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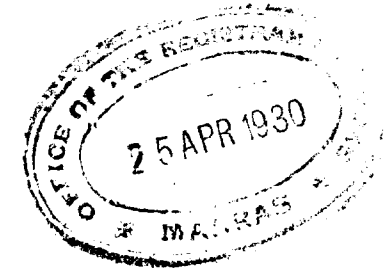
TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

(With which is incorporated 'THE NEW ERA')

EDITOR

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO, B.A., B.L



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(Formerly Editor, 'The New Era')

Madras
(India)

Vol. III, No. 1

Jan-Feb
1930



*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.

'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'

INFORMATION ABOUT 'TRIVENI'

1. '**Triveni**' is published **Six Times** a year, on the 15th of February, April, June, August, October and December. Subscription may commence from any number, but no enlistments will be made for periods of less than one year.
2. **Subscription rates.**
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3. **Intending Subscribers** are requested to remit the annual subscription in advance. A specimen copy of the current number can always be had on payment of Re. 1-8 (post free), and, on enlistment, the balance of Rs. 4-8 only need be paid to make up the subscription for one year.
4. **Change of Address** should be intimated to the office at least a fortnight before the date of publication of the Journal. If, however, the change of address is only temporary, arrangements may be made by the subscriber with the local post office.
5. **Advertisements.** A few select advertisements will be accepted for insertion at the end of the Journal. For rates and other particulars, apply to the Manager.
6. **Back Volumes.** A few complete sets of 'Triveni' Vol. I (1928) and Vol. II (1929) are available for sale at Rs. 6 each, (post free). Bound Volumes, Rs. 8 each, (post free).

Tributes to 'Triveni'

'Triveni' issued from Madras, for the last two years or so, under the Editorship of a rising and highly qualified Andhra journalist, Mr. K. Ramakotiswara Rao, B.A., B.L., deserves prominent mention and a very wide appreciation. It justly claims to be the organ of the Indian Renaissance movement, especially in the Southern provinces and States. It is produced as a Magazine of Indian Art, so far as its get-up and illustrations are concerned. As regards its contents, they are rich in covering a wide range in the cultural sphere of activities, and its articles (which are generally written by experts and specialists) should appeal to all lovers of Indian progress, more particularly in Literature, Philosophy and Art, though other activities are also surveyed, from time to time, by competent writers. We hope that it will be possible for its talented Editor to convert, in due course, 'Triveni' into a monthly. But as that is for time to come, we earnestly hope that the efforts of its energetic Editor to keep up his excellent periodical as a bi-monthly will receive at the hands of the educated public, especially in Southern India, that generous response which it richly merits as the exponent of all that is best and noblest alike in ancient and modern Indian culture.

SACCHIDANANDA SINHA, BAR-AT-LAW,
Editor, *The Hindustan Review*.

I am greatly attracted by your Magazine, both by its get-up and the matter it contains. I congratulate you on it.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU.

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Corrections

Page 69 line 13, for *inverted* read *inserted*.
 " 72 " 13, for *cuncuma* read *curcuma*.

The 'Triple Stream'

The gift of pre-vision is denied to most of us, and we ought to be thankful for the denial. If, in December 1927, I had foreseen even a fraction of the suffering that 'Triveni' was destined to cause its Editor, this frail bark would never have been launched. But having once launched it, I am bound to keep it afloat. The task is much beyond my resources, financial and otherwise. I have oftentimes felt like the parent blessed with a child 'divinely fair' but not having the wherewithal to nourish it. But help has always come to me from the most unexpected quarters, and at moments when even my unreasoning optimism was yielding place to despair. I am constantly reminded of Gandhiji's touching words: "God helps when one feels oneself humbler than the very dust under one's feet. Only to the weak and helpless is divine succour vouchsafed." Verily doth He temper the wind to the shorn lamb!

* * * *

"What does the name 'Triveni' signify?" ask friends interested in the Journal. But the name, like the whole scheme of the Journal, came to me in a flash, and I adopted it since it sounded so beautiful. Then I sought to interpret it as Art, Literature and History, the three streams of culture that flow through our pages, or, in the alternative, as Love, Wisdom and Power, the three attributes of Divinity. But the merging of 'The New Era' in 'Triveni' and the invaluable help rendered—though unofficially—by the promoters of 'Ananda'¹ have yielded a new meaning. For, if 'The New Era' is like the Jumna that mingles its waters with the Ganges at Allahabad, 'Ananda' is the Saraswati which flows unseen but yet is a life-giving element of the 'Triple Stream' of the 'Triveni'.

* * * *

Under the new arrangements, there will be no Associate Editors, but I am sure that my old colleagues will work for the Journal with their wonted zeal. Mr. M. S. Chelapati, the young and talented Editor of 'The New Era', has very generously offered to co-operate with me. Professors S. Radhakrishnan and K. T. Shah have honoured me by agreeing to serve on the Advisory Board. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa

¹ The charming Monthly Magazine, edited by Mr. N. S. Rama Rao M.A., (Cantab) and Mrs. Alice E. Adair, which ceased publication last December.

and Dr. B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya, the other members of the Board, have all along watched over my work with affectionate solicitude, and to both of them I am more grateful than I can express.

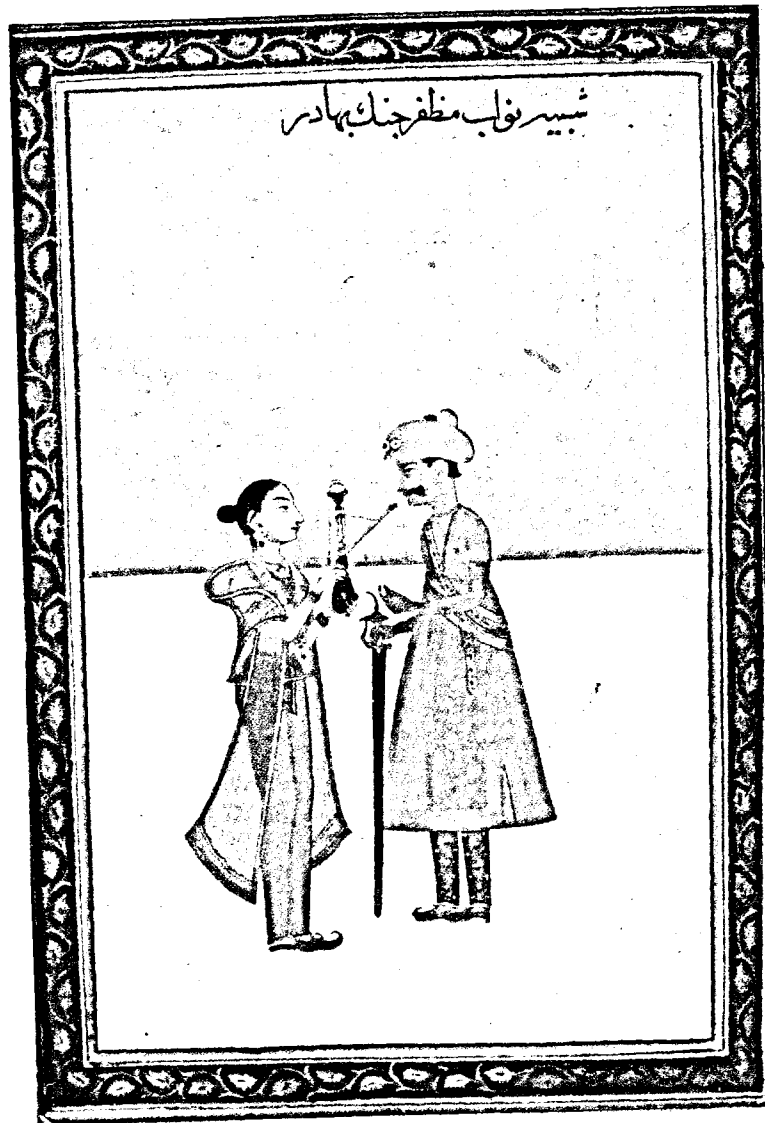
I do hope that, with the assistance of the Advisory Board and the continued patronage of the public, the 'Triple Stream' will flow without interruption and fertilise the domain of culture.

K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO

The new cover for 'Triveni' has been designed by Mr. K. Rama Mohan Sastry, a Painter-Etcher of South India. The present number of 'Triveni' also contains two 'dry-point' pictures by him,—'Omar' and 'Buddha under the Bodhi Tree.'

'A Nobleman of the Deccan'

*Reproduced with the kind permission of the owner
Mr. Oswald J. Coudrey, M.A. (Oxon)*



The Mughal conquest of India was both political and cultural. The Timurid kings brought with them not only an invading army of soldiers but also State administrators and Court artists. The Persian architects and painters that accompanied them gave India the marble palaces and mosques which are the admiration of the world today, gave the Hindustanee music which still charms the hearers, and gave also the School of Mughal Painting, which is so very unique in the world. Its uniqueness lies in its eclectic nature: it is the harmonious blending of the best elements of Chinese, Persian and Hindu art of painting. Mughal painting, at its best, represents the fineness of Chinese drawing, the delicacy of Persian coloring and the richness and variety of Hindu genius. The indigenous art of the Rajput School of Painting considerably influenced the imported Persian art of the Mughals, and during the reigns of Jehangir and Akbar, this art was at its highest, and some of the best painters in the courts of these two emperors were both Persians and Hindus. After the decline of the Mughal Empire, the artists migrated to various parts of India, and some of them found employment in the southern Muhammadan kingdoms and carried on the tradition of their art. It gradually declined and decayed, though here and there some good artists painted delightful miniature portraits of kings and queens. The one reproduced here is a good example of that class of Mughal painting, and it retains some of the excellent qualities of that art.

We see a nobleman standing, dressed in the later Shah Jehan style of dress, with a sword in his right hand. A woman attendant is holding a 'Hukka' to his lips. The dress of the lady is also of the later style of Mughal painting, a pair of red trousers, a diaphanous scarf thrown over her shoulders and jewels of pearls round her neck. She is evidently a Hindu maid. The colours are schematic and the background is simple and chaste. The figures are thrown out in relief and a decorative border with two red bands encloses the picture.

G. V.

GREETINGS TO 'TRIVENI'

Nations are like human beings—they are souls as well as bodies. Freedom of the body from fetters is excellent, but all the same it is possible to be a slave in mind and soul. Independence or Dominion Status for India is merely the outer husk of the nation's upbuilding; it is only when the soul of India finds herself that she is truly a Nation.

Just as a man finds his soul only by creation of new things from his heart's depths, so too a Nation finds itself by creating beautiful things. Any one who helps India to be proud of her artistic past, in order to produce more wonderful things still in the future, is indeed a patriot. That is why from the beginning I have been a warm admirer of 'Triveni'. It is rare to find in India such a presentable magazine. I send my cordial wishes for its continued success to Mr. K. Ramakotiswara Rao, its devoted Editor.

C. JINARAJADASA

Religious Movements in Medieval India

BY K. M. PANIKKAR M.A., (OXON) BAR-AT-LAW

It is a view generally held that the period between the 12th and the 17th centuries was a period of intellectual darkness in India. It is widely assumed that with the Mohammedan conquest of Northern India, Hinduism ceased to be a living force and the Hindu mind, under the humiliation of political subjection, lost its vitality. Most European historians have depicted to us the middle ages in India as a dreary expanse of intellectual barrenness unrelieved either by intellectual or artistic efforts. With the Mohammedan conquest, the spirit of Ancient India which produced poets, thinkers and prophets is supposed to have vanished, leaving nothing but the memory of past achievements and an ancient civilization.

Politically, no doubt, this picture of a dark age is to some extent true. The political history of Northern India, from the invasion of the Mohammedans in the 12th century to the establishment of the Moghul Empire in the middle of the 16th century, is nothing but a chaotic record of anarchy. But the intellectual life of India during this period developed in every direction and to such a degree that it can be said to have laid the foundations of modern Indian life. The modern notion that the middle ages in India formed an intellectual hiatus—a chapter of mean achievement and meaner ideals—which had no connection with the present-day life, is demonstrably untrue. Life in India has been continuous and if the Hindu of today derives his inspiration from the *Vedas*, the *Upanishads* and the epics, it is to a very large extent through the works and teachings of the medieval writers. The spirit of Ancient Indian humanism descends to modern India mainly

through the saints and prophets of the period between the 12th and the 16th centuries.

In fact, the more closely we analyse, the more clearly we will see that, in every aspect of modern Indian life, the dominating spirit is that of the thinkers and poets of the middle ages. The vernacular literatures through which the life of India now flows took their present shape at that period. The main divisions of Hinduism, the Vaishnavas, the Saivasiddhantis, the Sikhs and the numerous sects in which the millions of India find their spiritual solace, came into existence at this period. The two main legal systems under which the Hindus live even today were worked out during the same period. The fact is that the contact with the stern monotheism and the youthful vigour of Islam produced among the Hindus a renaissance which, in its varied manifestations, still dominates the life of India. From Kashmir to Cape Comorin an intellectual wave swept over India remoulding its religious life, transforming its fundamental ideas, creating new social institutions, changing, in fact, the whole temper and outlook of the mind. The main characteristics of this period which we propose to analyse here are the religious and philosophical revival, the growth of the great vernacular literatures through which these ideas expressed themselves, and the remarkable attempts at a national synthesis made over and over again.

By the end of the 9th century, the *Advaita* system of philosophy had practically become the leading school of Indian thought. Sankara who lived in the 9th century is justly considered one of the greatest of Indian thinkers and, due to his influence, his system of absolute monism came to be accepted practically throughout the length and breadth of India. But from the very nature of this doctrine, it could never become the basis of a popular religion and though the *Advaita Vedanta* continues to this day to hold its premier position as the accepted philosophy of the Hindu household, its relation to religious life was never very great. The revolt

against the rigidity of absolutism of Sankara begins early during this period. It is in the Tamil country that the new religious movement found its origin. For many centuries previous to this period, the Tamil people had developed an extraordinary spiritual life which found expression in a devotional literature of unsurpassed beauty and intensity. Of its great literary beauty we shall speak later. They had already been collected into the *Tiramurai* or the sacred scriptures grouped in eleven books in the time of Rama Raja, the Great. But it contained no set of doctrines, being merely the expression of personal spiritual experience and exalted devotional moods. The 13th and 14th centuries marked a great change from this. It witnessed a wonderful efflorescence of Tamil thought. Under Meykhanda Deva, who was a Sudra Sanyasin, the nebulous ideas of the early devotional poets became organised into a systematic set of doctrines which came to be known as the *Saiva Siddhanta*. A succession of talented disciples continued his work. It is a singularly interesting and highly significant fact pointing to the cultural unity of India that the Saiva school in the South should be closely allied to the Saivas of Kashmir, whose chief philosophical interpreter was Samadeva, the author of *Siva Drishti*. The Kashmiri movement produced some profound thinkers like Kshema Raja who had considerable influence in the South.

Besides this Saivite development there was in South India at that time a devotional school of Vaishnavism whose saints were known as Alvars. Traditionally there were 12 Alvars and after them came the orthodox succession of patriarchs of whom Nathamuni and Alvandar were the most important. Alvandar was the Vaishnava patriarch at Srirangam and Ramanuja was a great-grandson of his. An interesting thing about Ramanuja is that he was educated in the tradition of Sankara, the great Saivite philosopher, and thus in him both the Vaishnavite and the Saivite currents were united. Ramanuja in course of time succeeded to the Vaishna-

vite pontifical seat at Srirangam succeeding Yamunacharya. It is not too much to say that his ministry there is one of the most important facts in Indian history. He changed the face of Hinduism in the South of India and gave it a new set of doctrines and a new social organization. His doctrines, as we shall show, influenced the whole course of religious development in Northern India. From a devotional sect the Sri Vaishnavas were transformed into a new religion which was directly connected with the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads* through the great commentary, the *Sri Bhashya* which Ramanuja wrote. His philosophical doctrine may best be described as a qualified monism. He held, in opposition to Sankara, that though God alone exists and the rest are but His manifestations, for that reason the manifestations are not in themselves unreal. From the religious as opposed to the metaphysical point of view, the main difference between Sankara and Ramanuja lay in their conception of *Bhakti* or devotion. It is in Ramanuja's commentary on the *Bhagavad Gita* that we come across the elaboration of the theory of *Bhakti* which in the course of the next three centuries was destined to become the leading doctrine of Indian religion. "In the same manner as my servant cannot live without me—his highest goal—so I cannot live without him, verily therefore is he my very self." So says Krishna, in the *Gita*. It is this idea which Ramanuja emphasises and which becomes the main doctrine of the *Bhakti* school.

In the period between the death of Ramanuja and the growth of the *Bhakti* school under Ramananda in the North, a large number of reformers arose in different parts of India, preaching in divergent forms and under different metaphysical coverings, the same gospel of direct communion with a personal God. Madhwacharya in Udipi, Nimbarka in the Telugu country, Chakradhar and Nagadevabhata in Western India, and many others rose to preach the necessity of a living religion. Everywhere there was an

unprecedented intellectual ferment—going on at a time when the Muslims had firmly established themselves in Northern India and were carrying sword and fire over the length and breadth of the country. It is characteristic of India that her great religious movements should have taken place at a time when her whole political structure was crumbling to pieces by the rude contact with the Pathan invasions. It was when the Mohammedan Sultanates were firmly established at Delhi and extended their sway over the whole of the Gangetic Valley that the great wave of religious revival broke over Northern India.

The main figure of this revival in Northern India is Ramananda. His exact date cannot be fixed, but it is well established that he lived in the 14th century. Ramananda was a Vaishnava Brahmin from the South and a follower of Ramanuja, who like all religious men in India before and after him wandered from place to place, partly on pilgrimage, partly for religious disputation, finally reaching Benares as the chief centre for both. There Ramananda settled down, and giving up Sanskrit began to teach in the vernacular. He received disciples from all castes and set up what may be called a Free Church accepting neither orthodox theology nor orthodox social organisation. His main religious principle was an intense faith in a personal God—whom he called Rama—and personal devotion to Him. He did not accept caste and among his chief disciples was a Mohammedan weaver—the most beloved of modern Hindu saints, Kabir. Let no one ask a man his caste or sect, said Ramananda, whoever adores God is God's own. It was through Ramananda that the *Bhakti* doctrine of Ramanuja spread in the Gangetic Valley. The Ramanandis or the sect which accepts him as the master is numerically very small, but Ramananda's influence is still very great in the religious life of Northern India, as he was the *guru* and master of Kabir and Tulsidas, the great author of *Ramacharita Manas*, which is for Northern Hindus, the scripture, philosophy and literature, all combined into one.

Kabir was a Mohammedan weaver who early in his life came under the influence of Hindu mysticism. Though outside the pale of Hindu society, he became a disciple of Ramananda and spent his days singing the unity of God and the futility of trying to confine Him within the circumscribed limits of sectarian theology. The Hindus and the Mohammedans, he says in one song, have the same Lord. He worshipped God alike under the name of Rama as of Allah. He was the first to see that much of the theological quarrel between Hindus and Muslims was merely a question of names. What matters if God is called Allah or Ram, he asks. He did not believe in idol worship or in any of the forms of ceremonial religion.

"The inner veil of the Temple of Mecca is in a man's heart, if truth be known," he says. Religion according to him is the life we lead. "Make thy mind thy Kaaba, thy body its enclosing temple."

Though in his strict and unbending monotheism and in his disbelief in idolatry, Kabir held the Mohammedan point of view, the general background of his religion as well as his essential ideas were Hindu. He was, beyond everything else, a *Bhakta*, a mystic who believed in personal communion with God. "As the river enters the ocean, so my heart touches thee," he says. His simple theology is based on Hindu ideas of *karma* and transmigration.

Kabir's influence on Hindu thought is remarkable. Unlike Ramanuja, Madhwa or Ramananda, he was a poor unlettered weaver. He had neither the religious sanctity attached to great Pandits or philosophers to give him a privileged position with the people. Nor was he a scholar or a philosopher to be able to found a new school, or to preach a new set of dogmas. His influence was entirely due to his wonderful poetic expression of spiritual experience and his direct appeal to the heart of the poor people. His message was not for the scholars trained to revel in metaphysical discussions, or for priests and nobles. He taught the simple truth that God is for all, for the rich and

the poor, for the Brahmin and the outcaste, for the Hindu and the Mohammedan. He taught that all alike can attain grace by devotion to Him and by good works. "The Kingdom of God is within you," is what he says. "The Mecca that you search for is in your heart." Even now there is in India a small sect who call themselves *Kabir Panthis* or the followers of the way of Kabir. But Kabir's influence in Indian life is not to be judged by the number of his followers. His was the first voice raised against the theological disputation of Hindus and Mohammedans. He was the first to show the noble way for a national ideal. In the life and work of every-day India, Kabir is still one of the few living personalities, alike by the beauty of his sayings as by the greatness of his teachings.

A religious figure of equal importance was Nanak the founder of the Sikh religion. Nanak was a Hindu from the Punjab who realised early enough the futilities of a purely ceremonial-ridden religion. He was greatly influenced by Kabir and believed with him in the unity of God and the communion of all men direct with God without the intervention of a church or a set of dogmas. He preached against idolatry and caste but otherwise accepted the categories of Hindu thought, only excluding rigidly the pantheistic ideas of Brahminical theology. He wandered far and wide and founded a small community into which he admitted Hindus, Muslims, Brahmins and outcastes alike. Nanak himself had no idea of founding a separate sect. He was a Hindu mystic, who like Kabir combined in his teachings some of the doctrines of Islam. He was not however a believer in the religion of *Bhakti*. For ceremonial observances, pilgrimages, etc., Nanak had no regard. As he himself expresses it:

Religion consisteth not in mere words
He who looketh on all men as equal is religious.
Religion consisteth not in wandering to tombs,
Or to places of cremation or sitting in attitudes of contemplation.
Religion consisteth not in wandering in foreign countries or in
bathing at places of pilgrimage,

Abide pure amidst the impurities of the world.
Thus shalt thou find the way to salvation.

Though a mystic, his faith was the simple one which believed that "no one shall be saved except through good works."

By an irony of history, this simple religion of Nanak was in course of time converted into a militant creed of which the central idea was the creation of a community whose ideal was warfare. The religion that Nanak founded is the religion of Sikhism.

The story of Tulsidas is equally interesting. He was born in the province of Agra and was married very early while he was still a child. He was devoted to his wife from whom he could not be parted even for a single day. His wife once went to her father's house and Tulsi followed her there. Annoyed at this behaviour, his wife turned round on him and said that if he had followed God with the same persistence he would have attained salvation by that time. The words of his angry wife came to him as a revelation and from that time he devoted himself entirely to religious devotion. As a Ramanandi he was a worshipper of Rama, and in singing of Rama's deeds he found the greatest spiritual solace. He devoted his time to writing the life of Rama in the vernacular. The Pandits were naturally angry that he should have written his great work in the language of the people and not in classical Sanskrit. To them he replied: "Whether it be in vulgar tongue or in Sanskrit, true love for the Lord is what is needed."

The *Ramacharita Manas* is the great epic of Northern India—the book of daily devotion to all Hindus in Aryavarta. But it is more than that. He has put into the poem all the philosophy of Vaishnava thinkers, the doctrines of the *Bhakti* school and the spiritual emotionalism of the devotional songs of the *Alvars*, Ramananda, Kabir, and others. To him Rama was not a mere semi-divine hero. He was God Himself in all His greatness:

Seers and sages, saints and hermits fix on Him their reverend gaze
 And in faint trembling accents holy scriptures sing His praise.
 He the omnipresent spirit, Lord of heaven, earth and hell,
 To redeem His people freely has vouchsafed with men to dwell.

One other name remains to be mentioned in relation to the *Bhakti* religion and that is Chaitanya, the prophet of Bengal. Many reasons contributed to make Bengal a particularly fertile soil for the development of this religion. For the emotional aspect of the *Bhakti* cult, a long line of poets and singers beginning with Chandidas and Vidyapati had prepared the mind of Bengal. On its popular side the tradition of Buddhism with its *sankirtans* had lingered on, transformed and hardly recognisable but still providing an exceptionally suitable ground. In Chaitanya the emotional worship of Krishna found the highest expression. The very sight of *Kadamba* trees in bloom, so closely associated with the *Krida* of Krishna, used to make him feel the presence of God—so intense was the communion of his soul with Krishna. His was a religion based on ecstatic emotion and it made a wonderful appeal to Bengal in the 16th century. It was revivalism of an extraordinary kind and all classes of people followed him. The whole countryside was filled with singing parties and it is this 'Vaishnava' inheritance that is still the cultural background of modern Bengal.

The idea of a "Divine Spouse" which produced among Christian mystics such types as Hildegard and Angela de Foligno is common to all women mystics. In Mirabai, the queen of Udaipur, it was specially emphasised. She felt herself to be the spouse of Krishna and she felt in her ecstasy His personal presence near her. The intensity of her passion was such that the Hindu world, always prone to accept divinity, has claimed her to be the incarnation of Krishna's divine consort. For His love she gave up her kingdom. She says with exquisite charm:—

"Kana have I bought; the price he asked I gave,
 Some cry it is great, others fear it is small.
 I gave in full weighed to the utmost grain.
 My love, my life, my self, my soul, my All."

The spirit of utter self-abnegation and sacrifice which is the characteristic of *Bhakti* is nowhere better illustrated than in these lines of Mirabai. She died at the feet of the beloved idol of Krishna, offering herself as the spouse of God.

The main characteristics of the religious movements we have noticed may now be analysed. Except in the case of Ramanuja and Madhwa, the religious revival was essentially popular and not scholastic. Both Ramanuja and Madhwa were philosophers who were anxious to connect their new schools with the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads*. But the later leaders, especially Ramananda, Kabir, Tulsidas, Nanak and Chaitanya, have no philosophical systems of their own. Theological discussions do not interest them and subtle questions of metaphysics, over which the schools of an earlier day fought and battled, left them cold. They were the interpreters of a new kind of religion, of devotion to God, of faith in Him, of the futility of dogmas and ceremonials. It is this eclecticism that is their main characteristic.

Another matter of extreme significance is the growth of democratic feeling in regard to religion. The older sects, except Buddhism, were exclusive and caste-ridden. Knowledge was considered to be the exclusive privilege of the Brahmins, and religious observance, their special inheritance. But in the new movements of our period, this ceased to be. Even Ramanuja, though an orthodox Brahmin, was more lax with regard to caste rules than any previous reformer. Though no evidence could be found for the assertion which is often made that he took even outcastes into his sect, there is clear proof that he did not accept the limitations of earlier teachers with regard to the lower castes. The Northern Indian movements were even more liberal. Ramananda said that no man should be asked his caste. Kabir, though a Mohammedan, became a disciple and his followers were of all castes. Nanak preached vigorously against the system of caste and admitted every one freely to his sect. Of the Maratha saints, a good many were outcastes and at least one a Mohammedan.

It is clear from these facts that the religious movements all over India from the 11th to the 16th century were not only eclectic in ideas, but to a large extent free from the cramping restrictions of orthodox Brahmanism. They were moved by a vast and generous desire for the salvation of humanity and not merely of castes or classes. In fact, never was there in India such a tremendous upheaval of religious spirit in its true sense, desire for spiritual uplift and widespread longing for the freedom of the human soul, since the days of the Buddha. Apart from the schools and sects that this great movement of mind gave rise to, there was one result which was singularly important, and that was the attempt made over and over again to create a religious synthesis out of the conflicting creeds of Hinduism and Islam. By their nobility of purpose, no less than by their achievements, these attempts stand out as highly significant landmarks in Indian thought.

Another feature is the popular character of these movements. Most of the saints of the Hinduism of this period were men of the people. Their songs were not subtle or metaphysical, and appealed directly to the heart of the people. In fact it is not too much to say that the mind of the Hindu of today bears the imprint of these religious teachers more than even the religious thought of the *Vedas* or the *Upanishads*. The songs of Jnaneswar in the Maratha country, the hymns of the *Alvars* and the Saivite saints in the South, the songs of Kabir, Mirabai, and more than all, the work of Tulsidas, have created the popular religion of India. Even today it is in these that modern India finds its mental nourishment.

Of the influence of Islam on Hinduism and of Hindu thought on Islam, it is not necessary to speak here. No doubt much of the revival of Hinduism in Northern India was due to the contact with Islam and the impetus which the rigorous monotheism of the followers of the Arabian Prophet gave to the Hindu mind. But apart from influences of that kind, it was inevitable that the co-existence of a powerful body of

thought and a rigorous and unbending dogma should give rise to new creeds in which what is best in both systems should be mixed together to form a new synthesis. This is the great value of Kabir's teachings which were later on followed and elaborated with greater success by Nanak. Kabir thought that Allah and Rama were but two names for the same God, that it was only fools who quarrelled over names. The religion of the Sikhs is based on this. It is a strict monotheism, hating the worship of God through idols and holding with Islam that caste is repugnant to religious ideas. But in other respects it is Hindu. Both in Kabir and in Nanak we find that catholicism of spirit and that genuine faith in the universality of religion, through whatever form it may be expressed, which make them perhaps the greatest religious figures in Indian history since Gautama Buddha.

Besides this, there may be noticed what may be called a national tendency in the religious revival in many parts. It is the hymns of Namdev and Tukaram that paved the way for the establishment of the Maratha nation. The Sikh religion became a mystic, if militant, nationalism and everywhere the religious revival became a great factor in the evolution of sub-nationalities in India. If no great national synthesis resulted from this awakening, it was due to the varied and dissonant racial and cultural tendencies in India. In medieval India, though there was a unity of sentiment and unity of institutions, there was not the same chance as there is today of a universal prevalence of ideas working towards the establishment of a national unity. The geographical facts inevitably tended to make all awakenings of this kind local in effect, though national in their bearing.

The ideas behind this vast religious upheaval may well be described as being the faith in a personal God and a belief that God can be known only through experience. The extraordinary crowding of emotions around the personality of the Deity, in whatever form He may be worshipped by the individual teacher,—in the form of Krishna by Chaitanya and Mirabai,

Rama by Tulsidas and Ramananda—is a central fact. To them their God was no abstraction of attributes but a living and knowable experience. Together with this went the idea which is the essence of the *Bhakti* religion that “where faith is, there God is”. The whole of the medieval religious movement in India is a commentary on these two texts. The literature it produced, as valuable as that of any period of India not excluding the great age of Kalidasa, is essentially a poetry of direct experience and not of conventional art. There is freshness and vigour alike in the thought and expression of the songs of this movement. Whether it is Tulsidas or Namdev, Kabir or Mirabai, they are singing, not so much to show their scholarship and their wonderful skill with words, as to convey their soul. The great vernaculars of modern India owe their beginning to this movement. Except Tamil, all the great languages which are spoken in India today owe their inspiration to the religious teachers of the middle ages. Tulsidas, Surajdas and Kabir are the founders of Hindi, Vidyapati and Chandidas of Bengali. Jnaneswara has been called the Dante of Marathi, and without doubt it is with him that Marathi took its literary form. If the literary output of the great religious teachers of the middle ages is taken away, there would be very little of higher value left in the vernaculars before the modern time. It is saying a great deal for a movement that its momentum has been such as to produce a literary revolution of this kind over so wide an area.

Hoysala Bequest to Indian Art

BY B. SUBRAHMANYAM

“An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.”—KEATS.

I

“Thoroughly perfect art is that which proceeds from the heart, which involves all the emotions; associates with these the head, yet as inferior to heart; and the hand, yet as inferior to the heart and head; and thus brings out the whole man.” According to this ideal of John Ruskin, a perfect piece of art should draw out the tenderest and most delicate cords of human emotions, while being capable of showing a harmonious blending



Hoysala crest

of subdued imagination and skill.

Judged by this standard, it looks as if Indian art is but a remote approximation to this ideal and falls a little wide of the mark, not on account of any deficiency but due to a profound exuberance of both imagination and skill.

But then, in the West, art is the expression of the ‘whole man’; whereas in India, it is the expression of the life of a ‘whole people’. While one represents and is moulded by the genius of an individual, the other represents and is shaped by the genius of a whole community amidst whom it exists. There is, thus, a fundamental difference between these two conceptions of art.

Indian art, especially as represented in its architecture and sculpture, satisfies almost to a perfection the most meticulous requirements of this latter and perhaps the more rational ideal of art. By far the most exquisite example of the perfection of

Indian art in this branch has been vouchsafed to us in the many relics of temple architecture of the 12th and 13th centuries that are to be found in the Mysore State and the adjoining districts of Western India comprising the Karnataka country. These have an individuality of their own and are the result of a happy fusion of the Northern and the Dravidian schools of architecture. Distinct marks of this new departure are seen earlier in the structures built by the later Chalukyan Kings; but it was only during the ascendancy and within the dominion of the Hoysala Kings that this school developed unmistakable and finished features of its own and brought into being these "loveliest shapes carved in stone." Besides, the largest number of structures of this school of architecture have been constructed during the time of the Hoysalas. It has, therefore, been considered more appropriate to name this style after the Hoysalas,¹ than the Chalukyas after whom Fergusson has called this style.

If one could be permitted to give this a linguistic nomenclature, it is perhaps not less correct to say that this is the Karnataka style, as this school of architecture had been fostered, developed by, and had its being amidst the Kannada-speaking people, whose very life, traditions and culture had not a little share in the final shaping of these marvellous treasures of medieval architecture.

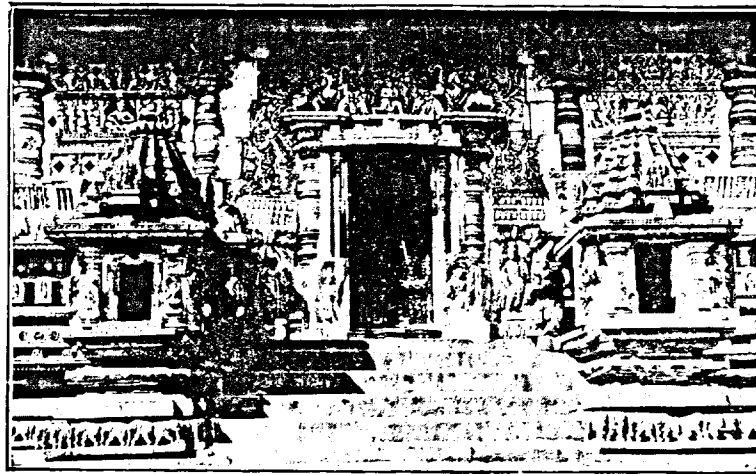
II

The ancestors of the patrons of this school of architecture which attained such magnificent stature under their fostering

¹ It was Rao Bahadur R. Narasimhachar, Retired Director of Archaeological Researches in Mysore, that gave this name to the structures of this style. And it was endorsed by Vincent A. Smith in a note in *The Indian Antiquary* Vol. XLIV. He says:—" . . . I was acquainted with what Fergusson had written concerning the temples built in the style named by him Chalukyan, but more suitably designated as the 'Hoysala style,' the most characteristic examples having been erected during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in the dominions of the Kings of the Hoysala dynasty."



Hoysala Vishnuvardhana



Front wall of Chennakesava Temple at Belur
(On the right of the picture is carved the Darbar scene of Vishnuvardhana,
and on the left that of Narasimha I.)

care, were small chiefs dominating the west of the Mysore State and claiming to have descended from Yaduraya of the Lunar dynasty. They were natives of Sosevur or Sasakapura which has been identified by Mr. Lewis Rice as Angadi¹ in the Western Ghats. An incident associated with one of their line, Sala, (A.D. 1007),² is responsible for the dynastic name of Hoysala, by which all his descendants are known.

This incident, which is described in one of the inscriptions of Hoysala Ballala II found in the Triketeswara temple at Gadag, is of interest. It says:³ "In course of time, there was born in that race a certain king named Sala, who, having gained title for his family, caused even Yadu, the first of it, to be forgotten. For when in the City of Sasakapura, with the words 'Slay, O Sala,'⁴ he was commanded by a certain ascetic to destroy a tiger that had come to devour him in the performance of his religious rites, he slew it and acquired the name 'Hoysala'. From that time forth, the name of 'Hoysala' was attached to his race and the emblem on its banner, causing fear to its foes, was a tiger."

The story has been recounted in many of the Hoysala inscriptions, with perhaps certain verbal and other minor differences here and there. And the figure of Sala fighting the tiger is to be found in many of the ornate structures built by the Hoysala Kings all over their Kingdom. Sala seems to have built his new capital Dwarasamudra (present Halebid)⁵ from where ruled his descendants for over three hundred years until swept away by the Mohammedans.

¹ This village lies twenty miles off Mudigere in Kadur District, Mysore State.

² For the sake of convenience, the periods of administration of each of the Hoysala kings have all been given from Rice's *Mysore Gazetteer*, Vol. I.

³ This is the English rendering of Mr. J. F. Fleet, who seems to have first read this inscription—*Indian Antiquary*, Vol. II.

⁴ 'Hoy' or 'Poy' in Kannada means 'Slay'. Hence the name 'Hoysala'. Sometimes 'Poysala' is also used.

⁵ In Belur Taluk, Hassan District, Mysore.

The next Hoysala King Vinayaditya (A.D. 1047-1100) is better known to history and was a feudatory chief (Maha-mandaleswara) subordinate to the Western Chalukyas. Six temples of his time have been found and one of them happens to be in Angadi. Nothing is so far known about the architectural activities of his grandson Ballala I (A.D. 1101-1104) who succeeded him, Vinayaditya's son Ereyanga having died during his own life-time.

But the ascendancy of the Hoysalas began with the coming into power of Vishnuvardhana (A.D. 1104—1141) brother of Ballala I and second son of Ereyanga, during whose rule the Hoysala Kingdom was considerably extended. He had become so powerful that he attempted an invasion of the territories of his overlords, the Chalukyas, but was badly repulsed. Vishnuvardhana, who was a Jain, was converted by Sri Ramanuja into the Vaishnavite faith in A.D. 1117 and in commemoration of this event, he built the Chennakesava temple at Belur¹ which was his capital at the time. Besides this, ten more temples of this school were built during his rule; the earliest being the Lakshmidevi temple at Doddagaddavalli² in A.D. 1113.

His son, Vijayanarasimha or Narasimha I (A.D. 1136—71) made yet another attempt to shake off the Chalukyan yoke during the time of the Chalukyan King, Jagadekamalla II (A.D. 1138—49), but without success. It was during this King's rule that the famous Hoysaleswara temple at Halebid was constructed in (A.D. 1141).³ There are also thirteen other temples of this period.

By far the most powerful of the Hoysalas was Ballala II, also known as Viraballala who succeeded his father in A.D. 1172. He was a very powerful ruler like his grandfather

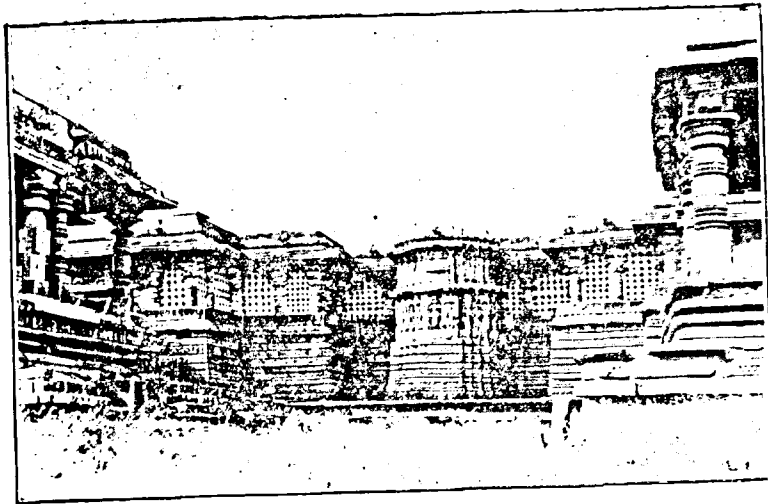
¹ Taluk Headquarters, Hassan District, Mysore.

² Hassan District, Mysore.

³ Mr. Lewis Rice thinks that it is possible that this temple began to be built during the rule of Vinayaditya. Tradition has it that the work of the construction of this temple went on for eighty years.



One of the Bracket figures in the Chennakesava Temple at Belur



Hoysaleswara Temple, Halebid
(Observe the perforated screens which effectively ventilate and light the interior)

Vishnuvardhana, but his fame far surpassed that of the latter. He threw off the Chalukyan yoke and successfully repulsed the Yadavas of Devagiri and established his northern capital at Lakkigundi, the modern Lakkundi.¹ This period was practically the zenith of the Hoysala ascendancy. There are about twenty-two temples of this period in Mysore State alone, and so far as is known this seems to be the largest number built by any one of the Hoysala Kings. Of these, the Amruteswara temple (A.D. 1196) at Amrutapura² and the Kedareshwara temple (A.D. 1219) at Halebid, are of special interest.

But there are evidences to show that a large number of temples were built by this illustrious ruler outside Mysore in the country conquered and occupied by him. The temple of Kadambeswara at Rattehalli in Kod Taluk of Dharwar District was built during his reign about the year A.D. 1174. Then, after repulsing the Yadavas and as soon as he established himself in his new capital, Lakkundi, Viraballala practically reconstructed or renovated the ancient temple of Kasivisveswara of that place and perhaps effected considerable improvements in the Trikteswara temple at Gadag. Besides these, it would be difficult to say, at this stage, how many of the numerous temples that have fallen into a scrap-heap of ruins in Lakkundi, Gadag,³ Dambal,⁴ Arasibidi⁵ and in many other places, were not built by him.

The Harishareswara temple at Harihar⁶ was built by his son Narasimha II (A.D. 1220—1235)⁷ in A.D. 1224. This King who was in alliance with the Cholas, seems to have actually

¹ It is seven miles south-east of Gadag in Dharwar District, Bombay Presidency.

² A village near Tarikere, Kadur District, Mysore.

³ Dharwar District, Bombay Presidency.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ *Ibid.*

⁶ On the borders of Dharwar District in Chitaldrug Dist., Mysore State.

⁷ Henry Cousens gives these dates as A.D. 1224—1234 in his *Chalukyan Architecture*.

occupied Trichinopoly in A.D. 1223. Besides the Harishareswara temple there are six temples of his time.

During the reign of his son, Someswara, (A.D. 1233-1254)¹ the Hoysalas were pressed back to the south by the Yadavas of Devagiri. The beautiful temple of Lakshminarasimha and Sadasiva at Nuggihalli² were now built in A.D. 1249. Twelve temples of this period have to come to light.

There are seven temples constructed during the rule of his successor Narasimha III (A.D. 1254—1291) of which the ornate temple of Kesava at Somanathpur³ built by one of his officers, Somanatha, in A.D. 1268, is perhaps the best.

The last of the Hoysala Kings, the temples of whose period have yet been found, is Hoysala Ballala III (A.D. 1291-1342). There are two structures of this period. It was during the rule of this King that Malik Kafur in A.D. 1310 raided and laid waste the Hoysala Kingdom, destroyed the capital, imprisoned the King and thus abruptly brought about the extinction of this noble line of Kings and the art that they so fondly reared. Another army of Mohammedans marched over this territory in A.D. 1327 and completed the process of destruction.

With his son Ballala IV (A.D. 1343—) the last traces of the Hoysala dynasty are lost.

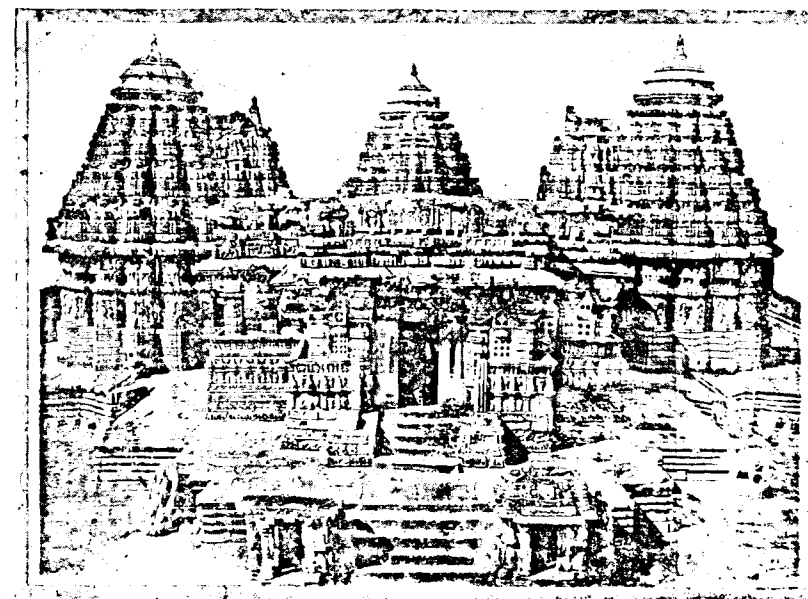
III

The Hoysala School is unique in all Indian architecture and sculpture in that its artists, unlike their brethren in any other part of India, were in the habit of inscribing their names below the sculptures wrought by them. It would perhaps be more correct to say that this feature is a speciality of the Mysore architects and sculptors, from among whom evidently came the moulders of the Hoysala style. For, a few of such signed sculptures have been found even in some of the earlier sculp-

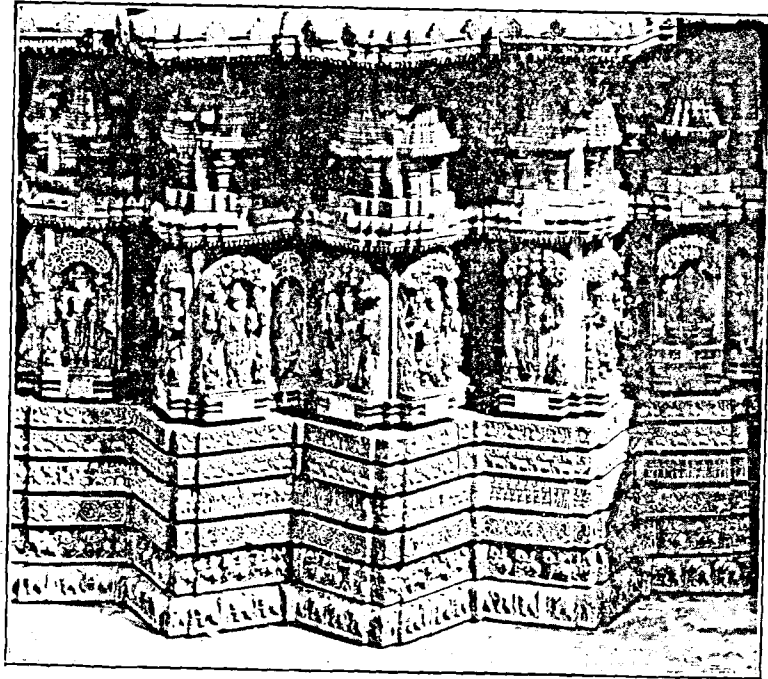
¹ *Chalukyan Architecture* A.D. 1234—53.

² A village in Channarayana Taluk, Hassan Dist. Mysore,

³ 20 miles from Mysore, Mysore Dist., Mysore State.



Front of the Kesava Temple at Somanathpur



Exquisite carvings on the outer walls of the
Kesava Temple, Somanathpur

tures built in Mysore. No information of any value except the mere mention of the name of the artist is, however, available in most of the cases, though here and there one comes across certain very interesting yet, perhaps, meagre details about some of them.

In the Hoysaleswara temple at Halebid, the names of Devoja, Kasimoja's son Masana, Mayana and Tanagundur Harisha, appear on some of the sculptures wrought by them. The Kedareswara temple of the same place is said to have been built by the artist Devoja. The architects who helped in the construction of the Chennakesava temple at Belur seem to be Dasoja, his son Chavana, Chikka Hampa, Malliyana, Padari Malloja, Kencha Malliyana, Masada and Nagoja. The names of four other artists, perhaps of a later period, are also found in some of the buildings outside the Chennakesava temple here. They are: Bhandari Madhuvanna, Madhuvanna, Bechma and Gumma Birana. Among the sculptors that were responsible for the building of the Kesava temple at Somanathpur, were Mallitamma, Baleya, Chandeya, Bamaya, Masanitamma, Bharmaya, Nanjaya and Yalamsaya. The name of Mallitamma, who appears to have been the principal architect of this temple, is found on many sculptures in the Lakshminarasimha temple at Nuggihalli. This Mallitamma together with Baichoji of Nandi, it is recorded, built the temple mentioned above in the latter place. Malloja Maniyoja was, perhaps, responsible for the temple of Lakshmidēvi at Doddagaddavalli.

Tradition has it that all the Hoysala structures were built by an architect named Jakanachari and his son Donkanachari, natives of Kaidala¹ in Mysore. But credence is not given to the existence of these 'half-mythical' architects and sculptors, as no mention has been made of these persons while the names of so many other artists find mention.

IV

"There are many buildings in India which are unsur-

¹ A village in Tumkur Taluk, Tumkur Dist., Mysore.

passed in delicacy of detail by any in the world, but the temples at Belur and Halebid surpass even these for freedom of handling and richness of fancy," says Fergusson speaking about the most ornate of the Hoysala structures. The temples of this style are especially noted for their artistic design and sculpture and for an exuberance of detail. The figures, the floral and other decorations that have been so freely lavished on all and every side of the temples, are among the most lovely that the skilful hand of man could produce even in the most pliable of materials.

The temples are generally star-shaped structures, built on a raised terrace which follows the contour of the former. The temple itself consists of one, two, three or four cells as the case may be, each cell consisting of an adytum and a vestibule—and often a central hall called *Navaranga* is also added. And it is surmounted by as many elegant towers as there are cells. Usually these sanctuaries are enclosed in a courtyard. Hoysala towers are a speciality of the school.

The Chennakesava temple at Belur, the Hoysaleswara temple at Halebid, the Kesava temple at Somanathpur and the Lakshmidēvi temple at Doddagaddavalli, could well be considered as the best examples of the single, double, triple or quadruple-celled structures of the Hoysala School respectively.

All the temples of this style are built of pot stone¹ or soap stone, varying in colour from greenish gray to bluish gray. The stone is soft when quarried and quickly gets hardened on exposure to weather. It takes polish to a very high degree like marble and is, perhaps, the best material fitted for the ornate constructions of the Hoysala artists.

The outer walls of the structures, their doorways, ceilings and pillars, are the favoured parts that have received the special attention of the imaginative skill of the artists of this great school.

The lintels and jambs of the doorways are generally crowded with carvings of the images of Gods and floral decorations,

¹ It is called *Balapada Kallu* in Kannada.

sometimes almost of a fantastic delicacy. The ceilings in these temples are small cupolas depending from the roof and have been shaped into various geometrical and other artistic forms with a luxurious display of carvings. The largest number of Hoysala pillars are 'turned' pillars which are all highly polished; though examples are not wanting of those loaded with a superabundance of carvings. On a little sprinkling of water on their polished surface, some of these turned pillars¹ produce such interesting and amusing optical effects that they strike one as the most extraordinary feat of skilfulness of the not-much-lettered artists who wrought them with the crude materials of those bygone days.

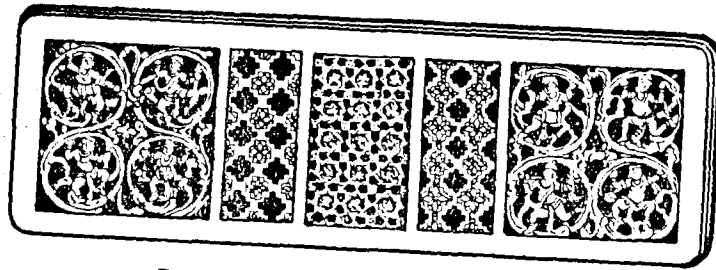
Referring to the work of the Hoysala artists on the walls of the Belur and Halebid temples, Fergusson writes: "The amount of labour which each facet of this porch displays is such as I believe was never bestowed on any surface of equal extent in any building in the world. It may probably be considered as one of the most marvellous exhibitions of human labour to be found even in the patient East." These remarks are true of most of the ornate structures of this ancient style of architecture.

Except in certain Jain temples,² the artist's capacity in very intricate and most delicate handling and for minute elaboration of detail, has nowhere been so well exhibited as on the outer walls of these immortal shrines. Frieze upon frieze of lovely bas-relief, interspersed with beautiful bands of scroll work surmounted by handsome figures of Gods of the Hindu mythology, or pierced screens of various attractive shapes and kinds, with numerous other exquisite subordinate carvings, all differing one from the other and shut in by nice deep cornices, form a magnificent whole displaying such harmony and rhythm as to draw out the most delicate cords of human emotions.

¹ As those in the *Nandi* pavilions of the Hoysaleswara temple and those in the *Parsvanatha Basti* in Halebid.

² The Jain temples have generally less of carvings on their outer walls.

It might, perhaps, be well to mention here, that the cruel hand of time has not been laid on these lovely group of structures without leaving its deep marks. The depredations of both man and the elements have left but a few of the innumerable temples of this style in any state of good repair, if only to serve, as it were, as specimens of the architectural attainments of this great school. But most of them are in complete ruins or in very dilapidated and neglected condition. Thanks to the present Administration in Mysore, efforts are being made to preserve in good condition some of the most charming and perfect ornate structures of the Hoysala architecture at Belur, Halebid, Somanathpur and a few other places, and it is but in the fitness of things to express a hope that the same amount of attention might be extended towards other beautiful buildings of this and other schools of art that lie within the State, panting for such relief.



Patterns of Hoysala perforated screens.

Mahatma Gandhi on Tour

BY SRI PRAKASA

I had only read of Mahatmaji's tours from a distance. My nearest view of him was when I drove him through the streets of Benares or when he honoured my home with a few hours' stay now and then while passing Benares. But this year, as General Secretary of the United Provinces Provincial Congress Committee,¹ I had to share the responsibility of fixing up the programme of his tour; and I never came so near to all that his tour means as now. When first I circularised the Districts asking them if they wanted Mahatmaji, and, if so, what were they prepared to pay, the replies were tardy and halting. But once the tour has started I am overwhelmed with letters: everybody now wants him. Tahsils are angry if they are left out. Every village would like a visit and keep Mahatmaji for ever. Numerous individuals are anxious that he should honour them with a visit under some pretence or other. The last few weeks have been spent by many of us in arranging and re-arranging the programme; trying to fix in as many places as possible consistent with Mahatmaji's health and comfort. Money seems to come to Mahatmaji without asking: places like Benares where workers feared they might not be able to scrape together even three thousand and were nervous in consequence, forked out ten thousand without feeling it, before Mahatmaji finally left the district.²

At Benares and from Benares, for a few days, I had the unique honour and privilege of being with Mahatmaji all the time. It may interest readers to go behind doors and see

¹ Sjt. Sri Prakasa is now General Secretary of the All India Congress Committee.—Editor, *Triveni*.

² I am writing this while the tour is still in progress (Oct. 11th, 1929.)

Mahatmajī at all hours of the night and day. His day begins punctually at 4 in the morning, whether travelling in the train or sleeping under a roof. That is the hour of his morning prayers. He and his immediate party, and any others whose spirit should move them that way, sit down in a circle: Mahatmajī himself is wrapped in utter silence. Some members of the party repeat *bhajans* or cantos from the *Bhagavad-Gita*. These devotional meetings are invariably held in 'dim religious light' almost amounting to darkness: the lamps are lowered or the curtains drawn. After this Mahatmajī plunges in work immediately. A mass of papers, files, etc. loosely tied in a cloth, is always with him—it accompanies him in his car also. He calls this his *daftar*. About 6-30 in the morning, he takes some goat's milk and grapes or just honey and hot water. He is ready to go to meetings if necessary at 7 or even earlier. If there are none he continues his work. In the present tour there is scarcely a morning when he has not to travel or address meetings, or both. At 10 he takes a warm bath followed by his breakfast which consists of curds of goat's milk, in which he would now and then put soda in order that it may be aerated, grapes, oranges and, sometimes, pulp of steamed apples. He prefers to be left after this till 3 in the afternoon, for rest and his editorial work, correspondence, etc. If he has a heavy programme early in the afternoon, he spins in snatches of time; if very tired he lies down for a few minutes from time to time and gets a little sleep. From 3 to 4 is his regular time for spinning if he is permitted to; if not, he makes up for lost time late at night, for he will not go to bed till he has done the prescribed amount of spinning. About 5 in the evening he takes his dinner, his last meal of the day. This is a repetition of his breakfast, and is taken very slowly, the process sometimes lasting quite 45 minutes. Then follow meetings, talks, etc. He prefers having his evening prayers about 7 and then being left to himself and his *daftar*. But if necessary he sees friends, talks to workers, grants interviews. He scarcely

retires before 10, even when he has been freed from the incubus of crowds early enough. The last thing he does is to write something in a note-book—that is his diary of the day—and then he goes to rest. He prefers sleeping under the skies unless the weather is particularly inclement.

This is the usual routine. But when long tours are on hand and train timings have to be taken into consideration, when as many as three Districts have to be visited in the course of a single day with about half a dozen meetings, *en route* to address, all this is upset and a particularly severe upsettal took place on his 60th birthday, a description of which would be interesting. He left Fyzabad by train at 2 in the morning of October 2, which was his birthday, and I received him at Jaunpur at 5. At 6 he took his milk and grapes. At 7 there was a women's meeting followed by a public meeting and civic addresses. A little after 8 we started for Benares by car. I had promised a three-minute halt on the way before leaving the Jaunpur District, to enable people there to present a purse. When the car was pulled up there, Mahatmajī was fast asleep in his seat with spectacles on nose. A huge concourse had gathered; and such concourses are always noisy. I felt it would be cruel to wake him up. So I filed the assembled persons past the car on both sides. They went jostling one another, shouting and complaining. But despite the confusion he continued to sleep. Then we proceeded and came to Baragaon in Benares where the Tahsil held its public meeting, the District Board presented its address, and purses were given and collections made. By ten we started again for Benares where he was to rest for the day. But there were birthday demonstrations waiting for him and men and telegrams poured in offering greetings. He chatted with a *vaidya* on health and struggled against the enthusiastic secretary of an art and curio collection against giving the impression of his right hand, joking that such things were only wanted by the police from criminals, and laughingly enquiring why he did not want the impression of his nose instead of his

hand! His *charka* kept whirring all the time. We left about three for Ghazipur. But there was another Tahsil meeting before Benares would see the last of him. Elaborate arrangements were made so that he could cross and recross the Ganga in comfort for this meeting. This over, he had again to cross the Gomti to get into the Ghazipur District. As he sat on the boat on the Gomti he uttered, in almost a piteous voice, "Shri Rama". He was visibly tired. "Shri Rama" is a favourite expression of his. Boarding motors on the other side, we started for Ghazipur. Darkness was gathering fast; and he takes no meals after sunset. So we pulled up the car on the way and "Ba" (Mrs. Gandhi) served out of his box—both Ba and the box are always with him—his frugal evening meal. Then we got on to Saiyadpur (in the Ghazipur District) for a meeting and proceeded to Ghazipur. The stupid chauffeur had not taken sufficient petrol and when we were about ten miles from Ghazipur, the motor began giving trouble. We came to a stop when we were still three miles away. The other cars had preceded us to keep the meeting at Ghazipur going—only one was left behind at Saiyadpur. Mahatmaji offered to walk the distance; but an *ekka* happened to pass and he boarded it and proceeded to the meeting. It was not till late at night that the day's travail was over and he was allowed to rest. When I expressed my deep regret to him at the terrible strain of the day, he replied with a smile: "Was it not my birthday? One must be prepared for these things on one's birthday." And this was by no means a very exceptional day, for he lives like that from day to day. People around him get exhausted and many drop off; but he continues his marvellous march through life undaunted. His fund of humour is inexhaustible and he has always a laugh at his command. His capacity for recuperation is marvellous. A five-minute nap in the most impossible conditions, and after the utmost fatigue, makes him as fresh as a normal man would scarcely be after as many hours of sleep in a comfortable bed after a normal day.

He is a man of very few words. In this tour he almost always delivers a set speech. "Brothers and sisters," he begins, "I thank you for the purse of —and here he mentions the exact figure— that you have given to the *khadi* fund and for all the affection you have showered upon me." Then he repeats the five injunctions of the Congress in a deliberate voice. "The first is: Boycott foreign cloth and use *khadi*. The second is: Give up all intoxicating drinks and drugs. The third is: All Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Parsis, Christians, all who are Indians should unite. The fourth is: Those of us who are Hindus should abolish untouchability which is a blot on Hinduism. The fifth is: All should deposit four annas in the Congress office and become Congress members and follow all the dictates of the Congress. Thus we shall be ready for the struggle of 1930. May God bless you." After this he would auction any silver dishes, fancy garlands and other things given to him, explaining that as a self-constituted representative of *daridra-narayana* he can have no costly possessions for his own use. He would send out volunteers to collect moneys, saying that all who may not have already contributed to the purse may do so now; and adding that every rupee to the *khadi* fund keeps 16 poor women in work for a day. If the volunteers are late in returning, he would spin on his *takli*, once described by Mrs. Besant as 'a twirligig less than a foot long.'

While spinning in the privacy—if he has any—of his rooms you can get him to talk on lighter topics. When I expressed my surprise at his capacity to go to sleep on a car, he replied—while the wheel whirled: "Why, a car is a comfortable thing. I have gone to sleep on a camel"; and then he told you how he did it on a continuous 24 hours' ride on a camel in pursuit of a scholarship to Porbandar; and he passed on to another camel ride in Sindh when, on the insistence of some friend, desiring to make him a Muslim, he travelled in the interior of Sindh on a camel, to visit a *pir* said to

perform miracles. And he added: "Miracles had never attracted me." When some one would laughingly complain about his strict insistence on accounts, he would tell him how careful he had been about accounts since early childhood; how he would take vouchers even for soda water bottles when acting as the secretary of a deputation; and, above all, he would talk of the solitary penny he has never been able to account for in his life and which he still remembers. He had purchased fruits at Tottenham Court Road in London for twopence; but perhaps paid three pence by mistake. When the balance would not tally at home, he rushed back to the fruit-seller for the overpaid penny, but never got it back. I said to him: "You would be an ideal candidate for a Council election in the matter of returning election expenses. But if you did that, you would be debarred." "I know, I know," he replied, "and among other reasons why I am against these elections, is this also. We have not sufficient numbers of really good people to go to these Councils." Now he keeps no money himself; but his assistants are always hard put to accounting for every pie received. It is no joke keeping these accounts, as sums (particularly small coin) come pouring in constantly and moneys have to be counted up in moving trains and cars.

The devotion that he inspires in the multitude is something stupendous. In moving cars people will attempt to touch him, and the touching very often degenerates into regular hitting; and he has to be constantly protected from the attention of his devotees. I have heard that in Bihar when people were not able to get to him through the cordon of volunteers, they touched his feet with the ends of their long sticks, thus considerably hurting him. I have myself seen him painfully hurt by large marigold flowers and garlands thrown at him by surrounding crowds. If volunteers are not very often harsh and if his faithful companion, Prof. J. B. Kripalani, did not indulge so often in his simulated anger, and now and then, even his very real blows, the crowds would make a pulp of Mahatmaji's frail

body in no time, out of sheer exuberance of affection. In the Gorakhpur District the crowds were immense, mounting up to a hundred-thousand or more at Padrauna. Mahatmaji himself described the meeting there as the largest he has seen in his life, full of immense gatherings as his life has been. All stations in the Gorakhpur District were invariably overcrowded; and at one place he addressed the meeting near a railway-station from the top of a motor lorry, which he mounted with remarkable celerity and dexterity; and then stooped down to pick up pice that people were offering him. Our crowds are always good humoured though always indisciplined. They would sit hours in rain and sun just to have his *darshan*: and in the midst of all this confusion Mahatmaji would take his meals and spin and tackle with his *daftar* as if nothing was happening. And then late at night, after a strenuous day, he would sit down—as he did at Gorakhpur—to write out the arbitrators' award in a labour dispute. His mind is always fresh and clear and ready to attack any problem or plunge in any work at any time of the day or night.

And he can also be angry; but his anger is expressed in language so unutterably loving that there is no reaction of anger in the hearer's mind; only a feeling of shame and sorrow and determination to do better is left behind. He has no patience with avoidable expenses on costly decorations, receptions, rich food, etc.; with mismanagement that, with a little forethought, could have been avoided; with unnecessary risks to life and limb taken in erecting weak platforms that crash down. And if any such thing happens, the workers have to listen to his reproaches and dare not say anything in extenuation of what had happened. I would gladly face a really angry man and have my say at him also: but such moments with Mahatmaji, I should always avoid.

I have written above about his impatience with avoidable expenses. In fact he is embarrassingly economical. I believe a

rich man can be safely defined as one who can afford to waste with impunity and a poor man as one who cannot. As Mahatmaji lives the life of a poor man deliberately, he simply *would* not waste anything. He preserves all pins, and half-sheets of blank papers from letters for use, and writes on the backs¹ of papers written or printed on the other side. I witnessed a scene worth recording. His handkerchief had gone astray. He started furiously searching for it all over the place. We all joined in the hunt. He would insist on having that and would not let us bring another, though he was in a hurry to go to a meeting. Well, at last he went without it, and then discovered it tucked to his shoulder—for he has no pockets—when he retired to bed at night, as he put aside the piece of cloth that lies round his shoulders fastened by safety pins! He would waste nothing. The world, of course, knows that he travels third class; and though railway officials invariably try to provide comfortable accommodation for him, this is not always possible. Very often he may be found cheerfully seated in the most crowded compartments.

Do any of my readers feel that it would be a proud privilege and a source of constant pleasure to serve Mahatmaji? Do any one of them think of the lines of Mira where she pants in language of ecstatic beauty, to 'be taken into Krishna's service? Well, my advice is: give up. It is no joke to serve him; and I am sure it was no joke to serve Krishna or any extraordinary human being for that matter. Gandhiji's secretaries, Pyarelal and Kusumbehen are always at it; and the work never ends. Pyarelal often works till late at night and sleeps wherever he can bundle himself up; and Kusumbehen has always instructions to take. Mirabeen (Miss Slade) and

¹ We know of another distinguished member of the Working Committee of the Congress, who writes not only on the backs of printed pages but also right *across* them! And we are credibly informed that he developed this habit long before he became acquainted with Gandhiji.

—Editor, Triveni.

Ba (Mrs. Gandhi) are hard put to taking care of his body; Mirabeen looks after his bath, clothes, etc., and Mrs. Gandhi after his food. Then there is Prof. Kripalani with his cash and his constant anxiety to protect him from devoted crowds. It is certainly a privilege to serve him; but his service is no bed of roses, as it may appear to those who have never seen anything of it. Then, do any of my readers—human nature being what it is—say to themselves: 'I wish I were Mahatmaji, with all his glory and greatness.' Give up again. It is better as you are. For verily Mahatmaji's life is not worth living, judging from the standpoint of ordinary human needs and desires. Nature can verily stand up and say with pride pointing to him: "Here is a man"; but ordinary men will scarcely like to go through a week of what he goes through week after week, month after month, and year after year. He has promised to give himself a year's rest and see the sights of India when Swaraj is gained. May that soon happen! Today he practically declines seeing any sight of architectural or other interest, even if put in his way. Jawaharlal was right when he said: "Mahatma Gandhi is our greatest propaganda"; for who else can inspire such devotion and who can be so much respected, loved, and, may I add, feared as he is; and who else could have raised the status of our country and our countrymen, in our present submerged condition, at home and abroad as he has done. Rajendra Prasad was right when he said that no one in all human history has attracted in his own life-time such immense crowds of devotees, on such an extensive surface of the globe, as Mahatmaji has done. I must confess to a feeling of sorrow as I see these scores of thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen assembling for Mahatmaji, for I know it is only for his *darshan* and not to do his bidding. Their attitude here is what it is when they gather for a bath on the occasion of solar or lunar eclipse or jostle one another in their mad rush to get to the God in the temple on a holy day. They feel their duty done when they have had the *darshan*: they

do not realise that, however purifying the sight of such a holy saint as Mahatmaji may be, what he himself wants is that his words should be followed in action so that the goal of India's Swaraj might soon be reached. This they all forget even when they offer him their hard-earned money without stint. But though they might forget this, and though they might not always be able to carry out his simple teachings in detail in their daily life, and though they might think that a *darshan* of him is enough—yet it is unmistakably clear that behind their craving for the *darshan* is the deep-seated feeling that that handful of bone and flesh is inspired by a Beneficent Power which has decided that India shall no longer grovel in the dust; and the figure has become a matter of religion to them, and they will, in emergencies, probably be willing to risk all for his sake, unrecking of consequences as they have always done in the past when they felt their religion was involved. And, therefore, they cry with the ring of true sincerity: *Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai*. And—all unworthy as I am—I too cry with the rest of my countrymen what is undoubtedly going to be one of the national cries of the land for ever:

Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai

Poetry of Devotion

BY PROF. T. VIRABHADRU, M.A.

One of the great Krishna-worshippers in Ancient India was Bilvamangala or Lilasuka, the author of *Sri Krishna Karnamritam*, a series of lyrics in Sanskrit in which the poet reveals his great devotion to Sri Krishna. He seems to have belonged to the 11th century A.D.¹ and though no accurate biographical details are within our reach, traditional accounts of him indicate that he was a Telugu Brahmin of Srikakulam² and that a certain woman, Chintamani, whom he loved, was the cause of his transformation from worldliness and dissipation into saintliness and devotion.³ From the poem itself we can learn one very interesting thing: that the poet belonged to a family of staunch Saivites, enthusiastic about the significance of the utterance of *Panchakshari* (the five letters—*Na ma ssi va ya*), but that his heart was ever throbbing to utter the name and see the smiling face, with its dark blue radiance, of the sweet little child of that famous milk-woman (Yasoda).⁴ As the title of the book indicates, the poem is full of a nectar-like music which is a solace to the ear and a solace to the soul. The poet's *bhakti* or devotion to God Vishnu in *this* shape or *Avatar* is most extraordinary. That he is specially in love with this aspect of Sri Krishna's life, His wonderful childhood, can be inferred from this one verse, among others of a similar nature, where he shows how even the image of Rama does not satisfy his soul as much as that of Krishna. Kodanda-

¹ Keith's *History of Skt. Literature*.

² *Sri Krishna Karnamritam* (Anandasrama Grandhamala, Madras.)

³ See opening verse: also the Telugu drama, *Chintamani*.

⁴ S. K. II—24.

Rama (Rama with the bow) one day stood before him, but the poet's reply shows that He was rejected :

'Having given up Thy bow and arrow for a minute, take a flute in hand, and put a peacock-feather in Thy hair. I shall, Lord of Sita, gladly greet Thee.'¹

In the course of his rapturous description of the lovely little Boy, he sings :

Such a childhood! such lotus-face! such love! the charm of those ever-rolling eyes! that enchanting beauty! the wealth of that soft smile! It is true, it is true, I can declare to the world: 'Even among the gods it is impossible to seek!'²

Addressing his God he says:

Thy gait is slow and majestic, Thy words are honeyed, Thy smile sprinkles nectar, Thy embrace is tight and warm; I see, now I see, the reason why the *Gopis* are enamoured so highly of Thy deeds!³

In his opinion his Boy-God is the most lovely object in the Universe and there is nothing else, however beautiful, that can approach it in excellence or charm. He vehemently proclaims:

If there be any, a thousand, who are critics of art, let them be;
If there be any who are images of supreme beauty, let them be;

We have no quarrel with them: we don't want to please them either by flattery;

All we know is, "Perfection of beauty exists only in one place—*Thyself*"!⁴

His enthusiasm reaches its zenith when he, seeing, in one of his mystical moods, a little boy walking in the streets of Mathura, asks:

O, little girl, who is this boy that has just entered the streets of Mathura?

¹ S.K. III—95.

² S. K. I—55.

³ S. K. I—27.

⁴ S. K. I—99.

and recognising, on coming near, the jewel-like peacock-feather on the head, the inviting lips, the smiling face and embodied joy, exclaims in ecstasy:

Oh! What a splendour! Wonderful! Wonderful!

Oh! A wonderful, very wonderful Light!

It is this picture that the poet feels painted on the tablet of his heart. He would sometimes feel that his mind was stuck up in the meshes of Sri Krishna's love and could not be drawn out. Once he would feel that his heart was absorbed into His. Sometimes he would feel triumphant that he could catch Sri Krishna and keep Him in his heart, as when he makes one of the milk-maids say:—

Thou didst forcibly get out when I caught Thee in my hands.

That was nothing. I would consider it manliness if Thou couldst by any means go out of my heart!¹

There are also occasions when the *Bhakta* feels depressed, for he cannot see his God-Friend; nevertheless he eagerly looks forward to the moment when he can enjoy eternal bliss in His presence. He often asks: "Will the time arrive when I can see Him? Will He ever cast a glance at me? Can I ever kiss Him to my heart's content with my two eyes?" and exclaims joyfully, "How happy would I be if I could see Him! How blessed the day on which I see Him!" But the thought that the God who has manifold duties to perform and might forget him altogether, often intrudes upon his peace, reminding us of Tukaram the great Maratha psalmist who said:—

So many tasks and cares
Are Thine, while I—
I am forgot thus, alas,
And left to die!²

He admits that Krishna is absorbed in the music of the flute but he often asks himself, "cannot the sounds of my song creep into His ear in the intervals?" Seeing no way out of the

¹ S. K. III—97.

² *Psalm of Maratha Saints* (The 'Heritage of India' series) p. 59.

difficulty, he makes an earnest appeal to the flute in these words:

Dear Flute, tasting, as thou dost, the sweet honey of the breath of Sri Krishna's smiling lotus-face, grant me one boon. Being so near His pearl-lip, wilt thou, unobserved by others, whisper into the ears of Nanda's son my sad plight?¹

The devotee's condition is pitiable when, in spite of all his efforts, he cannot see Him or meet Him. His song is pathetic when he sings:

Friend of the helpless, Ocean of kindness, Hari, I have been spending fruitless days without sight of Thee. Alas! Alas! What a pity!²

Once or twice he tried to catch his friend but was defeated in his purpose, for,

Sweeter than Sweetness, it captivated my heart: Quicker than Quickness, it eluded my grasp.³

On the other hand, Sri Krishna played the little thief that He generally is:

It was He who stole away the agony in the hearts of pious sages:

It was He who stole away the garments of the love-intoxicated cowherdesses:

It was He who stole away the pride of Indra, Lord of the Heavens:

How powerless I am when he is stealing away the lotus of my heart now!⁴

This sage, like all other poet-admirers of Krishna, represents Him as one who steals away cream and butter, and whatever is tasteful in the world. Undoubtedly the human heart is

¹S.K. II-11.

²S.K. I-41.

³S.K. I-65.

⁴S.K. I-81.

the most precious thing on earth, and what wonder is there if the Great Stealer carries away men's hearts with Him? The poet says that on one occasion he met Him, but his heart was not satisfied and was longing to see Him again. We are told, 'Love grows by what it feeds on,' and it is certainly a curious stream, for, the more we drink of it, the greater is the thirst. The enthusiasm of the poet for his object of love is so intense that whatever belongs to Him is lovely; His lips, His smile, His feet, His anklets, His flute, His peacock-feather, His blue colour and His sleep. The Child-Krishna is ever the object of his devotion, whose spirit has sunk in him. He is the dream of his dreams and it is enough if his dear God should listen to his last prayer:

Standing, legs cross-wise, with the peacock-feather adorning the head, singing the flute song with the head turned to one side, how blessed should I be if this Light, the Transcendental and the kind, stood before me at the time of my final parting!¹

or will Sri Krishna remember him at least after his death? He suggests:

The bamboo on the bank of the Jumna has been blessed by its association with Sri Krishna's diamond-lip.

Can I have the fortune, in my next birth at least, of my being born on the Jumna bank to serve as Krishna's flute and be blessed?²

He confesses that he sees only one figure, hears only one sound, and knows only one thing:

Protector of cows, Ocean of love, Husband of Lakshmi, Destroyer of Kamsa, Saviour of the Elephant-King,

Father of the three worlds, Lotus-eyed God, Lord of the milk-maids, save me. I confess I know nothing except Thee—³

¹S. K. II-22.

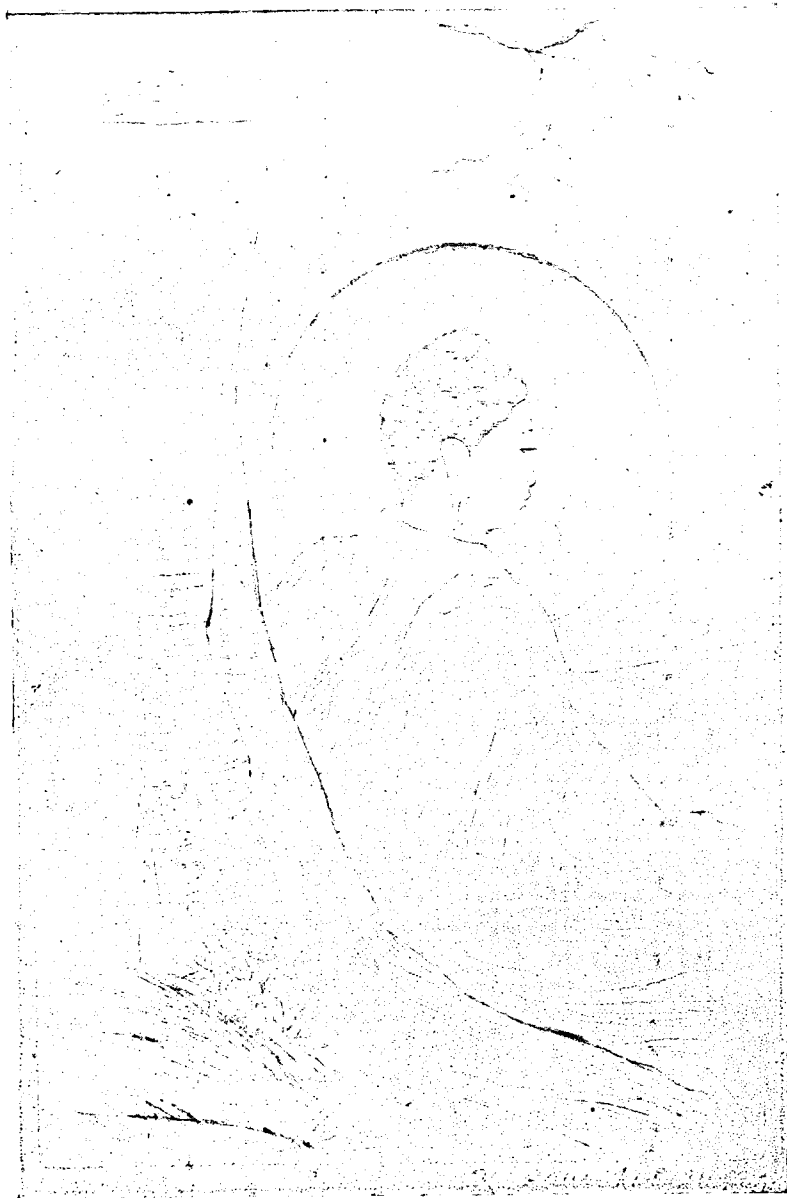
²S. K. II-9.

³S. K. II-108.

A confession which all wise men have made after much travelling. After having read and read, thought and thought, every great sage has admitted, with Tukaram the devotee of Vithoba :

Naught know I but Thy name alone.

(The writer apologises to all lovers of Sanskrit for having ventured upon this 'free translation' of the lyrics of one of the greatest poet-mystics of the world. Apart from the inaccuracy of the translation, in the tame and prosaic language of the translator, one misses the exquisite music and the wonderful lyric charm of the original).



"Buddha under the Bodhi Tree."
(Dry Point.)

Two 'Dry Points'

ARTIST: K. RAMA MOHAN SASTRY

Etching is widely practised in Europe at the present day, and 'Dry Point' is a fascinating variety of it. It is a linear method, and generally 'sketchy'. But in the hands of an Indian Artist who is essentially a master of line, it yields a finished and lyrical charm, as may be seen from these two pictures. The feeling of colour is a special feature of the line in this method, but very little of the beauty of the original can be conveyed in a reproduction.

The Buddha's attainment of Liberation under the Bodhi Tree forms the theme of the first picture. "It is beautiful in the restraint and slight drawing and has a great deal of imagination"—('The Madras Mail') A duplicate is in the collection of the Hon. H. G. Stokes, C.S.I.

In the second picture, Omar is represented as seated by his Beloved and asking her to fill the cup to the last drop, for, "Tomorrow, why—who knows?" The falling rose-petals are highly suggestive.



"Omar,"
(Dry Point.)

Dr. Sir S. Subramaniam : Lawyer and Judge

BY K. S. VENKATARAMANI

Ever since the transfer of India to the Crown, many Indians of great talents have played prominent parts in the consolidation and refinement of British rule. Of such eminent Indians, Subramaniam with Muthuswami the Judge and Bhashyam the jurist formed a brilliant trio gaining a special reputation for Madras and a first class name for Indian judicial talents. But Subramaniam was more representative of the Time-Spirit of transitional India, and his work, largely pioneering and humanitarian, reflected more precisely the hopes and aspirations of the people.

Subramaniam was born in Madura on 1st October 1842. After a short but brilliant school life, he passed the B.L. in 1863 straight from the F.A. Subramaniam enrolled himself as a Vakil of the Madras High Court in 1869 but set up practice at Madura, the homeland of his forefathers for over five generations.

Subramaniam enjoyed the golden mean which gives a talented young man a proper start in life. He was neither so opulent as to waste away in ignoble ease, nor so poor as to feel the chill of poverty. He was well-connected and had a wide circle of cultured relations. His father had endowed him with the priceless inheritance of a whirlwind energy, and his own good angel blessed his cradle with a very rare and mobile intelligence.

Subramaniam made his mark very early in his career. He continued to have increasing practice and respect at the Madura Bar of which he became the leader almost from the start.

Law is a jealous mistress. But Subramaniam's splendid energy and versatile gifts led him to take interest in public life, especially municipal work. In recognition of such work he was nominated in 1884 as a non-official member of the Madras Legislative Council. This change of place in the public activity of Subramaniam naturally brought about a change in the place of his professional work. He migrated from Madura to Madras, from the provincial to the metropolitan city.

From 1885 to 1895, his was the most splendid career for a decade at the Madras Bar. Sir V. Bhashyam, the eminent jurist, was his formidable opponent. They mutually kept each other at the maximum of effort and brilliance. Law, as administered according to British jurisprudence, was still an unexplored field and acutely and all embracingly responsive to the subtlety, memory, dryness and logical clearness of the South Indian mind. The joy of pioneering work welded the Bench and the Bar in a comradeship of high endeavour and gave even to mediocre talents the spurts of genius. The legal profession had then the urge of a nascent impulse, the sweetness of law and order coming after a period of troubled political uncertainty. It was still a fresh and fluid thing. It was not yet prisoned and standardised into melancholy digest-work leading to pitiful nervous break-down of the most hopeful and gifted young.

Subramaniam and Bhashyam, ranged on opposite sides in such an atmosphere, had the chance for the full play of creative genius, with something of the quickening which ordinarily the expressionistic impulse of sex alone gives. This largely accounts for the splendid heights to which both Sir V. Bhashyam and Subramaniam always rose and kept also Muthuswami, that eminent judge, at his very highest. The atmosphere had the exciting joy of first class work such as a new farm gives to its young owner-tiller.

Subramaniam as a lawyer and judge owed his pre-eminence to one quality, his acute sense for truth. It was almost an uncanny power with him. His lightning mind took in the whole

situation at a glance and gave him an extraordinary command over facts and the rarer power of grouping them in their proper places in the framework. He had the vision to relate the facts on paper to their relevant setting in the human story of a case. This authentic imagination gave his forensic advocacy the grip and intimacy of a personal narrative.

Subramaniam's forensic eloquence was like a cord of silk, even, soft, slender-looking but strong. It had neither knots nor twists, to assure even the casual and careless touch of its excellence. Its colour was white. It lacked prismatic glow. But it had the living freshness and the sprouting graces of the spring. It was adequate without being hard. It was subtle without being sinuous. It was suggestive without being vague. His spoken word was greater than the written. For, his voice was fascinating and fully charged with the electrons of sympathy.

Subramaniam was a very good scholar in general and an ardent worker in law. But he was not a pedlar who carried his stock ever on his back, showing all his wares at every door. His wide reading he never used merely for crowded display in a single judgment or for an isolated and misleading forensic triumph. He used it only to implement his resources and widen the range of illustrative reasoning. The sense of pity and righteousness dominated every other impulse.

But these very excellences which broadened the river and amplified its majesty, served only to lessen the glory of incisive motion which his great rival, Sir V. Bhashyam, enjoyed. The method of each is worth a careful study. Subramaniam's was a frontal attack well-supported and in full dignity, sensitive to every rule and decorum of the game. But Sir V. Bhashyam's was a flank movement of infinite strategy with dagger and spear, and with the utmost economy of action. It broke the enemy or itself the first few moments. There was no middle position. It was in essence combat of the highest order and deadliest intention. Sir V. Bhashyam had that extraordinary instinct for a

perfect economy of materials resulting from constant test, careful selection, keen foresight and all-absorbed preparation and thinking.

Subramaniam's forensic eloquence radiates like solar energy over all. It spreads itself everywhere for the sheer joy of it. The seeming waste is much. But Bhashyam's, like an X-ray, penetrates to the core and lights the dark interior with a flaming torch. It had all the narrowness, sharpness and strength of an one-pointed and centralised effort. If it wins, it wins by surprise. If it fails, it demoralises the game itself. Both in success and in failure, the whole field is strewn with many a wreckage, doubts and difficulties. It unsettles the existing order. It is a great instrument of power for destruction, and never reckons for a moment that the law is part of life. It lifts as well as debases the science of law into a science like geometry and algebra where the symbols are live men and valuable materials. This subtle and incisive power, Subramaniam possessed in an almost equal degree without his rival's sovereign devotion to the gift. But his comprehension of law was that, as part of life, the smaller game should be controlled by the rules of the higher. He lived as a lawyer for life's own beautiful sake, not for the law's own cruel and jealous exactions, and abstract and tormenting glories, like Sir V. Bhashyam.

From the lawyer to the judge, it was the greatest narrowing which Subramaniam's sunny genius had to bend to out of deference to the unseen but real spirit of the age. But even into the cushioned chair of the judge, warm and velvet-lined, he carried without violence to any sense of propriety or order, the same humanitarian outlook and unified vision of life. The reforming and progressive spirit, constantly kept within proper legal bounds, expresses itself in all his leading judgments.

As a judge he had to succeed perhaps the greatest Indian judge. Subramaniam's contribution of quality as a judge was again in his mode of approach to the law. It was not to him a grand and isolated phenomenon in a waste, but a delicate and

vital minor scheme in the major. He worked at it both from within and without. If he knew its chemistry, he knew as well its qualities as a whole. He conceived law not merely as a system but as an organic expression of a growing society. He was widely read in the systems of other lands, ever equipping his mind with legal principles for ready application. His command of facts was always quick and sure, and at a flash he saw the truth of a case and struggled with unrivalled success, to body it even against technical difficulties.

And not one judgment is below the mark. There is a complete adequacy. The reasoning is close and clear. The facts are well-arranged. There is an all-round satisfaction. The Bench and the Bar acclaim it. There is a very high degree of conscientious work and a sense of high endeavour.

But it is difficult to say more. Even his best judgment is not a classic utterance. It may turn a corner. But it makes no epoch by doing it in the grand manner. It is not inspiring. It declares the law by no new and vitalising process but only by the earnest vigor of the decretal portion which, no doubt, enshrines a sound legal principle. The perception is clear. The conclusion is sound. But the process lacks the intrepid gait and graces, the narrative ease and reasoning of the born judge. For, Subramaniam's genius was essentially intuitive. He suffered from an excessive humility which played false to his own endowments. The reasoning is cogent but parenthetical. The method of narration is by little frog-leaps. The even progress is arrested by intuitive flashes. The presentation is earnest and vivid but not sustained, grand or masterly as it should be. The best portions are under quotation. There is not the customary sweep even of the hand, not to talk of the eyes, with which we are so familiar with Subramaniam as a lawyer or a public man. The truth is that his judicial robe sat tight on him. He wore it as a heavy stuff of honour and never mentioned to any one that he often experienced hard breathing under this excess of drapery.

His knowledge of case-law was ample. All judicial origin-

ality is no doubt usefully controlled by precedents. But to a great judge case-law is but a spring-board for a magic leap of his own. But Subramaniam lost even his own native elasticity on the fatal, narrow board.

Judged by absolute standards, his achievement as a judge falls even below expectation. This is largely traceable to a break in the chord of expression. The psychology of human relationship appraised without ardour or emotion, and viewed with an architectonic and dry mind is the hinter-land from whose shaded and tangled depths spring most of the fertilising legal principles. Subramaniam knew these hinter-lands thoroughly as no explorer had known before or after. He had also a creditable mastery of current legal principles with their historic growth. But the mastery in each domain remained separate and unrelated. The dynamo worked wasting its power largely, as the line of transmission to the actual factory, well-equipped and ready to start, was feeble. In the relating of the two into a self-luminous and growing whole, which he tried with the instinct of a true jurist, he failed for reasons that are both traceable to his own gifts and to the Time-Spirit. He was not a creative artist. He was not a profound thinker. Without these two excellences, it is not possible to do anything first rate, from tennis play to the founding of a religion, whatever your other gifts may be.

Sir V. Bhashyam, if not a profound, was at least a very absorbed thinker within the narrow lines of his own choice and truly a bit of a creative artist, for he had that rare gift of a sense of economy which is of the greatest art. Sir T. Muthuswami excelled both in both the qualities in a great measure. He was only a foot down the peak, yet sufficiently distant and high to obscure the casual eye from the unascended steps.

Subramaniam's synthetic mind was wholly of a different order. It worked with the aid of instinct and intuition and the flash of a kind of genius somewhat unsuited to the arid atmo-

sphere of the law. He lacked the acute, continuous and sustained reasoning, the intense fervour and the reducing power of his great rival, though he brought to bear upon every point a catholic richness of mind and spirit.

Subramaniam felt the atmospheric depression of the age even in his best achievements. He was not a virile creative thinker in law adding the flux of his own daring genius to the vast and irregular materials before him. He was synthetic and intuitive, qualities valuable to a leader of men but not of much use to a judge. The net result is a lack of distinction and of a touch of immortality.

Subramaniam had the insight of genius, the fervour of the reformer and the self-effacing benevolence of a great and evolved Soul. He had all the excellences of a great public worker. Born in the strenuous West, he would have ended as a Liberal Prime-Minister like Gladstone. Born in a non-transitional Vedic India, he would have been a Rishi, a law-giver, and a great ethical preacher. But transitional India under British rule narrowed and kneaded him into an eminent legal luminary and denied him the amber of everlasting fame.

The recipe for immortality is still a secret with the gods. It is a trying trick of Fortune and Fate. It is carelessly given and carelessly withheld. Ages pass by telling hundreds of years and millions of births without one single immortal life. Therefore let none regret that this great South Indian of the last century did not and could not take rank among the immortals of the world. He was almost near it in the sun-lit hours of his highest radiance.

Land Revenue Reform

BY E. V. SUNDARA REDDI, M.A., B.L.

The question of land revenue legislation has, in recent years, assumed considerable importance. It is not proposed here to discuss the historical aspect of our land revenue policy, except in so far as it may be relevant to a consideration of the lines on which reform therein should be secured. The main features of the present land revenue system in this Presidency may be briefly stated and the lines on which the system should be modified considered.

Of the total area in the Madras Presidency, about one-third is held by the Zamindars and Inamdars and the rest is held under the Ryotwari system. At the time the Ryotwari system was introduced in the Presidency, it was obviously within the contemplation of the persons who introduced the said system that, after the rates on the land were satisfactorily and equitably fixed, they should be declared permanent and unchangeable. The recorded opinion of the authors of the Ryotwari Settlement, Col. Read and Sir Thomas Munro, leaves no doubt whatever as regards the permanent character of the settlement contemplated by them. Read's proclamation in Salem in 1796 is clear and unambiguous with reference to this matter. Equally clear and unambiguous is the evidence of Sir Thomas Munro given before the Committee of the House of Commons. In view of the importance of the subject, I may be permitted to extract hereunder the relevant portion from his recorded evidence:—

Q.—Have the goodness to explain to the Committee what you understand by the Ryotwari system?

A.—I shall state what I understand to be the principle of the Ryotwari system, the details will perhaps be too extensive.

The principle of the Ryotwari system is to fix an assessment upon the whole land of the country. *This assessment is permanent; every ryot who is likewise the cultivating proprietor of the land which he holds is permitted to hold that land at a fixed assessment as long as he pleases; he holds it for ever without any additional assessment.* If he occupies any waste or additional land he pays the assessment that is fixed upon that land and no more; his rent undergoes no alteration.

Q.—Is the Committee to understand that in respect to permanency there is no difference between the Ryotwari system and Bengal Permanent Settlement?

A.—With reference to permanency there is no difference between these two systems. But the Ryotwari leaves the Government an increasing revenue arising from the waste in proportion to its cultivation.

In the face of what has been set out above, it is somewhat of a surprise that in the report of the Madras Board of Revenue annexed to the Resolution of the Government of India on the Indian Land Revenue Policy issued in 1902 the Board should say that the words 'fixity' and 'permanency' as applied to the assessment did not, when used regarding the Ryotwari system, connote the idea of perpetual immutability.

During the early half of the nineteenth century the demands on land varied in intensity. The arrangements made for the assessment and collection of land revenue were far from satisfactory. The defects of the system and the hardships they entailed were laid bare by witnesses who appeared before the Parliamentary Committees which sat in 1848 and also during the Parliamentary enquiries of 1852 and 1853. In 1853 a survey and re-assessment of the province was at last ordered. The principle of permanent settlement was not then abandoned. The Madras Government would then state that "one fundamental of the Ryotwari system is that the Government demand on the land is fixed for ever."

In 1861 Lord Canning's Government circulated proposals to extend the permanent settlement to all the provinces in India

and the Madras Government then favoured the old Ryotwari principle of a permanent assessment, that is to say, an assessment based on a certain portion of the crop, and converted into a money payment at a fair commutation rate fixed once and for ever.

Sir John Lawrence, Sir Charles Wood, and Sir Stafford Northcote also favoured a permanent settlement, but in 1883 the then Secretary of State rejected the recommendation for the introduction of the permanent settlement.

In sanctioning the survey and re-assessment, the Secretary of State in his Despatch of 1862 accepted "the principle of eventual introduction of permanency in assessment." The survey and re-assessment that followed had doubtless in the main equalised the incidence of the land revenue on the ryots and made it more equitable, but since that period the principle of periodical revisions of assessment has come to stay.

It is a matter which has been the subject of certain controversy as to whether the early proclamation and Government orders and despatches which declared that the assessment was to be fixed for ever were formally given the go-bye, and whether such declarations should not still be regarded as subsisting and binding on the Government. It is clearly unprofitable to discuss this aspect of the matter in view of the circumstance that, since that period, the system of periodical revisions has been in force and it is now regarded as part of the land revenue administration of the Presidency.

The next step in the evolution of the land revenue system in the Madras Presidency was by way of defining the limits to the demands of the Government and to the enhancements at the time of periodical revisions. In 1883 Lord Ripon made a proposal to the Government of Madras to give to the ryots an assurance of permanence and security without depriving the State "of the power of enhancement of the revenue on defined conditions." In the same year the Government of Madras accepted the said proposal and declared that "there should be no future enhance-

ments of the Government demand except on the ground of a rise in prices." In 1885, however, the then Secretary of State set his face against what was described by him as "the dangerous policy of pledging the Government for ever to a particular line of action." In 1900 in a memorial submitted to the Secretary of State by an influential body of Retired Officials (Indian and European) it was suggested that the enhancement should be made only on defined conditions, but Lord Curzon in 1902 in his Resolution on the land revenue policy refused to limit the enhancement to any such "defined conditions".

Since the day of issue of the Resolution of Lord Curzon's Government on the Indian Land Revenue Policy, and up to the stage of the Joint Parliamentary Committee's Report in 1919 which recommended that the imposition of new burdens should be gradually brought within the purview of the legislature, there has been a great deal of discussion of the merits of the land revenue system and administration in the Presidency and the whole policy has come under a careful scrutiny and examination by diverse individuals and organizations. The said committee expressed the opinion that the time had come to embody in the law the main principles by which the land revenue is determined, the methods of valuation, the pitch of assessment, the periods of revision, the graduation of enhancements and the other chief processes which touch the well-being of the revenue payers, and they suggested that the whole policy should be embodied in a statute before the next change in the constitution. Yet in this Presidency, there has not so far been any legislation on the subject.

In a thought-provoking lecture on the Land Revenue Problem in India and England delivered by Mr. Montagu on the eve of the War, he said:—

"You will notice that each individual liable for revenue has to pay the proportion demanded in his locality according to the nature of his holding; if this should happen to amount, say to 1/5th of the net profits of cultivation, the big man pays

Rs. 20 out of 100 and the small man pays one rupee out of five. We are getting accustomed to recognise that the hardship in the latter case is a good deal greater than in the former.

"Allowances are made, it is true, for the small man in India; now it is done at the discretion of revenue officers and not on any uniform principles and *one is tempted to wonder whether it would be possible to apply a graduated scale of assessment instead.* There is, of course, the theoretical objection that such a measure would promptly label the land revenue as a tax. But I cannot help thinking that the Government of India's record shows that it is strong enough to look this difficulty boldly in the face and pass it by."

Notwithstanding the recommendations of the Joint Parliamentary Select Committee made nearly a decade before and the volume of influential opinion, official and non-official, in favour of land revenue reform and legislation, the Government have not seen their way to give effect to the same. The Madras Legislative Council declared itself unequivocally in favour of a permanent settlement and a resolution to that effect was adopted by an overwhelming majority of the members of the Council. The Council also adopted a resolution recommending that re-settlements in the Districts should be deferred pending land revenue legislation but the re-settlement in the Districts has gone on. The whole question came up before the mixed committee of officials and non-officials appointed in 1921 and presided over by the then Hon'ble Mr. Habibullah Sahib. The committee were called upon to consider the draft of a bill submitted to the Government by the Board of Revenue for the purpose of regulating the assessment of land revenue. It is a matter for some satisfaction that the committee recognised the existence of very strong opinion among a certain section of persons who had given considerable attention and thought to this question that some form of a permanent settlement should be introduced. The members of the committee were generally in agreement with the proposal to introduce the permanent settlement, subject however to a

recognition of the right of the State to impose, if and when the exigencies of the State may require, additional taxation from land. The committee itself recognised the justice and equity of the proposals to introduce the principles of exemption of smaller land holders and of the introduction of the element of progression in the further taxation contemplated, after the land is once "permanently assessed". The majority of the committee, however, were opposed to their adoption consequent on the difficulties which their introduction suggested. But it is significant to note that even the proposal made by the majority of the committee, whereby the right to regulate the enhancements at periodical revisions was to be vested in the Legislative Council, was not acceptable to the Government and hence such attempts as the Government made to place on the statute book the present procedure, subject only to a restriction of rate of enhancement to $18\frac{3}{4}\%$ and certain improvements in the details, did not rightly find favour with the Council. The Government have, however, by an administrative order restricted the enhancement at any re-settlement to $18\frac{3}{4}\%$. This however does not carry matters far. To the extent it goes, no doubt it is a step in the right direction. But what is necessary is a radical change in the land revenue policy, not a tinkering with it here and there.

The Madras Ryotwari Land Holders' Association, which came into existence with the main object of securing a reform of the present land revenue policy of the Government, has devoted considerable attention to the question of land revenue, and the recommendations of the Sub-Committee appointed to go into the question are set out hereunder:—

1. That the Sub-Committee were agreed that a distinction should be made between the smaller and larger land holders in the taxation of land.

2. That it was necessary to consider whether, in taxing agricultural incomes, any differentiation should be made between

the income derived from the cultivation of food crops and of commercial crops.

3. That the Sub-Committee were of opinion that a fixed rent charge and a tax on agricultural incomes, the same to be so designed as not to alter the existing total amount of the revenue, appeared to be satisfactory methods of deriving the revenue from land. In other words, the committee agreed that the land holder and not land alone should be taken into consideration in any system of taxation of land and that this necessitated a distinction between the smaller and larger land holders. The committee favoured the proposal that, after such equalisation of the incidence in the different districts in such manner as may be just and necessary, the assessment should be declared permanent and *any additional revenue, as the exigencies of the State may require and which cannot be secured otherwise than by the further taxation of land, should be derived by a tax on agricultural incomes.* The latter part of the proposal was subsequently modified by adoption of the suggestion to levy a cess on a graduated scale payable by pattadars or proprietors paying Rs. 100 and above as assessment.

The First Madras Ryotwari Landholders Conference, held at Madras in August 1921, adopted the under-mentioned resolutions:—

(1) That this Conference is of opinion that the idea of submitting for the sanction of the Legislature the re-settlement proposals for the several districts separately and of continuing the policy of periodical settlements on such legislative authority, cannot be regarded as affording sufficient safeguard and protection for the interests of the raiyats.

(2) That this Conference records its emphatic opinion that no legislation which does not provide for a permanent fixation of the Land Revenue can be adequate to remove the existing evils in the Land Revenue Policy of the Madras Government or to ameliorate the sad economic condition of the raiyat.

(3) That this Conference is further strongly of opinion that the basis for such fixation should be that of existing settlements where they are not less than 10 years old, and in cases of

settlements less than 10 years old, it should be by a reduction of at least 15%, provided that the legislature may, when special necessity arises and it could not be met by other sources of revenue or new taxes, impose special cesses (or surtaxes) for meeting such necessity on pattadars paying Rs. 100 and above as land tax.

It may also be of interest to summarise the more important of the proposals made from time to time for the reform of the present system:—

1. After an equitable re-adjustment of the burdens in the different districts, the revenue should be settled and fixed. The idea of periodical revisions should be abandoned. Any necessary increase in revenue which cannot be secured by having recourse to other taxes should be obtained by levying a certain percentage of the existing assessment, with the sanction of the Legislature every year, the same being in the nature of a super-tax leviable by the Provincial Legislature. (See The Hon. Mr. V.K. Ramanujachariar's "Land Revenue Settlement," p. 86).

2. After an equitable re-adjustment of the burden in different districts, the assessment should be permanently fixed at a certain proportion of the existing level, say two-thirds, being in the nature of a quit-rent or rent charge on the land, and the reduction in the revenue thus entailed made good by the levy of an income-tax on agricultural incomes. (See Mr. A. Rangaswami Aiyengar's "Land Revenue Problem in Southern India," p. 16).

3. (a) The ratio of the tax on agricultural incomes should be fixed after deducting a food allowance for the producer and his family and a sufficient sum to enable him to retain a small margin to fulfil the customary social requirements of his country. (b) At periodic settlement of revisions, land rent should never be raised on individual holdings by more than 20 per cent. on the larger holdings, except for special reasons, while, on the smaller, this should be much reduced. (c) Settlements should be definitely fixed for thirty years and enhancements should be spread over six quinquenniums and not have effect at once. (d) The present standard of 50 per cent. of the landlord's assets urgently needs revision to bring it on a level with taxes in civilized countries. (e) The forecast

prepared by revenue officials and approved by Government should be discussed in the Imperial Legislative Council and Local Legislative Councils and sanctioned by the Governor-General in Council or Governor in Council respectively. (See Sir O'Moore Creagh's 'Indian Studies,' p. 184).

4. Abolition of the land tax and the adoption of universal income-tax embracing every income and varying with the size of the family. (See Jack's 'Economic Life of a Bengal District,' p. 189).

It has been suggested that the adoption of this proposal will have the incidental effect of doing away with the Permanent Settlement.

5. The land to be assessed at a certain percentage of land values. Thus, an acre worth Rs. 1,000 will be assessed Rs. 10, at 1 per cent. of its land value. No other charges will be leviable in respect of such land, as water rate or second crop charges. (See also the Hon. Mr. V. K. Ramanujachariar's 'Land Revenue Settlement').

6. Taxation of land values to be periodically revised and taxation of agricultural incomes.

The Indian Taxation Enquiry Committee constituted in 1924 to make a general enquiry into Indian Taxation were directed,

- (1) to examine the manner in which the burden of taxation is distributed at present between each class of the population,
- (2) to consider whether the whole scheme of taxation—Central, Provincial and Local—is equitable and in accordance with the economic principles, and, if not, in what respects it is defective and,
- (3) to report on the suitability of alternative sources of taxation.

From a survey of the systems of land taxation in other countries the Committee at p. 37 of their Report observe the tendencies of modern development to be as follows:—

1. The flat rate of tax on annual or capital value is kept comparatively low.

2. The income from, and property in, land are treated, for purpose of income-tax and death duties, on exactly the same footing as other incomes and property.

3. Where an increasing share has been taken of the return from land, it has generally been taken for local purposes.

The proposals of the Committee referred only to temporary settlements, as the question of permanent settlement was outside their terms of reference. The Committee were divided in opinion as to whether or not the land revenue should be regarded as a tax on the individual who pays it, but they were agreed that the land revenue should be taken into consideration in dealing with the question of incidence of taxation on the country as a whole. They pointed out that the land revenue is essentially a tax on things and not on persons, and as such it is not a tax to which the doctrine of progression can be applied, but that the land revenue viewed as a scheme of taxation is not only not progressive but actually tends in the opposite direction. It is not possible, they say, in the case of a tax in rem to relieve the poorest cultivator by an exemption, but they suggest that the obvious ways of introducing an element of progression in the case of the large holder are through an income-tax on agricultural incomes or through something in the nature of succession duty, or both. In their view the present policy is open to serious criticisms and they lay down that the essentials of a new scheme of temporary settlement are: that it should be made definite as regards both the basis and the pitch of assessment; that it should be as simple and cheap as possible; that it should so far as possible ease or steady the burden on the smallest cultivator; and finally, that it should, in common with the rest of the system of taxation, involve the same element of progression in the case of larger owners.

The Committee recommended that the above said essen-

tials should be secured by providing that, for the future, the basis of the settlement should be the annual value, i.e., the gross produce less cost of production, including the value of the labour actually expended by the farmer and his family on the holding and the return for enterprise. The functions of the Settlement Officer, they say, should be limited to the ascertainment of this value on an uniform basis. An uniform rate fixed for a whole Province should then be applied to these valuations as they were made on districts falling in for re-settlement. The rate of assessment, they suggested, should be standardised on a comparatively low figure not exceeding 25% of the annual value. They would also suggest that, for the local rate, the maximum of 25% of the sum taken as land revenue should be fixed. These in the main are the recommendations of the Indian Taxation Enquiry Committee on the subject of land revenue. As regards the cognate question of water rights, they would suggest that they should be kept separate from the charge on the land, wherever possible. This is only consistent with the proposed alterations in the methods of the levy of land revenue. It is unnecessary here to examine the further proposals they make with reference to the charge for water.

From the recommendations of the committee referred to above, it is obvious that the main principles for which the Madras Ryotwari Landholders' Association stood have met with their general acceptance. It is not pretended that there may not be difficulties and objections raised as regards the scheme outlined. The terms of reference to the committee itself were unduly restricted. The whole question has to be examined carefully by a committee appointed by the Government of India with power to take evidence. The committee may be asked to make recommendations as to the exact lines on which the land revenue should in future be assessed and derived by the State with special reference to the financial results of the changes that may be suggested. The principal

thing is that, if we cannot get away from the position that the land revenue is still to be treated essentially as a tax *in rem*, we will have to, at least for the purpose of the introduction of an element of progression, reconcile ourselves to the adoption of a system in which it should be treated both as a tax *in rem*, keeping the rate of assessment comparatively low, and as a tax *in personam*, derivable from the landholder; by introducing therein the principles of exemption of the smaller landholder and of progression, thereby approximating the same to the income-tax. After the committee makes its recommendations, these may be examined by Provincial Committees and, with such local variations as may be found necessary, embodied in the form of a statute. It will doubtless be just and necessary that, pending such legislation, resettlement operations should be suspended and there should be no further enhancements at any resettlement. It is the only method of securing early legislation on the subject of land revenue, as, otherwise, notwithstanding its immense importance, the question of legislation may be deferred indefinitely.

It is unfortunate that, notwithstanding a general recognition that the present system is unsatisfactory in many respects, there has not been any attempt on the part of the Government to constitute a committee specially to go into the question of land revenue. The question was excluded specifically from the terms of reference to the Royal Agricultural Commission. The reference to the Indian Taxation Committee on this subject was fenced with many limitations and restrictions. Their recommendations would easily have been more valuable, if this were not so. It is unfortunate again that the Government of India are contemplating a revision of the policy, not by the usual procedure with which everybody is familiar, of examining the whole policy, after the same is reported on by a competent commission or committee, but by the antiquated method of issuing a Resolution, which is a very unsatisfactory one. If a Resolution is issued at all, the Local Governments may be enabled

to set up committees to examine the whole policy and report thereon, and in the light of their recommendations legislation may be introduced without any further delay.

The issue in Bardoli was of a limited character. In Bardoli the general principles underlying the land revenue policy were not in question. The only question was as to whether the enquiry carried out by the Settlement Officer was in accordance with the procedure laid down in the statute and instructions issued to the officers, and whether the data, the accuracy of which was questioned, justified the conclusions. The importance of the report was the condemnation it contained of the Settlement Officer's methods of enquiry and report on which, in the main, the re-settlements were based. It is however significant that in Bombay Presidency, after the Bardoli Committee's report, the attention of the public and of the Government has been drawn to the land question in a manner in which no other public event in recent times did. As a consequence; we find, in Bombay Presidency today, the movement for the formation of Land Leagues for securing land revenue legislation. Here in the Madras Presidency an association was formed even as early as 1918 for the main purpose of securing changes in the land revenue policy of the Government. A number of Taluk and District Associations have also come into existence. In view of the forthcoming Resolution of the Government of India and the fresh impetus which the consideration of the question has received, it is necessary that the Ryotwari Landholders' Associations both at the Headquarters and in the District and Taluk centres, and the Land Leagues now in their formative stages, should take vigorous and active interest by coming together again and formulating the lines on which legislation should be urged and securing therefor a general acceptance in the country. The question of the constitution of Chambers of Agriculture on lines analogous to the Chambers of Commerce is well worth serious consideration as a further step in the organisation of the landed interests. The subject may be brought under greater scrutiny and examination by such a body. Until this question of Land Revenue Reform is satisfactorily settled, the realisation of the ideal of "a prosperous countryside" will be as distant as ever.

Lahore—and After¹

BY B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

(Member, Working Committee of the Congress)

There are distinct advantages in intervening in a debate early. You can anticipate many points and make a brilliant show. The advantages of intervening late are equally numerous. You can sum up everybody's arguments and smash them. In doing so you can be at once brief and telling and you are sure to make yourselves felt. The dailies had to deal with the Lahore deliberations even before they matured into decisions. They were in such great haste for being the first in the field that they often erred—and erred egregiously, in their 'scoops' and anticipations and intelligent forecasts. A monthly—and more so a bi-monthly, can well afford to wait, sift the grain from the chaff, and garner the life-giving elements in its columns. That is the only justification for reverting to the subject of 'Lahore—and After' so late in the New Year.

But delay in dealing with the momentous issues raised in the Congress session of December last has not made the subject stale. On the other hand several doubts have been cleared,—doubts which the Congress and the Press would have paid anything to get cleared during the Christmas week. For instance, what would not have the Congress given—the Congress as a whole, to know the inner workings of the Viceroy's mind even during the Congress week? It is true that Gandhi got an inkling into those 'workings', and with him Nehru, or they would not have so summarily dismissed the proposal to send representatives to the Round Table Conference. But the following is not always willing to repose trust in the leaders. They want to examine every issue. Their intellects must be satisfied, their

¹ Written on the 9th of February.

doubts must be cleared, and like the Thomases of old, they must put their fingers into the holes of the hands of the resurrected Christ. Now, we are able to judge at first-hand. We need not take our decisions from our leaders, be they Gandhi and Nehru.

There is no mystery as to the question why the Round Table Conference failed. Nor need there be any difficulty about the adoption of Independence as the creed of the Congress. When both of these issues have been settled in the manner the Congress has settled them, the only other issue that arose out of the Lahore decisions, namely civil disobedience, will become an indisputable one. The Round Table Conference failed and therefore there was the change of creed into Independence. There was this demand of *Purna Swarajya*, and civil disobedience is the only of means securing it. It is fortunate that Gandhi himself has, in answering one Mr. Alexander, taken the country into confidence and revealed the secret of his conversations with the Viceroy. Nor is there a difference of opinion in the matter, for Gandhi himself quotes the Viceroy and says: "This is what was asked for."

"On behalf of the Congress Party the view was expressed that, unless previous assurances were given by His Majesty's Government that the purpose of the Conference was to draft a scheme for Dominion Status, which His Majesty's Government would undertake to support, there would be grave difficulty about Congress participation."

Gandhi's data are clear. The Simon Commission is scrapped. The whole problem of the Indian constitution must be approached *de novo*. India is not concerned with the difficulty of Parliamentary Government in England. If the Viceroy meant what the Delhi Manifesto understood to be the purpose of the Round Table Conference, he had only to say so. But he does not mean it. He has never meant it. He has therefore raised in his speech of the 25th of January the study in contrast between the assertion of the goal and its attainment, the definition of the problem and its solution, between the direction of a journey and

its destination. Really, so simple a study of language must more appropriately be the business of a fourth form student than of mature politicians, much less statesmen or masters of language like Gandhi and Irwin.

When once the issue of the Round Table Conference had been decided in the negative, there remained nothing for the Congress but to scrap the Nehru Report and plump for Independence. Even the Moderates have, by this time, undoubtedly seen the hollowness of the offer made by the British Government, though considerations of prestige and timidity forbid their owning the fact or taking the logical steps necessitated by it. The Congress was pulled in two opposite directions when once it decided to reject the Round Table Conference. On one side there were people who advised a wise moderation in conduct, a wise reserve in expression, by not straightway voting for Independence. On the other there were youngmen who would straightway have parallel Government,—and no damned nonsense. We need not pause at the former suggestion, for, as we shall show, the declaration of Independence as the creed of the Congress has raised India in the estimation of the outside world. Men like Mr. Wilfred Wellock and Mr. Brailsford, and Liberal organs like *The Manchester Guardian*, now realise that at last India has discovered her own mind. The second view, that a parallel Government should have been forthwith organised, requires examination. Strictly speaking, such a proposal would have been *ultra vires* of the Congress creed. A parallel Government must rest on force and cannot be brought into existence or sustained by non-violence. For that matter, all Governments rest on force. When a bailiff gives possession of property or a decree is executed or a person arrested, it is the mighty cohorts of Government that come down upon the poor victim 'like a wolf on the fold' and threaten to engulf him unless he did or did not do a certain thing. Of the three great sanctions in life, namely individual conscience, social public opinion, and law, the last is the least civilised—the most inhuman and the worst. Yet, the

world as an organised unit rests upon the exercise of this force and its organisation in the name of Law and Order, Police, Military, Constitutions, and so on. The parallel Government also must have these organs and appendages. The parallel Government in Ireland had them. Its arbitration courts were jumped upon by the Royal Irish Constabulary, and between it and the Irish Irregulars there was a constant exchange of shots; force was met with force until there was a treaty in 1922. The Congress contemplates no such antagonisation. Within the four corners of the Congress constitution, a parallel Government is out of the question.

There remains the issue of civil disobedience. People ask if the country is ripe for it; whether it has not proved a failure, a sad and dismal failure. Gandhi complains that he has not had 'a dog's chance'. The moment he began to mature his scheme of mass disobedience, there was Chauri Chaura and he was made *hors de combat* and put into jail. Ever since his release, the Councils have held the field, until today by a mandate of the Congress, 166 councilors have resigned out of 233,—a magnificent response to the national call. Now for the first time, Gandhi is free to mature a scheme of civil disobedience. Nor is there such a thing as the country being *prepared* for civil disobedience. Civil disobedience is a war on non-violent lines. Every war requires an army, and the army of men and women engaged in the Constructive Programme is the manpower required by Gandhi. He has truly described the Constructive Programme as the drill required by the non-violent army; for it subdues the passions and soothes the angry mind. It compels people to settle down to honest work in a true spirit of service and sacrifice, and brings them into living touch with the suffering poor. That is the training and discipline that civil disobedience demands. But even otherwise, wars are declared abruptly: they never come with notice any more than epidemics. A long notice paralyses war and defeats its very purpose. Ultimatums have never covered more than 24 hours. But which

country was prepared for war when war was declared? A long period of peace intervening between wars hardly prepares a country for war. Was England prepared for war on the 4th of August 1914? Did Asquith and Grey take a referendum in the country before they joined the Armageddon? Yet Kitchener came into the field and declared it was a war for three years. That dumb-founded statesmen and citizens alike. But citizens had no alternative except to become soldiers at once and participate in the war. So it is with a non-violent war. It comes like a cataclysm. Man cannot stop it. It is Nature's way of subduing evil in the world. The best that the mass of men can do is, not to hinder the march of civil disobedience.

When all is said and done, it must be owned that hostilities between two nations can only be terminated by a Conference. Supposing, by a play of violence, we have destroyed half the Englishmen in India, what should happen to the other half? Shall they continue to remain in India for ever and be a charge on the Nation? If they do so willingly, and be absorbed in the various communities of India, so much the better. But they won't, nor can you keep them as prisoners for life. They must be repatriated. Even that requires organisation, consultation, and a Conference. The evacuation of the Rhineland, twelve years after the Armistice, could only be brought about by a Conference. Treaties of peace and rearguard action in war are the most difficult achievements in life. Ireland had such a Conference in 1922, and so must India sooner or later. How soon it will be, and of what character, depends upon our achievements in the near future. The Conference with Ireland was not "a Conference, the object of which was to explore the means of seeking the widest measure of agreement between the various parties and interests concerned in India for proposals, which it will be the duty later of His Majesty's Government to place before Parliament," but the Conference will be, as it must be, a Conference to effect a Treaty between England and India with a view to terminating hostilities.

Ireland had such a Conference with England in 1922. Lloyd George sent for De Valera. The latter immediately demanded release of prisoners. All the members of the *Dail* had to be released at once, including one that had been condemned to death for murdering the Royal Irish Constabulary and the latter were about to arrest him. After some negotiations the Conference met. The terms were, that Ireland was to have Dominion Status, that the English army of occupation should be immediately removed, and that there should be an adjustment of National debts and a compensation for members of the services who would not care to serve the new Government. The form of oath to be taken by Members of Parliament of the Irish Free State was settled, and the rights of Britain to certain harbours and aerodromes were to be guaranteed. It is such a Conference that we want. Whether we can get it or no is on the knees of the gods. But so far as man's effort is concerned, there is little doubt that we will get it, provided we shall make civil disobedience a success and the Nation follows the lead of Gandhi.

Sittannavalas Frescoes

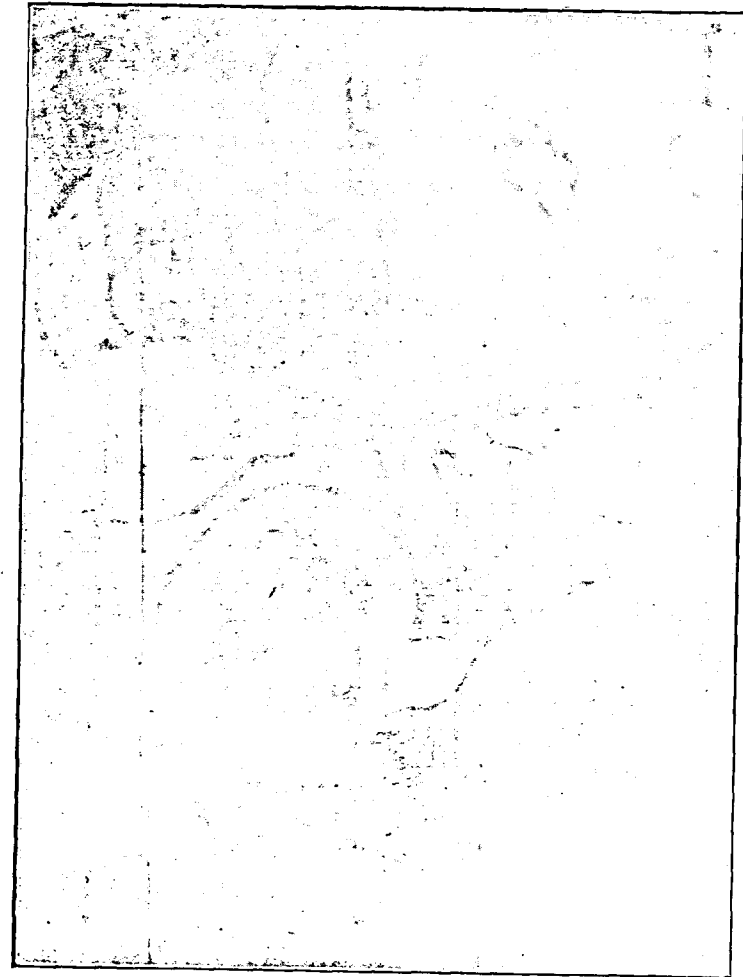
By M. S. SUNDARA SARMA, B.A.

II

Sittannavalas is a small hamlet about two miles from the village Annavalas, which again, is ten miles to the north-west of Pudukotah, the capital of a small Indian State situated to the south of the Tanjore District. A fine road leads one from Pudukotah to the village, from whence one has to wade through a cart-path to reach the hamlet. A few furlongs from the hamlet stretches a low rocky hill, rising here to about two hundred feet or so, and then going down to about half that height. The hill is not more than three-fourths of a mile long and runs from north to south approximately, so that its two sides are exposed to the rising and setting sun. From the hamlet the western side of the hill is visible and the cave in question could be seen as if it were a window to a huge structure at a distance. Wading through paddy fields, one reaches to the foot of the hill and then one has to climb up a rough, slippery and rocky pathway before coming to the facade of the cave itself. The hill abruptly rises here presenting an almost perpendicular side, the height of the hill at this part being the greatest. The Pudukotah State has taken care of the cave by fencing it completely with iron bars and wire-netting, so that now none could enter the cave indiscriminately. It is provided with a gate which is kept under lock and key. Curiously enough, at the time I went there, although I had obtained the key from the authorities at Pudukotah, I had no occasion to use it, for I found the lock open and simply inserted nominally in its place! On enquiry, I found that the Village Headman in charge who was provided with a duplicate key had kept it so, just to save himself the trouble of

accompanying any visitor to open it! I brought the matter to the notice of those concerned and I do hope better care is now taken of the precious old find, than before.

My first impression of the cave was rather disappointing, for the cave is a small one measuring only twenty-four feet by twelve or so, and the height of the ceiling from the floor is about eleven feet or thereabouts, and the paintings which are intact are not visible at first sight, having become faint as well as dark, partly on account of age and partly on account of age-long neglect and indifference. Further, in addition to the plaster having fallen out at several places, much of what remains intact has been also darkened by smoke from fires lit in the cave by resting *bairagies*. Balls of dung have been freely hurled at the ceiling; evidently the village urchins must have used the picture on the ceiling as a good target for their balls of dung and clay, which can now be seen sticking here and there! Any attempt to remove them brings away the plaster too, so that they are better left there to tell their tale too. Those parts which are visible on the upper portions of the pillars are so faint and broken that it requires some effort to see the paintings. Surely the whole of the cave must have been originally covered with paintings, for traces of them could be seen everywhere as you become more and more familiar with the contents of the cave. Even the sculptured figures that are found in the cave exhibit traces of plaster and colour. What they must have looked like originally, none can say now, except it be a strong imaginative vision of an artist. A small door-way carved at the middle leads one to a cell in the interior measuring ten feet all the way. There are three seated figures opposite this doorway so that light falls directly in front of them through the entrance. All of these carved figures are of life size and are of different facial types. But all of them are seated alike in the immemorial *yogic* pose, with the eyes directed towards the nose, and erect in pose 'like a flame that flickereth not in a windless place'. The place is neither a temple nor a shrine. It is simply a *mandapam*



A Portion of the Ceiling
(Note the work of Age and Vandalism)

however, a small inscription but just outside the cave, which had evidently escaped the searching eyes of both Mr. Rao and M. Dubreuil, to which I drew the attention of the press the moment I discovered it. Nobody has, so far as I know, as yet deciphered the same. The five carved figures prove nothing, for such posed figures are common alike to Jainism, Buddhism and Hinduism. To call all such seated figures Buddhas or Bodhisatwas, belongs to the province of alien critics who know not the deeper under-current of history of this ancient land.

The architecture of the cave is very simple but elegant. It is made to resemble a built structure. There is no display of the tentative efforts of a rising art, but the mature style of a perfected art is exhibited in the carving out of this rocky cave. Leaving a margin of about a foot in breadth on the outside top, there is a deep groove parallel to the top line opening at both ends to easily collect all the water that rushes along the perpendicular face of the hill above the cave during rains, and prevent the same from flooding the cave inside. There are four pillars in front supporting the roof of the cave. Two of them on either end are embedded on the side of the cave, so that only a portion of each juts out. The two in the middle are in the round and are sturdy stout pillars, square in section with an octagonal belt in the middle. They each support a capital which is fluted on either side. Over the capitals rests a long flat beam, which in turn supports a double flexured cornice. The roof is flat and plain, as in all Dravidian architecture. On either side of the cave is a niche in which is seated a carved figure of life size. The back wall is beautifully broken up with symmetrical projections adorned with ornamental pilasters and with a central entrance to which a few steps flanked on either side by *Surulyalis*, lead. The cell to which the entrance leads is, as already stated, cubical in plan, and plain-walled within, showing unmistakable signs of being once covered with frescoes. The side opposite the entrance contains the three seated figures in a row.

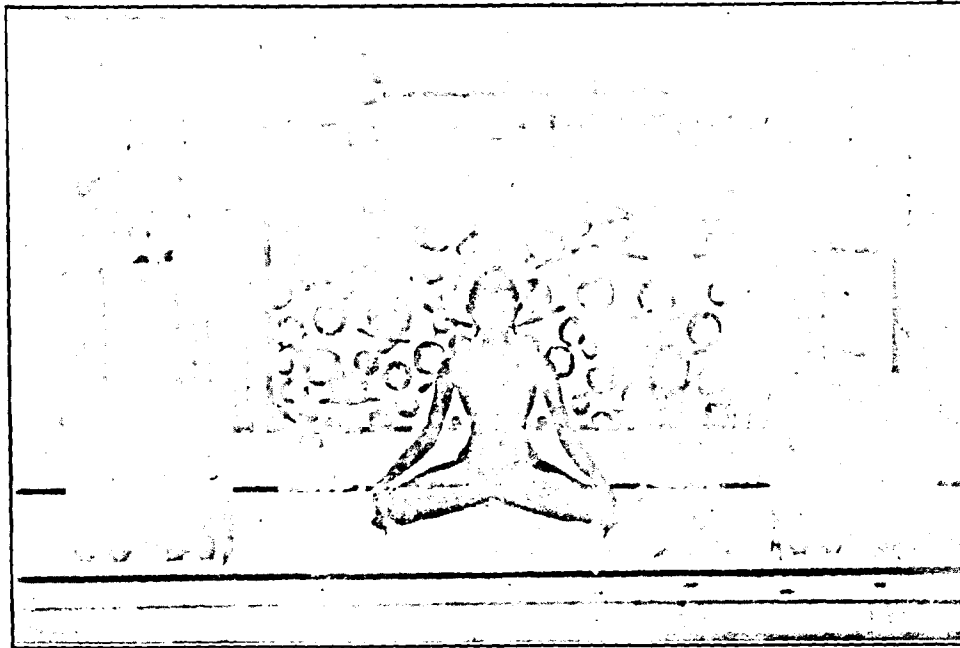
The carving and sculpture of the cave is marvellous for its precision and excellence. The alignment of the pillars and the walls is perfect and not one angle is wrong. The surface of the rock inside has been given a peculiar finish to suit it for the subsequent fresco process. The figures carved are not finished as such, for that was left to the painter's plaster and brush. There is absolutely no doubt that, right from the beginning, the cave was intended to be painted all over inside. The fresco, I mean, is not an afterthought.

The paintings must have, as already suggested, originally covered the whole of the interior, as there are traces of plaster and colour everywhere. The plaster that covers and which served as a primed ground for the paintings is very thin, not being more than an eighth of an inch. The adhesion is so complete that it is hard to remove the traces here and there. Fibres of straw show themselves up in some places and the lime seems to have been well mixed up with fine sifted sand. The colours used are few in number, but they must have in their combination given a wide range to the palette of the artists. Two varieties of red are visible, red ochre and vermilion. Two pigments of yellow too are apparent; one being the ochre while the other is bright and golden. Blue, green, black and white, are the other pigments used. The colours are well soaked into the ground and given a final polish. The colour schemes are simple but very harmonious. Red or green backgrounds dominate. The paintings are essentially linear, every form being brought out firmly by its decided outline. The colouring is natural without any elaborate attempt at light and shade, though that too is suggested. The knowledge of anatomy and perspective is very advanced, as may be evidenced in the fine foreshortening of the forms and figures. It is really painting uninfluenced by modern photographic notions that we encounter here. These paintings began and ended with outlines, and the boldness and firmness displayed in them are really marvellous. None but mature artists could have done so,

Mrs. Herringham and others who have attempted to guess at the process of Indian fresco painting from the examples they have studied at Ajanta have surmised that the first outline must have been made with red ochre. They evidently arrived at that conclusion, because in such paintings everything else vanishes when subjected to long weather and natural decay except traces of a red outline. The true process is really different as may be learnt from living hereditary painters who are still to be found scattered here in the South of India. One such painter, on an occasion when we were together examining a village wall-painting, chanced to tell me and show me the palm-leaf manuscript which has been handed down as a family treasure, in which the old process is recorded. The *cuncuma* stem which Indian ladies use even today in their toilet is the thing that was used for the preliminary outline. The alkaline nature of the fresh ground converted the yellow of the stem into a rich red colour which was then fixed by outlines of different appropriate colours, thus parcelling out the ground for subsequent coats of colour. The outlines then were emphasised with suitable tints here and there. When the surface moisture is gone, but when the ground is still damp, light shading by hatching and stippling is indulged in, and afterwards, before the ground completely dries up, the whole is given a polish with small prepared pebbles. That is how the paintings at Sittannavasal must have been executed.

The chief *motif* of the designs seen in the cave, is the lotus with its stem, leaf and flower. The designs are simple but effectively grand and do not obtrude on the more serious part of the paintings. Some of them must have been relegated to less skilled hands. The ceiling of the inner cell is covered with a geometrical pattern, very complicated and intricate. Most of it has unfortunately fallen out, but traces of it, though faint, are very interesting.

Of the paintings which remain intact, that on the ceiling of the cave is the most interesting but for the darkening by age



and smoke as well as the peeling away of the plaster here and there. The plan of the ceiling indicates exactly the state of it when I saw it. The whole of it has been parcelled out into three main divisions. The one in the middle is the one which contains the chief picture of the place as seen now. Those on either side are simply decorative panels and look like carpets spread. The upper square facets of the two middle pillars preserve their paintings. On each is to be seen a dancing figure. On the inner side of the right-hand pillar, as one faces the cave, are to be seen also some traces of painting which exhibit some faces. My copies show all of these. Only the panel in the middle of the ceiling has been divided into several parts to facilitate copying. A study of the plan of the ceiling shown opposite will enable anyone to locate easily the positions of the portions shown separately. I am, however, adding on to the reproduction of these copies from the cave paintings, a free reconstruction of them all which is intended, not only to show the panel on the ceiling as a whole, but also to give the readers the spirit of the cave as I sensed it.

The Spirit of the Cave "as I sensed it"

Proportional Representation

BY K. V. KRISHNASWAMI AIYAR B.A., B.L.

We are all familiar with the ideas of 'vote' and 'voting'. We vote for or against a measure or a rule which is to be made binding on us. By our vote we signify either approval or disapproval. We vote 'aye' or 'nay'. We *divide* in opinion on the matter. In fact, the result is arrived at in some cases even by a physical *division*. Those who approve stand together, and those against form another group. This division may be expressed by a ballot as well. It is obvious that we *divide* the voters and the majority in the division wins.

We again vote to an office, a Mayor, a town councillor, a chairman or the like. Here we choose between two or more and again *divide* the voters to arrive at the result. When only two candidates compete for the office, an ordinary single shot ballot is all that is needed. But when more than two compete, we may not, by a single ballot, predicate the support of an absolute majority of those that go to the poll in favour of the chosen individual. In order to secure the decision of such a majority, many devices or methods are adopted.

A third object for which voting is resorted to is to constitute deliberative bodies to represent larger groups, like representative assemblies, committees, etc. In such cases the object is to constitute a body competent to make a decision on behalf of the electorate; in other words, instead of the electorate voicing forth its views directly on any matter, their voices are echoed by representatives of theirs. To carry the idea further, the electorate of many views send up their spokesmen, each to represent a view, to deliberate in the smaller representative body. It follows that each representative who is chosen represents a view i.e. is the representative of a class of people

having a like view. The object of the voting, therefore, when we are constituting such a body, is to enable the discovery of like-minded people and help them to group together to choose spokesmen. The object is to *condense* together, by some process, all like-minded people, instead of *dividing* them. This object of voting, it will be perceived, is wholly different from its functions in the two other cases we have referred to above, and in order therefore that 'voting' may achieve this purpose, it will be necessary to adopt a system or method different from the one suited to the other two cases. But let us begin by considering first if the same methods would not serve the purpose.

If we utilise the ballot we are familiar with, when we accept or reject a measure or choose for an office, it has to be adapted to suit the conditions existing in constituting a body of many. There are many persons to be chosen, and consequently either the electorate should be divided into as many groups as there are persons to be chosen, giving each such group the right to choose its nominee, or we should retain the integrity of the electorate and give to each voter as many votes as there are seats to be filled.

Taking the second alternative first, it is obvious that we shall not be achieving the result we have in view by resorting to this method. Those among the electorate that form the largest majority among them, will monopolise all the seats with candidates of their own viewpoint, and the result will be that the constituted body will be one that will have nothing to deliberate upon but will consist of persons who are all of one view. It is certain that we are not constituting a body consisting of the spokesmen of the different views that may prevail in the electorate.

On the other hand, in some cases, even a majority rule may not be assured. If the party in majority misconceive their strength and put up too many candidates, it may happen that a discreet minority elect candidates of their own.

Let us now consider the first alternative viz., the system

of dividing the electorate into groups. The first idea that one gets herein is the division into as many groups only as there are seats to be filled. The next and consequential idea is to divide the electorate into so many geographical divisions, each one of which will contain more or less an equal number of voters. That is to say, we divide the electorate into so many quotas by physical, territorial division, each quota being entitled to send a representative. Would this satisfactorily work? It is submitted it will not.

In the first place, we should remember each quota or division elects by the single-shot system, the representative being the man chosen by the majority. That means the minority who stood for a different representative have really not had their representative. They have not influenced the election. They have wasted their votes. And, as we have seen, those that constitute the largest majority in that group will alone command the election.

Then, in so choosing the several representatives, it may even happen that the party in majority in the constituency as a whole, may not even secure its due share of representation. To illustrate this last statement, let us assume that the total of the constituency is 450 and 5 members have to be elected. We divide the 450 into 5 divisions of 90 each. Suppose there are 4 groups of like-minded people, viz., reds, whites, greens and blues: and the result of the voting is as follows:—

- 1st division 50 whites and 40 reds.
- 2nd division 40 whites, 30 reds and 20 blues.
- 3rd division 50 greens and 40 reds.
- 4th division 40 greens, 30 reds and 20 blues.
- 5th division 50 blues and 40 reds.

Now, in the entire constituency, there are 180 reds and 90 each of whites, greens and blues. But the result of the election, as above shown, is that two whites, two greens and one blue have been elected, and no reds, though they are in a large majority. This is certainly an undesirable consequence.

Apart from this possibility, there are also other defects incidental to the single-shot ballot system. Firstly, it does not enable each voter to express his free choice. For example, when one party runs two candidates against a third of another party, the voter in order to win his secondary object, viz., that the other party shall not win, may be tempted to give up the candidate of his own and vote for the other candidate of his party for the reason that he is more popular with the rest.

Then, even those who are not members of a party, subject to party discipline, and who, as members of the electorate, are free to choose the best amongst the candidates, may not be enabled to exercise their free choice. If they feel that a candidate of their own choice has poorer chances than another who, according to them, is only next best, they should be tempted to vote for that other candidate in preference, for the simple reason that no voter desires his votes to be wasted. This is a familiar idea to us, upon which unscrupulous candidates oftentimes play at the polling booth and even succeed. It is a psychology which is easily understandable and if any system should be commendable, it should respect this attitude of mind of the voter, and provide against the wastage of votes. The system must be one in which every vote will tell at the election.

Then there is the possibility of the creation of an immoral atmosphere due to the corruption and undue influence which party machines, and those that work them, are oftentimes responsible for. As we have said, there is a large mass of busily-occupied and fairly-intelligent men who form a respectable portion in any electorate, and these are not allowed to make their free choice but are dragged with the current which specialists in the art of working party machines bring into existence. It often happens that "a little group of pot-house politicians, wire-pullers, busy-bodies, local journalists and small lawyers working for various monetary interests" capture a local organisation and put up a candidate not acceptable to the large unorganised mass above referred to. And yet

these will find themselves almost compelled to vote for them. The system we have been dealing with might also encourage monetary corruptions in divisions in the electorate where the difference in strength between the two strongest parties is very small.

Lastly, it would be obvious that this system does not conduce in the slightest to carry out the principle of condensation of voters into spokesmen, to any extent. Within each division, it may be that many do not go to the poll at all, either by reason of indifference or for any other cause. Another section may vote, but having voted in the wrong way, would have wasted their votes.

We have thus seen that this system cannot yield the result that we seek to attain and we should therefore invent a system which would satisfy the following conditions:—

(1) Each voter must be represented by the man he wants. Towards that end he should be enabled to exercise his free choice in his vote without fear of any kind we have referred to earlier. He must have the assurance that his vote will have its effect in the make-up of the representative body and that it will not be wasted.

(2) Any citizen, not a member of any organised party and busy with his own occupation, must be in a position to make his will effective without much effort on his part or spending much time.

(3) The result should be such that, while majority rule is assured, minority representation would be safeguarded.

(4) The process, as we have seen, must, in order to result in the election of representatives in the electorate in every sense, be to group together like-minded persons and help them to choose spokesmen of their own.

It will be seen that the system of the single transferable vote fulfils all these conditions and we shall endeavour to show how that is.

Taking the idea contained in the fourth point first,

it will be obvious that the representative chosen will not be a representative of the majority of the electorate but only of a share of them. That share would be the group of men of one mind in their choice of the candidate, and this constituency of like-minded voters must necessarily cut across any geographical divisions. They form a constituency by reason of their choice of the same man. Each voter in this constituency is to be reckoned only as a part of a group of persons standing up for one candidate and electing one, and consequently each voter need have only one vote and no more. That is how the idea of a single vote is derived. Each voter, understood and counted as a member of a group electing one, has only to vote for that one, and therefore has one and only one vote. If each voter can only vote for one and does so vote, all those who vote for the same candidate will be grouping themselves together by this expression of common will, though they may be miles apart and not members of any common, or even any, organisation.

Having developed the idea of the single vote, the conception of its transferability is an unavoidable consequence. Where groups are very large, the one man representation is obviously wholly inadequate. We cannot for that reason go back upon the single vote to give multiple votes to some alone of the larger electorate. Consequently the idea of the same single vote being available, and of validity to elect other candidates as well, had to be thought of and the result was the giving to it the character of transferability at the option of the voter.

Now these two characters, the single vote and its transferability, satisfy also all the other conditions we have set forth above. The single vote ensures that minorities, while they get representation, can never rule. The transferability of the vote provides for the proportional representation of majorities. Majority rule is assured and minorities are not, at the same time, ignored.

Each man has his representative, for, either his first or his second or his third, etc., nominee will be chosen. He is free to exercise his choice without any fear that he is advancing the interests of a rival candidate or even of a candidate whom he does not prefer to his own favourite one. He would not be marking a preference for the rival candidate and so there is no fear that his vote will influence his rival's election. In fact, the rival has to depend on his own strength. As between two candidates of one's own party, the voter by giving his first preference to his favourite, but the less popular candidate, will not advance the interest of the rival, for, when the favourite is found to have no chance, the vote will go to the popular candidate who will be the second nominee. He may be certain he will never split the party vote.

The voter will not be hustled by any party machine or those that work there. His vote must tell in the election and the representative chosen is the representative of his choice. He is assured that his vote will not be wasted, as it must count for some one of his nominees and he has therefore the incentive also to go to the poll and thereby discharge his duties of citizenship.

No organization is needed amongst the voters. The organisation arises by reason of their voting for the same man. No time need be spent in ascertaining the chances of candidates or deliberating how one's vote will operate. You may vote as you will, and your will will have its effect.

The Choice¹

BY R. L. RAU

"But, my dear, you *did* receive my cable from New York. Didn't you?" "Yes."

"Then why on earth did you leave by the earlier boat, pray? Surely you could have waited for another fortnight before you booked your passage. Don't you think it would have been nicer for us to have returned to Bombay together? We left India together, and had we also returned likewise after the fine friendship we had between us, don't you think it would have gone a long way in . . .?"

"How do you mean?"

"Look here, Malati, don't let us deceive ourselves. We got to know each other on board the *Viceroy of India*, and you know well how ripingly we got on during those three or four weeks we were on board the ship, and how much we enjoyed each other's company: how we discovered we had many things in common, and how we resolved to dedicate our lives to some cause—to some ideal worthy of our aspirations; wasn't that so? and then supposing we had returned together and landed in Bombay likewise, what a difference it would have meant?"

"In what way, Shantaram?"

For the first time in his life, Shantaram was puzzled. He wondered what this girl who stood before him, and who had known him so well for these many years, could possibly mean. Perhaps it was all a joke. Just like these women, he thought: always paradoxical and contradicting themselves.

He felt a little funny and not a little worried as well.

¹ The characters in this story are drawn from the author's imagination, and the names bear no reference to living persons.—R.L.R.

"Malati," he began, "what could you possibly mean by such replies? Surely you know well."

"I can't help it, Shantaram; you talk of understanding: but tell me first if you have been able to understand yourself."

"My dear, do not for God's sake torment me thus. I can't argue out these things at length—these things that I feel in me. As regards the 'understandings' you speak of, well—what shall I say to you . . ." "I am very sorry indeed, Shantaram, you completely misunderstood me. I wish I could make things a little more plain."

"Good God," he whispered huskily; and this was his Malati speaking! This was the same girl who lived in his memory and to whom he had given the very best in him for these four precious years!

"My God, Malati," he spoke again somewhat sadly, "you little realise what your words convey, and how terribly they hurt me too."

A strange sternness of expression ran over the girl's face suddenly. She moved her chair a little closer and said,

"I tell you what, Shantaram; what is this scene you are trying to enact, and what words have I spoken to you that they must needs have wounded you, as you say? And still do you mean to suggest you have understood my mind?"

Shantaram collapsed.

"Surely! You love me, dear Malati," he implored, "and you have been joking all this time. Was that it?"

"Stuff! You have committed an awful mistake, Shantaram; and so if you are going to mistake my openness and a certain amount of intimacy for love, well, you have to thank yourself; that is all."

* * * * *

Suddenly her soft childish face underwent a slow change. A steady determined look came into her eyes as if she were deciding something, and deciding it too once for all. "You must promise me, Shantaram," she began, "that you won't look

up to me in that.....way. I am sorry I can't be anything to you but a warm affectionate friend. Nor must you refer hereafter to all my previous letters; for I am afraid I have been quite misunderstood. You see it?"

So saying the girl had waved her *saree* in that old old way, and left the hall; whilst the poor young man was left alone, speechless and stupefied.

For a long time he sat thus alone, miserable and forlorn, thinking over the extraordinary events of that summer afternoon.

Presently somewhere in the shrubbery a little bird began to sing; and the long summer afternoon were on . . .

II

Malati flung herself over the soft padding of the settee in her room in a paroxysm of uncontrollable grief and despair. It was one thing to talk so harshly to a genuine lovable soul like Shantaram, and another thing to feel the glaring injustice of it all. "Oh Baba, Baba", she cried burying her face in the cushions—"forgive me, darling—only God knows how I love you and adore you, dear one: forgive me my harsh, cruel words—oh, why was I born to make other people so wretched?" and so on.

Presently she grew calmer; and curiously went over the bundle of letters that lay before her. Poor broken things! They were the outpourings of a simple young soul, in all the passion of his first genuine love. What right had she to spurn such adoration, such sincerity and the utter sacrifice of the young man, who had lived on her assurances, hopes and goodwill?

But, no, no, it could never be: what would Nasiruddin think after all? What would her own friends say? What really mattered was the principle and the duty and her ideal. All other things must needs be in the background. People had to suffer, and if Shantaram was going to be a victim, well, it was not her

fault. She must make good her promise to Nasiruddin. For a moment she lazily thought of Nasiruddin's household. She wondered what sort of thing it could be. Of course, Nasiruddin had given her such a graphic and dainty description too of his Mahomedan household and said to her that it was absolutely hers; and Malati had taken every word of it for granted. She was going to show a waiting, stupid world how even a Hindu girl could manage a great racial problem—Yes: she had met Nasiruddin quite casually in New York, one day at the college buffet, and after an engaging conversation, had responded to his invitation to while away a lazy autumn afternoon at his flat in the 47th street. Nasiruddin was at the Polytechnic and Malati at the Social Training School. Both of them had met for the first time; both of them were very young and impetuous and loved excitement. The topic of that afternoon tea was all about the Hindu-Muslim rioting in Bombay. "One way out of all this muddle, Miss Malati," Nasiruddin was saying, "is to try to have an understanding and try as far as possible whether a cultural and intellectual union is possible between the two people. Do you think it is impossible?" "No, no," she had answered, "it might be,—but probably with certain limitations. Do you see, Mr. Nasiruddin, the giving in must be on your side as you see. It is true the Hindu girl is quite docile and adaptable; but I see no reason why she should be compelled to forsake her religion. Nor do I see any reason why a Mahomedan should forsake *his* religion if he wanted to marry a Hindu girl."

"Quite so," returned Nasiruddin, "but where are the girls, pray? You might be prepared, let me grant it for the sake of an argument—but show me a girl who will do it—who will be prepared to sacrifice for the sake of an ideal and bring about such a union."

"I do not know, Mr. Nasiruddin," the girl replied somewhat reluctantly, "but you people—you must give us a chance. What do we know of your culture, of your attitude and of

your instincts? What we gather is from the outside generally; and to that extent our knowledge is either highly coloured or prejudicial."

"Very true," he said, "the fault is ours, madam. But supposing there was a chance, do you think a Hindu girl will rise to the occasion?"

"Oh, yes, why not?"

"I am not quite so sanguine, Miss Malati. Take your own case—if you will excuse my pressing the point—will you be prepared to marry a Mahomedan, and think of him just in the same way as you would any other young man of your race?"

"With the greatest pleasure, Mr. Nasiruddin—provided of course, he is a clear honest sort—you catch what I mean?"

"Precisely, Miss Malati."

So that was the conversation that afternoon; and after that they had met pretty often, just as acquaintances, and later on as friends. Malati was battling furiously within herself. She wanted to do two things simultaneously. She wanted to be loyal to her first attachment to Shantaram who was away in England—and secondly she wanted to show that it was not impossible for a Hindu girl to have the same cultural outlook with a Mahomedan. The conflict of loyalties was terrible to bear. But she did want to show to the world the grit in her, with the result Mr. Nasiruddin became a premanent factor even like Shantaram. But what answer could she give to that lonely boy over there—who had staked his faith in her; who had answered her eyes, as he alone could; who had whispered into her little pout of a face, all those dear, dear things—and who had left her alone—yet absolutely his? What could she say to him?

And Nasiruddin? He began to like her in a brave way and admired her too for her courage. What could she tell him?

These were the thoughts that confronted her as she landed in Bombay one late afternoon in October at the Ballard Pier,

alone: Nasiruddin had already arrived in India, and Shantaram was due by the next home-coming boat.

And the very first interview that took place between the young man and the queer girl ended as described above—in her giving way to a paroxysm of helpless grief and wanting to be true to herself, and his speechless amazement at the turn things had taken.

III

The engagement was announced in P—and P—is a place which eats gossip with its breakfast. Then came the talks, the discussions, the silly protests and the jeering of the young men at the college. Shantaram had the exquisite misery of hearing her discussed, and of course criticised by a score or so of men and not a few women. He heard her gravely discussed because of her great versatility. He heard her torn to tatters by high-born dames who would have been wiser to remember the fragility of the houses they themselves sheltered under. Yet the men admired her in a subtle way. No passing word had dropped from the lips of *man* regarding any levity in her conduct or lightness in character. But the women spoke and they did consign her to the bottomless pit wherever that might be; but that amounted to nothing, and harmed no one. But the agony of the young man was terrible to bear. Yet the sense of loyalty he bore to the girl he loved made it impossible for him to think of her in that light-hearted way or to blame her. But one thing for the life in him he could not understand; and that was how the girl could completely draw a curtain on one aspect of her life. That sort of detachment was something wonderful. He did not know Nasiruddin—but of course had heard of him as an elegant young man but of a very frivolous type; gay, pleasant and emotional, but thoughtlessly cruel in many small things. That was what they said of him; and it might have been so, for aught he knew. But he did not meet Malati again after that interview. He had written to her a short note tell-

ing her of his presence in P—and if ever she wanted him, she need never think twice about it. He had few friends and he did not want to show to the world his lacerated heart as it were. And so he tried to bear his burden, yearning to be of some use to his beloved and feeling very unhappy.

One evening he had passed her, as she sat alone on the huge boulder behind the old Vetal temple; and his heart had become like a lump of lead to see her so seated alone. Evidently she was very unhappy; and the mute eyes were full of a sadness which he could not understand. He had made some commonplace enquiries about her health and her future progress, and then had walked away down the hill towards the colleges below.

Whilst alone on the hill-top, the girl had wept with a gnawing sense of grief and failure.

IV

Nasiruddin's friends made capital of the affair. Here was a Hindu girl becoming a *Bibi* and in such a fashionable way too! The only point they insisted was that the marriage must be a regular swell thing, a Kazi and all that. Great heaps of the costliest garments that Inayatullah's Zenana stores could supply, were lying in Nasiruddin's bungalow; his mother, an old mumbly dame, and her sister, a pretty young kid, were busy sorting out the *sarees* and the brocades: for there was barely a day between the blessed day and that afternoon, whilst from inside the kitchen, came the smell of dainty *Pulaoos*, and *Kabobs* and *Kacheris* and sweets. Nasiruddin was feeling very happy and was inclined to be a little jocular too with his coarse subordinates and friends. Everyone congratulated him on his moral courage, on the fine choice he had made. Men spoke of their marriage as a grand event and as one ushering the millenium to come. Prominent people winked slyly and with a great deal of portence. And Nasiruddin enjoyed it all.

The marriage was a simple affair. First there was the

Nikka, and then the pair drove to the Registrar's where proper witnesses signified their consent to the union and signed as such in the book. Later came the midday dinner, the clothes, and finally the mysterious meeting at night, when Malati became Nasiruddin's wife.

It all seemed to choke her: the meaningless ceremonies, the coarseness of the people around, the want of consideration on the part of Nasiruddin himself, when he had pressed for the marriage to be done in the Mahomedan way; and then the sense of possession he began to show the very night of their first meeting. How different, how polite, how sweet he had appeared a month ago, whilst he was at New York in the lounge room? Was it the same Nasiruddin who spoke to her, on the very first day of their married life, about her duties, her business and so on? Were men always like that? she wondered. Why did they wallow in this sense of possession? Was a common healthy normally-developed life impossible between two people?

"What is it that you are worried about, dear," Nasiruddin drew close to her, "won't you tell me"?

"No, Nasiruddin," the girl replied, and turned her head to the wall, longing for her lost girlhood, and longing for the one man whom she loved above all things, in spite of herself; and wanting to throw herself in his arms. She wanted to cry aloud, to weep like a little girl and tell Shantaram how much she needed him at that moment . . .

But the world is a dull place; and the tragedy in our daily lives is in the fact, we do not get what we long for.

V

Little Fatima came into the world one December morning with pink cheeks, and eyes like the blue of the cigarette smoke. And when the pink little mass nestled into her, crying out for the nourishment, Malati's heart had warmed to a new feeling; suddenly the world changed for her: she forgot all things, excepting the little one near her. How frail it looked, the little

creature which had come there to stay, and which had been the result of a most fantastic union! Into this little mass of dimples and pretty smiles, Malati poured out her words, her thoughts, her longings, and watched it grow day after day, little caring what happened to her household and what happened to Nasiruddin and the rest of the world. By and by, the household assumed its normal aspect: Nasiruddin was a busy man with his great engineering schemes, his club life, and his sneaky contempt for his young wife who seemed to devote all her life and soul to a brat of a baby girl. But he held his peace: somehow he had lost all the romance of his life. He could not tell why there seemed to be such a barrier growing day after day between himself and his wife . . .

One day the little baby had a raging fever; and it rapidly developed into an acute attack of pneumonia. Malati's heart sank within her as she saw her dear one gasping for breath and struggling for its life. She was helpless. The doctor had said it was a pretty serious affair and only proper nursing could bring the little one to life. Days and nights followed, and long tiresome weeks of agony and despair. Malati's world was the little sick room and the pretty balcony outside: she had chosen to forget all other things besides.

Nasiruddin was not a bad man at heart; but he did resent this apparent neglect. Was he nowhere in her scheme of things, he asked himself several times; and must a dying child need such unheard-of attention, as if there were no children born and that died in the grim world outside? Why should his wife take it to heart like that—a common sickness. Did he deserve all this really? Thus did he feed himself in his own way upon the imaginary wrongs; until one evening, when the sun was sinking in a riot of crimson and gold and little birds were yet singing, the child passed away.

Then Malati's heart revolted; her soul recoiled in horror at the things they did with the dead one. They said she could not have a look even at the dead child. Much less could she

touch her. That was the custom. Everywhere custom, tradition and misery! As they took the lifeless little body away, out for its burial, Malati fainted, and for the first time in her life became aware of it all—the horror of her situation, and the ghastly discrepancy in their outlooks! Life was over for her. She fled.

And Nasiruddin took it all in quite a business-like way. 'Just these women,' he thought, 'sentimental fiddlesticks!'

VI

One afternoon the clouds had gathered thickly and the river was beautiful to behold, with its banks full of the big lilies and the wild sunflowers. Somewhere under the spreading branches of an Asoka tree, a little boat had been moored and two people sat there enjoying the grave beautiful silence of the evening.

By and by, the clouds cleared away. The sun sank down tired and wistful behind the long low line of the Ghats in the distance.

"Tell me, dear," the girl was whispering huskily, "I am forgiven. Tell me I have you yet, here . . . thus." A man feels like the dog of a god, when a woman tells him how she came to place him on her altar. That is exactly what Shantaram felt. "There was nothing to forgive," he blurted out, "my dear . . . ". And then Shantaram took up the oar. Malati looked at him proudly. He was hers, after all! . . . Let the world say what it would. . . .

Iarpakai Nayanar: A Play

BY K. N. SUNDARESAN, M.A.

(Concluded from the previous issue)

[In the earlier part of the play, Siva, in the guise of a *Sanyasi*, has won the Nayanar's wife, Nalinai, as a gift from him.]

SAN: Most blessed I am by your gift, what a woman she is!

NAY: Speak not about her.

SAN: Why? How devoted she is to you! I spoke only innocent words! How stormily she took herself away, shining through it all a glorious wreath of lightning glare! O, how my heart rejoices—to know that a heart will anon beat for me with similar love and faith.

NAY: I will call her. You shall lead her away.

SAN: Go, tell her, slowly, softly, with care; don't put her out of her cheerful face!

NAY: I will not go and speak with her. She is no longer mine.

SAN: Bounty indeed! Yours is true bounty, only yours in all the world! Bounty, bounty! Call her, then.

NAY: Sarada, Sarada!

SAN: The girl went outside: perhaps to call others. Make the gift before your kinsmen's hands cut off yours with their swords! Quick! Call Nalinai, quick.

NAY: Let the whole world stand guard over her, yet you shall have her. What! she has not come!—Nali . . . no, I will not call her by name! Sarada! Sarada!

(ENTER NALINAI)

NAL: Sarada is not within, I thought she was here.

NAY: Let her come. Meanwhile put on your rich dress of peacock-blue and green and gold! And all your

jewels. Dress, come, return in a trice, you must plait your hair—ah! where is Sarada gone?

NAL: It is not now seven days since our Sumanai lost her calf, —how can you ask me to dress as for festival? Have you forgotten the calf?

NAY: I have not forgotten—how can I?

NAL:—then—I obey! (Goes in)

SAN: I fear, she will prove too much for me—a good mother indeed, she would be, lulling my tongue to eternal slumber within my beard! Yet, meseems, she would make a good wife! How she obeys you!

NAY: What! Is such a thought thine?

SAN: Which?

NAY: To call her wife? Can you deign to that?

SAN: What for, then, do I wrest from you the boon?

NAY: No wresting or wringing! I give you of my own free will; methought, she would only serve you like a servant, . . .

SAN: Never! She shall be a queen unto me, the queen of my heart.

NAY: Alas! then I am deceived—alas!

SAN: I don't want this gift of yours! I deceive you! I cheat you? and rob you? No, no, let me go!

NAY: Stay, stay!

SAN: I have not asked you for this earth's gold or for the crowns of kingdoms—a simple thing, your own, so easy to give—for this you speak so windily! What is a wife! an empty bubble!

NAY: I know it. You shall have her—but yours must be the care not to let it burst.

SAN: That is my concern!

(ENTER SARADA)

NAY: Sarada! where have you gone? Come.
SAR: Why? to sing that song!

SAN: She offers to sing, let us hear!

NAY: Not now. Go in, dress yourself in your fairest and best, return soon!

SAR: Mamma?

NAY: She will, too. Go soon!

SAR: I will return in a trice. Ah! Mamma is coming.

(EXIT SARADA INTO THE HOUSE)

SAN: She went out crying "Woe, woe!" Now she skips in a mood of delight!

NAY: She too knows the spoken word is gone, the self-same breath never to be recalled. She will bow to the inevitable!

SAN: Inevitable—not a sad one, I hope, for you!

NAY: I rejoice I have the strength to do this! But this human gift. . . .

(ENTER NALINAI)

NAL: Sarada too shall come! We will go to the temple with her.

SAN: She has not plaited her hair, yet she looks most fair! Better than the plait. . . .

NAY: (FACE BENT DOWN) Has she not?

NAY: For this you have asked me to come here—to feed his dotting, gloating glances?

NAY: Blame him not. You are no more mine, you are his!

NAL: I don't hear, my lord! Lift up your face and speak—what did you say?

NAY: I must not see you. You are no more mine. Call him "My lord", him, him!

NAL: Woe, me! Has this wizard been working you to madness? Alas—alas!

SAN: You are the wizard, Nalinai—

NAY: I am not mad. Every guest goes with a gift—and you are his! Go with him.

NAL: Woe the day! shame! My father! My kith and kin—oh—

Sarada! go, call them, save me yet from the death of a shameless life! From the very first, his ogling glances eyed me. I knew! I know him!

(ENTER ANANTHAN)

ANA: Am I too late? My Nalinai! Has it been done?

NAL: Not yet! There is yet time! Save me!

ANA: What, villain! Out with thee!

(ENTER SARADA)

SAN: Draw not your sword upon me! I only asked! Turn to the man who would give, of himself!

NAY: Leave him alone!

ANA: But thou hadst the hardihood to ask, thou foul-lipped Rakshasa!

SAN: He urged me to request him—I was going away in peace—away from an insolent door!

SAR: He persists in *that*! I thought he had consented to take *me* instead!

ANA: Is that why you are in your wedding dress—not even expecting it from the bridegroom's hands. Sarada, you are a fool, you are mad too!

SAR: Why did papa ask me to come dressed thus?

SAN: Poor girl! poor girl! her heart will break with grief.

NAY: She is not sick with love for you! Come, my dear! you wanted to save mamma! Weep not, child, weep not, go in. Let me wipe your eyes.

NAL: Oh! how she sobs! Sarada, Sarada!

SAR: Nothing, mamma! when you go—what shall we do? That is why I weep.

ANA: Mamma goes? Not while I live or the city-lamps burn to-night!

SAN: Why should he urge me to request him—I was going away in peace from an insolent door! I repeat!

ANA: Insolent door!—I know it. Sarada has told us all—thou

throwest longing eyes on guileless faces! The city must hang thee at the entrance gate—thy eyes will come out of their sockets then, to look upon the many mocking eyes! And you, brother! what folly is yours? Your madness still rages wild! What are you but a taunted merchant, and you would turn the taunt to a praise.

NAY: It has become a vow with me. I could not give it up today.

ANA: Vow! Vow!

SAN: You are a good actor! You bark well for a dog!! (Laughs)

ANA: And can bite too! (Springs upon him, Nayanar holds him back and speaking gently)

NAY: None is mine, none is yours, none is his! I mind not if men come, take and drink at this great Ocean of milk—this world. All are His, who, for our sake, drank the poison Himself. . .

ANA: Vow! what vow is more inviolate than that sworn seven times before the fire, chanting the eternal bonds of man and wife?

NAY: That is not more sacred.

ANA: And to hear profanation is more sacred! And to do this more sacred!!

NAY: It is not profanation to keep one's word!

ANA: And the seven-times chanted words?

SAN: He might have refused. I promised to go away, but he offered the gift.

NAL: Now he seems to feel that wife is dearer than soul! Thank Heaven, I am saved!

NAY: Surely, what folly was mine! There is a limit to bounty—and this was not mine! She is above and beyond me.

SAN: Say so, and I shall put out the light in my heart somehow! How she shone there!

How I clothed her with my fond longings—how the bare white clouds were lit as a golden canopy for us both!!

ANA: Silence, rogue! you speak of my sister thus!
 NAL: Brother, avenge him!
 NAY: Let him enjoy his sin! I will deny him vengeance!
 ANA: Sister! give me leave—I will silence the mind that thinks evil thoughts about you! Come, shall I?
 NAL: No, no, we will not murder a guest.
 SAN: You would kill the mind? In death too, she will, for me,—
 NAY: Swami! Uma is half Siva—sooner can Siva tear himself from Uma than I could hand thee my Nalinai.
 SAN: What do you know? Siva is wholly himself, as I am! A fair excuse yours! I will go.
 NAY: I cannot give her. God is against it. Ask anything else.
 SAN: And you will as cunningly refuse, quoting all the Vedas against me.
 NAY: Take my Sarada!
 ANA: Are you mad? The villain to take her!
 SAN: Hug that ugliness to yourself!
 ANA: Thy shadow falls fairer on these walls than thy tottering deformed self!
 SAN: I go!
 ANA: None asked you to come, you may go.
 SAN: Say what you will, behind my back—I curse none of you for it. But I will keep my promise. This base mean house shall not have my blessings. I recall whatever I have blessed you with.
 NAY: Will you not ask of me anything? Anything that I can grant under the smiling, approving eye of God?
 SAN: Grant that I may go away, and that you debase me no more with other boons. It has pleased the Most High that I should live through such a day of insult, of dishonour, of shame! (GOES OUT).
 ANA: We praise Him the more lustily, because He has saved us from you.

SAR: At last we have escaped! Mamma! Mamma! Baby sleeps, what does she know of our abysmal fears, now past!—poor thing!!
 ANA: Nalinai, I must go and tell father—He was coming—though unable to stir from the bed. Such is a daughter's name to a father—I will tell him. You too must come to see him and assure him with your presence.
 NAL: I will come anon.
 ANA: And brother, beware! Even God cannot part you both. Only by death he can sunder, and then the dead wakes to double life in the living! Watch her, zealously! She is thine own! (GOES OUT)
 NAY: Mine own! Mine own! Never!
 NAL: Why not, my lord! Why not yours?
 NAY: Because I cannot dispose of you as I wish!
 NAL: I am ever at your command!
 NAY: But why did the Sanyasi go empty-handed today with anger in his eyes? Could I grant his desire? Something ill brews in the air. I scent it now.
 SAR: Papa! Just now you confessed to uncle repenting your folly! Do you retract now?
 NAY: I have retracted enough—its doom will not fail to seek out my head. My vow is broken—not my pride but my piety gone! Why? Because I could not command as I wish! Nalinai, from today let us expect the home to sink to its ruin.
 NAL: I can never bear that you should complain thus of your wife. Go,—bring him. I will away with him!
 NAY: Sanyasi?
 NAL: Yes. Bring the Sanyasi, or shall I go to meet him there? He could not have gone far! Quick, haste!
 SAR: Mamma! Mamma!
 NAL: Do you come for a last embrace? God bless you!
 NAY: Now, now, you are my own!

NAL: I have a will, and a heart and a head—I will go with him to return to you one day! If not, we know where to meet. Haste, my lord!

NAY: He has not turned the corner of the street! I will make the *Danam* with due ceremony! I will run.

(GOES OUT)

SAR: Because uncle has gone, you begin thus again!

NAL: Let him come, still I will do this!

SAR: I will go and call him!

NAL: You must not! Let this pass in peace! Already it is good fortune that the street has not gathered in rage at our door!

SAR: It will, now! Grandpapa, uncle, all—all shall come and witness your crime and papa's!

NAL: You will undo our will? and spill the holy alms? Silly—mischievous girl! You were ever thus!

SAR: If you love us less, I love you more. Your name will become a byword! Nalinam will no more be sacred for worship: it will desecrate our poetry! And Sarada must hang her head down, struck by the arrowy finger of public scorn! The morning shall not see me deck the portico with *kolam* and with golden *parangi* blossom! The spider's cobweb will throw its sepulchral veil over my uncombed locks! Mother, will you do it?

NAL: Perhaps the Swami has gone away rapidly. He may not return. Then there is hope. Let us wait.

SAR: But papa will seek him out!

NAL: No, no, it is night—he may not trace his footsteps. Methinks, even if found, the Swami will not consent to return!

SAR: So may it be!

NAL: (Beaming) Is it not papa's voice?

SAR: (Sadly) Alas, alas!

NAL: They come!

(ENTER NAYANAR AND SANYASI)

SAN: I wonder if you mean it! The other fellow would insult me again!

NAY: He has gone home. There is none here.

SAN: Is she willing?

NAY: It was she who asked me to bring you here! It is Siva's pleasure that you have returned to honour me again.

SAN: Quick: the street will assemble—don't put me to public shame, to vociferous clamour and scandal!

SAR: He knows it is a sin and still does it! How far is knowing from doing, alas! in this naughty world.

NAY: None will come!

SAN: If they come! You will give me up to their tongues!

NAY: There she is ready! Daughter; come, prepare!

SAR: Why? What to prepare?

SAN: She comes forward! She: for this you called me!

NAY: Why, my Swami, this rage? Is not another's wife my daughter? Hence I addressed her thus. It was Nalinai I meant!

SAN: A fair excuse! So fair of you!

SAR: The last hope is fled! Alas! (GOES OUT INTO THE STREET)

NAY: That sounds like a wail! Not a good music at a wedding!

NAL: Swami: forgive him—he is still not dead to honour. He gives me to you.

NAY: Pour water from your jar! With this *Arghya* of water I give her to thee.

(POURS THE WATER INTO THE SANYASI'S HANDS)

SAN: She shall be dearer to me than myself, enthroned on my soul. I take her by the hand.

NAL: Why, I would not escape from you! I would follow behind, as constant as a shadow!

SAN: Look! she refuses already!

NAL: My lord! Must I do this?

NAY: Give your hand into his!

SAN: She still calls you "lord"—not me!

NAL: Forgive me, I have changed hands too suddenly, I forgot!

NAY: Father, stay here with us tonight or as long as you wish!

SAN: Not a moment more! A clever man indeed! You must claim her presence no more!

NAL: (ASIDE) How revolting! How cruelly they fall on my ears!

NAY: Shall I have music brought to lead you out of the street?

SAN: That would wake up the street: I tell you truly I would be ashamed to meet them. So, give us leave—let us go. Come, Nalinai! We have to walk a good distance before we can rest for the night.

NAL: Farewell, my lord! a long farewell! To Sarada, to all!

SAN: I forgive the word again. Farewell, good Nayanar. Take another wife. Live not a desolate life—I have known how desolate. Come Nalinai! Slowly, mind the steps!

(DESCENDING THE STEPS)

NAY: Forgive all my sins: forgive my words!

NAL: Farewell, home! farewell! How silent lies the street in the faint moonlight which faintly shows the unwilling path! (ABOUT TO GO)

(CRYING OF CHILD WITHIN)

NAY: Nalinai! the child cries! it has waked! go, quick.

SAN: What is this? Do you mock me?

NAY: Alas! alas! I forgot!

NAL: I will bring the child too.

SAN: You must not step across that door! Even after the 'arghyam'! It was a simple wedding ceremony—no long slave's rope and five days together—still a wedding—you shall not go!

NAL: But who will nurse and suckle the child? I must take her too.

SAN: Leave her her own fingers to suck, which will be sweeter far than milk!

NAY: In the name of motherless children I fall at your feet, —take the child too with you, let her be your child. She brings with her a choir of celestial lullabies to make more beautiful the starry night! If wife be light, a child is a fragrance—what can I do with a child? Woman's is the soft coaxing voice and soothing touch to still a baby's cries!

SAN: She is not my child. I will not have a burden on my shoulders. Yours for you, and mine own for me!

NAL: Be it so! let us go—her cries will not pierce your ears nor pierce the calm night for long, Sarada will return soon.

SAN: So we must speed fast!

NAY: I will go to the child! farewell both! Nalinai: I need not tell you—He is your God. Attend him with reverent love.

SAN: One word more! I fear the street, I fear assault and attack. You too must accompany us till we reach the sheltering cocoanut grove by the temple.

(CRYING OF THE CHILD)

NAY: Who dare touch you! Ha! she cries; let me go.

SAN: Come with your sword, and keep guard as we pass.

NAY: Let every long-drawn cocoanut leaf in the grove be forged to a sword by the bright glancing moonlight—under them you shall pass on, sound, safe. I will return presently . . .

NAL: Give a good swing to the cradle ere you come.

(NAYANAR GOES WITHIN)

SAN: Come, dear, my Nalinai—at last I am with you, alone—

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the crescent moon shines not bright—I barely see your face.

NAL: He saves my good name still—He throws the veil on me and on thy blind old eyes.

SAN: Will you not give me your hand? Let us go. He will come behind.

(THEY SLOWLY MOVE AWAY)

NAL: Let him come. I will be as long with him as I can. Your cowardice delights me.

SAN: Then you are ashamed of me.

NAL: No, I am proud of you. I longed to accompany you; holiness commands more respect than wealth—He who commanded me so far—I rejoice that he will be a servant now to obey every whisper of yours and therefore mine.

SAN: A queen indeed!

NAL: Yet a servant to her king—the great sage who sits on his throne!

SAN: Oh! My choice—I am blessed for ever! Don't lag behind. There is no fear now.—Let us go. He will come behind.

(A VOICE):—Yes, coming sooner than you wish.

SAN: He comes running, I never thought so well of him!

(ANOTHER VOICE):—Ananta! Ananta! touch them not!

ANA: The sword must have been at work earlier. It will, now. Nalinai! Ah! They have gone.

SAN: Anantan is dashing at me! Oh! my life, my life! Nalinai, run away! Nayanar! protect us—catch him, fell him down.

(NAY'S VOICE):—It is done! Wail no more. Let them go! I will not leave my hold on thee.

NAL: He holds him.—Let us pass the corner soon.

SAN: It is Sarada, she has done this.

NAL: A daughter, she is a daughter. A daughter indeed!

SAN: Let me never have such an one for me.

NAL: I prophesy you will never have.

SAN: Come, let us speed. We want no sentinel or guard to guard our obscure lives!

NAL: Look, my lord comes running. My brother has returned home. All will be peace ever more.

(A VOICE) Nalinai! Nalinai!

NAL: Ananta! Is it you? Where is he?

(ANANTA RUSHES IN)

ANA: He drips here from the sword!

SAN: You have killed him!

ANA: I have cut down a shameless man. Now to you!

NAL: Alas! Alas! He is dead for this—let the floods go rush the dam that was broken! Let his purpose grow for which he shed his blood! Ananta!

ANA: You speak thus: Nalinai! you will live this life. My sword touches no woman; speak, thou Sanyasi, hypocrite!

NAL: Harm him not! Leave him free!

SAN: Lift not the sword against a woman!

ANA: Nalinai, you will not die; would rather live in hell, here and hereafter.

NAL: I would not die—never when this bosom is not dried of its milk and a mouth is hoarsened with thirst and cries. I must live!

ANA: Then, live! I go—let the dead walk to its own funeral pyre! Let vice call itself honour, and hypocrisy wear a beard, dye its black self in blood and call it Kashaya! Ye lips! seal yourselves on the shameless deed of this ashamed night!

(EXIT)

SAN: Let him pour a torrent and fill the feeble Kaveri, who cares?

NAL: My husband is dead. Come, sire, teach me the funeral

rites to him; what holy *mantrams* are they which I should chant when I ascend the self-same pyre.

SAN: Speak no more about him; come, rise up!

NAL: Who do you think I am?

SAN: The Usha of my bright new days! Come, Rise!

NAL: You may lift the fourteen worlds with thy hands—heavier far than fourteen times these fourteen is a woman's heart—

SAN: Will you not follow me?

NAL: Beware, here is a fire that glows like burning gold that would beam on thee to ashy crumbling at a rude touch by thee! beware!

SAN: I must go and tell him this—he has given—but in vain! Alas!

NAL: I shall praise you. Go wake him to life, show your holiness in a chanting again, and make my prayer your own! Go—the wife asks you to wake him up. Husband, go!

SAN: Alas, I am deceived!

NAL: You wanted flesh and blood, not a picture—good Sanyasi!—you wanted a throat to speak with you! listen to the music.

SAN: Alas! Alas!

NAL: You wanted not lifeless clay, you wanted a heart whose beat you would feel with thy palm—it beats too fast for thee, kicking thee right to the ends of the sky.

SAN: He gave up his life and embraced death to fulfil the deathless vow. Will his good noble wife undo his will?

NAL: He fulfilled his, I will fulfil mine—as he asked!

SAN: He asked? Was there treachery?

NAL: Treachery against treachery on the very wedding day. Do you see this? (SHOWS HIM SOMETHING)

SAN: No, what is it? Ah! He must have cut it off before I touched thee.

NAL: Not he, not he!

SAN: It is the *thali* of his hand—your *mangalyam*! I will break it now.

NAL: It is the ready halter about my neck—my husband's gift and command.

SAN: I will give you mine!

NAL: Put yours round your own neck. Mine own for me!

SAN: I will tear it from off your neck!

NAL: Not before it tears away my neck also. You dare come and touch me! My heart's nearest! which I have worshipped day by day with ornament and jewels! Come, do your work! Come, my *mangalyam*, my noose.

SAN: It won't suffice! It is too short! look, look, it is broken!

(VANISHES—A PAUSE)

NAL: Light! Is it so near the dark—does death wake so soon into moon-light on the other shore? Ah! No—it is the street. Alas, I live! I am not dead!

(ENTER NAYANAR)

NAY: Where is he?

NAL: Who are you?

NAY: I returned from Kailas. He is not there. He is come here in the guise of a sanyasi, they say. Where is He?

NAL: Who?

NAY: Swami, Swami! Where are you?

NAL: Is it you, my lord? my husband?

NAY: Is it you, Nalinai? Then, where is He? You must know!

NAL: He must have gone this way.

NAY: No—not to the east. Ah! There He is in the west. The crescent moon has set. Oh, me—He has vanished. But I will seek Him.

NAL: Alas, Alas! I stretch my hand to him in vain! In vain!

(A VOICE FROM ABOVE)—Nayanar!

NAY: The call has come! I know whence calls the voice, I go.

NAL: Why? Where?

NAY: To the forest, beyond the dark fringe of the horizon.

(RUNS OUT)

NAL: I come, too!

(THE END)

The Arche-type and Intrinsic Beauty

By K. C. VARADACHARI, M.A.

There are many problems of æsthetic value that find solution in as many ways, but there has not been a question of importance raised with regard to the arche-types and intrinsic beauty. It is interesting to find the relation between these two.

Intrinsic beauty is that beauty which depends upon itself and does not rely for its unique character on the variant influences of the age in which it finds expression, of the age in which it receives its appreciation, and of the age in which it continues its influence. Being thus indifferent to time in its effect and in its character, it acquires a unique value. Is there such a realisation of beauty? At first thought it may well be affirmed that such a complete realisation of beauty is well-nigh impossible. It is impossible, because we move in relation to objects, and objects are in a sense of our making. To seek a complete realisation of our beauty or our concept of beauty, of the arche-type as it is sometimes called, in actuality, is a thing made impossible by the necessity implied in existence, which is a world of changing forms and names. However much we may seek to make the expression full and whole from our point of view, it remains relative from the point of space-time in which it was produced by one placed at such a space-time point.

Whatever is absolutely beautiful is intrinsic, as it does not depend for its existence on other points of view and exists for itself. Our question then is: Are the arche-types intrinsically beautiful?

But before we answer this question, we are also aware of another question pertaining to the nature of the arche-type. In

the first place, our ordinary notion of the arche-type is something that is behind and beyond all forms, a form that is the complete exemplification of the particular kind or genus that is expressed by the active, fleeting particulars. In the second place, as they are behind the fleeting and vanishing particulars, they are eternal. We are now faced with the question whether these are active or passive, or is their exemplification in the nature of reflection as Plato describes in his parable of the cave, or is it the inexhaustible activity of the Universal or essence which these arche-types are said to be, which descends into matter to make it beautiful and good and harmonious?

In considering the dual nature of the arche-typal conception, we see that the arche-type is a general idea. And to be a general idea is to be merely a conceived descriptive label or symbol given to a perceived form exemplified by particular objects. This is the psychological standard stimulus, namely a general idea of a form. General ideas thus are invaluable to thinking and acting in the world, and therefore the general ideas ought not to be taken to be either the arche-type or even existence. We never reach the idea of the perfect except through the intuition of it. We can never get at it by an observation of the passing and evolving forms, even though the latter have sufficient vitality and tenacity to persist as race-traits or characters so as to appear unchanged through even æons of ages. The general idea is a psychological product and a biological instrument. It is the conservative influence of Life-activity, and is also an expression of the evolutive influences of Life. The general ideas or concepts are merely the average of certain types of forms that recur in evolution, substantially accurate and consistent amalgams of the chief characters that persist in evolution through a long period of time or experience in innumerable representations, rather occurrences, of particular types. The general idea is the psychological conception of the evolution of the arche-types in existence. Though we should not say that the general idea is

not the conception of the arche-types, yet it is identical with the arche-type, since arche-types are evolving entities *in the world*, and though by themselves perfect, their exemplification or mirroring being timed, the general idea of such series of representations is vitiated rightly by the character of evolving of the former.

Therefore the general idea is not identical with the arche-type, but is merely the subjective composition of the innumerable occurrences of the representation of the arche-type, an amalgam, an average arrived at by taking the common features of different numerically distinct objects, and therefore a reduction of the unique quality of the single. For, quality or significance or meaning is individual intuition and never general.

No amount of experiments with the geological and biological reconstruction of the history of the evolution of a particular type will yield the arche-type, which is unique, individual and single in its perfection. The arche-types, undoubtedly conceived products in the sense of being capable of intuition and realization in intuitive experience, are not amenable to inductive treatment and composition. They are realizable only by an imaginative effort, and are objective visualizations and perceptions.

It is true that the attainment to the levels of the arche-typal vision is preceded by a careful scrutiny of the variant manifestations of the same, but that is different from the really intrinsic imagination of the arche-types. The scrutiny of the several manifestations of the arche-types is not absolutely necessary but it serves a useful purpose, namely, that it marks out for us whether our intuition is absolutely flawless and unvitiated by the several manifestations. After all, what we speak through the inductive treatment is a unique single, the arche-type, but what is had is something that is a mongrel offspring, which is neither the one, nor the other. It is not the actual perceived unique single, nor is it the unique beauty of the perfect which

is purely ideal and intuitional. In the distinctive measure the mongrel offspring is one or the other, any artistic product is judged and ranked.

It is held that artistic products are universally appreciated or universally condemned. It is true for the reason that the general actual occurrence of the several manifestations of the arche-types in the world makes the general populace get the idea of the perfect in some degree through them, and initiates their own hankering for perfection on such lines, though that is not the perfect in the absolute sense of arche-typal perfection. For them, the general mode is the criterion of judgment. Therefore, there is a standard called the general idea which is a social æsthetic criterion, but that is not really the absolute. The absolute criterion is the intuitively realized, but unexpressed in manifestation, of the truly single experience of the arche-typal.

The artist's creation is the artist's effort to arrive at the true and the real, released from the merely factual (which are merely the instances or snatches of the really perfect at a moment of its manifestation) and the accurate and exact picturing of such a concept.

In one sense, the arche-types remain merely the spectators of the world, and as it is (in a second sense), mirrored by a too willing and accommodating existence, it becomes the ordinary man's general idea—or particular as the case may be. In the former sense, they are, as Plato fully stressed, absolutely impeccable forms, full and therefore passive in their perfection, as Spinoza held them to be the case with his Dei, with no development in their character or nature. If they occur, it is by a process of reflection or mirroring. But in the second sense, they are, as Aristotle enunciated, the forms that are never absent from existence and the mere matter. The merely formal are never available in existence. The second heaven is therefore an unnecessary appendage. But we find that both are legitimate conclusions, and none of them are absolutely true by

themselves. Plato, as the æsthetician *par excellence*, suggests the utter perfection of the single and the impeccable form; Aristotle, as the metaphysician and logician *par excellence*, is the exponent of the general idea, and only acknowledges the final perfection of God as a necessary, free, formal existence. In both cases, if they stressed, as they did stress, the final reality of absolute form of arche-typal perfection, then they expound the *non-existence* of the Absolute, and therefore truly become idealists of the first degree.

Our problem now is, is there such a thing as the absolutely beautiful, and if there is such a thing, is that identical with the arche-type? On the first issue there can be no doubt that we do hold that there is such a concept as the intrinsically beautiful and that this can be found only in the individual who recognizes and evokes in himself the beautiful. On the second issue we have to hold that it is because the arche-types are intrinsically perfect and absolutely *Ideal* according to definition, (and in conclusion to the argument advanced already)—a definition that is as fallacious in the same degree as the definition of straight line by Euclid—they are capable of being brought into existence and within manifestative limits by Life which animates us, because Life is intrinsically simple and sympathetic. It is the perfect character fulfilled by the intrinsically simple experience of Life that gives to artistic products the appeal of Beauty. For, the Beautiful is that which has the intrinsic capacity to soothe and make one sympathise with Life and make us one with all that it pervades or manifests. The Beautiful is not the mere perfect representation of the arche-types, though it is not without the power to make us be in admiration with Life. But admiration is not sympathy or at-oneness with Life, though it may happen that ere we sympathise with an object, we invariably admire or pity, which latter is an inversion of the same feeling or emotion. Brilliancy or striking quality is the stimulus to appreciation, an agreement, and finally recognition, of the Beautiful. Forms, either arche-typal

or imperfect, are thus the stimulus to feeling, being in their character desirable or ugly according to the perfectness or imperfectness or disproportionateness of the original. They do not form the essential *significance* of the object. This *significance* is an exclusive character of Life which manifests the forms and evolves them and weaves them into the woof of the world.

In fact the unity with Life that is displayed in an artistic product by an artist, who in his turn calls us to the unity of ourselves with that Life, is the characteristic mark of genius and beauty. This characteristic is not individual and finite or even personal; it is the unique quality of reality, and it is our freedom from the bondage of the foci of individual perceptions, though the creation itself is an absolute creation of an individual artist.

In any future development of art, then, this question should be deeply borne in mind, that the artist should not be bound to the arche-types, to the desirables, not even to the personal expressions, but to the ideal awakening of the sympathy with all Life in all its harmony and divergence, of all Life in emergence and evolution. Holding to the creative ideal of fulfilling Life by drawing inspiration from its variant phases and manifestations, should the artist create art for the sake of art and the universe. In the intuition of Life consists the future development of true and harmonious art. That alone is the truly and integrally beautiful, the intrinsic beauty.



SRI-LAKSHMI

School of Mathura, Circa 2nd Century A. D.

Collection Bharat Kala Parishad, Benares

Selected Examples of Indian Painting and Sculpture

BY O. C. GANGOLY

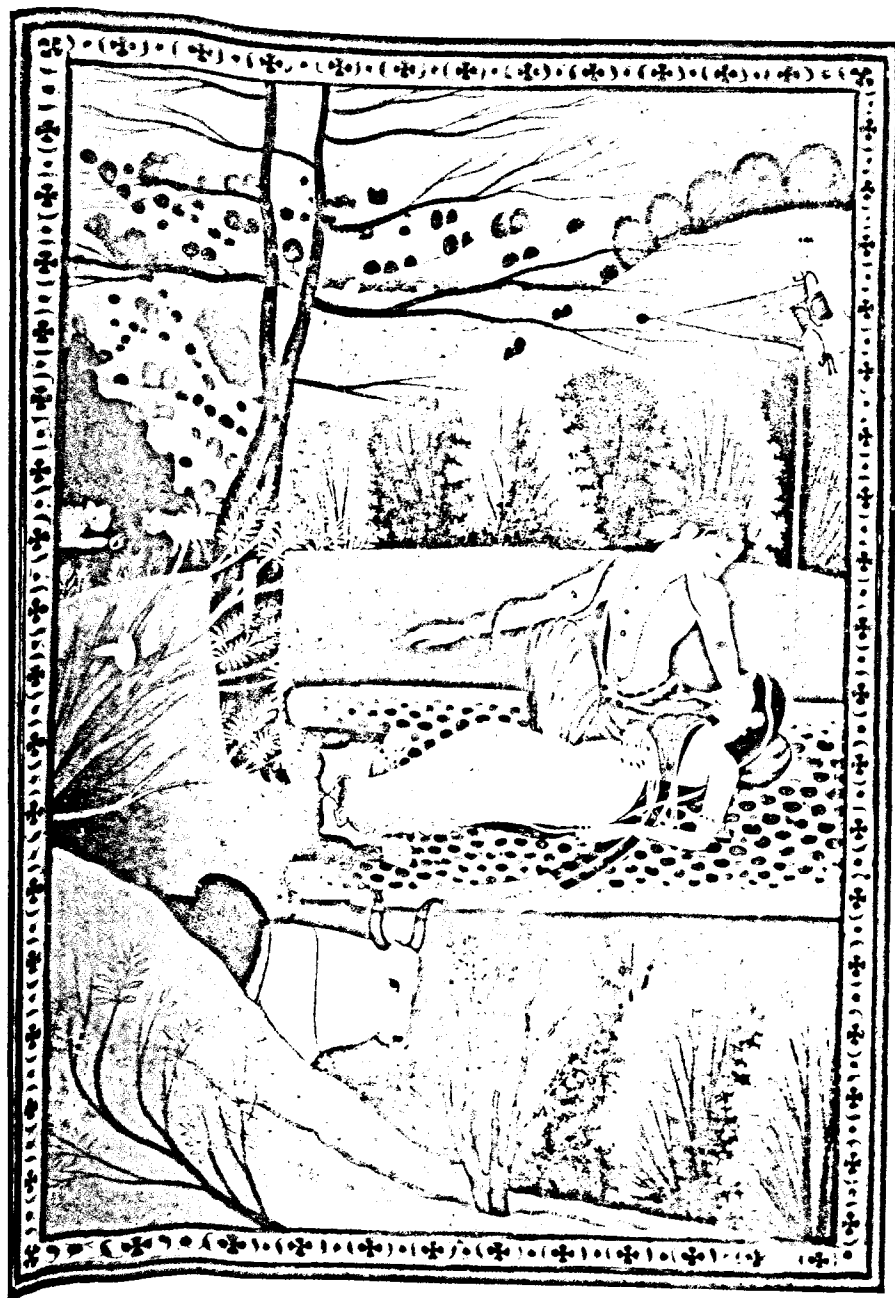
V. SRI-LAKSHMI

School of Mathura, circa 2nd century A. D.

(Collection of the Bharat Kala Parishad, Benares)

By the somewhat exaggerated attention given, (by a class of antiquarians inclined to see wonders in everything connected with Greece), to the debased and bastard school of Hellenistic sculpture which prevailed in Gandhara, the vital and original qualities of the contemporary School of Mathura has not earned the recognition that it should amongst connoisseurs and lovers of Indian Art. The clouds of controversy that had been raised over the so-called indebtedness of the Mathura School to that of the Gandhara had completely obscured the fact that the prolific products of the School of Mathura represent, in the main, a direct development and continuation of the older native Indian Art of Bharhut and the still older art of Besnagar. The most obvious evidence of this has been furnished by the characteristic series of female types, nudes and semi-nudes, represented on railing-pillars, recovered from many old sites in and near Mathura. They have been identified as Yakshis, Apsaras, Devatas or Vrikshakas (dryads, demi-Goddesses, or tree-nymphs). Whatever they may represent, they reveal indigenous conceptions of Indian artists expressed in the plastic language of old Indian Art, untouched by any influence of foreign

technique or formula. No more convincing example illustrating the indigenous and original character of the School of Mathura has yet come to light than a wonderful caryatid or pillar-statue—representing a female figure—now in the collection of the Bharat Kala Parishad, Benares. It is in spotted redstone of *sikri*, and is in a perfect state of preservation. It furnished a decorative motive for a pillar carrying a vase, and obviously belongs to an era when sculpture had not yet evolved a life independent of the construction that it decorates. Indeed in all phases of Indian Art, sculpture has never fully outgrown its intimate association with architecture. Anyhow, this quaint and dignified figure represents the Indian conception of beauty of the female form—as interpreted by the old Indian sculptors. Carrying a basket of wickerwork in her left hand, containing perhaps food, and a jar of water in her right, she stands exquisitely poised—in a noble and dignified repose. Related to many cognate and contemporary fragments of the same School, it adheres to a definite iconographic formula and has been identified as the popular old Indian Goddess Sri-Lakshmi,—whose cult dates from pre-Buddhistic times. The figure seems to echo a passage in the *Taittiriya Upanishad* (i.4) where Sri is said to bring garments, cows, food and drink, “therefore bring me Sri”. She wears the suggestion of a happy smile on her face, which is the very reverse of the coquetry of the smiling *yakshinis*. The upper part of her body is bare—but hardly touched by any kind of erotic suggestion, and she is the very picture of a naive simplicity and unstudied grace. The heavy anklets on the legs seem to rivet the figure on the pedestal, and emphasize the static repose with an inevitable plastic logic and also help the figure very happily to perform the function of a caryatid. Lakshmi with her gifts of the sweets and abundance of Life, is here incarnated in a form which typifies a grace and a dignity and a static exquisiteness of repose which somewhat recalls but completely rivals the Lemnian Athena of the Pheidian school.



SHIVA ॐ PARVATI

School of Kangra, Circa 1800 A. D.

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

VI. SHIVA AND PARVATI

School of Kangra, circa 1800.

(Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.)

It has been well remarked that the School of Kangra, the latest phase of the old Schools of Indian Painting, offers to the un-initiated an easy and a graceful entrance to the Temple of Indian Art. The quaint anatomy and the forbidding iconological features of Indian Sculpture, offer even to our 'educated' Indians today (somewhat spoilt by an accidental contact with the questionable phases of European Art), formidable barriers to a right understanding of the æsthetic values of Indian Art. But the Hill Schools of the Punjab Himalayas, particularly the miniatures of the Kangra School—in their picturesque yet profound presentations of religious themes in a pleasant and attractive dress, offer an inviting gateway to the treasures and the glories of Indian Art. To the un-initiated, no better approach to the subject can be furnished than the deeply emotional themes and the entrancing colour schemes of the Kangra miniatures. Of all the masterpieces of the School, which the apathy and ignorance of Indians have driven to permanent exile in foreign countries, and are utterly lost to India,—none is so typical of the depth of feeling and grandeur of treatment, and permeated with the essence and spirit of Indian mythical themes—as the magnificent 'Shiva and Parvati' in the Collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. The story of the picture is borrowed from an episode in the *Bramha-vaivarta purana*, known as "*Ganesha-purana*" and is current in the popular Hindi version of *Ganesha-purana bhasa* by Tulsidas. (Benares Edition, Bhargava Press). It is a dialogue between Shiva and Parvati who was informed that each of the skulls on the garland of Shiva represented an incarnation of Parvati. She thereupon asked for a boon or a *vijamantra*

(magic syllable, the quintessence and seed of great potentiality) by which she could be released from the tiresome cycle of the necessity of birth and death (*tate mora hota nahin nasha*) and she begged of him to confide to her the secret of immortality (*dasi jani kripa ava kijai vija mantra hamahum kahan dejai*). And Shiva started confiding the great secret which took more than 12 years to recite, and in the meantime the fair auditor fell asleep exhausted—while Shiva, engrossed in His tale of narration, did not perceive that Parvati had fallen asleep—and the great secret was overheard by a pair of birds on the neighbouring tree. This picturesque *pauranic* myth is visualised by the magic brush of Kangra—in terms of a familiar Himalayan landscape—in a lonely corner of which, sentinelled by an array of decorative trees, Shiva has spread His carpet of leopard-skin and planted His *trisula*, which is at once an emblem of asceticism and an offensive weapon for the deadly demons—for which Parvati has woven with her deft fingers a little pinion which points to the rows of lotuses in the distant *mana-sarovara*. In the foreground the stately Nandi mounts guard, and his bovine but forbidding looks are enough to chide away all intruders. The outlook as well as the treatment, offer a complete identification and a deep absorption of the artist in his theme which is unparalleled in the history of any Schools of Painting. The artist has put within a few square inches of paper, an amount of Unity, Vitality, Infinity and Repose which we will vainly seek in miles of Renaissance canvasses. In one sense, the Giants of the Renaissance are Pigmies in the treatment of religious themes so profoundly felt and interpreted by the Giants of the Indian Renaissance—whose names are unfortunately left unrecorded by any Indian Vasari but are anonymously commemorated in these miniature monuments of the Kangra School.

Sudhir Khastgir: the Sculptor

BY V. R. CHITRA

Though very little understood, the Art of Painting is admired and appreciated by a number of the more cultured in our country. But unfortunately her sister art, Sculpture, appears to appeal only to the few who, possessing a certain technical knowledge, have also developed a taste for its more sober attractions. It might almost be said that it requires a natural aptitude for Art—a keen appreciation of things of beauty and of the aims of the artist. Yet I believe that there are many without special gifts who love Art; this love properly directed may lead to knowledge and the sympathy necessary for its understanding.

There are excellences in Art beyond what is generally called the imitation of Nature. Whatever is produced from principles and rules only, added to the most exquisite craftsmanship, is yet no more than mechanical work. The essential element in any great Art is *Rasa*. *Rasa*—the vision of Beauty—is the life and soul of fine Art; without it, there is no Art. And appreciation of great Art depends on the capacity of the spectator, his knowledge and intellect.

In the wake of the modern School of Indian Sculpture, young artists are rising and devoting themselves to new methods with enthusiasm; and it is pleasing to note that Santiniketan is concentrating on this Art of late and quite distinctive work is being done by young artists working there.

The two reproductions published in this number of 'Triveni' are from photographs of the original clay models done by Sjt. Sudhir Ranjan Khastgir of Santiniketan. Sjt. Khastgir, with a natural aptitude for Art, was fortunately sent to Santiniketan before his creative impulse was stunted. It was not long

before his genuine artistic feeling ensured a high quality of work, both in painting and modelling. His work has a certain robust individuality, its special quality, and he also has been able to express in his creations the spirit of the Indian life. For instance his "Mother and Child" is a powerful composition and original in its character. The head of the woman is of remarkable beauty combined with the intimate tenderness and affection of a mother. In the same style is "Offering" characterised by delicacy of form and exquisite expression. Though the drapery in both the works reveals a slight influence of the early Greek Art, the conception is entirely Indian and original.

"Winter", an old woman sitting near the hearth, is a typical expression of a winter morning. It reveals no influence of any definite School. On the contrary, we see in it an original style, very bold and impressionistic, and dignified composition.

"The Daughters of the Soil" is, in my opinion, the best of his works produced up till now. There is tremendous force in the whole composition. Simple in its theme, it pulsates with life. The latter two are excellent in sentiment, style, simplicity and beauty. For originality of expression and form, his works are in a class by themselves. It is not out of place to mention here that Sjt. Khastgir has only begun his studies two years ago and these works are the result, and he has now undertaken a tour to study South Indian Sculpture. His works were exhibited at the recent exhibition of the Madras Fine Arts Society, and his "Daughters of the Soil" was awarded the first prize for Sculpture.



Mother and Child



The Daughters of the Soil

A Vision

BY SRIMATI NILIMA DEVI

It was the hushed hour of midnight,
All living creatures had gone to sleep and restful repose,
Save one traveller on a mountain road.
The faint moon lightened his fair brow,
Soft breeze rippled over his wavy hair;
Of a sudden he heard a sweet voice,
And a wondrous fragrance wafted o'er to him;
He looked up and beheld a glory of light
Which nearer and nearer came
And revealed itself in the form of a woman.

Never in dream nor in life
Had he beheld a woman so beautifully divine:
"Who art thou", quoth he,
"What want'st thou of me?"—
"Knowest me not?"—said she,
"And that my path spreads across and over thy heart?"
Her voice was like a song
That never was nor could ever be.
Thus the traveller's soul was filled with a peace
That never was nor could ever be.

Verily 'twas the Spirit of the Earth
Who came and spake to him that loved Earth so:
The brimming life that was in all her living beings.
She it is that made all life grow—
Fuller and richer at every instant of eternity.

Suddenly the traveller felt an unaccountable thirst,
And she, divining his desire,

Beckoned him to a spot

Where, from the heart of a bare rock,
Gushed forth a spring of bubbling crystal clear water:

He drank and instantly all the thirst of his life
Was quenched by the water that was sweeter than life itself.

"Wilt thou not ever again come to me?
"To appease my thirst",—then he gently asked:
"But", she said, "I am never away or far from thee,
"Thou dost see me in the dust of thy path,
"Hear my voice in the song of birds,
"Behold my face in the blossoming of flowers,
"In the dance of the sunlight on tree-tops,
"In all manifestations of growing life."

She then put her two lovely, gentle hands on his brow:
Her touch was like a benediction.

An exquisite rapture filled his soul:
He closed his eyes and when opened them again,
She was gone.

Only the fragrance of her touch
Lingered in the hushed silence of the dying night,
And a peace deep as the unfathomable depths of the human
heart

Flowed over the path of the waning moon:
The stars quivered and lighted the path
Of the lonely traveller
Towards the journey's end.

Reviews

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

ENGLISH

Pre-Mussalman India, Vol. I.—By Prof. V. Rangacharya, M. A. (Price Rs. 5/- Printed at The Huxley Press, Madras, and published by the Author)

The present book is the first of a series of nine volumes in which the author proposes to describe the history of India from the earliest times to the Muhammadan conquest. Although much material has been accumulated during recent years by the investigations of epigraphists and scholars, no attempt has been made so far to incorporate it in a comprehensive treatise on history. Prof. Rangacharya deserves to be congratulated for attempting to provide the public with a work of this kind for performing which he is most eminently fitted.

The present volume, in which is described the history of India from the time almost of creation down to the advent of the Aryans, exhibits the author's great erudition and capacity for skilfully marshalling the facts, and lucidly expounding the views of other writers. Unlike other historians, who usually commence their works with the description of the cave men, the learned Professor begins his history with the creation not only of man but the earth which he inhabits. Although it is true, in a sense, that events connected with all spheres of human activity come within the scope of history, it is to be doubted whether they should be included in historical treatises properly so called. The present work is a compendium of various theological and anthropological theories, and one feels a genuine doubt regarding the propriety of devoting one whole volume for their consideration. However, it must be admitted that the author has done his work with great skill and ability. He devotes much space for determining the racial elements which make up the present population of India. The scholars, whose views he cites in this connection, fall into three classes. Some hold that the present Indian

population consists mainly of two racial elements, Dravidian and Aryan. Others believe that it is made up of three or four elements, Kolarian, Dravidian, Mongolian and Aryan. According to some others, the people of India are homogeneous, and the distinction between the Aryan and the Dravidian is cultural and religious, and not racial. They also believe that the people of India are autochthonous, and that theories of Aryan and Dravidian migrations are false. Prof. Rangacharya is not an adherent of any one of these schools. After a careful and searching examination of the various theories, he arrives at the conclusion that in the present Indian population, two dominant racial types are seen, viz., the Kolarian and the Aryan. The majority of the population of the country, including the so-called Dravidians, belongs to the Indo-Germanic race. He points out that the term 'Dravidian' denoting a distinct race is of recent origin, and it has been coined by the Western savants for certain purposes; and therefore, it should not be allowed to mislead us in discussions regarding the origin of our race. Although the origin of the Aryans and the Dravidians should be ultimately traced to the Indo-Germanic people, it must be understood that they belong to distinct branches, the Nordic and the Mediterranean respectively. The Dravidians migrated to India from the shores of the Mediterranean earlier than the Aryans, and settled down in the Punjab. Later, the Aryans also migrated thither; and it is the conflict of these two peoples that is described in the Rig Veda. The views of the author on this subject are probably nearer the truth than many others, but one would like to get more evidence in support of them. Regarding the antiquity of the Indo-Aryans, Prof. Rangacharya treads a middle path. After carefully examining the position of the writers of both the extremes, he is inclined to accept the theories of Dr. Winternitz and Mr. Haraprasada Sastri.

The volume under review attempts to satisfy a real want, and Prof. Rangacharya deserves the thanks of all students of Indian history for making the attempt. We hope that the other volumes, which are soon to follow the present, will come up to the expectations raised by it.

The printing of the work appears to be careless. An enterprising firm of printers like the Huxleys ought to have bestowed greater care on the printing of a work of this description.

N. V. R.

Buddhist Sculptures from a Stupa near Goli Village, Guntur District.—By Mr. T. N. Ramachandran, M. A., Archaeological Assistant, Madras Government Museum.

(Price Rs. 2 as. 12. Printed at the Government Press, Madras, and published as a bulletin of the Madras Government Museum)

What that veteran scholar, Robert Sewell, prophesied as early as 1882 in his "Lists of Antiquarian Remains of the Madras Presidency, Vol. II," regarding the two sculptured slabs of white marble, similar to those at Amaravati, in a mound in a field near Mallavaram, Palnad Taluq, Guntur District, has proved to be very true today. While considering that the discovery might be one of great importance, he wanted that the place should be carefully watched and examined. Nearly half-a-century has elapsed since that discovery.

In 1926 Dr. G. Jouveau Dubreuil, who has contributed not a little to the Ancient History of South India and South Indian culture, and by whose profound interest in archæology the excavations at the above-said place were done, unearthed some portions of the Stupa—some sculptural slabs and friezes—from that mound. With his aid they were acquired and removed to the Madras Government Museum.

A long frieze in seven panels, illustrating mostly from the Buddha's life, from the southern side of the Stupa, two small slabs, one showing a small stupa and the other the footprints of the Buddha, and lastly a slab containing a very big representation of a seven-hooded *naga* are still on the site. They could not be removed to the Government Museum, as the villagers "had taken to worship Nagamayya" and the other three "were fixed on the walls of the room constructed round the *naga*."

The site, which yielded these important art-treasures is, according to Sewell, near Mallavaram, i.e., three miles to the east of that village and only a mile and a half south-east of Goli, another village near by; so much so these are styled as "Buddhist Sculptures from a Stupa near the village of Goli."

Three friezes, one from the west of the stupa, one from the east of the stupa and the other from the north of the stupa and six slabs—all from that place, are now preserved in the Government Museum. The sculptures on these friezes and slabs are ably described in detail in this bulletin under review by Mr. T. N. Ramachandran, M.A., Archaeological Assistant, Madras Museum.

As in Amaravati and Sanchi, here in Goli also, most of the sculptures are illustrations of scenes from the Buddha's life and

Jataka stories or stories of the Buddha's previous births. The temptation of the Buddha, Sujata feeding the Bodhisattva, the Sermon in the Deer Park, the Buddha's visit to Yasodhara, subjugation of the elephant Nalagiri—these are the representations from the Buddha's life that we find in Goli. We have here sculptural representations of four jatakas—the Chaddanta (Sans. Shad-danta), Vessantara (Sans. Vaieyantara), Matri-posaka (Sans. Matri-poshaka) and Sasa (Sans. Sasa) jatakas. Of all these, Vessantara jataka is the most profusely illustrated. It has eight scenes. Chaddanta is sculptured in two scenes; and Matri-posaka and Sasa jatakas in one scene each. In differentiating one theme from the other, human pairs making love and Yakshis are represented. Illustrations of Chaddanta, Vessantara and the subjugation of Nalagiri, are in a very good state of preservation; but the temptation of Mara, and Sujata feeding the Bodhisattva, are in a damaged condition. The author's accurate identification of all the sculptures and the detailed descriptions of the various scenes indicate his keen powers of observation and study. His identification of Matri-posaka jataka, and his explanations of the presence of several women besides Sujata in "Sujata feeding the Bodhisattva" and the presence of a bird on the tree in the Vessantara jataka exhibit the instinct of a keen archæologist.

In these sculptural representations we see the village bullock-cart, 'Kavadi,' the water vessel, the umbrella and the fan of olden days. With the exception of the last two, all the rest are not a whit different from the same objects in vogue, at the present day in the Andhra country. Though not in the Andhra country, we can even today see such umbrellas as we find in these sculptures in the Tamil country. The study of the ornaments, head-dresses, the various modes of hair-dressing and wearing garments, will not only prove to be of immense value to the Andhra Buddhist sculptural art but give us also the clue to know the state and tastes of the society in the Andhra country, in the age of the sculptors of these scenes.

It is a matter for regret that we are not in a position to know exactly the date of these sculptures, as there are no inscriptions on the friezes and slabs, except one of six letters, which is by itself useless for this purpose. However, the author by making a comparative study of the styles of the sculptures and the treatment of the subjects therein, both at Goli and Amaravati, quite ingeniously determines the date of these sculptures to be third century A.D. In this connection, he cleverly presses the six-lettered inscription into his service and comparing the forms of these letters with those of the

Jaggayyapeta inscriptions of the Ikshvaku dynasty, arrives at the same conclusion as before.

We have great pleasure in recommending this book to all lovers of Buddhist sculptural art and especially to the Andhras, who are fortunate enough to recover their ancient art-treasures. It is their sacred duty to take the greatest possible care to preserve such valuable monuments of ancient Andhra art, wherever and whenever discovered. We hope that these sculptures will inspire in the Andhras a genuine interest and enthusiasm in the study of the ancient Buddhist art of the Andhra country, which brought them undying name and fame.

M. SOMASEKHARA SARMA

Bhagavadgita.—A fresh study: By D. D. VADEKAR, M.A. (Poona Oriental Book Depot.)

The author of this little book is well-versed in the works of Western philosophers, and has attempted to interpret the *Gita* in terms of Western philosophy. He does not lay claim to strict originality, but only to freshness of treatment, and welcomes criticism "in all earnestness and humility, as the only human pathway to truth."

It is patent that the author has taken great pains in the composition of this work; he has studied all the principal earlier works on the *Gita*, as a norm to guide himself by, and he has established innumerable interesting parallels between Western thought and the *Gita*. For this reason, the book has a certain usefulness. However, on the other hand, we cannot help suspecting that he is not as much at home in Hindu metaphysics as in Western philosophy, that he is unable to think directly in terms of Sanskrit concepts, without first rendering them into their proximate or incorrect English equivalents. For instance, in page 57, he translates *Apara* and *Para Prakriti* as Nature and Spirit, and coolly identifies them with *Kshara* and *Akshara Purusha*, apparently following Telang's translation! Seeing that the *Gita* has come historically after the *Upanishads* and the *Sankhya*, one wonders if this is a specimen of the 'historical method of interpretation' advocated by the author.

The 'mythology' of the book as explained in Chapter IV consists of a rather superficial application of the Hegelian Dialectic. The point which the author wants to make is that the *Gita* is a synthesis, not simply between *Pravritti* and *Nivritti*, as the author would have

us believe for the sake of bringing in the Dialectic, but between several well-marked spiritual tendencies ; but this is as good as a truism, and might be more effectually said directly, as it had been said by earlier writers. To fit the head to the cap, the author is obliged to characterise the vedic thought as 'a theologic Pluralism with a practical Hedonism', and the Upanishadic thought as a 'Metaphysical singularism with a Philosophical Asceticism', both of which judgments are, at the mildest, extremely questionable.

R. V.

The Metaphysics of Sri Ramanuja's Sri Bhashya—

By K. C. Varadachari, Adyar, Madras.

This booklet represents the work done by the author as a research student in Philosophy of the University of Madras. The Visishtadvaita system of philosophy is not as well known or studied as it ought to be. Attempts like the present are very welcome for that reason. The writer seems to have a correct comprehension of the central position of the system he expounds. It is a great pity, however, that he does not aim at greater accuracy of thought and expression. It is not correct to say "to Samkara, the world is a hallucination"; nor is there any philosophical justification for "not making much of its phenomenal reality" (p. 102). The central tenets of rival systems require far more careful consideration than is evidenced in such statements. Again, the writer may have a perfectly tenable theory of his own about the creation of the Universe, that it is for the sake of *kaivalya* and for the *lila* of God (p. 16). It is a grievous error, however, to foist such a view on the Vedanta Sutras or on Ramanuja's interpretation thereof. "Lila Kaivalyam" was never meant by Badarayana to be disjoined and interpreted in this fashion. A Graduate of the University of Madras may be expected to achieve greater clearness of expression than in: "Though one has to suffer for anthropomorphism beliefs one is bound to hold, and which as Prof. Schiller says, everyone is confined to, the only alternative being to prefer a good one to a bad one" (p. 30), or in "Subtler and never gross, Paramatman and Atman are, than Prakrti, being spiritual" (p. 31). There are, however, sufficient indications of promise to make us wish that the author had devoted a little more time to the work and been in less of a hurry to seek publicity.

S. S. S.

The Silken Tassel—by A. F. Khabardar. (Mount Road, Madras).

The knowledge of the psychology of the poet's mind is at once an advantage and a danger to the task of criticism. If one writes verses (not to call oneself a poet), and can introspect, remembering fully the process of writing, one knows the psychology; and such an one may rise to the highest levels of criticism of poetry, and may even make his art creative, in the highest sense in which Oscar Wilde talked of "creative criticism." But knowing this psychology, knowing where the fancies meet and metaphors mix, where the vowels merge and consonants clash, syllables jostle and ring in rhyme and rhythm, knowing the starting point of a poetic fancy whether enshrined in the chaste phases of a Sonnet or in many-burdened Lyric, knowing all this, one is in imminent risk of seeing too much, more than is necessary for evaluation of Art; and consequently the enchantment which distance lends and inspires may be lost to him. Petrarch seated on Mount Venteaux, was struck with the beauty of the Alpine peaks; and within himself questioned, "when the Creation is so beautiful, how much more should the Creator be". I do not suggest that the critic like the poet or the painter should adopt a distance-enchantment method of evaluation; but it is obvious that brick by brick scaling, and plummet and plumb-line judgment, cannot make criticism a creative art. If criticism is not creative, it cannot function its point-duty to beauty and truth. It is my endeavour to do this point-duty in my review of Mr. Khabardar's little book of poems, though I may be tempted to go into details, as I know the poet's psychology a little.

Mr. Khabardar is one of the most well-known Gujarati poets and is the author of about twenty books therein. The present work, I have to say at the outset, is not the translation of his Gujarati poems. He has got a distinct capacity for English poetry which the 'Silken Tassel' can easily establish.

In 'The Silken Tassel' there are thirty pieces; and any one of them, to the true poets' eye, even as to the true critic's, can give the sample of the author's remarkable will to verse.

Every poet has his or her own philosophy; and Mr. Khabardar indeed has his own, but it is not easy to gather it. I might take him for a Hedonist when he sings:—

"Fair is the weather, light is the boat,
Life must have its merry sweet note;
Flesh for flesh and wine for the throat;
Who could then enslave us?"

Yet, is he not a moralist and thinker when he sings in his "Riddle of Life"

"Life is virtue, life is duty,
Life is but one painful beauty;
Then in all your circled pleasure,
Keep for eye its central measure!"

Passages like the above, culled for the purpose of maintaining the critic's view-point, may not show the mirror of the poet's mind. But even as they stand in their culled state, they have an individuality; and if in that state they have beauty, that is sufficient to prove the poet's genius.

Problems of life and love are the themes in "The Silken Tassel." The poem "Wheels of Time," is reminiscent of Browning's "Toccatta," on account of form and Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" on account of metre.

It begins with,

"O! My dreams come back minute!
What! no more now, that is all?
Here I sit beside the sea shore,
Hark, there comes a lightning call
Through the long forgotten moments,
Where Time's changing curtains fall"

The poet's dashing mode of expression is well illustrated in this piece. Consider the following:—

"False is all the green that glitters,
On the heaving noon day sea,
False is all the red that furrows
Heaven's own blue simplicity,
Yet man roams behind this mirage
Or these sufferings cannot be"

"Radhika's perplexity" is a sweet little lyric. Some lines gently recall Sarojini's poem, "I carry my curds to the Mathura fair." Perhaps both were inspired by the old Bengali Song. Pray listen to Mr. Khabardar:

"I carry my pots to the village well,
When the dawn has lifted her veil,
Slowly and slyly he comes behind,
Like a chittah and suddenly there I find,

His shadow before me trail.
I fill my water pots on the well,
When stealthily he comes nigh
He lays them on my head uncalled,
"Oh! Radhika, it is too high."
I turn my face, but he looks in my eyes,
And laughs and passes by!
He blocks my way with a wayward spring,
And asks of me there many a thing,
But I do not care to yield,
I walk away with a gentle push.
As the Sun is high in the sky,
I hear my name through some magical flute,
And I turn behind to spy,
My curds fall down and he looks in my face,
And laughs and passes by!"

Mr. Khabardar has unquestionably acquired the capacity to write clearly without the slightest tinge of uncertainty and immaturity usually found in poets of the Indo-English School. I find beauty and taste in many poems in this book. Felicity of style and completeness of language make one feel a sort of pre-acquaintance with almost every poem herein.

It is my faith that with fifty lines of very good poetry, one may aspire to the highest rank in literature and get it. A dozen lines of the late Bengali poet, Manamohan Ghose, (whose book was reviewed by Oscar Wilde in the *Saturday Review*) would make one feel that Manamohan could be classified along with the true poets of the world. So too James Elroy Flecker who wrote only a little. His "November Evenings," some critics are of opinion, and rightly, place him along with the greatest of English poets. Here too in Mr. Khabardar's case, I have judged him not from the volume of his writings, but from the few very good lines that have haunted me. Those lines may not contain sublime ideas nor high-strained figures of speech. But they have the true ring of poetry; and that perhaps is the greatest tribute to the poet's art. Cosmic reflections, stars, moon and sun, and hills and valleys, and rivers, have all become hackneyed. Yet in the hands of the true poet, they have their inexhaustible charms. I daresay, in "The Silken Tassel", these subjects are not in the least hackneyed, nor in the least disgusting.

Before finishing my point-duty which is all that I have

attempted here, let me quote a few more lines. Here is a stanza from "Sita Rama."

"Like the flying pansies wheeling
Flutter while the butterflies,
And the busy moments gather
All the fruits of toiling skies,
While the full-blown flowers are gleaming
In the noon-tide's golden dreaming
Of the hopes that ever grow;
Hark! the words there, loud and streaming
In the long street flow:
"Sita Rama! Sita Rama,
Sita Rama, Ho!"

Again, in "the Release", consider the beauty of the terseness of expression:

"Soft tenderly
O! lesser world! I seek my larger love,
One breath is here—one last and winning move,
Another—where is He?"

Poetry is infinite in its scope and inexhaustible in charm and appeal. Each reader finds his favourite, according to leanings and crotchets. In "The Silken Tassel" there may be enough to suit many-coloured tastes. But I have only dealt with portions that impressed me. The book apart, one word of general appreciation of the poet. The poet is more than his poetry. Mr. Khabardar is a great store-house of knowledge. Besides being a first-rate poet and scholar, he is a first-rate businessman, and an advanced astrologer.

P. NARAYANA KURUP

Seventeen Silhouettes:—By Kanu Desai, with an introduction by N.C. MEHTA, I.C.S., (Published at the Kumar Press, Ahmedabad.)

We welcome this beautiful little publication of some silhouette studies from the brush of a young, promising artist of Gujarat. So far we have had only reproductions, and that too of a cheap kind, of Indian painting in colours, but this, we are inclined to think, is the first of its kind. Sketches and cartoons have been published before, but not studies in shadows cast against a monochromatic background. We are also glad that the works of an younger artist were chosen for this pur-

pose, and we congratulate Mr. Raval of Ahmedabad on this happy publication. We know Mr. Raval to be not only an artist but an enterprising publisher and journalist. He is a silent worker, and it is interesting to see him shine through his pupils. Kanu Desai is one of the most promising of the younger generation of Indian Art students. He is a sensitive young lad with dreamy eyes and gentle expression. We see something of them reflected in these works of his. There is poetry, imagination, repose and freedom in his works. Mr. Mehta has summarised the artistic qualities of these silhouettes very ably in his short Introduction. He remarks, and rightly too, that "the one thing noticeable through all these pictures is the quality of poetry and the power of imaginative interpretation."

The cover design is a bold and interesting piece of imaginative work. The setting sun forms the halo of the figure of the "flute-player" and the cosmos suggested by the rhythmic waves below, reveals the poetic soul of an Indian artist. "Evening shadows" is a successful rendering of a pleasing typical village scene where life is full of Arcadian simplicity and Oriental repose. "Sakuntala" is, in our opinion, the best, because the artist has caught the serene atmosphere of a *Tapovana*—where the flowery, tender, creeper-like Sakuntala with her deer moves about with exquisite grace. "The Spring of Life" another typical work of Mr. Desai is certainly a rare piece of imaginative sketch. "Pandu and Madri" is a clever piece, but the lotuses in the pond are poor in drawing. "Leaves and Rain" is another splendid picture wherein the artist's vigorous and masterly strokes are in evidence.

This volume makes an excellent gift-book and will be "a joy for ever"—as all real Art is. We recommend this delightful publication to all lovers of Art and we shall watch the future career of young Kanu Desai with interest.

R. K.

Mirror of Indian Art:—By G. VENKATACHALAM, [The Bangalore Press, Bangalore. Price Rs. 2/—]

A book of the kind under review is what is wanted for popularising Indian Art. It does not pretend to be very scholarly nor does it deal with abstractions. It deals with a variety of phases of Indian Art—folk-art, wood-carving, Indian textiles, Rajput Painting, stage and screen, and even dress reform and colour schemes. Most of them have appeared before in various journals, and are now collected in book

form for wider circulation. The book is well-printed and beautifully bound. We know the author as a critic, writer, lecturer, and above all as a friend. He has come into personal touch with the Indian artists in different provinces, and by his appreciative yet discerning criticism of their works and the organisation of Art Exhibitions, he has done a great deal to rivet the attention of the public on to the Artistic Renaissance during the last two decades. We look forward to more books of the same kind from Mr. Venkatachalam.

R. K.

Asiatic Nation Builders Series :—i. King Amanullah, Price, Re. 1.
ii. King Nadir Khan and Bacha-i-Sakko, Price, As. 8. By Mr. J. Sambasiva Rao, B.A. (33, Akbar Sahib Street, Triplicane, Madras.)

The awakening of the Orient since the commencement of the twentieth century constitutes an important chapter of world history. The recent developments in China, India, Persia and Afghanistan, deserve to be studied carefully along with the biographies of the individuals responsible for the upheaval in each country. We therefore welcome this series planned by Mr. Sambasiva Rao.

The life of King Amanullah, with which the series opens, is a story of absorbing interest related with genuine enthusiasm. Mr. Sambasiva Rao has taken great pains to collect all the available material and to present a faithful picture of the Afghan Revolution and of Amanullah, the citizen-king and hero of modern Afghanistan.

In the second book, the narrative is brought down to the fall of Bacha-i-Sakko and the accession to power of Nadir Khan. The author gives a graphic description of Nadir's triumphant march to Kabul and his attempts to reorganise the administration.

The volumes are well-worth a perusal.

K. R.

NEW PERIODICALS

The Aryan Path :—(Published Monthly by the Theosophy Co., (India) Ltd., 51 Esplanade Road, Bombay. Annual subscription Rs. 10-].

We have received with pleasure the first three numbers of this brilliant Journal which seeks to interpret the cultures of the East and the West. Keeping strictly aloof from controversial politics, the Journal emphasises the need for a better understanding between

nations. To this end, it invites contributions from writers all over the world who are eminently qualified to deal with literary, philosophical and economic questions of lasting interest. Disarmament, the Colour Problem, the League of Nations, the Religious Tendency in Japan, and systems of thought like Saiva Siddhanta and Buddhism, are among the topics included in the earlier numbers. A Journal like the present, with an international outlook and a touch of idealism, is bound to be a great force in the world of culture. We wish our contemporary a long and useful career.

K. R.

The Quarterly Journal of the Music Academy, Madras : (Vol. I No. 1).

The Journal of the Music Academy is a welcome addition to Indian periodical literature. It is devoted to topics pertaining to the Art of Music and is calculated to serve as "the most useful medium of expression for the best minds engaged in the study and practice of Music." In the present age which is full of indications of the throes of a rebirth, all our cultural heritages from the old world have got to be reweighed and revalued, preparatory to a progressive reconstruction. Music has been for long stiffly lingering in the traditional coves and is the last of the heritages of our past to submit itself to be ushered into the broad daylight of modern journalistic criticism. The articles which have appeared in the first issue of this pioneering Journal indicate the programme of work which lies before the servants of Music who are to take part in the remodelling of the Art for the purpose of inaugurating its great future in this country. Apart from the few articles which, in a speculative vein, propose to theorise on the difficult questions of the origin and the history of Music in India in prehistoric times, there are a good number of instructive and learned discourses on technical topics connected with Music which have already prepared the ground for laying the foundation of the Renaissance Temple of Music. The diversity between the Karnatic and the Hindustani Music and the variance between the practice obtaining today among the experts in the field and the theories preserved in the ancient texts, are among the many problems the solution of which will be a service to this ancient Art. We wish the Journal all success in its noble endeavour. The publication of the authoritative ancient works on Music in the Journal has been very properly conceived by the learned Editors

as an invaluable auxiliary to the great task of standardising the science of Music and placing it on a permanent basis. This issue gives us a portion of the *Sangita Sudha* purporting to have been written by Rughunatha Naik of Tanjore who was a disciple of the illustrious Govinda Dikshita.

Our only regret is that the Editors should have published advertisements even on the cover pages. This might mean a little more money, but imports ugliness into an otherwise beautiful Journal.

SUDARSANA SASTRI

KANNADA

Mayura :— Part I. By Mr. Devudu Narasimha Sastri, M.A., Bangalore.

This is the first part of a beautiful historical romance. The author has indeed set out to tell the most fascinating 'lies' as he himself has said in the preface. But these 'lies' are grafted not only on the fundamental truth of life, but also on historical truth. The restoration of the Kadamba dynasty of Karnatak at Vijayanti—the modern Banavasi—forms the main theme of the book.

The story is stirring and full of new interest at every moment. It makes a peculiar appeal to the dreaming of youth. We vividly see how one born to be great attains to greatness; how fate endeavours, and companionship conspires to make 'Mayura' one of the greatest kings. Mayura has all the gaiety and confidence of a favourite child of Fortune. The mysterious people that crowd upon him from all quarters of the forest,—his guru, minister, general and soldiers—are also beautifully drawn. On the other side are portrayed the Pallava king and his court, his princess and his princes. The heir-apparent is quite a lovable youth.

The author's philosophy also makes its mark. It is inextricably woven into the texture of the plot. The moving appeal that the heir-apparent makes to Mayura to shake off his ill-feelings and the *Pravachanas* of the guru are all finely brought in. The guru's remark on the omnipresence of Fate, which by itself is nothing, unless that Fate be shaped into action by its recipient, is indeed striking by its appropriateness.

But the author has lavished his highest art on the setting of this romance. The work will live even if it were only for the interest it will create, if it happens to be filmed. The alternate appearance of

night and rugged mountain scenery alongside of urban magnificence, moves us to genuine admiration and delight.

V.K.G.

SANSKRIT

Bhasa Katha Sara, Vols. I and II :—By Y. Mahalinga Sastri, B.A., B.L. Published by R. Subramanya Vadhyar, Bookseller, Kalpathi, Palghat. (Price 8 As. each)

One recalls vividly the sensation which came over the world of Sanskritists some fifteen years ago, when Ganapathy Sastriar discovered the lost dramas attributed to Bhasa. They were found to possess high literary and histrionic merit, and have since then easily taken a permanent place in classical Sanskrit literature. However the controversy about their authorship may be decided in the future, these dramas will always retain their hold on the affection of Sanskrit-readers, by their freshness, their charm and chastity of style, and their original handling of classical themes.

These two booklets of Mr. Mahalinga Sastri are a welcome attempt to re-tell, in simple prose, the tales of Bhasa's dramas, for the benefit of younger students of Sanskrit. They are akin to Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," not only in their object, but also in the fact that they attempt to preserve the flavour of the original, by retaining Bhasa's characteristic expressions, and here and there his slokas. We hope that these books will meet with the appreciation which they deserve, and will find their way into Sanskrit schools and the translation classes of colleges.

R. V.

TELUGU

Jivanasmruti :—A biography of the late Desiraju Peda Bapayya Garu, by Kamaraju Hanumantha Rao [Olcott Gardens, Rajahmundry. Price, Re. 1.]

It is difficult to peruse a book like the one under review without emotion. Bapayya was cut off even before he was thirty, but the love and admiration he evoked amongst his contemporaries was extraordinary. Even at this distance of over two decades since he passed away, people speak of him with bated breath and with tears in their eyes. He was among the earliest adherents of the late Viresalingam Pantulu, and a passionate rebel against the tyranny of social conven-

tions. He was practically an outcaste during the later years, but like a hero he held fast to his convictions to the end. Scholar and patriot, reformer and servant of God, Bapayya left the impress of his noble personality on Andhradesa. There were two other Andhras worthy of ranking with him, and who like him created a profound impression on those who were privileged to come into touch with them. We refer, of course, to the late Kopalle Hanumantha Rao of the Andhra Jatheeya Kalasala, and Digumarti Hanumantha Rao of the Pallipadu Ashram. It is a pity no biographies of these have been published.

The author was intimately associated with Bapayya almost from his boyhood. He writes with commendable enthusiasm and as one that is performing a sacred task. The style is simple and flowing. We wish some more letters of the illustrious deceased had been interspersed in the biography, but, as usually happens in India, Bapayya's friends did not preserve all his letters. The art of biography-writing is yet in its infancy amongst Andhras, but we trust that this splendid book will stimulate similar efforts. We wish to add that every Andhra ought to read the book and commune with the lofty spirit of Bapayya.

Nelavanka :—By Avantsa Venkata Ranga Rao, B. A. [Vizianagaram. Price, As 8.]

A small collection of verses contributed by the author to various Telugu periodicals like *Bharati*, *Jayanti* and *Sujata*. We have come across similar collections by young Andhra writers which are, nearly always, valuable for the promise they indicate than for actual performance. This is undoubtedly an era of literary revival in Andhra, and we have abundant evidence of the inner urge for self-expression.

Mr. Ranga Rao has a talent for verse, but neither in style nor in sentiment, does he touch the higher levels of true poetry. Mere descriptive verse as in *Muttaiduvalu*, or a laboured and long-drawn simile like *Gali Golladu*, belong to the journey-man work of literature. Then again, the classification of trees according to their castes in *Vriksha Varnamulu* indicates 'fancy' but no imagination, and the lines "Her Hair" are a feeble imitation of Sri Krishna Sastri's magnificent poem *Ame Kanulalo*.

There are few lines that haunt our imagination or linger in our memory. But, after all, the author is young and at the beginning of his literary career. He has in him the makings of a poet and we hope he will blossom into one ere long.

K. R.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ENGLISH

The Indian Constitution ...	...	Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru.
Renascent India ...	...	K. S. Venkataramani.
The Eurasian Problem ...	...	Kenneth E. Wallace.
Imprisonment ...	...	Lt.-Colonel F.A. Barker.
Philosophy of Art ...	...	D. Raghuttama Acharya.

KANNADA

Purandardas ...	...	Raja Rao.
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TELUGU

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Bauddha Jataka Kathalu ...	...	
Andhra Vangmaya Suchika.		
Andhra Bharata Vimarsana ...	...	K. Ramakrishnaiya, M.A.
Panikesvara Mahatmyam ...	...	R. Seshagiri Rao, B.A.

Current Topics¹

THE TWO PATHS

If a violent revolution is ruled out as impracticable or unworthy of India's cultural traditions, the choice must lie between the Patro Committee and the Round Table Conference on the one hand, and Satyagraha and the great march of Mahatma Gandhi on the other. But after the delivery of Gandhiji's letter to the Viceroy through Mr. Reginald Reynolds and the exodus from the Sabarmati Ashram, we doubt if the chances of a Round Table Conference are at all bright. British statesmen might affect to ridicule the Satyagraha campaign involving the defiance of the salt laws and other laws, but as practical men, they ought to realise that a conference without Gandhiji and the spokesmen of the Congress is no better than the proverbial play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out. The communal settlement sought to be achieved by the Delhi conference is as far off as ever, despite the much-vaunted goodwill and harmony said to have prevailed. We do not deny either the patriotism or the ability of the members of the All-parties conference, but the communal problem inevitably sank into the background the moment the great march began. The attention of the whole of India and of the world is directed to that thin frail figure that emerged at early dawn on the 12th of March from the Ashram at Ahmedabad, to conquer or to die. Government is playing a waiting game and is evidently resolved to strike down Gandhiji's lieutenants in the first instance. But it is widely rumoured that sooner or later Government intends to come to terms with Gandhiji, because he is indisputably the one man that can deliver the goods. But how soon that settlement will be forced, depends on the country's response to Gandhiji's call to arms. Judging from the reports received from the different

¹ 15th March, 1930.

CURRENT TOPICS

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provinces, the conclusion becomes irresistible that Gandhiji is by no means the 'spent force' in Indian politics he was fondly imagined to be, but the acknowledged commander of the Nation in its final fight for freedom. This is indeed a struggle unparalleled in the world's history, and its triumph will inaugurate the new era of soul force as a factor in the settlement of international disputes. A first-class fight with a first-class General to lead it!

THE BHARAT KALA BHAVAN

It is indeed a long leap from Gandhiji's Satyagraha campaign in Gujarat to the permanent Art Gallery at Benares. But, in our view, the establishment of cultural Swaraj is not less important than the winning of political Swaraj, though, for the time being, Gandhiji's movement overshadows everything else. Mr. O. C. Gangoly, Vice-President, the Indian Society of Oriental Art, and Editor of the famous Art Journal—the 'Rupam'—performed the epoch-making function of opening the first National Art Gallery in India under the auspices of the Bharat Kala Parishad, Benares. In his beautiful language, the Nagari Pracharini Sabha "took in loving embrace" the Bharat Kala Parishad, so that the two sisters, Literature and Art,—the written texts and the painted pictures—might "live and grow, arm in arm, to attain to richer, newer and more fruitful fulfilments." This happy juxtaposition, Mr. Gangoly reminds us, is expressive of the spirit of Indian culture, for, "in the dim sanctums of our old temples, the chanted prayers of the priests have been echoed and re-echoed, in harmonious unison, by the chiselled hymns of the image-makers." Mr. Gangoly also emphasizes the truth that the visual arts have made for inter-provincial harmony in a country like India broken up into different linguistic areas. "The beauties of the *Mani Mekhalai* are as much inaccessible to our Northern cousins as the treasures of the *Ramacharit manas* to our Southern cousins." But, on the other hand, "the Gupta images of Saranath, the stones of Varendra, the rock-cut

caves of Mamallapuram . . . offer their messages to the representatives of divergent linguistic cultures." We congratulate the Bharat Kala Parishad and its President, Mr. Sitaram Shah, on their pioneering efforts and their contribution to the Art movement in India.

THE 'JAYAKARNATAKA'

"Somebody told me that poor Mr. Bendre executed a pronote for a few thousand rupees in connection with a Kannada Journal, and that took my breath away." That was how an esteemed friend spoke of the *Jayakarnataka* of Dharwar and its new Editor, Mr. Bendre. But to those who have inside knowledge of the chequered history of most Indian Journals, the news need not cause any surprise. It takes a long time even for a first-rate Journal like *Jayakarnataka* to become a sound financial undertaking, but the idealism and the fervour of the workers make themselves felt even at the start. During a little over seven years, the *Jayakarnataka* under its distinguished founder, Mr. Alur Venkata Rao, rendered excellent service to the cause of Kannada culture, and now it has been taken over by Mr. Bendre, a leading poet and public worker of Karnatak. We understand that a number of the younger literary men belonging to the *Galeyer Gumpu* are associated with Mr. Bendre in the conduct of the Journal. The Journal has been improved considerably in the matter of illustrations, short-stories, poems and songs, all indicative of the new life that is pulsating through young Karnatak. It is the duty as well as the privilege of all Kannadigas to support this admirable venture.

RELIGION WITHOUT CHURCH

The dissolution of the Order of the Star by Mr. J. Krishnamurti caused a profound sensation in certain circles, and his incessant appeals to drop all 'forms and ceremonials' as being 'unnecessary' and 'limitations of Truth' have set people think-

ing furiously and re-arranging their mental make-up. Men's minds are being very much exercised over the question as to whether he is or is not a manifestation of the World-Teacher, and if he is, whether the entire consciousness of the World-Teacher or only 'a fragment' of it is expressing itself through Mr. Krishnamurti. But, strangely enough, the person least worried about these problems seems to be Mr. Krishnamurti himself. He emphatically denies any intention on his part to found a new church or a new religion. He does not want any followers. He merely claims to have 'attained' and he proclaims that it is possible for everyone else to attain likewise. He does not seek to *lead* anyone to Truth, for Truth is a 'pathless land', and each has to struggle in his own way and with the aid of his own inner strength. We give below two significant passages from a lecture by the Rev. J. T. Davies who feels that, "we must estimate his messages quite apart from any claims advanced on his behalf, but simply on their own merits."

"In reading his poems, in reading his addresses and his parables and his rhapsodies, I seem to hear once again the voice of Kabir; I seem to see the penetrating wisdom of Yajna-*valkya*; I seem to hear again the tenderness of Buddha; I hear again the harshness of the Galilean speaking to the Pharisees; I hear again the simplicity of Ramakrishna. I do not know who he is, or what he is, but I hear that ancient voice repeated again. That is the first, that is the last message of all religions: 'I am He.'"

"In throwing you back upon yourself, in depriving you of inspired book and inspired teacher, of master and lord, of priest and prophet, of holy writ and holy church, in stripping you naked to the storm, in flinging you bare upon the mosaic pavement of the temple of life, he is giving you back a million times more than he takes away. He is giving you back your greatest treasure, because he is giving you back your freedom and your lost self. He is giving you back your strength and your fortitude. He is giving you back your God whom you thought to be outside you, your universe with all its stars and wonders and vast spaces.

He is giving you back your heaven, your dream of ages, your quest of myriad lives. He is giving you back the joy of the morning stars. He is giving you back the goal of æons of strife. He is giving you back the Beloved, God, That, the Whole."

KRISHNA RAYA AND SHIVAJI

The third centenary of the birth of Shivaji was celebrated in 1927, but according to a different calculation, the tercentenary falls this year. By a fortunate coincidence, the fourth centenary of the passing away of Krishna Deva Raya, the greatest of the Vijianagar Emperors, is also being celebrated this year. The names of Krishna Raya and Shivaji will be associated for all time with the last of the Hindu Empires in Indian history. At the commencement of the Christian era, the table-land of *Dakshinapatha* was ruled by the great Satavahana Emperors, and throughout the subsequent history of India, the eastern and western portions of the Deccan witnessed the rise and growth of powerful monarchies, which conserved the art and culture of the Nation and left a precious heritage of achievement. We refer to the Eastern and the Western Chalukyas, and after them, the rulers of Warangal and Devagiri. It was, therefore, in the fitness of things that the Andhra-Karnataka Empire of Vijianagar, and the Maharashtra Empire under Shivaji and the Peshwas, should have risen from the ashes of these old Hindu monarchies and stemmed the tide of foreign conquest. Today we are once again witnessing the birth of a free and yet mightier Indian Nation, which embraces the different sub-nationalities. And the hegemony—not in power, but in service and sacrifice, —passes to Gujerat and to Gandhiji.

THE SAMSKRITA ACADEMY, MADRAS

Among the few institutions that bear witness to the lingering love of Samskrit culture in modern India, mention must be made of this excellent association. Started a couple of years ago, the Academy has drawn unto itself the love and

the regard of the aristocracy of culture in South India. The Report speaks of the celebration of the Valmiki and Kalidasa days, the staging of Samskrit dramas and the holding of elocution contests. A fine collection of valuable books has been secured through the generosity of Messrs. Thandalam S. Ramaswami Iyer and R. Krishnaswami Sastrigal. All this is to the good, and the energetic secretaries must be congratulated on their achievements. But while the Academy has a name, it has no local habitation. A strong committee has been formed to collect funds for the construction of a suitable building. We rejoice to learn that the proposed Hall will be named after that illustrious patriot and lover of learning, the late lamented V. Krishnaswami Aiyar. We earnestly hope that this supremely noble cause will meet with adequate response.

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