weak and forlorn cause. His intellectual force and intense emotions mark him always from the rest. His high thinking and plain living place him ever with the best.

A pair of penetrating eyes beneath a forehead lined with cares for the seething, suffering, humanity, and a firm tread that almost convinces anyone of the unbending spirit within, sum up the striking features of my family friend. But often the strange movement of his ear, up and down in frenzy, provokes the innocent curiosity of some of us that have keenly watched him in his indignant moods. Of course the yellow-coloured shawl on his shoulder, and the folded umbrella below his arm, connote his familiar figure in the streets. There is not a single soul, among those who know him well, that has not felt an instinctive reverence at his sight and an immeasurable strength in his existence. Young and old, man and woman, seek him with a

small or a large request. To everyone, to the lowest-born as well as the highest, his gentle smile after a patient, attentive, hearing to their tale of woe, carries hope and courage. Every dawn breaks for him with a fresh pursuit or a silent steady advance of some unknown object. Through the workings of his mind, one cannot easily find him out. But when all his efforts have ended, one is sure of the most self-denying of results. Either buried in thought for the sake of an involved litigant, who has none other perhaps in the world to offer him safe counsel, or engaged in speculation of the chances of betterment for a person suffering from illness, he is always ungrudging of his anxiety and concern for others.

My family friend has no traces left in him of the office which once he held with dignity. Though fairly long in service, he never felt any liking for it. Clothed as he was with the power of an Assistant Commissioner of Police, one can rarely find now any vestiges of the official spark in his mien. His soft, humble nature was so very unsuited to the exercise of stiff authority. His melting heart could scarcely assume the brusque exterior of repressive force. Report says that, when a retiring European officer asked him "What shall I do for you before I go away?" the strange request in answer was "Permit me, sir, to attend to my office work without the encumbrance of a conventional dress." Everybody knows the fact that he left the service much before his time to quit it. He was loath to continue in office when nobler things demanded him outside.

He is perhaps the last of the race of really cultured yet quite unassuming men. His personal attachments are as strong as his public spirit. He loved my father too well to fail in his warmth towards us. His fine perception of an ultimate end for all, has set his heart free to consider the whole world as his own big family. Though not blessed with sons and daughters of his own, his unquestioning affection for us all increases my admiration for him. He likes to talk and laugh with children and learn his truths from their babbling mouths. The more he

sees Death devastating his dear and near, the lighter is the vein in which he speaks of it. His seeming wonder grows more and more every day that the fleeting breath of life should strangely indeed last its allotted span in the body. His fancies love to dwell on the ecstatic songs of the liberated souls. His tears flow in copious unconcern when his whole being is touched by the saddest tunes of the Tamil saints.

It is an irrepressible joy for my family friend to hear a spirited conversation or listen to gifted eloquence. He is not forgetful to repeat that only one in a hundred happens to possess the capacity of an orator. He is visibly attracted towards any good demonstration of the powers of speaking. His admiring countenance is sufficient to act as a stimulant to the performer. Though himself a chaste and effective conversationalist, he is not averse to listening with mute surprise to others. The youngest can engage him in talk without feeling the presence of age in him.

From a highly evolved soul that severed all domestic bonds, he has now easily turned a practical householder. From a total recluse he has changed to a capital diplomat. On the wrong side of seventy, he feels the urge within to do active service to all. He feels rejuvenated by the modern tendencies, even as a gaunt old tree may put forth fresh leaves in a season of plenty. He is quickly gaining more and more up-to-date knowledge from the newspapers. He is considering every minute how more work has to be done. His mind gets refreshed by a heated discussion of the present-day politics. He is readier to lead a campaign against the Swarajists. For he is such an uncompromising loyalist himself, pinning his faith for the salvation of his country upon the benefits of the British rule. His ancient dread of fast locomotives has yielded place to an increasing desire to test every new invention of modern science. He feels no worry to jostle with the crowd for a front seat in the bus. He is willing even to have a joy flight in one of the mothplanes over the city.

His retirement from service marks the beginning of his more energetic period in life. He is much busier in the mornings than the busiest lawyer of the place. His clientele is greater in number and more varied in their straits. His identification with his client's cause gives almost an impregnable strength to him. He believes not in frontal attacks but in indefatigable reiteration of his own views. He is not baffled in his attempts by any disgust or difficulty. Till success crowns his efforts he is unsparing of his physical and mental labour. He is ready to believe the plaintiff's version of the case and rarely stops to consider the defence side of it. Once he is approached for help, he surrenders himself soul and body to give all possible succour in his power. He is then industrious like a bee and steady like a clock.

The biography of my father can scarcely be accomplished without the many incidents connected with my family friend. For the brightest patches in that piece will be deriving their freshness and colour from them alone. But drawn as my father and his friend were to each other, they could appreciate individuality and independence more with the daily clash of their personal opinions. Their breadth of outlook and spontaneous charity welded them singularly in the same noble acts and aspirations. If the one had endeared himself to posterity by his liberal endowments to public activities, the other has extorted admiration for the singleness of purpose and devotion with which he has watched them from running to waste. If it is worthy to give, it is worthier still to cherish what has been given.

When all is said and done, let me render thanks to the Giver for this precious find I have in my family friend. For he was everything to us when we were left orphans in this world. It was his prolonged mourning for my father's death that left in my impressionable childhood the feeling of an immense loss. Days were when he could only conjure up one figure for all that

is fine and brilliant in man. Even a stray spark emitted by any of us is easily recognised by him as belonging to the fire which once glowed in my father.

In private and in public he is not swayed by the vanities that corrupt men of importance and influence. Though occasionally in his eagerness to save one friend he may prevail upon another, he is more pure as tempted more and never a gainer for all his frequent dependence on others. To me he is a lovable person full of little failings that render him all the more lovable. I honour him for his sacrifices. May he live long to remind me of the feet of the Lord—" *Sri Ramassaranam*."

Kailasanath at Kanchi

BY K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

Dr. Coomaraswamy once said that our arts had survived the neglect of centuries, but that modern patronage threatened to destroy them. The older Indian temples have withstood the ravages of time; some of them have outlived even the attentions of the Mussulmans; but few of them have recovered from the devastating touch of that master-vulgarian—the modern millionaire—alone or in league with Government departments. The fate that overtook these temples was not destruction, but disfigurement of a kind unprecedented in history. Witness, for instance, the temple of Vaikuntaperumal or that of Kailasanath at Conjeevaram. Nature had done her worst, but had spared us the rhythmic outlines and imaginative visions of the bye-gone artists; it was reserved for the modern innovator to overlay these with plaster and a polychromatic scheme of his own devising; he would have done worse, if worse were possible. Mahomed of Ghazni was verily an angel of mercy in comparison!

Built early in the 8th century by a king named Rajasimha, who was responsible for a series of the most remarkable structures of the age (including the shore temple at Mahabalipuram), the temple of Kailasanath was an outstanding example of Hindu art such as is not often met with in the course of ages. History records that the Chalukya king who overran Kanchi later in the 8th century was so thrilled by the carvings, that he had casts made of them for the temple of Virupaksha at Patadakal near his capital. A body of sculptors, we must imagine, were requisitioned from Kanchi for the purpose, numbering among them perhaps the very sons and grandsons of the artist who designed the temple of Kailasanath. The Virupaksha

temple, in turn, furnished the model for the well-known Kailasa temple at Ellora. It is not suggested by any means that the Ellora temple was a mere copy. It was the very tradition at work at Kanchi which created such exquisite reliefs that summed up its rich experience in one supreme effort at Ellora—the supremest perhaps in art-history—and Ellora rightly ranks as the summit of art-achievement. If, in epochs of splendid creative activity, this little-known temple was looked up to as a model worthy of study, it has some claim on our respect and, far from 'decadent', as Prof. Dubreuil spoke of it, was a noble expression of that large life that has given us all that is precious in our art and letters. Even in their present deplorable condition, it is not impossible to reconstruct the fragments and visualise what the carvings were like when the Chalukya king first gazed on them; and the moment we do so, the drab, unbeautiful Conjeevaram of the Philistines gets translated into the Kanchi of history and legend—the home of Dandin and Dharmapala and the seat of a mighty empire.

The theme of the artist was the lord of Kailasa—Siva in an infinity of forms—as the bridegroom of Uma in sportive dalliance, as the gracious lord of the bull, as the dread foe of Kama and Kala, as the inscrutable one who stepped out of the pillar of fire, as the superb archer who put Arjuna to shame, as the mendicant, as the yogin, as the prince of dancers. The dance of Siva had a singular fascination for this artist and he sang of it in stone again and again: here it was an uplifted stride as though he would measure the sky, with Vishnu; there it was the *Lalatalilaka* which according to legend subdued the proud Durga; now it was the rapturous abandon of the *lalita* cadence momentarily glimpsed and wrought in stone; again it was the regulated rhythm of the body in repose; but the essentials of the dance were those attitudes which blended movement and repose in one inseparable expression and those gestures which, irrespective of the idea they sought to reveal, had an intrinsic and living beauty of their own. Among the reliefs

are to be found those great moments, when sculpture takes its place by the side of music, 'where form and matter meet each other with the readiness of the soul and body reunited'; yes, the music which Bharata loved to describe and a fragment of which has come down to us in the melodies of *Tevaram*—music which harmonized with the plastic perfection of this temple. One likes to recall that it was in this very temple that Appar poured forth his soul in song. Whoever the nameless sculptor who fashioned these images, his spiritual hunger was certainly as great as Appar's. That he had a Kalidasian sense of beauty and mastery of form, we know. A flawless technique was his and Beauty had no secrets from him, and at his bidding Siva came down from Kailas and dwelt among men.

We read in the play how Malavika is detained by the king after the dance is over, on the pretext that she should await his pleasure. Soliloquising on her beauty, the king wonders, as she stood there, one hand on her hip, the other relaxed and the body gracefully sinuous, which was the more wonderful—her statuesque attitude or the exquisite cadences of her dance. Similarly does Kailasanath challenge the critic. And the function of criticism, when face to face with a classic of this kind, is to stand back and let art speak for itself.

Herr Von Stresemann

BY M. VENKANNAH

(Lecturer, The Maharajah's College, Vizianagaram)

With the sudden death of Herr Von Stresemann, the German Foreign Secretary, there has disappeared from the arena of real-politik a dominant figure who did yeoman service in restoring crippled Germany and contributing largely to the maintenance of peace in post-War Europe. He was born of a beer merchant of moderate income who made great sacrifices to have his son educated in the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig. Young Stresemann specialised in politics and economics which stood him in great stead in his official career. His bent of mind was literary, for he loved music passionately and wrote verses of considerable merit. He could expound Goethe and Socrates accurately and lay his fingers on the salient factors which made for the evolution of modern Germany.

It must be remembered that in pre-War Germany a man of literary or philosophical trend of mind was quite averse from taking to active politics—so strong was the public prejudice against him. He made himself ridiculous in the Reichstag and denied himself almost irrevocably a Cabinet career, if he were known to be the author of a book of verses or a treatise on speculative philosophy. The highly-cultivated members of noble families were careful enough to hide their literary productions from the general public, by confining their publication, if at all, to the inner circle of their friends. Even the study of Hegel, whose political absolutism was unquestioned, was viewed with suspicion, if not with contempt. When Bethmann-Hollweg was at the helm of the State, his opponents twitted him as an admirer of Kant. The late Prince von Bulow was occasionally jeered at, for he did quote in his speeches from Goethe's *Faust*.

Stresemann, who was endowed with natural gifts and inspired with high ambition, brought out a pamphlet on the retail trade in bottled beer, applying his economic theories to what he had witnessed in his boyhood. He became intimately associated with numerous industrial concerns in Saxony, which he had organised, and secured for them a prominent position in the political and economic life of the State. The success of these organisations brought him great influence from the headquarters of the Union of Industrials in Berlin, and numerous unions on the Saxon model speedily came into existence throughout the other provinces where his name became a household word among workmen. At the age of twenty-six, Stresemann was elected to the Lower Chamber of the Saxon Parliament as a representative of big business, for he had been devoting his life to the expansion of German trade and industry. Subsequently he was returned to the Reichstag on behalf of the National Liberal Party of which he became an influential member, and since then he continued until his death as strongly Liberal as National. In 1913, he wanted to float with Albert Ballin, of the Hamburg-America line, a German company for carrying on world-wide trade, but the idea was abandoned on account of the outbreak of the War. All these activities on his part evidently showed that he was an out and out Imperialist, without the longing for war as a means of economic exploitation.

The Armageddon had however changed Stresemann's ideals. He believed, whether rightly or wrongly, that the Great War had been plotted by England from commercial jealousy—a formula which became a kind of auto-suggestion in Germany at the time. Other delusions which he entertained were that England might be paralysed by reckless submarinism, that America might at best prove a negligible factor in the War, and that Belgium should never again form a *glacis* for England. He sponsored in his brilliant speeches the suicidal Hohenzollern policy *in toto*—the conclusion of drastic treaties in the East and

the indiscriminate submarinism which brought America into the War. When in 1918 the vindictive Treaty of Versailles was concluded, naturally Stresemann strongly condemned it, but as the tide began to flow irresistibly against his country he could not but have felt it as a policy of self-stultification to rally under the new banner. He therefore vigorously warned against the dethronement of the Kaiser, which however constituted a fundamental condition in the Treaty. At the outset, Stresemann opposed the unconditional fulfilment of the terms of the Treaty, except as a matter of compensation, and pushed his antagonism so far as to countenance Chancellor Cuno's organisation of passive resistance against the French in the Ruhr.

When Stresemann became the Chancellor in 1923, his personal and historic services to the Fatherland came in for high recognition. He forthwith abandoned Cuno's fight in the Ruhr and resolved to carry out the policy of unconditional fulfilment of the terms of the Treaty. He averted a civil war by stabilising the mark and enabled America to take in hand the problem of Germany's Reparation payments as evidenced by the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan. It was in 1925 that Stresemann despatched the famous Memorandum to the Entente Powers which resulted in the Locarno Pact, laying the foundation of peace in Europe. He fought no less strenuously for the entrance of Germany as a member of the League of Nations and for the evacuation of the Allied armies from the Rhineland.

Stresemann was both by education and character a realist in politics and a bourgeois enemy of Socialism. He had a clear vision and his political tactics were precise. At heart he was a true German and if he took up international politics, it was because of their value to his country. He belonged to that school of politics in Germany which was determined to uplift this nation and regarded the *debacle* of their country as merely an interlude. Despite the political and economic

gyrations of his mind as exhibited in his public career, Stresemann was a true patriot and statesman who almost succeeded in rehabilitating his country to the pre-War level in respect of trade and industry and in recovering partially that prestige which had been lost in the Great War.

Notable Pronouncements

I. PROFESSOR RADHAKRISHNAN

In the course of an eloquent address to the Graduates of the Punjab University, Professor Radhakrishnan said :

It is easy to be romantic about the good old days. But it is a sure sign of decadence if we live contentedly in the traditional fabric of ideas congealed into forms. In the flux of life, the past is not the present. Progress is marked by originality and adventure ; decay by imitativeness and routine. However perfect the wisdom of the past may be, the forms in which it is clothed are not final. They require to be broken and made afresh. We must recover the spirit of life and convert it to fresh purposes. The spirit of a people is to be found not in what it was in past ages nor even in what it is now. As we survey the history of a nation, we get at something deep and foundational, something which is for ever forming itself anew though it never reaches perfect expression. The spirit of a people can only be defined in terms of this growing ideal, this operative principle which is very imperfectly expressed in any specific stage, though clearly discernible when we study the several stages in their temporal succession. The secret of life is in the law of development. In India the main emphasis has been on the reality of the life of spirit in man and the cosmos as a whole, and a search for truth wherever it may be found. India has always stretched out her hands towards the developments of life. It is only the recovery of the true spirit that will help to loosen the hold of the complicated and unnecessary trappings. The wood, hay and stubble that have come down to us must be consumed in order that the things which are not shaken may remain.

Referring to the fundamental distinction between culture and mere learning, he remarked :

Culture is not mere learning. It is discrimination, understanding of life. Liberal education aims at producing moral gifts as well as intellectual, sweetness of temper as much as sanity of outlook. Into the art of living the cultured man carries a certain grace, a certain refinement,

a certain distinction which redeems him from the sterile futility of aimless struggle. Culture is not a pose of intellect, or a code of convention but an attitude of life which finds nothing human alien, common or unclean. An education that brings up a young man in entire indifference to the misery and poverty surrounding him, to the general stringency of life, to the dumb pangs of tortured bodies and the lives submerged in the shadows, is essentially a failure. If we do not realise the solidarity of the human community and have human relations with those whom the world passes by as the lowly and the lost, we are not cultured. The most depraved individual has his startling interest, and the worst criminal is unique to his thumb-prints as he knows to his cost. Great literature shames us out of our complacency and reveals to us something of the immense capacity of the human soul for suffering and isolation. We may suffer, we may fail, we may be forgotten, but we have succeeded in the true sense of the term, if we refused to be vulgar, mean or squalid. If anything justifies life, it is nobility, greatness. Man notices our failings but God sees our strivings.

Stressing the need for developing strength to face sorrow and suffering :

Matthew Arnold spoke of sweetness and light as the marks of culture. We may add to them a third, strength. Sweetness of temper, sanity of outlook and strength of spirit, patience, wisdom and courage are the qualities of a cultured mind. There is a legend that ghosts do not speak until they drink blood ; even so our noble dreams do not get accomplished except through the blood of our hearts. It is through *tapas*, through the inward travail of the spirit, that anything great can be achieved. The *Upanishad* says the Supreme actualises mighty possibilities through the force of *tapas*. "He performed *tapas*; having performed *tapas*, He produced all this whatsoever." (Tait. Up. II. 6). The best work in the world is achieved by those who resign the prizes of the world and bear in pain the burden of defeated hopes. The Rishis of ancient India knew no fear and feared no death. Buddha walked out of the palace to suffer and re-create. Christ is the man of sorrows. None who has not suffered to the utmost gets to the foundations of reality. In this matter of suffering, we men are amateurs ; but our women friends are the professionals. In the re-creation of a new India, their share will be considerable. I want to lay special stress on the need for suffering

and strength, as I suspect that a kind of new materialism has overtaken us. We seem to be coddling with comforts and are willing to use all our intellectual resources ruthlessly in the service of one end, material success. We are prepared to lay down our lives for higher wages and not higher ideals. We seem to have almost a superstitious reverence for material conditions. Times of transition require a new simplicity of life, a new asceticism, and you, my young friends, to whom leadership in thought and practice is passing, need it most. We have no glittering prizes of wealth, power or glory to offer you, but only hardship, struggle and suffering. May the ideals of your University help you to face them with spirit and courage and save you from cynicism and despair !

II. MR. ALLADI KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR

To the infant University of the Andhras, Mr. Alladi Krishnaswami Aiyar, Advocate-General, addressed a message of hope and faith. Discussing the reasons for the comparative barrenness of Indian Universities in the matter of creative effort he said :

One may pause to enquire what exactly are the psychological and the deeper causes for the comparatively little output of work on the part of the Indian Universities. It is not that the ideal of a life dedicated to knowledge for its own sake is a foreign conception to the Indian mind. The scholar without any means of living, with a bowl in his hands and with no transport facilities, going all the way from this end of India to Benares to pursue the study of the *Shastras* for years, with no kind of immediate prospect of material gain, was by no means until recently a rare or unfamiliar phenomenon. Whether the kind of knowledge which he aspired to might appeal to the modern mind or not is quite another matter. It is not that the Indian is incapable of realising the powerful influence of the contact of an inspiring personality or the spiritual relation between the teacher and the taught which ought to form the basis of all true knowledge and university life.

It is not that the Indian is constitutionally bent upon an acquisition of immediate gain and is incapable of appreciating the grandeur of the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake and the supreme value of the lesson of waiting. The religion of the Hindu teaches the devout Hindu that he has to pass through successive births and deaths

before he attains true knowledge and the highest bliss, and that through all these stages he must be seeking for enlightenment and working out his Dharma. It is not that the Indian by nature is not imbued with the spirit of adventure and the unquenchable spirit to make new conquests of nature and of the spiritual world. One has only to remember in this connection the crossing of the Himalayan Passes by the Buddhist monks and the conveying of the message of Lord Buddha to Tibet, China and far off countries and of the triumphant march of Sankara, the bachelor hermit, through the length and breadth of India. Again, it is not as if the idea of a university as a society of learning, gathering together scholars and professors, is an exotic plant which finds it difficult to take a firm root in this ancient land. The great Universities of Nalanda, Takshasila, Nadiya and Navadvipa are a refutation of any such misconception.

What then are the real causes if there is nothing radically wrong with Indian environment? With the advent of the British rule and the impact between the powerful and overpowering civilisation of the West, and the traditional civilisation of the East, intellectual India found herself, so to speak, suddenly in a new world, and an adjustment between two civilisations with different view-points is not altogether an easy affair. The cultural classes of India to whom study was a part of their harmonious development suddenly found themselves denatured. The Pundit's son who turned to university studies began to realise that his learning, his memory, and his dialectical subtlety had an economic value which it had never before. It meant official preferment, professional emoluments, administrative power and influence, new wealth and new comfort to which his ancestors did not attach any importance. A new-fangled materialism without the motive power behind it, which has dominated the great civilisation of the West and which has contributed to the great conquest of the Western world in the region of knowledge and science, overtook the cultural classes. The learning in the Universities was no doubt not the privilege or the monopoly of any particular class or caste and that certainly gave a new orientation to the educational ideals in this country, but the classes to whom the pursuit of higher studies was not a part of their hereditary occupation who took to university education were no more imbued with the spirit of true learning than the cultural classes. Their objective was no more the widening of their intellectual horizon than that of the cultural classes. The British

statesmen themselves did not realise that Universities were great national agencies and must be the self-expression of the highest qualities of the people and must link together in organic union the past with the living present. The Universities were merely regarded as manufactories for the mass production of clerks and officials and for providing an administrative machinery to the Government. The State and the Government did not realise that expenditure of the right type on Universities, the development of big libraries and laboratories, the promotion of the fellowship of science and of knowledge were not an item of expenditure but a national investment. The whole scheme of education became poisoned by the virus of examination.

What then is the mission of the Indian Universities in the modern world? Says Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar:

If India wakes up to the world situation and re-adjusts her educational institutions to suit the new world conditions, I have no doubt that the Universities will have a great and noble part to play in regard to the future of civilisation. By her culture, by the bright and radiant humanism which breathes through it, the synthesis which she has successfully attempted from time to time among conflicting races and civilisations in the past, she is eminently fitted to deliver a message of universal peace and love to the war-weary nations of the Western world trying to extricate themselves from the cult of intransigent nationalism and national domination. In the revivalistic period, if only her youth are inspired by the same love of disinterested learning as in ancient India, she will also make her great contributions to scientific knowledge and progress.

The Renaissance in Andhra is a living reality, and what nobler task can the Andhra University have than the fostering of the Renaissance spirit? Thus:

In the development of your University, every facility ought to be afforded for the full and natural expression of Andhra genius and culture so that the University may find its own soul. The last 20 or 30 years has been a period of Renaissance in Andhra Literature in the field of Drama, the Novel and literary journalism. The Andhra is passionately fond of his native tongue, and Telugu Literature has shown a wonderful power of assimilating new ideas and being responsive to intellectual stimuli from without. Owing to the great

affinity between Telugu and Sanskrit Literatures, there is no need specially emphasising the importance of Sanskrit and Vedic learning in any scheme of Oriental studies. We on this side of the Presidency are fortunately not confronted with the barren and profitless controversy of the supposed conflict between Dravidian and Sanskrit cultures. You may as well attempt to erase the past of India as attempt to nullify the importance of Sanskrit. It is unthinkable that any Indian University can relegate Sanskrit to a subordinate position when Berlin, Harvard and Yale have accorded an important place to it and are in a position to claim among its alumni votaries to Sanskrit culture.

The fine arts have a peculiar attraction for Andhra genius. The æsthetic sense and the love of the beautiful is a strong point of Andhra nature and character. The emotional idealism of the Andhra, the spontaneity of his nature, his refined intellectuality and a certain love of ease and leisure, find a natural expression in the cultivation of the fine arts. The Andhra School of Painting with a happy blend in it of Western realism and Eastern idealism bids fair to rival the Bengal school. I have no doubt that this University will lay special emphasis on these sides of intellectual activity and I hope and trust that a false utilitarianism will not deter the University authorities from according a legitimate place to fine arts and literature. As Bertrand Russell puts it: "All great art and science springs from the passionate desire to embody what was at first an unsubstantial phantom, a beckoning beauty luring men away from safety to a glorious torment. The men in whom this passion exists must not be fettered by the shackles of an utilitarian philosophy, for, to their ardour, we owe all that makes man great."

No nation can rank as civilised which does not pay homage to the artistic craftsman who puts all his self into the work; to the poet and to the painter who, out of pure love of the beautiful, "spend infinite pains in choosing their most perfect expression in words or in canvas for their ideas."

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.]

Studies in Tamil Literature and History.—By V. R. Ramachandra Dikshitar, M. A., Lecturer in Indian History, University of Madras, (Luzac & Co., London, 1930. Price. Rs. 8)

This book consists of a number of miscellaneous papers contributed by the author to several journals between the years 1924 and 1930. A few original chapters are also added to make the book complete. As the author remarks, "To the earnest student of Indian history and particularly of South Indian history, a deep and critical study of ancient Tamil literature is of utmost importance." This book embodies the conclusions that the author has reached about South Indian history from such a study of early Tamil literature. In the opening chapter, the author discusses the 'evidences' of a Sangam age and attempts to prove that the Sangam is not a myth. As this view of the author is opposed to the views of the present reviewer expressed elsewhere and partly discussed by the author in the course of this book, the reviewer feels that it is not within the scope of this review to criticise the author; and he contents himself with stating that the author has on this question merely summed up the opinions of other writers on history who agree with him.

Mr. Dikshitar discusses the questions whether the 'Pattupattu' and the 'Patinen-kilk-kanakku' also belong to the Sangam age. We are given a brief survey of the contents of these ten songs and eighteen poems. It is interesting to note the author's conclusions that the ten songs belong to the Sangam age as well as many of the eighteen minor poems including the Tirukkural. In the second chapter we have a study of some Sangam poets. The author has embodied the current legends about Nakkirar, Kapilar, Paranar, Avvaiyar, Ilankoadigal and Sattanar. As regards Nakkirar, he seems to accept the legends as containing a large element of truth in them; but he rejects Kapilar-ahaval as a spurious work of much later times. In the section on Avvaiyar, the author has summed up the opinion of the editor of Tamil Naval

Charitam that the Sangam poetess was different from the later Avvaiyar about whom the Tamil Navalar Charitam speaks. In these sections on the Sangam poets, the author has also brought together what information he had gathered about them from the poems included in the Eight Anthologies. He mentions a number of facts from which he draws the inference that the authors of the two epics, Manimekalai and Silappadikaram, also belong possibly to the epoch of the Sangam. The author's following remarks are noteworthy: "It (the Silappadikaram) is indeed a valuable mine of information for re-writing the history of the early Pandya, Chola, and Chera Kings. It shows the relation of the States with one another, not excluding North Indian States like Avanti and Magadha. It gives us a true picture of the social and religious life led by the people of those days. The various fine arts, such as music and dancing, flourished on an extensive scale as literature itself did. It gives us also types of good and bad womanhood and the ruin of the innocent by the seduction of the latter. It shows how justice was rendered, besides other details of administrative interest. These and several other things found mentioned are indeed valuable as throwing sufficient light on the history of the Tamils in the early centuries of the Christian era."

A study of the early Tamil literature for the purpose of writing out a social and religious history of the ancient Tamils is likely to be more valuable than an empty discussion about the dates of the Sangams. One feels glad that the author has followed this line of research, and that in the latter chapters of this book he has discussed the social and economic conditions of the Tamils and their religious and superstitious beliefs. For the purpose of this study the author has divided the extant literary sources as falling into three definite periods of Tamil history. The earliest according to him is the period of the Tolkappiyam, which he places in the fourth century B.C., and which according to him throws light on the Tamil civilisation of the pre-historical period. The next is the epoch of the Tirukkural which he assigns to the second century B.C. after an elaborate discussion of the pros and cons of the question. The last epoch he discusses is the epoch of the twin epics. In the chapters dealing with the social and political institutions of these epochs the author frequently draws comparisons from the Sanskrit literature and civilisation; and it is interesting to note the author's opening remarks: "In the age to which Tolkappiyana belonged, Aryan ideas and ideals had penetrated South India and had influenced a good deal the Tamil culture." Referring to the

Indra festival in the city of Puhar the author says: "Though it is claimed that this Indra was a Tamil deity and has nothing to do with the Indra of Sanskrit literature, still a comparative study of the Tamil and Sanskrit literatures tempts us to identify the festival with that of the Indradhvaja well known to the Puranic and epic literature." The author might well have added that the Indra of the epics is not the Indra of the Tolkappiyam, a god of a particular region of the Tamil country, but the Indra of the Sanskrit literature—chief of the gods, whose festival an ancient Chola king had introduced in the city of Puhar.

The third chapter of this book takes us to the Tamil mystic poets. Brief accounts of the four Saiva mystics, the authors of the Tevaram and the Tiruvachakam, are given along with briefer accounts of four of the twelve saints of Vaishnavism, Nammalvar, Kulasekara, Tirumangai and Andal. Other and later mystic poets of Saivism are discussed in an additional section. The devotional poems of these Saiva and Vashnavite mystics contain considerable information for the historian of the social and religious life of the Tamils during the post-Sangam period of religious Renaissance in Tamil India; and we hope that the author who has apparently not taken up a study of these poems from the historian's point of view, will soon pursue his studies in these rich and yet unexplored fields of research. Before concluding this review one cannot refrain from pointing out some of the errors that have crept into the book, probably because the author has merely utilised the writings of others instead of resorting to the original sources:

- (1) The Tiruvaymoli which contains a thousand poems (p. 105).
- (2) In this work again she expresses herself as having attained womanhood, that she would stand by her firm resolution to wed no human being but only the Lord. (p. 114).
- (3) Since the discovery and publication of the Manimekalai by the Mahamahopadhyaya. . . (p. 81).
- (5) The references to Indra and the doctrine of *ahimsa* are also urged in support of the same theory. . . . Again, the cult of Indra-worship is again common to all sects of Hinduism. . . ." (p. 136).
- (6) These war-songs fell into two categories, the *parani* and *ula* (p. 244).

V. NARAYANAN.

Christian Dhyana.—By Verrier Elwin, Christa Seva Sangha, Bombay, 1930. (As. 12. S. P. C. K. Bombay).

This small book on Christian Dhyana is intended, according to its author, not only to meet and solve the problems of the inner life of the Christians but also to cultivate among them an attitude of liberal and sympathetic reverence for non-Christian faiths. The days of rival and antagonistic faiths are now nearing their end; and the kingdom of faiths is near at hand. At such a time it is delightful to find Mr. Elwin pointing out to us, in unmistakable terms, the outlines of that kingdom in the message of the cloud. *The cloud* throws a veil of oblivion over past sins, hatred and mutual hostilities, and opens out to us a new vista of bright sunshine and colour.

Nevertheless I wish to point out one or two mistaken notions commonly attributed to Yoga, and to Patanjali's system in particular. Yoga or devotion to action is defined in Bhagavad Gita, as severance from union with pain, sin or ignorance (VI., 23). Thus it is a positive sadhana or preparation, prior to the attainment of true wisdom. So also the man who is full of faith obtains devotion to wisdom. For by devotion to wisdom alone salvation is to be attained. Accordingly, the Gita states thus: "Children, not sages, speak of Sankhya or devotion to knowledge and yoga or devotion to action as different; he who is duly established in one obtaineth the fruits of both." (V. 4). The same verse might be predicated of the different faiths as well. Just like yoga, faith and knowledge being the different means of obtaining salvation, so also the different religions are the means to the realization of the one Supreme Truth. Where then, is the ground for intolerance, bigotry and mutual hatred? Knowledge is for action alone; and unintelligent action, like unorganised thought is blind, random, and worse still, conflicting. No doubt the author has clearly pointed out the evil effects of certain dangerous practices, passing now under the name of yoga, which threaten to break up the whole fabric of Indian philosophic thought by advocating a life of inaction and thirst for magical powers, at the cost of all nobler and divine feelings in man like love, sympathy, charity and service. Hence the object of Patanjali's system is not to produce a vacuum—for that matter, Nature herself abhors and frustrates all such attempts—but is intended to know mind-as-it-is as divorced from mind-as-it-seems-to-be. This is the only rational interpretation of the phrase *Chitta-Vrithi-Nirodha*. It is not an annihilation of all things but of unreal things only. Hence

knowledge is necessary because the Real is to be distinguished from the unreal for purposes of extermination of the latter. It is not true that Patanjali's phrase *Iswara prani dana* signifies nothing and is out of place in his system. Like the message of the cloud, it signifies an attempt to live by love or *Bhakthi* in and through God. Thus by *Bhakthi* or devotion to the Lord, and *Yukthi* or devotion to wisdom, and by the strength of Yoga or devotion to action, one reaches the abode of the Supreme. This book on Dhyana offers us many important ways and means to the attainment of devotion to wisdom.

C. T. SRINIVASAN, M.A.

Mahatma Gandhi.—The Man and his Mission. (G. A. Natesan and Co., Madras. Price Re. 1.)

The present book is the eighth edition of a sketch of Mahatmaji originally written twenty years ago by Mr. H. S. L. Polak, an intimate friend and co-worker of Gandhiji in South Africa. The book does not attempt at any new interpretation either of the personality or of the teachings of Mahatmaji. But it will prove very useful to students of Indian politics as a full and fairly accurate record of recent events in India. The narrative stretches down to the famous Slocombe interview and the subsequent failure of the peace negotiations. The 'Salt Satyagraha' march of Gandhiji in April and his arrest and internment form very interesting reading. The book contains numerous extracts from some of the most important utterances of Mahatmaji, which throw light on his personality.

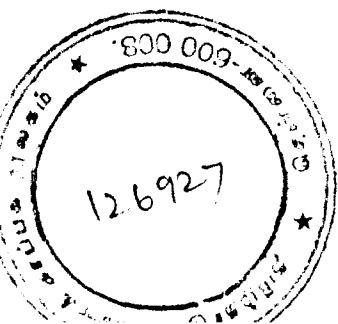
Written in a sympathetic vein, the style and the language of the book are uniformly good and some passages are excellent, for instance, the opening passage. The author has very vividly brought out the failure of the bureaucracy to appreciate the growing spirit of restlessness among the people under the influence of their great leader Mahatmaji, and how by a persistent policy of 'steel frame' and repressive measures on the part of the Government, Mahatmaji has been forced to undertake the civil disobedience campaign. The author has very faithfully narrated the events leading to the present crisis. The subject matter of the book being so fascinating, the book is worth a close perusal.

The book also contains a number of appreciations of Mahatmaji by such eminent men as the Rt. Hon. V. S. Sastri, Romain Rolland,

and Rabindranath Tagore. An appendix is added wherein is given a translation of the Gujarathi draft constitution of the Satyagraha Ashram.

We wish a book of such importance had been better got-up. A fine picture or photograph of Mahatmaji as frontispiece would have been quite welcome and would have rendered the book more attractive.

P. R. NARAYANAN.



Opinion of

K. Ramakotiswara Rao, Esq., B.A., B.L.

Editor, "TRIVENI"

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