

126929

Triveni

vol. 10



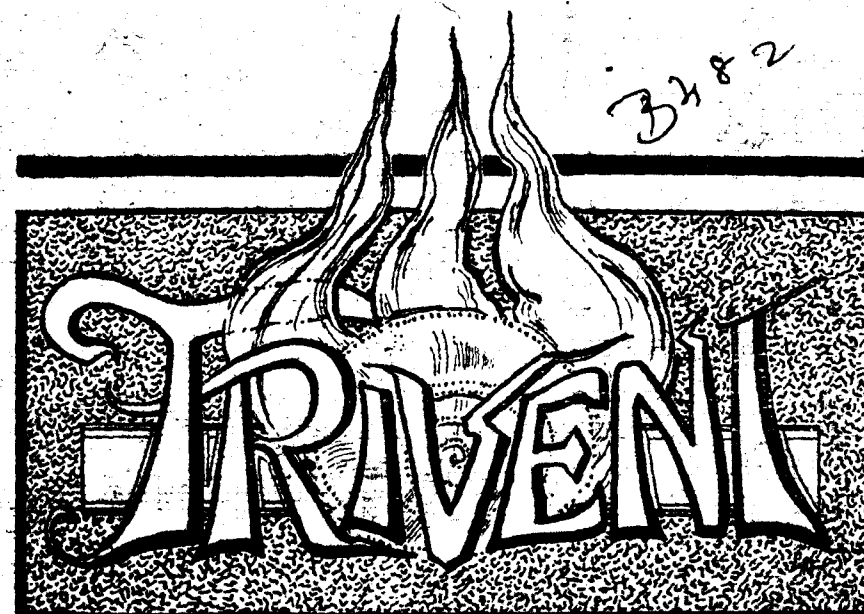
1931

12M, N28T

N31-4-2

126929

FIELD



JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

EDITOR
K. RAMAKOTISWARA RAO



JL
V28M, N281
N3.1.4.2
12.6929.

A Year

Vol. IV, No. 2

Mar - April 1931

TRIVENI

JOURNAL OF INDIAN RENAISSANCE

(With which is incorporated 'THE NEW ERA')

EDITOR

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



ADVISORY BOARD

C. JINARAJADASA, M.A. (CANTAB)	S. RADHAKRISHNAN, M.A., D.LITT.
B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA	K. T. SHAH, M.A., BAR-AT-LAW.
V. GOVINDARAJACHARI, B.A., B.L.	M. S. CHELAPATI, M.A., B.L.

Annual Subscription

Rs. 6/-, 12 sh. or 3 \$

9, Armenian St.

Madras, (India)

Vol. IV, No. 2

Mar-Apr 1931



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

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.

Indian : Rs. 6 (post free).
Foreign : 12s. or 3\$ (post free).

Single copy.

Indian : Rs. 1-4 (postage extra 4 As.)
Foreign : 3s. or 75c. (post free).

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 Rs. 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. III (1930) are available for sale at Rs. 6 each, (post free). Bound Volumes, Rs. 8 each, (post free).

Dear Reader,

We know that you are as much interested as ourselves in

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

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

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

Thanking you,

Yours sincerely,

K. Ramakotiswara Rao,
Editor, 'Triveni'.

ROYAL PATRON

His Highness

Sri Sri Sri Krishna Rajendra Wadiyar Bahadur
Maharaja of Mysore.

OUR LIFE-SUBSCRIBERS

The permanent Life-subscription for 'Triveni' is Rs. 100. The following is the further list of those who have enlisted themselves since March last. The Editor's grateful thanks are due to them.

H. H. The Junior Maharani of Travancore, Trivandrum.
Sir B. N. Sarma, K.C.S.I., Calcutta.
Dr. Sir C. V. Raman, Calcutta.
"A Sympathiser," Madras.

Advertise in 'TRIVENI'

BECAUSE 'Triveni' finds its way into
Cultured Homes.

BECAUSE 'Triveni' is a Journal of lasting
value, referred to again and again, and
not a newspaper that is thrown away.

BECAUSE 'Triveni' is devoted to the cause
of Beauty and Truth.

	<i>Full Page</i>	<i>Half Page</i>
Single Insertion ...	Rs. 25	Rs. 15
Six Insertions ...	„ 125	„ 75

Apply to : —The Manager, 'Triveni' Office
Y. M. I. A. Buildings
9, Armenian St., G. T., Madras

AN OFFER

REMIT RS. 16/- TODAY

A complete set of

'Triveni'

Vol. I 1928 (Complete)

Vol. II 1929 (Except Nos. 4 and 5)

Vol. III 1930 (Complete)

POST FREE

N. B.—A concession of Re. 1/- for the entire
set will be allowed to New subscribers.

NEW INDIA WEEKLY

(Edited by Annie Besant, D.L.)

NEW INDIA stands for India's political freedom and progress in every direction.

NEW INDIA is the medium for Dr. Besant's writings on current topics; it also contains articles and letters explaining the affairs of other nations.

It sounds a note of practical idealism in every department of life.

Its comments are made without fear or favour.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

	Inland	Foreign
Yearly ...	Rs. 6 12 0	£ 1 0 0
Half-yearly ...	.. 3 6 0	.. 0 10 0

For Advertisement rates, apply to:

**THE MANAGER, New India Weekly,
ADYAR, MADRAS, S.**

THE THEOSOPHIST

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE OF BROTHERHOOD,
PHILOSOPHY, OCCULTISM, LITERATURE & ART.

EDITED BY ANNIE BESANT, D.L.,
President, Theosophical Society.

THE THEOSOPHIST is the international organ of the President of the Theosophical Society and is published every month at Adyar, Madras, India.

Dr. Annie Besant with her staff of co-workers, Bishop C. W. Leadbeater, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Bishop G. S. Arundale, will contribute regularly articles of fascinating interest relating to Occultism, Mysticism and all general problems dealing with the advance of Humanity.

The Magazine holds a unique position as the premier Theosophical journal for, besides articles on Philosophy, Art, Literature, Science, Occultism and Social Service, it contains the comments of the President on current events of world-wide interest, and keeps the readers in personal touch with her activities and opinions concerning many significant movements and situations.

THE THEOSOPHIST contains 128 pages besides supplement, devoted to a summary of Theosophical as well as of world news, correspondence and reviews of valuable books on modern thought and occultism, and all the best class of literature, including our latest publications.

The Annual subscription will be Rs. 9/- in India, Burma and Ceylon; 18 Shillings or 4.50 cents for foreign countries; Single copy As. 14 or 1 Sh. 8d. or 45 cents, post free.

**THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA.**

STAR BULLETIN

Talks, Writings, Poems

by Krishnamurti

The Star Bulletin, published monthly in Ommen, Holland, is the only periodical in which Krishnamurti's teaching regularly appears.

Subscription Price for one year is Five shillings or Three Rupees, twelve annas, post free.

*Address: The Manager, Star Office,
Adyar, Madras.*

THE GARDEN CREEPER

Story of a Modern School Girl's Life & Adventure

By Santa Devi and Seeta Devi

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY SEETA DEVI

WITH 21 ILLUSTRATIONS

AND

PICTORIAL COVER

332 Pages Printed on Good Antique Paper.

PRICE RS. 2-8 :: POSTAGE EXTRA

THE MODERN REVIEW OFFICE, CALCUTTA

TRIVENI

OF

Quality, Style, and Service

In every piece of our Jewellery. You will find our Quality of jewellery unimpeachable—Style up-to-date and most aesthetic and Service efficient and loyal.

In our realisation that in the material prosperity of our country lies ours, our service is so measured as to give the highest amount of satisfaction to our customers in the quality of our gems and the up-to-date fashions of our jewellery. Your possession of our jewellery will bespeak your culture and refinement.

SURAJMAL LALLUBHAI & CO.

POPULAR JEWELLERS OF INDIA & BURMA

313, ESPLANADE, MADRAS

Branch: ROCK FORT GATE, TRICHY Agency: INNES BUILDING, COCANADA

CONTENTS

	PAGES
The Parting of Ways <i>B. Pattabhi Sitaramayya</i> ...	1
Frescoes from Kerala (Illustrated) <i>K. V. Ramachandran</i> ...	17
On Choosing Names <i>K. S.</i> ...	27
Sententiæ <i>Nolini Kanto Gupto</i> ...	30
Chitrangi: A Study in Character <i>Prof. T. Virabhadru</i> ...	33
Suggestions for a Rural Philosophy <i>S. V. Ramamurty, M.A., I.C.S.</i> ...	54
A Study of Temper (Short Story) <i>Buddhadeva Bose</i> ... (Translated from <i>BENGALI</i> by <i>Srimathi Nilima Devi</i>)	62
Contemporary English Poetry <i>Principal P. Seshadri, M.A.</i> ...	73
The Postal Runner (A folk-tale of Saurashtra) <i>N. M. Shah, M.Sc.</i> ...	89
Sabarmati and its Sage <i>G. Venkatachalam</i> ...	94
"The Sounding Board" <i>S. K. Chettur, M.A., I.C.S.</i> ...	100
The Approaches to Indian Art <i>Shishir Coomar Mitra</i> ...	101
New Ways in Marathi Literature <i>R. L. Rau</i> ...	109
"Oceans and Mountains" <i>Mrs. D. R. Dinshaw</i> ...	116

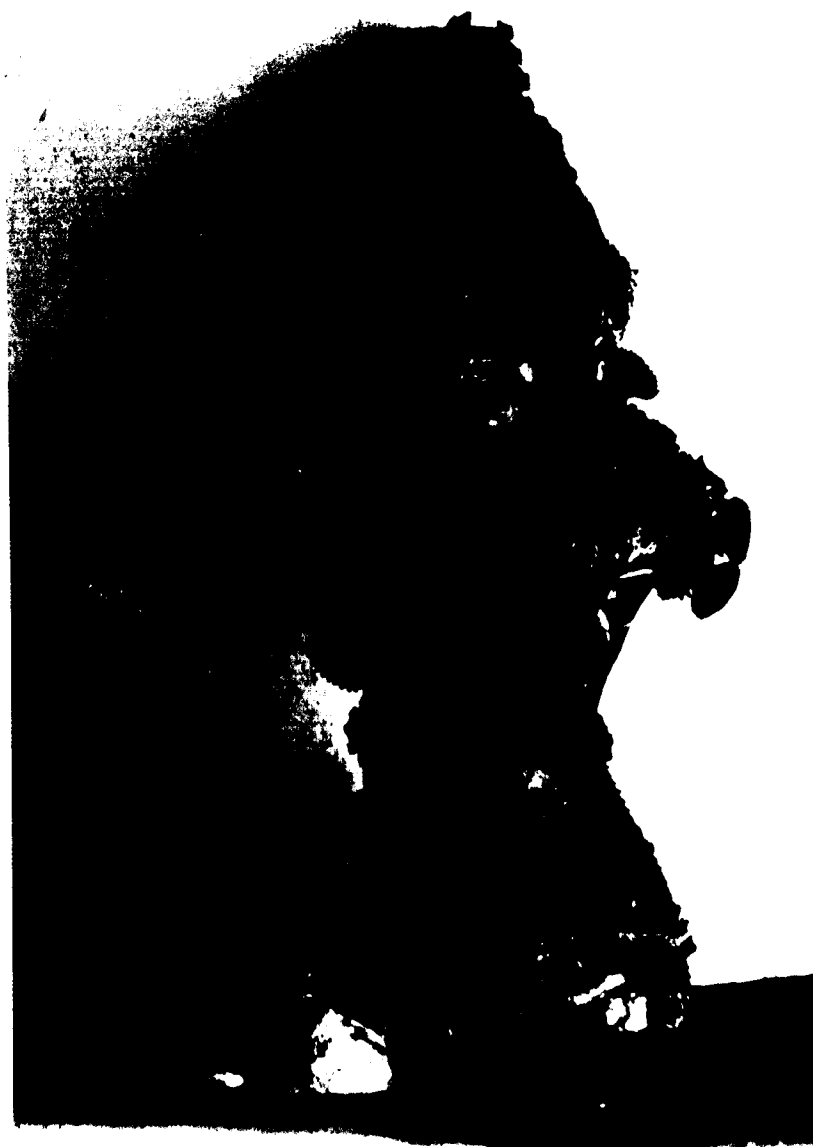
CONTENTS

	PAGES
William Hazlitt: A Centenary Tribute	
<i>C. L. R. Sastri, B.Sc.</i> ...	117
On Pedestrians	
<i>K. Chandrasekharan, M.A., B.L.</i> ...	128
Current Topics ...	131
Reviews ...	136

ILLUSTRATION

Dwara-Palaka.

Frontispiece.



Dwara-Palaka

(Early Medieval Bronze: Trichur Museum, Trichur)

Dwara - Palaka

Said to have been discovered underground, this 'guardian of the door', in common with images of this class, has the physical characteristics of a Daitya: tusk at either corner of mouth agape, round eyes surmounted by arched brows, fleshy neck and shoulders, and arms wielding mace or other weapon. Together with its companion at the Trichur Museum, this image perhaps once flanked the entrance of a Siva temple, or what is equally probable, a Swatantra Chandeswara shrine, i.e., a shrine with Chandeswara as the principal deity. If the latter assumption is correct, the dwara-palakas would be Chandanuga and Chandabhritya of Uttarakamikagama. Dwara-Palakas symbolise that stage of devotion, where the devotee has not only gained proximity to the deity, but also some distinctive feature of the deity, as for instance, the third eye.

K. V. R.

The Parting of Ways

BY B. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

The establishment of Swaraj in India is not merely the transference of power from one body of officers to another or from one race of men to a second, but it means a definite parting of ways, a pursuit of not merely administration but of culture and ideals entirely different to those after which we have been running during the past 150 years. The conquest of India by England has not been exclusively territorial but it has been all-embracing and has covered every field of human activity. India's culture, India's religion, India's crafts and arts, Indian society and Indian village life have so entirely been conquered that they have been transformed beyond all possibility of recognition. Swaraj to India therefore means an immediate recovery of all that is great and glorious in the national asset, the revival of Indian tradition and philosophy and a rehabilitation of her culture and crafts,—not that we stand for a complete re-establishment of the conditions that prevailed a 1000 years ago in the domain of economics and administration, but that it shall be our earnest study in working out our Swaraj to carve out institutions and enact measures which would be in conformity with India's ancient past.

Today in India, life has been compartmentalised. She has been taught that politics is different from economics, that social organization is different from political upheaval, that religion is a matter of individual concern and not a province of the State, that the strata into which society has been divided and sub-divided are all ill-assorted and rugged and must be steam-road-rolled under the one engine-power of modern democracy on the one hand and modern industrialism on the other. Today in India the centre of gravity of national and public life, so-called, has become located in the few hundreds of towns that modern civilization has reared into existence and not in the seven and half lacs

of villages which formed the very pivot of Indian nationalism in its Golden Age. Today a foreign culture and a foreign civilization have captured the imagination of the millions of India's population without being able to enlighten even a tenth or hundredth of those teeming millions. Today the object of man's ambitions and allurements is a post or a prize that is within the gift of the foreign bureaucracy, while the service of the nation commands few votaries. There is an ever-growing stream of migration from villages to towns, so much so that the latest Census has revealed the astonishing figure of 33% increase in the population of towns like Masulipatam, Rajahmundry, Bezwada and Guntur, as against a general increase of 10% in the whole population. Today the passion that engages people's energies and talents is the development of machinery and the establishment of mills, which concentrates profits in the hands of a few and drives the many into the fathomless abyss of unemployment. Today the craze is for the accumulation of capital and the concentration of power into the hands of a few, to whom both Government and the people offer assistance more and more, so that the rich may become richer and the poor poorer. Truly may it be said that, under this civilization which holds sway over India and under this Government which has enslaved crores of population, the doctrine is, "unto him that hath, more shall be given; and from him that hath not, the little that he hath shall be taken away." The establishment of Swaraj is not bringing the millennium into our hands. By itself it is not the panacea that will serve to cure the ills which have been the heritage of a century and half of foreign domination. For more than a couple of decades possibly, we shall have to suffer from the philistinism of our own bureaucrats, the denationalisation of our own politicians, the perversities and the new-fangled superstitions of our own ministers and members of legislatures. In an age of renaissance the great duty, even as it is the great difficulty of the people, is to unlearn what they have learnt during the period of their enslavement, and then to learn what they have long since forgotten in the culture and civilization of their ancient past. That process is yet to begin. The transference of Educa-

tion into the hands of Indian Ministers has not nationalised the educational atmosphere or the educational outlook of this country. The same old examinations, the same old degrees, the same old standards of efficiency and merit, the same old conceptions of education being an avenue of service under the State, continue to dominate men's minds; and it is sad to reflect how, in an age when every department of human thought is being charged with the new spirit, the young men of colleges and schools alone remain not merely unmoved but continue to be the worst supporters of a denationalising system of education. Likewise in every department of administration do we see the prevalence of that bureaucratic spirit which has been the bane of this alien rule, and which will continue to be the pest of Swaraj, notwithstanding the change, for the change is only of names and not of spirit. But this does not prevent us from visualising before our mind how national life will be affected and what changes will be wrought in the spirit of the nation when Swaraj shall, ere long, have been established.

It is no exaggeration to say that English influence on Indian life has changed the direction of the vision of the people from east to west. Under Swaraj it shall be our duty to teach our men and women that the Sun rises in the east and sets in the west, that we should look to our own country primarily for guidance in our future progress and that we should not be dazzled by the radiance and brightness of the things of the West. We must recognise that life in India knows no compartments, that it is but one composite stream bearing in its content the confluence of all those tributaries which they in the West categorise into social, religious, economic and industrial. The ancient Rishis have carved out Hindu society into various strata wherein people have been enabled to cultivate from their very birth certain tastes and talents, and in which they cannot suffer from those perils and pests of what they call in the West "unemployment." The vast mass of the people in this country live in villages unlike in the West. Here nearly 85% constitute the rural population and they form the backbone of the country, while but 16% congregate into towns and suffer from the competitions which urban life makes inevitable. Not

so in England; there 15% represents the rural population and 85% live in the slums and palaces of towns and cities. The modern craze for people in India to congregate in towns is a necessary result of the tide of industrialism, the passion for English education and the necessity to eke out livelihood under the departments organized by the State, and above all, of the absence of openings to the young men of the country along fields and avenues which are open to young men of all self-governing nationalities elsewhere in the world. When Swaraj shall have been established the first change will be that the young men will not crave for service under the State,—(it is by no means disgraceful to do so)—but will seek to engage themselves in fields even more honourable to themselves and more helpful to their country than the petrified routine of Government service. The age of the industrialism of the West is fast going, nay, has almost gone and it is hardly likely that such an age which is disappearing in the West will dawn upon India anew. Industrialism has grown and prospered in the West because it could live as a parasite on the East, but when the East has ceased to be the host, the parasite itself must go out of existence. India and China, which between themselves contain a half of the world's population, have furnished the dumping ground for the gewgaws, the spickspacks, and the tawdry upholstery of the Western countries. But a new spirit has permeated the un-numbered numbers of the Oriental countries. Persia refuses to take British goods; so does Egypt and so does Arabia. India has wiped out the foreign cloth that has been imported to its shores aggregating to crores in value. China has stemmed the tide of foreign trade long ago, and Europe and America are left in the unenviable position of having only their own countries on which to dump one another's goods. The supreme lesson is being borne in upon even the Western countries, and therefore more so upon India, that production hereafter shall be only for consumption and not for export. The false philosophy of seeking to relieve unemployment in the past by production has only aggravated the state of things in the West, and has led not merely to industrialism but imperialism in order to find markets

for the growing stocks. But when there are no countries to receive those stocks, the fountains of production must necessarily dry up and the age of industrialism must come to an end. If, therefore, in countries where industrialism has been deep-rooted and widespread, production for export has ceased to be an economic proposition, much less is it to be expected in a country like India that industrialism will ever be able to raise its head. The lesson is therefore clear to both countries that each country should as far as possible be self-contained, or that at any rate one country cannot expect to suck out the life-blood of another in order that it may live. The parting of ways therefore will not be merely for India but for England also. When one-half of the world has ceased to be the dumping ground for the other half, the other half must re-align its plans and convert its forests and gaming grounds once again into arable land. It must cease to foster the machinery which has helped to concentrate wealth in the hands of a few and promote once again the crafts that alone bring happiness to every home. India was at one time organised on this basis and the same basis must be re-established under Swaraj.

When the village has once again been made the basis of Indian nationalism it should become truly that miniature cosmos which the ancient Indian Rishis and economists had designed it to be. The whole of England put together, with its 40 million population, is not a composite country having facilities for providing the people with food and raiment within its borders. It is well-known that England has to import its wheat from Russia, its eggs from Denmark, its meat from New Zealand and Australia, its coffee from Ceylon, its rice from India, and it is only when the whole gamut of industrialism including production-centres, middlemen, railways, dockyards, mine-workers are all in order and at work, that the people in England can get their food. The slightest disturbance throws the whole machinery out of gear and the people have to starve. Not so is the Indian village though isolated and sequestered; imagine that it is surrounded for months together by floods or besieged by the enemy; there is no reason why the people should suffer or starve, for the population of the village is composed of its

farmer and cooly, its barber and dhoby, its carpenter and smith, its weaver and spinner, its priest and physician, its cobbler and craftsman. It grows its cotton in the backyard, it spins its yarn in the parlour, it weaves its cloth in the frontage of its house, it grows its paddy or maize or corn and eats what it grows. Its food and raiment are thus guaranteed to it and there is no power on earth that can make the Indian village the slave of the town or the city, much less of the foreign lands which dump their goods into this country nowadays. It may be deprived of the pastime of litigation and the luxuries of cinema and theatre, but it nevertheless has its ancient amusements, its music and art, its craft-life which enables the craftsman to realise his soul and give full play to his creative energy. He does not thus slave for wages or produce parts of articles but has the pleasure of having produced wholes which he can own, use, sell, pawn or dispose of otherwise. His home is not disturbed; his family is not disrupted; the morals of himself and his family are not jeopardised; he is master of himself and slave of none. It is this recovery of Indian craft-life that will be re-established under Swaraj.

When modern politicians even in India talk of labour they grow eloquent and even restive. They talk of fixed timings of work and standards of wages; they talk of maternity benefits and of labour being free from serfdom; they talk of the living wage, hours of work, health conditions of labour, Insurance against old age, sickness and unemployment, and prohibition of employment of children of school-going age in factories, and above all, the right of labour to form Unions and to seek arbitration. All these are excellent in themselves. They form part of the definition of Swaraj as formulated at Karachi by the Congress. But let it be remembered that they refer entirely to an urban population and that they are limited to 15 lakhs of labourers that labour and sweat and suffer in cities and towns, in mills and factories and workshops, but the vast population of the country is agricultural,—over 250 millions are engaged in that supreme industry. Their conditions in life are little considered. It is they that must get relief; it is their collateral occupations and accessory means of livelihood that

must engage the attention of the leaders of Indian nationalism under Swaraj, and unto this end it is that we are seeking to rehabilitate the craft-life of the country. Imagine how the artistic industries of this ancient land have been deliberately destroyed and how those artists who attained eminence both in the East and the West, more especially during the Moghul and Rajput ages, have fast begun to disappear. In Delhi while the peace negotiations were going on in the months of February and March, we beguiled our leisure hours in assisting at the Carpet Exhibition that was organised and in walking round the Central Asian Antiquities Institute and the Art Exhibition building. Although the Oriental Carpet Company is entirely financed and owned by Europeans, still it must be admitted that the carpets produced by them,—let alone the prices—are magnificent to a degree, and a look at the superb handiwork of the Indian carpet weaver is bound to elevate India miles high in the estimation of the denationalised Indian as well as the condescending foreigner. Indian agriculture is not a paying proposition, and often-times the farmer is the weaver and weaves his own cloth and the cloth required by his friends, while the weaver farms his own land and cultivates the land of his neighbours. Farming and weaving have therefore come to be supplementary to each other, yea, complementary to each other, and one may now understand why Gandhi declared himself a farmer and weaver before Mr. Broomsfield during his famous trial in the year 1922 for sedition.

Under Swaraj the lot of the agricultural labourer cannot be forgotten, and in fairness to the Congress we must say it has not been forgotten. The country that today governs the land is a Western country with an industrial civilization and an urban outlook. It cannot possibly understand the constitution of village life in this land and does not therefore sympathise with the vicissitudes of the village population of India. Is it the principle of taxation, is it the imposition of income-tax, is it the amenities of municipal life, is it the provision of water-supply, is it the establishment of schools, is it the supply of medical relief, is it the organisation of libraries, is it the affording of entertainments, take what you will,

it is the towns that score over the villages. The former have absorbed all funds, Local, Provincial and even Imperial. Government spends 85 p. c. of its revenues on towns. The village roads have been neglected; the village sanitation is a mere myth; the village medical relief is a misnomer; the village schools are a mere apology for what they should be; the village funds have been wiped out; the village *Bhajanmandirs* no longer exist under the patronage of the State; yea, the very population of the village has migrated into the towns and there is a depletion of population which is truly sad to contemplate. If you want the village once again to prosper, you must promote all these facilities and furnish all these amenities to the rural population. Under the ancient constitution of Indian society the village had always been a self-contained, self-sufficient, self-relying unit of the Indian State. We must not only restore that ancient status of the Indian village but also provide it with all modern facilities, so as to make it not merely self-contained but ever-expanding and ever-progressive. Unto this end land must be provided to the landless, and the depressed classes to whom patches of land are assigned here and there should not be made to feel that the land that they have acquired is a burden to them, throwing them into the hands of the money-lender and of the landlord in the neighbourhood. What doth it avail to give a poor helpless Panchama 5 acres of land and ask him to cultivate this barren area grown with bush and hawthorn and pricklypear? Land does not become arable by the mere granting of a *Patta*. The bushes have to be cleared; the levels have to be maintained; bunds have to be constructed; channels have to be dug; sluices have to be put up; the soil has to be ploughed and manured; seed has to be purchased; transplantation has to be done; and then weeding, watering, harvesting and reaping,—all these processes in the first five years are items that appear only on the debit side of the balance-sheet. How is the Panchama to finance this industry, and how in the meantime is he to live? He must eke out his livelihood by the sweat of his brow, and while he has sold his body and soul to a master it is hardly likely that he will ever be able to spare his time or energy for the cultivation of his lands. Such a cultivation must

therefore take place only by means of hired labour for which payment is necessary, and the beneficent Government that has conferred lands upon these landless people has made no provision whatever for the financing of those agricultural operations without which land can neither be cultivated nor made to yield. We note that land so assigned has been burdened with the condition that it should not be alienated within ten years, but we know too that, in spite of all these, the land has been invariably changing hands and the Panchamas have more often been ruined by the land given by Government than ever they have prospered. The writer, in collaboration with an Assistant Registrar of Co-operative Societies and a Sub-Collector who holds a high position in the Government of India today, elaborated a scheme in the year 1920 whereby the land given to the Panchama should be given, not through individual *Pattas* but to a Co-operative Society composed of 30 to 40 members, each member holding his share of land on lease from the Society. If that is done and if the Co-operative Society finances the agricultural operations, then will be established a state of things against which there will exist no ground for complaint whatever. But this Government is so "wooden, inelastic, iron and ante-diluvian" that it would not listen to any such proposal, and it is hoped that under Swaraj a more elastic and sensible system of assigning land to the landless will be pursued.

Really the grievances of the landholders are innumerable. A close economic survey has been made in the reports of the people in connection with the re-settlement operations of Godavari and Kistna Districts. The re-settlement is now overdue but has fortunately been stopped. The economic investigations have yielded results by no means astounding, which have proved beyond a shadow of doubt that agriculture is not a paying proposition for holdings of less than 12 acres. Supposing that a holding of 10 acres is cultivated and has yielded 12 candies of paddy selling at Rs. 70 a candy (now it sells at Rs. 35), the yield would be Rs. 840 while the expenses amount to Rs. 930. The expenses so tabulated provided Rs. 15 per mensem to the cultivating landlord, his wife and his two or three children.

Few people ever think of preparing a balance-sheet for the agricultural industry. The ryot borrows money when he needs it and allows himself and his lands to be sold out in the open market when his credit is exhausted. 10 acres of land requires a pair of bulls and a bandy. The former costs Rs. 350 and the latter Rs. 120. These do not serve more than 8 years. Every year therefore the capital outlay upon this alone comes to Rs. 52, while the interest on the capital comes to another Rs. 48. A clean Rs. 100 must be set apart therefore for the bulls and bandy from out of the produce, and if you take the various items that constitute the labour required for cultivation, you will find that no man can pay a rupee of tax on land for holdings of less than 12 to 15 acres. That is why Karachi has decided upon the remission of land-tax on uneconomic holdings and a progressive land-tax as the holding becomes larger and larger. Let it be remembered that today land-tax is a tax on capital, not on produce! It is tragic to note how the Government of the day, being industrial and urban in outlook, has organised a system of taxation involving a great hardship to the people of the villages while comparatively it affords relief to the people living in towns. If a father has got two sons, to one of whom he has given 50 acres of land worth Rs. 1000 each acre and to the other Rs. 50,000 in cash, the latter may show by his accounts that he makes only Rs. 1999 and he need not pay a single pie of taxation to Government, while the former has to pay a land-tax of Rs. 2 per acre on the first acre of his holding as well as the last acre of his holding. Thus of the two sons with equal property, he who lives in towns and is only called upon to pay income-tax is at a great advantage over him who lives in the village and toils, sows, reaps and lives by the sweat of his labour. The man that produces food in the country is penalised by the Government, while the man that lives in towns as a middleman or as a blood-sucker is favoured in respect of taxation. That is why Karachi has resolved in favour of income-tax on agricultural industry on a progressive scale beyond a certain limit, and it may be at once stated that in order to reach that limit, (of Rs. 2000 which is now prevalent in towns), a cultivator has successfully to cultivate

land of not less than 60 acres in extent before he can come under the Income-tax Law. Moreover, as things stand, the Zamindars who make lacs of money every year are exempt from Income-tax operations, while under Swaraj they will have to shell down their share of the tax like any other citizen. Land-tax, if at all it exists, should be made a local cess and earmarked for village development.

There is a popular belief that India is seeking Swaraj in the interests of towns and of the rich. That belief is entirely wrong. It is not the so-called educated classes that today enjoy the leadership of the country. The leadership of Indian politics has passed into the hands of the villagers. The village people have recognised that this Government instead of promoting employment has promoted unemployment in the country. In England the 3 million unemployed people receive a dole of nearly a crore of rupees a day and about 300 crores of rupees is set apart for the relief of the unemployed there every year. In India there is no knowing how many are unemployed and how unemployment is sedulously being fostered by the prevalent conditions of the day. The village cobbler has lost his cunning and finds it no use to stick to his trade, because the people in the towns get their boots from factories in India and abroad. The village smith has lost his trade, because, from the wire-nail to the door-hinge, almost every article of house-building, furniture and equipment is imported from abroad nowadays. The village weaver is thrown out of employment, because the cloth needed by the country is supplied by Lancashire. The village spinner is forced to be idle, because, even if the cloth is woven in the village, the yarn is supplied by the mills and millionaires of Bombay and Ahmedabad and people do not see the unwisdom of making the rich at a distance richer and the poor in the neighbourhood poorer. The village fishermen can no longer cure his fish, because there is an embargo on salt in his neighbourhood, and as it is the women that cure the fish while it is the men that catch them, the former cannot go to Government fish-curing yards and cannot work in the presence of strangers, leaving their homes and hearths and the privacy and leisure that they can command there. The industry has therefore gone into the hands of middlemen who

employ labour and has deprived this caste of its ancient calling. The barber has lost his cunning as well as calling because of the Gillette and Valet of the necessary self-shaving apparatus, and the people do not mind paying an anna for a blade made in Panama rather than pay an anna to the barber that is starving next door to them. The carpet-weaver has almost forgotten his superior skill in making carpets that may sell at Rs. 100 a square yard, and the few that survive in the country are only able to make carpets that sell at Rs. 6 to 12 a square yard. What a fall! The printing and dyeing industry has almost perished and only the revival of Khaddar has revived those crafts in a measure. Under Swaraj therefore it shall be the earnest endeavour of the leaders of the day to revive the means of employment of the poor and not merely to serve the rich. The very offices which will be held under Swaraj will not be attractive for their emoluments in the manner in which they are now, and so hardened and bureaucratic an officer as Sir George Schuster is reported to have declared that, under a popular Government, India cannot afford to give salaries which are inevitable under a bureaucracy. When therefore the maximum of salaries is fixed at Rs. 500, let it not be thought that it is a mere pious wish or even a pious fraud but that it will be a grim reality, and when once ministers draw Rs. 500 per mensem, the fabulous scales and standards of remuneration of lawyers will disappear. As it is, the salaries of ministers are reacting upon the fees of lawyers and the latter upon the former, and a vicious circle is established which will be cut off the moment Swaraj is established.

In the renovated India of the future, every citizen will be made to feel that he owns this country. Thus the lands, the hills and valleys, the rivers that beautify this ancient heritage, the very stars and planets that bedeck the blue canopy above, will be his. When that is so, the citizen will feel it a point of both honour and pride that he should defend his own shores and frontiers and live at peace with his neighbours. We shall no longer be throwing bombs upon the Mohamands, the Vaziris, the Chitralis, the Afridis and the Gilzaris on our frontiers, but befriend them and make them apostles of non-

violence and votaries of the Charka. The country shall not be manned by a mercenary soldiery, but the young men who have the spirit of adventure in them and are today left to rot in the corridors of offices, will under Swaraj bear the burden of standing sentinel at the gates of India and protecting the homes and hearths of their countrymen. The Military expenditure which has run up to 55 crores will straightway be reduced to a half, and the benefit of the savings so effected will be passed to the people by the relief they get through the abolition of salt-tax (6 crores), opium (2 crores), and liquor (17 crores). The money saved in reducing the salaries of the Civil establishment and Civil works which will come to about 4 crores, will pass in turn into the pockets of the people when they get an immediate relief of 50% in the land-tax. The Swaraj budget is thus easily balanced. There are no fantastic hopes raised which cannot be implemented by the hard standards of budgets and finance.

When salt is made available to the rich and the poor free of cost, the health of the nation and of the cattle and the efficiency of smaller industries will be restored. When drink has been abolished, labour in India will be free from that pestilence which is known to shorten life and impair strength and, what is worse, promotes crime, destroys morals and jeopardises the happiness and peace of the home and the family. When the burden of taxation is lightened, there will be incentive to labour which is taken away now, because all earned increment in values is diverted to the coffers of the State. When Currency is controlled and Exchange is either abolished or regulated, the tyranny of the importer disappears and agricultural produce can have easy and certain markets in the world. When the import of paddy and wheat is prohibited and the import of cloth is wiped out, the people in the villages will have their second meal once again after centuries of starvation. When the key industries are controlled and Shipping, Banking and Insurance have passed into the hands of the people, the wealth of the country is conserved and young men will have avenues in life which are now shut against them. But when all this is gone through, there remains the huge incubus of rural indebtedness which

is grinding down the people of the villages and putting them entirely at the mercy of the Sowcar and the money-lender. It is estimated that India's rural indebtedness is 618 crores of rupees. How are we to wipe out this indebtedness? Is it ever thinkable that the ryot who is ground down by this unbearable burden will ever be able to stand erect and play his part as citizen under Swaraj? It is well-known how there is a sum of 235 crores of rupees in England representing the Gold Exchange Standard Reserve and the Paper Currency Reserve, which is being used by the Secretary of State for various purposes tending to promote British trade with India, being lent to British merchants at easy rates of 2 and 3% returnable in a fortnight or three weeks. Sir Daniel Hamilton long ago suggested that this Reserve should be carried to India but he was ridiculed. It is gratifying however to note that the Young Currency Commission of 1928 has accepted his recommendation though the Government of India has not acted upon it. Sir Daniel Hamilton has suggested that, with this Reserve of 235 crores, an All-India Bank should be established which could be made to start an issue of 705 crores of credit money through note circulation, deposits and current accounts. Thus the capital consisting of silver and gold in securities aggregating to 235 crores, together with debentures and deposits aggregating to 705 crores, makes the liabilities of the bank 940 crores which should be set off by the following assets. 97 crores of gold and silver, and 138 crores of securities convertible into gold and silver, making up 235 crores liquid money and the balance of 705 crores may thus be utilised. 618 crores may be utilised for the redemption of rural indebtedness leaving 87 crores for the promotion of Railways, Irrigation, Drainage, Co-operation, Municipal amenities and Industrial Development. Railways may be assigned 20 crores, Irrigation in the Punjab 4 and in Central Provinces 2, Drainage in Bengal 1, Co-operation 20, Municipal and District Boards 25, and Industrial Development 15. A Bank so constituted under Swaraj on the lines laid down by Sir Daniel Hamilton will wipe out the malaria from Bengal and the drought from the Central Provinces and make India once again a land flowing with milk and honey.

In a word when Swaraj is established, the course of 'progress' that has been in vogue during the past one century will become reversed. The towns and cities which are the dumping grounds of foreign trade and the standing monuments of foreign domination, foreign trade, foreign authority and foreign conquest, will cease to be the objects of envy or pursuit. They will remain exposed in all their nakedness and show themselves the parasites that they are, sucking out as they do the life-blood of the village. The village, on the contrary, will become the centre of gravity of Indian nationalism, and leadership in public and political life—which would then mean national life,—will pass from the votaries of towns and universities to the producers of food and raiment, those who till and sow, who weed and reap, those who build the wealth of the nation and feed and clothe its millions. Currency which has committed havoc during the past so many years now stands unveiled and the atrocities that have followed in the train of its vicissitudes have become more apparent now than ever before. In the village, while properties have fallen in value, debts retain their original values and add to them hour in and hour out. And this has spelt the ruin of the ryot. The village will hereafter not witness that rush to towns and cities for money, loans, and mahajans or Sowcars, but learn to exchange service for service, and though it may look atavistic, revive the old conceptions of barter which in modern language may well be rendered into service, so that under the new regime, the fall in prices may be a welcome change to be jubilant over and not a disaster to be bemoaned. Where urban life and amenities may nevertheless have to continue, they will assume an attenuated form or even undergo alterations which will take away the sting of the modern day urbanization and 'citi-i-zation' which passes for civilization. The middleman of the towns and cities will yield place to the Co-operative organisations which in God's good time must culminate in the Co-operative Commonwealth—the dream of Sir Daniel Hamilton. The Swaraj of the future will not pay fat salaries to bureaucrats from the sin money of Drink and Drugs but establish the poor man's rule, the Raj of the man in the street, designed to promote local

industries and ensure to every citizen his share of food and raiment. It will be the Swaraj where not mere Law will be administered by Courts but Justice administered by Panchayats, where falsehood uttered at distant Tribunals will not pass for truth but truth will be told and tested at the scenes of occurrences or disputes, and where the ambiguities of the written word will be obliterated and the value of the spoken word once again restored.

Frescoes from Kerala

BY K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

It was the writer's good fortune, in the course of a sojourn in the Cochin State, to light on the picture of a human figure, of superhuman size and proportion, singularly graceful of form and posture, with quadrangular face and lion torso, and arms that held strength in reserve but did not exhaust it in any specific manifestation, and nose and lips of winsome shapeliness, and eyes the most wistful and tender—the art-type, in a word, which Ajanta has familiarised us with, miraculously transferred to the walls of the Siva shrine at Trichur. The wonder was, there were frescoes of the same order of merit, and perhaps the same age, in greater numbers, at the neighbouring shrine at Tiruvanjikulam, the reputed capital of the early Cheras:—full length portraits, for instance, of what looked like the thirty-three *Devas*, spread over an entire wall; a king or god, on a divine steed, with the most exquisite arch of neck and beautifully caparisoned; a Venugopala 'no elder than a boy' of full sensuous lips, making soft music on the flute, a bunch of comely women nestling close; a Rama gorgeously crowned and costumed, yet sad with the presentiment of a second separation; Sita smiling enigmatically, and Lakshmana looking far away, in thoughtful reverie—pictures enough, one felt, to make up a Brahminical Ajanta in miniature. It was the same haunting perfection of form as at Ajanta, the same unmistakable idiom, and magnificence of drapery and ornamentation, and spontaneity of disciplined expression; the same imaginative use of tone and tint, and intolerance of the obvious; the same passionate adoration of woman, through whom Beauty chose to reveal herself, and whose glances and turns of head and hand it was the duty of art to reproduce. The loveliness of woman is an eternal preoccupation with art, not only at Bagh or Ajanta or Belur and Bhuvaneshvar, but also wherever Brahminical influences have prevailed, from Khotan to the ends of Indonesia.

A later group of pictures were at the Siva shrine at Trichur, dating from the 11th century, (if the inscription may be believed), subscribed by a Brahmin disciple of an Achyuta Variar, betraying signs of a fall from the idealism of the older series, but with a new compensating power of dramatic visualisation that lifted the Pauranic narrative to heights of creative interpretation. The series began with a coronation group of Rama, rather feeble in comparison with the older composition, but far above a similar group at Irinjalakuda—the ancestor of the conventional Rama group of the glass-painter and folk-art. The next was a Kuchela, regally welcomed and honored by Krishna, who is graciousness itself and unbends in terms of a supreme courtesy, but unfortunately, the hero has all but faded out of the composition. There were, in addition, a Lakshminarayana, a Narasimha, a Vishnu on the serpent couch, surrounded by the heavenly musicians—all considerably damaged, except for stray minor figures, and a vivid Prahlada in profile. The most powerful composition of the series, however, is the descent of a many-handed Narayana on Garuda, followed by a rain of paradisaical flowers, as the gods adored the vision from a distance. Above this picture, a little to the right, is the outline of a woman in the middle of the dance movement called *Karihasta*, which the artist apparently did not live to complete. The outer walls of the three inner shrines were once lavishly painted over, since repainted and vulgarised by some ignorant renovator; the fane of Sankaranarayana, which has somehow escaped his attentions, retains views of the horse, elephant and chariot, discharging hails of arrows and fantastic missiles against a red back-ground—the theme of a battle-scene, as vigorously handled as the war-reliefs at Angkor, though on a very much smaller scale. Here was an artist who was no admirer of repose, but revelled in action, of which he gave such spirited presentations.

Thus far, a hurried review of the material; it is not improbable that some of the minor identifications have to be revised, because the pictures have been reconstructed mostly from memory. The outlines published now relate to the older series; exigencies of space are responsible for the none-too-happy method of exhibiting them

piecemeal, but it is hoped that the Cochin State would, before long, undertake preparation of faithful copies, with the help of painters who have specialised in this class of work, because the pictures are no mere local curiosities but relics of an art that counts votaries in every part of the world.

It will be noticed that this art, like every other Indian art, is conventional, in the sense that the convention is the limitation of



Rama from Nataraja Temple, Tiruvanjikulam

Form, through which the artist revealed himself, a medium of expression, which, like the *Raga*, inspired, but did not cramp, and allowed freedom for an endless series of ever fresh presentations; it made no call on him to invent his medium, which

tradition had already defined and perfected in the *epic* figure-types of Hamsa, Bhadra etc., and their feminine counterparts, in terms of which he had to express himself; or the strangely beautiful eyes resembling fish, neck modelled after the conch, and arms sinuous as the creeper and fingers more delicate than flowers,—of an æsthetic that recoiled from the anatomy of Life on account of its imperfections, and created its own, from the very material out of which Brahma fashioned Tilottama and in the very manner. It is clear that, here, as at Ajanta, the line is the principal means of expression, not descriptive or subsidiary, but definitive, vital—line that siezes everything, from the humblest flower or trinket to the massed girth of male anatomy, or the rounded breasts, attenuated waist and expansive hip of woman—line that has survived to this day in the ornamental scroll of the brazier, or floor decoration of the housewife, and whose importance the grammarian proclaimed, when he ranked it first among the resources of good painting and declared that it was beloved of the Masters; reinforced, as at Ajanta, by an unobtrusive, yet effective shading, and a color-technique that was realistic in its visions of the elephant and lotus and Nature generally, descriptive or classificatory when the burden was human, and symbolic in its treatment of the super-visual, but suggestive always and significant. Together with this fully-developed articulation, is evident an uncanny mastery of the laws of fore-shortening (*Kshayavridhi*), and proportion (*Pramana*), and sensitiveness to visual appearance and optic effect, and precision in recapturing them, and intimate knowledge of Dance—its attitudes, movements and gestures, on which the visible arts were grounded, and from which they derived their true sustenance of rhythm. It is the alliance of Dance and the visible arts and the refinements of facial expression (*Mukharaga*) that lift Indian art to heights where neither Greece nor modern Europe dare follow.

Two kinds of painting there are: one renounces detail, and favours simplicity; its silence is more expressive than song, and space more eloquent than figure; the other pines for exuberance, that is Chopinian, and covets ornament as part of its very life, and bodies itself in it—a profusion that neither offends nor distracts,

but pleases always. The Kerala pictures undoubtedly belong to the second class. Here are jewels that are no capricious superfluity, but integral parts of the figures and irremovable. In the sketches, these have been largely omitted, a deficiency we



Gopi from Sayanagriha, Nataraja Temple, Tiruvanjikulam

have attempted to make good by the reproduction of a bronze Dwarapalaka,¹ from the Trichur Museum, as a classic example of the tendency. Witness the workmanship of the magnificent

¹See the Frontispiece.

crown—the same kind as the Mahapurusha at Sittannavasal wears; or the complex scheme of pendants and clasps, and wreath of flower and leaf that undulate over the contours of flesh. Likewise does the Kerala painter make raiment interpret body and tilt of earring, or crown accentuate the toss of head; likewise does he revel in decoration that is lavish, and which compels homage by its very luxuriance. One has to distinguish art like this where ornament is the symbol of vitality, and the artist has not learnt to curb his fancy but lets it spend itself as it would, from that mature art which is always more reticent and gets its effects by quite an opposite method, or that decadent art, as extravagant as futile.

But whence came the jewellery? The term *Silpa* meant cleverness, cunning, that inhered in works of art, and it was stretched to include the arts themselves, which revealed the quality. The arts were many and included, in addition to the arts of dancer, musician, carver, painter and architect, those of the worker in bronze, inlayer, garland maker, goldsmith and even the humble potter and weaver. The many-crested crown, necklace, bracelet, girdle, anklet, etc., minutely described by Bharata and Kasyapa, were the perfected handiwork of the master-jeweller, and all that the visible artist had to do was to transfer them to his figures—an instance of one art lending its treasures to another; or perhaps it was the painter and sculptor who fashioned these in the first instance, which the goldsmith reproduced later, and it was perhaps Life, as Wilde said, that copied Art. In Kerala, at any rate, Life does copy Art, not only in the archaic jewellery and coiffure of the women, but in the women themselves, who are the nearest earthly approach to art-types and appear in truth to have stepped out of the frescoes. Whatever the origin of the ornaments, it is beyond dispute that they played an important part in the technique of the ancient painter, along with line and color, to which the author of the *Chitra Sutras* draws attention and reiterates by the naive axiom that 'women preferred jewellery', as contrasted with those who preferred *Vartana* (modelling) or those that were enslaved by color. But the Masters, as stated already, prized the line.

There is no doubt that there are a number of other old temples in Cochin and Travancore, containing paintings similar to



Lakshmana from Nataraja Temple, Tiruvanjikulam

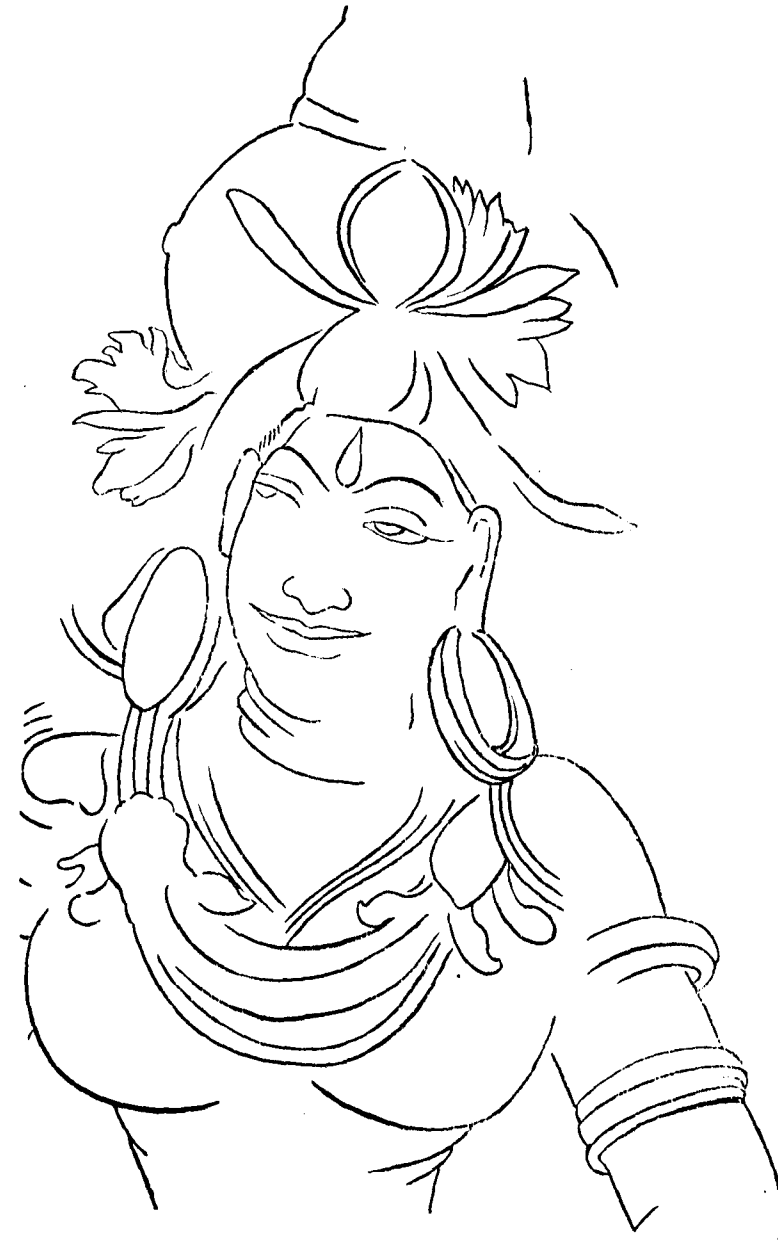
Copied by Mr. Rammohan Sastry

these, but the writer has not had time to examine them; it would therefore be rash to generalise from the present limited data, but it may be safely asserted that, in the 11th century in Kerala, we are at the parting of ways: the classical art has reached its climax and commenced to race downhill and is becoming increasingly 'popular' till at last it merges indistinguishably in folk-art. The process is full of interest to the historian, in that it establishes the interconnection between the two schools; a similar process in all probability was responsible for the 'popular' paintings at Madura, Tanjore and other cities, an inference strengthened by the early Hindu poem *Silappadikaram*, which is familiar with the terminology of the classical painter, and a *Paripatal*, still more ancient perhaps, describing a portrait gallery at Tirupparankunram, which included, among others, the picture of an uprisen Ahalya. Certain it is that, during the golden age of Indian art, it was the universal practice to assign special walls for the use of the painter, who filled them with the choicest specimens of his art, that have survived in most disused temples; it is equally certain that, in temples not so abandoned and in ages when the classic art had been long forgotten, the same walls came to be covered by paintings of a less exalted range, as in almost every Hindu temple, except those which have, as in Kerala, been providentially spared.

From the foregoing, it is obvious that the modern view, that the art of painting was alien to the Hindu genius, which rather delighted in sculpture by preference, and that classical Indian painting was largely, if not exclusively, Buddhistic, requires to be seriously reconsidered. The discovery of early paintings—in the Hindu temples at Ellora and Kanchi conclusively proves that the painter's art was India's common heritage from very remote periods of her history, which Buddhism along with Jainism shared in, though neither of them originated it.¹ This art was, like sculpture or architecture, primarily an art that sought an imaginative mode of presentation instead of merely copy-

¹Additional proof is forthcoming from an unexpected quarter; Mr. Govindaswamy of Annamalai University reports discovery of Chola paintings on the inner walls of the big temple, Tanjore.

ing Life, and with a medium of expression as elaborately refined as the Samskrit language, and that did not vary with the



Gopi from Sayanagriha, Nataraja Temple, Tiruvanjikulam
Copied by Mr. Rammohan Sastry

localities in which it was practised, and which voiced Brahminism no less than Buddhism or Jainism. Dynastic or chronological terms like Gupta, Pallava or Chalukya, while they fail to illuminate the art to which they are applied, have successfully created an impression that Indian art is a babel of confusing traditions, a veritable forest of school and style! Thus has modern scholarship obscured the essential unity and homogeneity of Indian art. But the truth is, there is only one school of Indian classical art, and its creations are not confined to any one age or clime and are met with right up to the end of the Hindu period. And, as at Ajanta, this art was never preponderantly religious but accepted any motif, holy or lay: the austere renunciation of Bhagavan Buddha, no less than the riotous life of sense and courtly pomp of the hedonistic Andhra or Vakataka kings.

Note.—It is with diffidence, and hesitation considerable, that the outlines are published, because one at least of the drawings has undergone mysterious transfiguration in the hands of the block-maker. The Indian reader cannot do better than visit the places which are within easy reach and judge for himself.



Paintings on lateral wall, Vadakku Natham temple, Trichur

On Choosing Names

BY K. S.

I experienced the other day somewhat a surprise, a gentle surprise, which was by no means disagreeable. I was, in fact, quite unprepared for it, and it kept me amused for some time over those unaccountable fancies, which lay hold of the mind at all moments. The very phenomenon that they spring without reason must rather plead for than condemn them, for human minds will hardly be human if they are entirely free from fancies, from even those which are quaint and wholly harmless. The young man who was responsible for my surprise was certainly as unconscious of it as he looked. Indeed, how was he to know either that I am subject to a whimsical imagination, or his own name could ever have anything to do with it? Yet it was the name that did it, or I should not have felt in the least as I did.

Never could there have been a more genuine clash between the original and mentally-formed pictures. There was the unmistakable suggestion in the name, such as of the absence of youth, of dress far removed from the modern style, and of manners, unimpressive and old-fashioned. But how reality put to flight such shameful vision of the mind! If a regular anachronism had presented itself, one could not have been more truly bewildered. There stood the young man, looking smart in the latest cut of clothes, wearing glasses, (an indispensable attribute of true refinement), and with an unimpeachable address, all proclaiming against his inadequate name as loudly as they could.

It would have been only too fitting if he had one of those designations which fall trippingly from the lips, and are quite catching to the ears. One felt it would have carried him anywhere with much ease, and would have guarded him, like the staunchest of friends, against any amount of impudent unconcern.

But as it happened, this young man was given the wrong

name, one of those homely ones, that you never hear but with absolute indifference. It bore no greater affinity to him than a Negro could to a white man. Its arid sound on the ears totally divested it of any dignity or charm that one might, with justice, wish to find in names in general. He was, probably, a younger child of his parents, who, having lost by death one or two children before him, sought in christening him an old convention, in their anxiety to preserve him. Such forms of convention, it is evident, can never entirely lose their significance for us, when we recognise that they still linger somewhere in the background even in this advanced age.

My sensations on another occasion were of a very different kind. This time the person could scarcely do justice to the name she owned. A gulf seemed to separate the two. The little girl with her name looked like a figure of doubtful character in possession of a very precious jewel, the advent of which might reasonably provoke question. The beautiful name hung about her almost as a reproach. To be sure, I would not have despised her face half so much if she had an ordinary name, anything rather than the one so romantic. A plain, home-spun one would have fitted her to perfection. But it would be unjust taking to task the poor child for the misappropriation in which she, undoubtedly, had no part. Really could she be in any way responsible for the fault of her parents, whom vanity had rendered blind to the fact that their little child owned the least possible claim to such a lovely appellation? I fancy she might not feel at all sorry to part with it if she could.

"What is in a name?" Juliet asks. "That which we call a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." True, the rose would not be the less perfect for want of an equally perfect name. But that would not, I think, prevent one from wishing that the lovely flower may be called by a name fully worthy of it. And, assuredly, Romeo would have looked not at all the less handsome, had he been differently baptised. Yet is it not, also, exceedingly probable, if one may hold it, that Juliet might well have reflected with pleasure upon the happy accident that brought together Romeo and his beautiful name?

Just as we possess little control over our destinies, so it may be said of names that they appear to be as much pre-ordained by Providence. We have seen parents selecting names for their children with anxious care, or calling a favourite child after the name of some renowned personage, with the liveliest hopes that he would rise as eminently in life, but all to no purpose. For the irony of things wills otherwise, and an insignificant, mutilated, sorry version of it is all that remains sometimes of the much-cherished original.

There are certainly more things in a name than one would give credit for. We know mere nomenclature works wonders in some instances, while in others people apparently come to grief owing to no worse cause than their accidental association with some names.

Sententiæ

BY NOLINI KANTO GUPTO

Beauty is the soul's delight perfectly articulate and organised.

Where the soul does not speak out, where the rhythm of the spirit does not manifest, there comes in ugliness.

Things are ugly when they are not true to themselves, not sincere, not self-expressive.

In a sense, natural and beautiful are the same, the perverse commensurate with the ugly.

* * *

Beauty is not merely balance, symmetry, measure, a regular disposition of features. A form, an embodiment, need not be pretty to be beautiful.

Mere formal beauty is a power, but a surface power; there is a deeper unity of rhythm in the embodiment that is beautiful by its transparent soul-expression.

* * *

Consciousness is the light that flows from the Truth of existence.

To be conscious means to be aware of the Truth of one's nature and live and move with the luminous force of that Truth.

Awareness is not a mere passive phenomenon; it is supremely active and dynamic. To be aware means a constant radiation of the light of consciousness and by the touch of that light a continuous purification and new-creation.

* * *

If you happen to be in the way of the Divine Power, either you yield to it and are taken up into its substance and constitution, become an integral part of it, execute in it a special function—

Or, you oppose it and are mowed down and destroyed.

The Dark Power tries to work in the self-same way; but it cannot touch you, even though you oppose it, if from the outset you are armed with the protection of the Divine Force.

SENTENTIÆ

31

The Dark Power too gives protection to its devotees, but it cannot maintain them long against the inexorable on-coming of the Divine.

* * *

The Soul is a portion of the Divine, enshrined in the heart of the human being; it is the child of the Mahashakti, it is the immortal in mortality, the secret godhead that urges the earthly creature ever forward and upward in the march of evolution, ever expressing and embodying more and more of its inner truth in the actualities of life.

The Self is the Purusha in the individual; it is the consciousness as pure being, simply existent in its own delight, which sees and sanctions all and is yet aloof from the mutabilities of the life's becoming.

The Spirit is the Self immanent, universal and transcendent.

The Supreme Divine is Purushottama,—the Spirit and its expression and its continent, the *Sat* and the *Shakti*.

* * *

Two godheads are there: one above, the other here below. One is transcendent, the other immanent; one is eternal, infinite, immutable, absolute, the other is of the temporal and in it, wedded to the finite, the changing, the relative; one is sovereignly conscious, the other embedded in the unconscious. One is the godhead that is, the other the godhead that is becoming.

One is the godhead in eternal Truth—*nitya*, *swarupa*; the other is the godhead in ever progressive Reality—*vyavahara*, *rupa*. Both are one and the same deity. The godhead above, descending, has become the godhead here below ascending to meet again and recover its original nature—not there, but here.

Creation is the interaction of these two elemental Powers expressing themselves as Nature—Nature, an Involution and Evolution of the double Divinity.

Progress is the march of the godhead below towards a triumphant self-revelation; its self-finding is the luminous realisation in itself of the godhead above.

* * *

Religion is a worship of lesser gods; often, even, it is the worship of beings that are not gods at all but pose as gods, simulating their truth, usurping their status, acting arbitrarily in their divine name and aping their authority.

The pseudo-gods are not always evil, nor do they lead men only to perdition: their worship may often be useful, even salutary. But what these beings will not allow is to let man pass beyond a given frontier; they will not suffer him to rise in the scale of consciousness higher than a certain limit. Any attempt or turn towards a transcending of that limit they watch with jealous vigilance and suppress it with vehemence, even with violence. Within their domain, subject to their *dharma*, they accord to their worshippers prosperity and power, sometimes perhaps even a certain elevation of consciousness.

The lesser gods and the pseudo-gods are none other than the various forces that reign in the world of the mental, the vital or the physical consciousness. These are the three planes that, in the cosmic as well as in the human scale, form the fundamental notes of the Inferior Hemisphere of Nature.

The true gods belong to higher reaches, they are powers of the Superior Hemisphere; living beyond the triple mundane consciousness, in the Fourth—*turiya*—they are native to the domain of the Spirit. They embody the mighty universal laws of that vaster Truth-Consciousness (*Ritam*).

To go beyond all the dharmas of this three-fold Lower Nature, attain to the Truth-Consciousness of the Fourth Status, incarnate in all that we are, know, will, feel and do the Law or Dharma of the Spirit and of the Spirit alone, is what we mean by Spirituality.

Chitrangi: A Study in Character¹

BY PROF. T. VIRABHADRU

(*The Osmania University, Hyderabad*)

Chitrangi is the romantic heroine of *Sarangadhara*, a drama which is very popular on the South Indian stage. There are different versions of the story, one of them being the Telugu drama of *Vishada Sarangadhara* (The Tragedy of Sarangadhara) by the late D. Krishnamacharlu of Bellary in which the author presents to us in his tragic heroine a most interesting study in character-development. The story of the drama is briefly this. There was a certain king by name Rajanarendra (also Rajarajanarendra). Ratnangi and Chitrangi were his two queens. By the eldest he had a son, Sarangadhara, a young man of fine parts and steady character. Of the two queens, Chitrangi was the king's favourite. She was very beautiful, as her name imports, and, barely sixteen years of age, was married to the king in his old days. Her charms were so great that, though she was originally intended for Prince Sarangadhara, the old king was tempted to make her his second wife. Chitrangi, however, had a secret love for Sarangadhara, even from the time, before her marriage, she saw his picture given her by the Brahmana who was deputed by King Rajanarendra to find out a suitable bride for his only son. It so happened once that the king had to go on a hunting expedition. He expected to return to his capital in ten days, for he had to be at home a day before the Prince's birthday

¹The Telugu essay on which the present article is based was written by me in 1916 and appeared in *The Andhra Patrika* Annual Number of that year. It can also be read in the 1927 Edition of *Vishada Sarangadhara* published by Messrs. D. Krishnamacharlu and Brothers, Bellary, who quoted, with my consent, the whole essay in the Introduction. The translations of extracts from the play, while attempting to be as faithful to the original as possible, are not literal in all places. They are, except in one or two cases, based on prose passages of which the drama is so full.—T.V.

which was to be followed by his coronation. Sarangadhara was very clever and wise and attained now his twentieth year, and the old king wanted to put him on the throne, himself retiring from public duties. In the king's absence, Chitrangi at home was getting very uneasy, for, being left alone, she began to think of Sarangadhara. Her love, once suppressed, revived now with a mighty force and, unable to control it, she was waiting for an opportunity to see him. As ill-luck would have it, on a certain day Sarangadhara's pigeon (he was very fond of pigeons) alighted on her palace and the young queen who was watching this from her royal apartments snatched the bird and kept it in her room. The unwary Prince made up his mind to have it by going to his step-mother and asking for it. The warning given by his friend Subudhi, the Prime Minister's son, that a young prince of twenty should not visit a young queen of sixteen at her palace in the absence of the king, and that such a visit would surely land him in dangers, was of no avail. In the Prince's opinion, a step-mother was as much as a mother and there would be no room for suspicion or danger in such a visit. So they met and Chitrangi revealed to him her heart and would not leave him unless he satisfied her heart's desire. Sarangadhara was adamant. She adopted several ways to win him over but he was icy-cold. She threatened to report against him to her husband, the king, and he laughed at the idea. At last he escaped, but when the old king came home the report was made, a trial was held and the innocent Prince was declared guilty. He was punished with loss of feet and hands, for his crime was a horrible one: committing rape on the queen and step-mother. Chitrangi, however, soon regretted her revenge, for her love for Saranga not having left her, she could not be happy. Sense of guilt and shame was very heavy on her, and the king and, through him, the world discovered her guilt. The news arrived that the relief sent by the king to save his son was too late and the cutting of the feet and hands was finished. Chitrangi's heart broke and she died.

At the outset, two or three points have to be noted as a preliminary to our discussion of Chitrangi's character. This essay

deals with the character of this tragic heroine as depicted by Krishnamacharlu and does not consider the several versions of Chitrangi found in Telugu or in any other South Indian literature. Krishnamacharlu's Chitrangi is unique in Telugu dramatic fiction as a perfect type of tragic heroine. The author has a great title conferred on him by the public, 'Andhra Nataka Pitamaha' (Father of Andhra Drama), and it may be said that, though he has written several plays, this one character is enough to make him deserve that title. Secondly, this treatment should not be considered as a *justification* of her conduct. It is only an *explanation* or *interpretation* of her character and the circumstances which led to her crime. An 'appreciation' of the character of Othello is not necessarily a justification of his conduct, for no one would pretend to justify what is to human beings a beastly act, the murder of an innocent and chaste wife by her husband soon after the marriage. It is an attempt to understand the temper of Othello and to take note of the circumstances which involved him and his dear wife in an intrigue from which no escape was humanly possible. In his preface to *Vishada Sarangadhara* the author explains his attitude to Chitrangi. He says there are two sources from which the plot is generally borrowed. One version says that as a result of the 'bride-search', the picture of Chitrangi was brought to King Rajanarendra, and bewitched by her beauty the old king married a girl originally intended for his son. In this the character of the king appears in a very bad light. According to the second version, King Rajanarendra had two wives, Ratnangi and Chitrangi. Sarangadhara was born about ten years after the king's second marriage. Thus Chitrangi, at the age of 35, fell in love with her step-son of 20, which is not quite credible. Krishnamacharlu avoids these two extremes and tones down Chitrangi. When the king sent wise Brahmanas to go to the various kingdoms to find out a suitable bride for his only son, they brought two pictures, one that of Chandrakala, daughter of the king of Vidarbha, and another that of Chitrangi, daughter of King Bhoja. The two girls looked so beautiful and clever that the king could not throw away either. So he chose to keep one for himself and that was Chitrangi. But Chitrangi told the

Ambassador Brahmana that she loved Sarangadhara deeply and requested him to convey this news to the noble Prince. Unfortunately, the Brahmana in his enthusiasm for the 4,000 gold coins given him by the king for his precious embassy, forgot all about Chitrangi's message to her lover, and the latter remained entirely ignorant of it. Mighty things often turn on a straw and Chitrangi's fate was thus determined by the fickle memory of this greedy Brahmana. Krishnamacharlu has introduced another innovation. Generally in Indian dramas we get a good deal of tragic element, but the drama suddenly gets a happy conclusion by the unforeseen arrival of a sage, prophet or god who can easily restore dead people to life by his magic touch. The author of *Vishada Sarangadhara* deliberately avoids this *deus ex machina* and allows the plot to end in a tragedy. Another change introduced in the story is that Rajanarendra is described as the king of Malwa while popular tradition associates the story with Rajahmundry. Rajanarendra of the play is identified with Rajarajanarendra, the great Andhra king and patron of learning. *Sarangadharunimetta*, the elevated place where Saranga was slain, is still shown and the nice building (now generally occupied by the highest officer of the place) overlooking the Godavari river is still called *Chitrangi-meda*. (Chitrangi's palace). Though this point is not quite relevant to the present essay, it is brought in to show that the story of Sarangadhara is very popular in the Telugu country and Chitrangi is one of the best creations in Telugu drama.

Thus we see that the character of Chitrangi is the source of the tragedy of *Sarangadhara*. It is no exaggeration to say Chitrangi is the soul of the drama. But there is no character in Telugu drama that we know of that is more severely condemned on moral grounds by the readers and spectators than Chitrangi, and there is no doubt that her conduct is shocking to any one with a little bias for morality. On analysis we find three aspects of this immorality. Firstly, she was unfaithful to the husband whom she married, or was married to. True it is that, before her marriage, her mind was fixed on Sarangadhara but once she married another person, she must have forgotten the old

love, annihilated the old desire and must have been reconciled to her wedded husband. Secondly, she tried to seduce Sarangadhara who was in the relation of a son, and drag a saintly young man into immorality and sin. Thirdly, not content with this, she took revenge on him by aiming at his life and brought about the death of one whose virtuous character and control over passions would have been a model for the world to follow. Truly, these three acts are bad enough to make her one of the basest specimens of womanhood. But if we pause and see and make an attempt to get at her true character, this impression has to be altered to some extent. We have to look deep and understand her real nature and the change it underwent as the result of circumstances. In every great drama we get a close relation between plot and character, and we see an example of it here.

Chitrangi was a most accomplished woman. Her physical beauty was unparalleled. The daughter of King Bhoja, she was very learned and was in possession of all royal virtues. Her intellect was extraordinary. In the course of her father's enquiries regarding a worthy husband for his clever and accomplished daughter, the story of Sarangadhara reached her ears. His charming personality, wide learning, kingly virtues and spotless character were well known to all, and his story, told and retold by her friends, was music to her ears. On the top of this, she saw his beauty in the miniature given her by a Brahmana from Sarangadhara's country, who came to negotiate with her own father about her marriage with that far-famed Prince. The moment she saw his picture, she decided that she should be his life-companion. She saw in him the shape which all her hopes assumed, the god whom her heart adored. Below is an extract from one of her appeals to him in the famous Temptation Scene (Act II-1) :

Sarangadhara! Since the day that Brahmana gave me your picture, I have not been able to fathom the depths of my love. I would choose none else for my husband. I would pray to a thousand deities to unite us in wedlock. Not one minute would I take away my thoughts from your world-bewitching beauty or world-wide reputation.

A girl of such deep love and noble parts, a princess sixteen

years old, was married against her will to an old king of nearly threescore! No doubt the young girl protested but to no purpose, for, her father, a great friend of Rajaraja, could not afford to displease him. Entreaties and threats and other strong measures proved too strong for her girlish protest. Thus the old man was forced on her. So far as she was concerned, it was a union 'of hands, not hearts' for Saranga was still enshrined in her heart. "Being confined to the royal palace she could not see him even once, but his image was ever present to her eyes." Probably if she knew at the time of the marriage that she could not at all get reconciled to her new lot, she would have, like Juliet, tried to resort to desperate methods. Another romantic heroine on a like occasion challenged her opponent by asking, "Has poison become a rarity in the world? Are not swords within our reach?" But a question arises. If Chitrangi did not love her old husband, why should she pretend so much love whenever she meets him? The answer is simple. As the young wife of one in dotage, she might have taken all liberty with the husband; he evidently fondled her too much. Or it might be that with a view to ward off any future danger, she lulled him to sleep, as it were. For instance, when the king was ready to go on his hunting excursion, she said she would follow him. "The tigers and other wild beasts of the forest would not frighten her. She could not live in separation from her 'loving husband.' He might say it was only an absence of ten days but to her a day would mean an age." She however knows that she is not sincere in all this flattery. She recognises she is only acting a part. She confesses: "Alas! What a wrong path I have chosen, the path of hypocrisy and sin!"

We see Chitrangi for the first time in Act I-ii when she is wading through great agony of heart. She is making strenuous efforts to suppress her love for Sarangadhara and divert her thoughts from him. She feels sincerely that her heart has now no reason to love him, as he is no longer a lover; on the other hand, the position is that of mother and son. She is trying honestly to kill that old desire and place herself on the road of pure morality. But her mind is unsteady, as unsteady as the water drops on a lotus

leaf. The sentiments expressed below reveal to the reader the great conflict going on in her breast. Addressing her own heart, she says:

"Why should you choose this wicked path? True, you loved him once. But now he is your son. Why do you think of him now? . . .
Alas! How helpless I am! However much I try to combat it, this passion makes a slave of me."

and seeing, at that moment, Saranga's image in her hand, unable to stand the passion swelling up in her heart, she bewails her own fate thus:

Alas! How can I bear it? This world-seducing beauty is fixed for ever in my heart. What a pity that such a treasure has been snatched away from me! What a perfection! There is no doubt the name Sarangadhara is well-deserved. Otherwise, the lustre of the full moon, how could it be found here? No, that *Sarangadhara* (the Moon) has a dark spot! Or shall we compare him to another Sarangadhara (i.e., Siva) No good either. He (Siva) is never associated with pleasures, but being the God of Destruction is ever on the cremation ground. *My Sarangadhara* is unrivalled. . . .
O, that I should lose him! . . . I shall shake off all fears and make an attempt to win him over. But will he agree to plunge into sin? Thus I think and think: I doubt and pause: I sink and despair. Sometimes Hope pushes me forward: sometimes Sin makes me shudder. Alas, what a helpless condition!

While Chitrangi was in this state of mind, her old husband had to go on a hunting excursion to the Vindhya forest. The absence of the king and her solitude gave her full opportunities to feed on her old thoughts and thus did great service to the flower-arrowed god whose victim she had already become. She says: "When the husband is away for one day, the mind undergoes a great change. But now ten days' solitude is in store for me. Can I cross this stream?" Her old love for Prince Sarangadhara suddenly rises, like a mountain stream in the flood season. When an excellent chance has arisen for fulfilling her old suppressed desire, how can her heart keep silent now? Opportunity is a great factor in life and can play havoc with mortals however pious they may be. Are there not in the world men and women who pass for good and

honest, simply because they have not been placed in circumstances which would tempt them to be otherwise? There are no doubt a few super-men who can perfectly control environment, but mortals generally are the creatures of circumstances. Poor Chitrangi was in this plight. For eight days after the old king's departure she was sleepless and tears were trickling down her cheeks. Her heart was about to burst and hence she decided to take this step:

I have adopted several ways to bring this passion under my control. I can wait no longer. If I take the initiative and offer myself, will he respond? How could I test this? He would not come to my palace even once so far. Can I attract him to this place? I shall, however, make bold to write a note with a double meaning. If in response to it he comes, the matter is settled. Otherwise it will be treated as an ordinary letter. Will he come when the Lord of my Heart—no, Lord of my Body—is not here? The Pandit Vibhavasa must have spoken of me at that time. The noble Prince must have heard of my beauty and accomplishments. When a young woman of great charms offers herself, why, simply hints her willingness, can any one withstand the temptation, be he a sage or a son (step-son)? Here is my chance! Now, who shall do this for me? She must not be a talkative woman. She must not be an idiot. A clever, cunning creature is no good. Yes, my maid Kamala is the only suitable person!

Thus Chitrangi has made up her mind to importune Saranga to listen to her prayer. She asks herself, 'If I myself fall at his feet, will not his heart be moved?' Thus she has crossed the Rubicon. There is one thing which the reader has to keep in mind. Chitrangi has all along been under the impression that the old Brahmana to whom, before her marriage, she poured out her heart conveyed her message to the Prince. How she would have behaved, had she known that Saranga was quite unprepared for her love, who can say?

In Act II-i, Chitrangi's true character comes out in all its splendour. The person for whom she has waited up till now, like the *Chakora* bird for the moon, has at last arrived and she is able to see him in flesh and blood. Now her joy knows no bounds. She speaks words which lead to or suggest her love for him. Saranga-

dhara is too simple-minded to catch the double meaning in every one of her remarks or questions. She advises him to remove his outer garments and he does it. She offers him food—fruits and delicious dishes—and he tastes it. She shows him her bed-room and he is pleased with it. When, after sometime, Sarangadhara realises that an evil motive might be lurking in her words and actions, she asks him whether the old Brahmana ever delivered her love-message to him. The Prince shows himself to be entirely innocent of the Brahmana or his mission and it sticks a dagger in her heart. Summoning up all her womanly strength, she tries other methods. She quotes numerous love-episodes from ancient mythology, shows pictures of lovers and love-making and finally asks: "Why all this? Sarangadhara, if I loved you and forcibly thrust myself into your arms, would you be so unkind as to throw me away?" The virtuous Prince shuts his ears lest these unholy words should creep into them, and blames his stars that guided his footsteps to the place. Chitrangi seeing that round-about methods are of no avail with this innocent young man, and being unable to suppress her feeling any longer, lays bare her heart to him. From the following appeal, the reader can see how deep and sincere Chitrangi's love was, how different it was from mere lust and how dangerous the consequences would be if Saranga did not fulfil the one desire of her life:

Sarangadhara! I have been waiting to see thee but once and be blessed in thy love for which I have been carrying the great load of this existence. Think not I am foolishly obstinate in this my one request. Realise what anguish I have gone through and what pain I have suffered before submitting this humble petition. This is no exaggeration. Here is a witness: my own heart. Here is another: God above who sees and supervises all our acts in life. Here is a third: thine own image. Keeping it ever on my chest when I go to bed, I would pray, "Will not any sage or prophet be so merciful as to teach me a charm which can transform dead pictures into live human beings?" I weep and weep the whole day. I leave myself now in thy hands. Throw me into the sea or bring me ashore. Thou art my only saviour!

After great travailing, Chitrangi has chosen this course. Her love is deep and unfathomable. It is not lust but a desire for blissful

union with the choice of her heart; in fact, a craving for perfection. A suggestion is made: if Chitrangi and Sarangadhara were united in marriage instead of what happens to them in the plot of the drama, how would it be? The world would then have missed a tragedy but would have gained a couple whose love would have been a sight for the gods to see!

Coming back to the temptation, Sarangadhara does not consider Chitrangi's appeal with any sympathy. The god of love is too strong for her. Fear of sin she shakes off. God's punishment can no longer frighten her. Her body is breaking down and she is ready to faint. There is but one remedy: a look of love or a word of kindness from her lover. She expresses her wretched plight thus: "Sweet Friend! Sin and its consequences I can bear. But the heat of the Love-God, I cannot, for a moment longer." She prevents him from running away and once again prays: "Ruler of my Heart, say what thou wilt, I shan't leave thee today. Look, my head touches thy feet. For all the world, I cannot leave thee." Sarangadhara still persists in going and, drawing his garment forcibly, she makes another desperate attempt to melt his stony heart:

Stealer of hearts, who knows what is to happen to me after my death?
The five-armed god is now taking away my life. Wilt thou bear on
thy head this sin, the murder of a loving woman?

She exhorts him not to be ungrateful to Nature who has so lavishly bestowed on him noble qualities which would be wasted away if not used for making woman happy.

Form! Thy loveliness can treat with scorn the finest of the gods above:
Tenderness! Thy heart can never reject the prayers of those that seek
thy shelter:

Gallantry! Thy delicacy can, in one moment, rouse sweet hopes in the
heart of any youthful maiden:

Skill! Thy word is enough to command obedience from a whole kingdom:
Sagacity! It is in evidence in every word.

Soft Smile! One gets it by the thousand.

Loving Looks! Their number is endless.

Prince of Princes! Such is thy personality. Has all this sweetness to
be thrown away? In vain, in vain, has Nature given thee her very
best!

By now Chitrangi has exhausted her strength. She has done her utmost. Sarangadhara is still the rock that he was at the beginning. She is therefore plunged in despair. Once again, and for the last time, she begs him saying:

Saranga! Soft is thy body. Softer than softness are the words falling
from thy delicate lips. How didst thou come to possess such a hard
heart? Thy words, as keen as arrows, directed to me bound back to
thee like balls in play. I swear by thee—I swear by me—I swear by
the god of love—I cannot leave thee—There is but one way of making
amends. I shall forcibly take it from thee.

Chitrangi tries to embrace him but Sarangadhara is still as 'bad' as before. He pours wrath on her and attempts to run away. Chitrangi's very best has achieved nothing. She has made a fool of herself by offering her love, in all its nakedness, to one who does not require it. On the other hand this love has invited his wrath and abuse. Touched to the quick, despair and anger having taken possession of her, with a face and determination—reminding us of the Divine Kali destroying the giant Mahisha, or Satya furiously attacking Naraka the demon-king—she cries out:

Has it come to this? Art thou going? Remember if a woman ventures
upon a course there is nothing that can stand in her way. I have
laid bare my whole passion. The wealth of my heart has been offered
thee. If thou canst not receive it, it shall not save thee. Treating
me this wise is but putting one's foot on the tail of the revengeful
serpent. Thou shalt soon see thy end. My resolution can bring
about thy very death!

This fury—child of despair—is only a temporary mood. It is but a
passing cloud and in a moment her true love comes out again:

Alas! Sarangadhara! What a pity that thou shouldst drive me to
this kind of talk! My Wealth, My God, My All, That I should ever
chafe at thee! Treat it but as a love-quarrel. Heart-Stealer, Love-
God, Life-Giver, Come along! No more doubts, no more hesitation!
Yes, I see! Thy fear is that once I enjoy the sweetness of thy em-
brace, I may ask for it again! No, I shall not do it.

If Sarangadhara was a *man*, he would have been moved at
this powerful and passionate appeal. About Chitrangi it may

be said that it is impossible to gauge the depth of her love. It may also be remarked that the reader is moved to pity rather than indignation when he listens to her tale. She no doubt committed sin, but after all could she help it? She loved a noble youth sincerely and passionately and had an old man, retiring from public duties owing to old age, for husband. There are three points in this plot which are too obvious to be missed by any reader. King Rajanarendra, wittingly or unwittingly, committed a great sin. Fate decided that Chitrangi should be unhappy by allowing a message of vital importance to slip out of the old Pandit's memory. Sarangadhara is an ideal human being whose heart is so sound that it is proof against the most seductive attempts of a most charming young woman.

By now Chitrangi's intellect and moral strength have declined. Up to this point, notwithstanding the immoral course she was embarking upon, the reader has admired her extraordinary love and pitied her sad plight. This is the last he sees of True Chitrangi, and from now False Chitrangi usurps her place. About swans it is said that they sing a song just when they die. So does Chitrangi sing her swan-song revealing her love and the non-fulfilment of her desire and disappears altogether. Luckily for the reader she appears once again in Act V, though for a few minutes. Otherwise, True Chitrangi may be said to have died. The question now is, 'How could Chitrangi who was so full of love for Prince Sarangadhara, and who, but for the one idea of seeing him or meeting him sometime in her life, would have ended her life long ago, transform herself into his bitter enemy, so revengeful as to aim at his life?' At first this fact, the change from a loving mistress to a wicked murderess, is a puzzle, but if the reader probes deep, he will be richly rewarded. He must note carefully how the poet presented her at the beginning of the story and how her character has been developed by him, and he will be able to judge how skilfully the author has treated the character of his tragic heroine.

Possession of sharp intellectual faculties is a great feature of Chitrangi's character. Her remarkable cleverness is revealed in the various devices she adopted to bring round Sarangadhara. Her

ingenuity is quite evident in her letter to the Prince which, read one way, is a simple request that he may visit her in her illness, but, read in another way, is a letter of deep romantic love. Her capacity for intrigue extorts our admiration when we see her pouring the poisoned juice into her old husband's ears by presenting to him in vivid colours, with the poetry at her command, a picture of the rape (only imaginary) which the sturdy young man committed upon her. Her presence of mind is wonderful for, when her fortune was on the decline and the king was convinced of her guilt, she was still trying to shower on the old man her loving looks to which she has made him a victim ever since their marriage. There is no doubt therefore that she is endowed with an extraordinary intellect and possesses a most powerful personality.

Another important trait in Chitrangi's character is her idealism. Imagination and passion have taken possession of her and she cannot escape from their influence. Her heart is such that, unless its ambition is realised, she cannot be happy. She cannot accommodate herself to her environment. Her passion is so intense that, irrespective of consequences, it will audaciously attempt to conquer circumstances so that they may be subordinated to, or utilised for, the fulfilment of her hopes or ideals. If she could by any means adjust herself to her environment, she would have easily checked her original love for Saranga and would have been a loyal and dutiful wife to Rajanarendra. At one time she did make a genuine attempt to control this passion; for, discerning as she was, she realised how shocking it would be to social and moral convention—the course she was launching upon, and how dangerous the consequences might be, to herself and all, in case of failure. But imagination and passion were all too powerful for her delicate heart. Add to this courage and tenacity of purpose, bestowed on her by Nature, and the result can be guessed. Once she conceives an idea, no physical obstacle is too huge and no moral code too severe. The goal must be reached and in doing so any step may have to be taken and any means may have to be adopted. This seems to be the real clue to our understanding of the conduct and character of the great tragic heroine of this play. Her career from beginning to end can be explained with

reference to this tragic trait. Thus Chitrangi is the maker of plot and her character is mainly responsible for the tragedy and the events that have led up to it. Also it should not be forgotten by us that but for two points in the story (*i.e.* i. the Brahmana's oversight, ii. the king's hunt and ten days' absence from the place) Chitrangi's character would not have developed on these lines at all. Inter-relation of plot and character is an important feature of every great drama. Plot affects character and character shapes plot, and in Krishnamacharlu's Chitrangi the reader finds, in addition to the human and psychological interest, an interesting experiment in dramatic art.

The passage from love to revenge has been very well sketched by the dramatist. At the end of Act II-i when the Prince, forcing himself out of Chitrangi's embrace, ran away from her place, she sank down. Overpowered by love and sorrow, she began to sing a song of weeping: "Leaving me helpless, where has the Prince gone? Where has the King of my Heart gone? O, what for is my life now?" Weeping and weeping for a while, she recovers her senses and feels ashamed of all that has happened:

Alas! What a fool I have been! How disappointed and deceived! Without conserving my womanly modesty and fortitude, I have exposed my whole heart and made myself light in the world's eyes. Life should not be prolonged. It is time I put an end to it.

She is unable to bear the ignominy of the position she has reduced herself to. The insolent behaviour of her enemy galls her very much. Revealing her love to him has conferred no happiness on her, but has gathered the world's ridicule. She is now in a condition which will not be envied by any, the meanest woman in the world. She is in despair and is sinking down and has almost reached the bottom. In this critical moment, there is a sudden flash and her future conduct turns on this pivot. She rises up, comes forward and exclaims:

Whatever ill-repute one might get, whatever wickedness one might assume, one is not after all a woman if courage is lacking. Shall I leave now the man who is the source of so much danger to me? What cannot I

do? Will not the senile old fool do what I want? Love for Sarangadhara, farewell! Revenge, take that place in my heart! Wait and see!

Thus one reason for Chitrangi's choice of the role of a villain is her vindictive spirit. Her sometime lover, now her bitter enemy, was adding insult to injury. When she approached him with deeper and deeper feeling, he told her, "Lady, your heart grows more and more ugly like the scorpion's poison which grows more and more dangerous as hours go on." Rude insults of this kind flung at her irritated her very much and she could not contain herself any longer. Another equally important reason for Chitrangi's wickedness is self-defence. Instinct for self-preservation which is ever associated with the human being is a potent factor in determining this disappointed lady's after-career. Sarangadhara is noble, but supposing he went to his father to report against his step-mother, or in course of time the king, through his ministers or his son's friends, came to know of this, what would her plight be? Often, when two men quarrel, the man who strikes first is at an advantage. When a crime is committed, the real culprit loses no time in making a complaint, for the utmost that his opponent can do is to be on his defence and sometimes he finds it hard to prove what is true. Thus, guilty as she was, Chitrangi wanted to steal a march on her opponent by making the report first. So she filled the king's ears with poison and prejudiced his mind against his son. For in their meeting the Prince once threatened "to narrate the whole story to the king". There is another thing. As has been noted above, passion for a cause, good or bad, is the keynote of Chitrangi's character. The warning she once gave to the Prince is quite significant. "Wise Prince, remember one little thing. If a woman makes up her mind to achieve an object, be sure she will never do it in a half-hearted manner." She repeated this warning very often, though it, of course, fell on deaf ears. Though in the normal course of things in the world men display greater courage and decision than women, when the time comes, women prove themselves to be more capable of determination than their male rivals. They will go to any lengths to reach their object. Be

the cause just or unjust, they show a remarkable tenacity of purpose. That Sarangadhara was partly aware of this we can gather from his own words: "Madam, what can I say to your audacious courage which is so limitless? Mother, I am astonished at your boldness. What shall I call it, determination or despair?" This astonishment at woman's unbounded courage, the reader shares with Sarangadhara. But Chitrangi disillusions her opponent—answering the reader and also silencing the critic—by arguing:

Grant a woman who has the audacity to offer her love to a son (step-son) and set at defiance all morality. Grant she chooses the path of falsehood and intrigue. Is it not foolish to suppose that she is incapable of murder or something worse?

One sin generally leads to another and Falsehood and Crime ever go together. Macbeth with very great difficulty committed the first murder. Once it was over, murdering a man was to Macbeth a beaten road. To protect himself for the evil consequences of the first murder, he committed a series of murders. So does Chitrangi commit several sins in the wake of one sin. When the opponent is particularly strong in morality, it is an uphill work to convince the judge or the world of your innocence. Cleverness, resource, cunning, and ingenuity, have all to be enlisted in your service. It is no surprise therefore that Chitrangi's report to her husband is but a chain of lies. Again, note how naked is her description of the rape. It is not that Chitrangi is lacking in taste—she is an artist—but that was the only means left to her of weaning the old king away from showing sympathy for his all-accomplished, sage-like, only son. The report was so strong that the old man had to cry out in the middle:

"Chitrangi, my mind is full. I can stand it no longer."

She knew her path was not quite smooth when the old man sometimes suspected his son and sometimes not. Conflict of mind, apart from consuming him, made her very uneasy. On one occasion, when he pressed her to say if it was a real truth, his son's misbehaviour, she saw the tables might be turned on her, and at once rose equal to the situation by asking:

Great King! Why this persecution? This (the Prince's outer garment produced from under the bed), this shall tell my tale. For my part, I prefer death to this humiliation.

That her fears of Sarangadhara's influence with the king and his subjects are justified—a plea for the intense work she had to do—can be proved from the Prince's own words. More than once he ridiculed the idea of her reporting against him to the king. He challenged her efforts by saying:

Do you believe you can punish me? What a foolish belief? Great Lady, howsoever you may intrigue, is the world prepared to credit your lies? In this very city are there not wise men and elders who have known me from my cradle? Foolish woman! the more I hear you, the more is the temptation to laugh at your vain threats.

His self-consciousness and pride are quite obvious in his final message:

Listen, Sun and Moon, that preside day and night over every little thing that happens:

Listen, Stars, that, invisible during day, still watch carefully men's movements:

Listen, Planets Eight, . . .

Listen, Sky and Earth, . . .

Listen, listen then, to this wonderful tale! Here is a mother: the mother speaks lies: the lies are swallowed by the world: the world sentences me to death: Ye shall witness this spectacle ere long!

It has been observed already that as soon as Sarangadhara effected his escape from the clutches of Chitrangi, her sense of shame was so keen that her love was in one moment transformed into revenge. When she was in this mood, the maid, who was despatched by her in the morning to carry her note to the Prince, returned to tell her mistress that he was not to be found at home. Chitrangi's impatient rage can be judged from her reply:

Let Sarangadhara live or die: let him and his pigeons be burnt alive: shut up: give me back my letter.

There is no surprise therefore that in this state of mind she did whatever was necessary for achieving her purpose. Her thirst could not be quenched until she wreaked her utmost vengeance on the man who made her miserable for

life. Her true womanly nature is brought out in the feeling of triumph which takes possession of her now. The trial, about which she was at one time nervous, is over and the decision of the royal court is on her side. Another ordeal, Ratnangi's tear-compelling appeal to the old king on behalf of their only son, has passed. The king's confidence in the second wife is more effective than the lamentations of the mother of the heir-apparent. The intrigue has been so cleverly carried on that the author herself is surprised at its extraordinary success. In Act V, Sc. i, she enters the scene with the following self-laudation :
Within a couple of hours from

Within a couple of hours from now, my enemy will be completely vanquished. When Ratnangi came, I was wondering whether the old man would change his mind. Now it is perfectly all right. *This* is intrigue. Well, Chitrangi, who else can have achieved this? The impossible has been performed. Could the poor world find one in a million who might be called your 'fellow'?

Look at that fool who did not put in any defence at all. Except a grey-haired old minister and a garrulous lawyer, no one else doubted the truth of my version! Bravo! Chitrangi! You are mighty!

But at once there is a sudden change when she looks at Saranga's miniature in her hand:

Alas, Sarangadhara, How unlucky you did not fulfil my desire ! If only you accepted my offer of love, Chitrangi could have saved you against the whole world. But now is your virtuous conduct of any avail ?

Waiting for a moment she continues:

How is it my heart throbs more and more violently as Saranga's end is drawing nearer and nearer? O, What a sin have I done? What a saintly youth have I reduced to dust? What for have I done all this? I wanted his love—But that desire has not been realised: only the world's contempt has been heaped on me. If he were living, my eyes at least could have tasted his beauty. Whom should my eyes see now? Having slain my Sweet Lover, Life of my Life, how can I live any longer? Death of his only son will break the old king's heart. Pious Ratnangi, model of chastity, her death is certain. Having killed son, husband and sister, I should live, a widow, wicked and villainous. Truth must be out some day. Will not men, women and children cry shame upon me? Shall I fly to Sarangadhara, stand before him, and fall on my knees? Shall I run

188

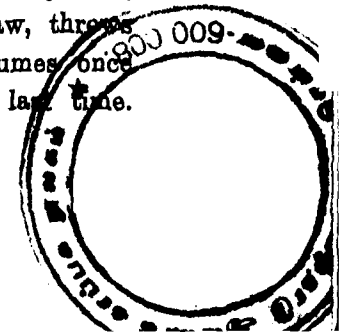
to the king and, touching his feet, pray that he may set free the lovely Prince? Shall I hang myself and perish?

* * * * *

Alas ! Alas ! Only son to the king ! Paragon of beauty ! Prince among princes, King among kings ! Ideal virtue !—would not yield to passion when a beautiful woman almost hugged him in her arms ! Generosity !—would not speak one word against the most fiendish of women ! Forbearance !—would not whisper a syllable to the best of friends ! What a sin ? Is there no way for me ? Is there none that can save my Sweet Lord ? Is there none to relieve my anguish ? Will no god above help poor Ratnangi and Rajaraja ? God !—Sin !—Agony Sarangadhara !—Chitrangi !—

This delirious state is only an index of the great confusion prevailing in her heart. In this condition she goes into a kind of sleep which is however disturbed by sudden ejaculations: *e.g.*, "Saranga-dhara! Please, one kiss!" Thus Chitrangi's original character is revealed in this soliloquy. In her we observe the case of a highly accomplished young woman, endowed with deep passion and powerful imagination, to which she entirely succumbed. It is not unlikely that, had she been married to the person chosen by her heart, she would have been a loving wife, an ornament to womanhood. But Fate decreed otherwise and are we fully justified in giving her the maximum sentence which the moral code lays down?

In Act V-iii, Chitrangi appears for the last time. By now the king has perfectly understood her wickedness. He enters her room, rushes in fury to the sofa on which she lies, and kicks her in order to wake her up. Frustration of hope, consciousness of guilt, and sense of shame, have already knocked her down. Her heart is sinking. The king, once her slave, now rudely rouses her from sleep and, with looks as sharp as arrows, puts all kinds of nasty questions. She rises, looks about, grasps the situation and visualises her end in sight. But instinct, desire to save life at any cost, which induces the drowning man to catch at a straw, throws her back into her former mood. In despair she assumes once again the role of Wicked Chitrangi and that for the last time.



The king asks her many questions and she gives prompt replies. But there is one unanswerable question; "How did the Prince's picture creep into Chitrangi's bed-room? How did it find a place on her chest? Who shed tears of sorrow on it?" Her heart beats hard, her frame visibly shivers, still she musters up all her faculties and, in her old familiar manner, goes near the old husband and with her arms around his neck replies: "Innocent King! You could not detect this much. This is Ratnangi's trick. Having won over my maid, she got this picture and pigeon into my bed-chamber!" The king is not satisfied. He puts the last of all his questions. "What was the necessity for Chitrangi to write to the Prince?" Chitrangi replies that she was unwell at the time. He asks again: "What about the initial and last letters of every line being put together and what does the sentence convey?" The last straw on the camel's back and Chitrangi collapses. She blurts out the truth: Great King, put no more questions. Speak not to me: look not at me: show me no mercy: I am guilty.

The king delivers his judgment on the spot: "Without any trial, without any delay, throw her into a closed tub full of knives and swords, roll her up in it four times a day for a week or till she dies, whichever is earlier." The sometime Queen listens, falls on the floor, cries out 'Oh! Oh!' and kicks and kicks on the ground. The messenger arrives. The king eagerly asks. Chitrangi eagerly listens. Relief sent to Sarangadhara is a minute too late. The hands and feet of the noble Prince have been cut. The old king cries aloud 'Ah! Dear son!' and faints. The maid speaks: 'Friends, the Queen's life has expired'. Thus the great tragic heroine's sudden death is no mystery. Her delicate frame has already been ruined—When the woeful news of her lover's fate has entered her ears, how can her heart be prevented from bursting?

Thus ends the story of Chitrangi, her noble passion, ill-starred career and heroic death. At the end of this long review of her character, the original question still remains: "Is she to be condemned or pitied?" Nature has endowed human beings with love and love is the supreme factor in life. If Chitrangi's imagination was great and her passion deep, whose fault was it? On her were

bestowed accomplishments and culture, charming personality and poetical emotion. She sought perfection in an object which was denied to her. Not a sinner, she asked for bread, but received something else. On the other side it is argued that too much of anything, even if it be love, has to be avoided. Discipline is essential for life, and if laws of society and laws of morality are to be disobeyed, where will it lead us to? *Chaos* and not *Cosmos* is to be the name of the world we live in. Without presuming to solve this great riddle, we can safely assert one thing. Love is the relation in which one human being stands to another and hence is a necessary part of our existence. This mutual attachment generally associated with the lover and his mistress need not necessarily be confined to them. In the husband and the wife, the mother and her child, the friend and his mate, (also the mystic and his ideal, the poet and his art), this indissoluble tie is seen. It is an influence which cannot be shaken off. It is a force which purifies the heart, elevates the soul and brings man into the company of the gods. It is a vision which the human being sees but may not be able to explain. When all is said, the critic of Chitrangi will have to solace himself by cogitating on the full significance of the poet's saying,

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Suggestions for A Rural Philosophy

BY S. V. RAMAMURTY, M.A., I.C.S.

I have been led to think of a rural philosophy mainly because of the movement for rural reconstruction that has come to the fore in this country. Some think the movement to be a fad. But it can hardly be so in view of the widespread interest it has aroused and particularly in view of its having been taken up by responsible bodies which have done effective practical work in other directions. Others consider it a movement of reaction. But that can hardly be the case in India where urbanization has not been strong enough to produce a reaction. Others still think it a movement of despair on the part of men who could find no place in the economic life of towns and therefore seek to go back to villages. But the movement is essentially a movement of hope. It concerns itself primarily not with a criticism of the past but with hopeful work for the future. It seems to me there is a deeper significance behind the movement than its critics realize.

We know that in this country some 90% of the people live in villages. Yet a large part of the thought and effort of educated men is devoted to improving town life rather than village life. It is largely true to say that if our universities, our hospitals, our railways, our trunk roads, our factories are abolished, village life will not be appreciably different from what it is. We have received European knowledge through our universities. But most of us are content with deriving monetary gain for ourselves and do not seek to apply it for national growth. Our hospitals hardly serve more than 5% of our villagers. Roads and schools are more conspicuous by their absence than by their presence in villages. The conveniences which machines provide for us are practically confined to towns. There is little sign indeed in villages of the benefits of modern civilization. It is unfortunately true that a large proportion

of our villagers live in hovels by the side of filth, wear scanty clothing and have not enough of food to eat. There is indeed need to reconstruct the village.

But, why reconstruct the village at all? Why not abandon it? They have done it largely in Europe. In England, half the people live in towns. They are doing it even more in the new countries like the United States and Australia. But urban people are beginning to feel unhappy. It was the Industrial Revolution that gave a large impetus to urbanization. Men who were free in a little way in the village left to serve machines. Large economic groups were formed which often crystallized into towns. They could not produce the large amount of raw materials which were needed daily by the machines and hence they had to get such materials from other populations which continued to be rural. But as competition increased among the owners of machines and as rural populations began to defend themselves against the greed of machines, the men who have lived on the profits of machines have fallen on evil days. The result is that almost every unit of urban civilization is suffering from unemployment and a generally unstable economic life. It is not a hopeful prospect therefore if rural life were to be abandoned for urban life. I read the other day of the saying of a big business man in America that perhaps the most stable organization of industry was that of handicrafts.

The world was predominantly rural till the era of science started in Europe three centuries ago. The large extension of urban life has been the result of applied science. While science like any other form of truth may be said to be the possession of all, applied science is definitely regarded as the possession of a few through an ingenious device called patenting. Suppose a scientist is able to make a machine which enables its owner to make a large amount of wealth, prospective owners would be willing to pay the scientist considerably for it, in order to make a much larger gain for themselves. Applied science has tended to apply science to make a few men very wealthy. The result is that applied science has produced an economic hierarchy with kings of steel and bacon in the place of a large spread of small industries.

On the other hand, the extension of democracy, which has been rendered possible largely by the use of applied science, has been producing a reverse effect. Its effect has been towards abolishing political hierarchy. Thus this age, which is an age of science, has been producing contrary effects in politics and economics—abolishing hierarchy in one and creating it in another. Pure science itself started with Newton on the basis of matter being arranged in a hierarchic system. In the Solar system, the Sun is the controlling centre. Round him are the smaller entities, the planets. Attached to the planets are things and lives dependent on them and subject to the central control of the Sun. This view has now changed with, Einstein for whom the Sun is no more the centre of the Solar system than you or I, and there is only "an organic interdependence of mutual service" among matter as among men.

The movement towards an economic democracy has also arisen in the last few decades in the shape of the co-operative movement. Applied science has made a few men or nations wealthy even to the extent of economic princedom but it has not improved the condition of the majority of men. While people have been lulled into believing that life was arranged on a democratic pattern, the whole tendency of applied science has been to produce an anti-democratic pattern in economic life. This is not the fault of science or of its application. It is a defect in organization. It has not been recognized that scientists can be rewarded by the many as richly as by the few. Authors have learnt it when they exchanged the patronage of princes for that of the general public. Applied scientists have yet to learn it. The economic organization through which the many can each gain a small benefit from applied science and yet make a large enough gain in the aggregate to pay the applied scientist is the co-operative organization. This for the many takes the place of joint-stock marketing for the few. Thus there are three types of democracy—political, economic and scientific. The authors of the three types are Rousseau, Raffeisein and Einstein. Democracy made its appearance first in politics, then in economics and last in science. This is not a comforting thought for the scientist who is apt to consider himself the forerunner of truth.

It is to be observed that economic democracy which has made considerable strides in the last 5 to 10 years through large scale co-operative marketing has arisen mainly among agriculturists. The producers of wheat in Canada, the dairy farmers of Ireland and New Zealand, the fruit growers of New Zealand and California, who have taken to economic democracy generally by a voluntary effort but sometimes by legislation permitting the economic rule of the majority, are generally men from rural areas. It is with reference to agricultural co-operation that Irish co-operators have raised their slogan of better farming, better business and better living.

It seems to me that the instability of modern democracy is due to its being mainly political and not also economic. Fascism therefore has tried to restrict political democracy by creating a dictatorship, the internal structure of which is democratic. Bolshevism has tried to replace an economic hierarchy by an economic dictatorship, the dictatorship being vested in the political democracy. But the method it follows involves too high a price, by continuing and emphasizing the subordination of man to the machine. In an economic hierarchy, the machine is the servant of a few and the master of the many. But in the economic dictatorship of the Bolshevik, the machine is the master of every individual in order to be the servant of the community. Both Fascism and Bolshevism are based on the same idea as underlies the making of a large machine. The idea is that power, in order to be effective, should be in a large and concentrated form. To use modern jargon, the quantum of political or economic power is believed to be too large to be vested in the average individual. Democracy denies this. There is, I believe, an alternative way to Fascism and Bolshevism by which democracy can be both economic and political. This involves an organization of life which is both rural and religious. That such an organization would be stable is instanced by India and China—India even more than China. They are the oldest civilizations which are yet alive. The ruins of Mahenjo Daro have shown that some 5,000 years ago, there was art which could be matched only by that of Greece, that Saivism which has made powerful contributions to Hinduism all through historical times and is yet

alive in India is the oldest living religion. Contemporary civilizations in Western Asia and about the Mediterranean basin are dead. But India and China have yet retained the original nature of their system of life more or less unimpaired. It has puzzled me long what is the cause of this stability of Indian and Chinese life. India and China are not only mainly rural but are also religious, though in China religion often shows itself in its truncated form of ethics. It seems to me that the longevity of the system of life that is Indian is due to two beliefs—a belief in the Earth and a belief in God. Man is derived from the Earth and is to be merged in God. Man is a becoming bounded by two beings—Earth and God. A civilization which keeps itself in touch with Earth and God cannot lose its bearings.

Let me give, through an analogy, a picture of a civilization which is both rural and religious. A house has a floor and a ceiling. It has a minimum of walls and pillars. The house of human life has the Earth for the floor and God for the ceiling. The walls and pillars are such men and things as are necessary to connect the floor and ceiling. If a house is choked with an excess of walls and pillars, it ceases to be. So too in human life, the few men who have to lead have to justify themselves. Hence, at the basis, the instinct to stone prophets is a healthy instinct. So also the instinct to stone machines. Prophets and machines, dominating men and dominating things, have all to justify themselves like pillars. They must be strictly controlled by the architectural needs of life. Pillars, though they reach the ceiling, are yet rooted in the floor. The tallest pillar cannot fully rise to the ceiling, unless all the floor rises too. So too, no man can fully achieve God unless all his fellowmen do so too. And, it seems to me that, in some way, man cannot achieve salvation for himself unless he achieves it for the Earth too and for all that there is between the Earth and man. The Universe is not a bundle but an organism. You cannot send your finger to Heaven while leaving the rest of your body on Earth.

Leaving aside the analogy of a house, this is how we may envisage life that is rural and religious. Let agriculture be the

primary occupation of men. The majority of men will thus live in villages. Let every industry which can be worked on a cottage-industry scale be so worked. Then let the rest of industry which can be worked as minor industries be so worked. Let only the balance which can be worked only as a large scale machine industry be so worked. This is just the reverse of how men are now economically organized. Every man who can control a large industry seeks to do so. Then come minor industries. Last are left the helpless people who can do no more than work in a cottage. It may be asked, is this possible with the enormous pull which applied science gives to the large scale machine industry. I put it to you that applied science gives such a pull because we have let it do so. But that is not necessary. Authors used to write books mainly to please princes. They no longer do so. They now use their ability to please the six-penny and shilling reader. It is in fact difficult for princes to get authors who will cater only to their needs. That perhaps explains why modern Poet Laureates are rather a poor lot. As with authors, so with scientists. There is no reason why scientists may not apply their knowledge to help primarily the large number of small producers who can each benefit but little, but in the aggregate achieve a large gain for the nation. Such small men use small machines—machines with little or no power derived from coal or oil, machines perhaps run mainly with hand-power. Why should not scientific intelligence be used to improve hand-driven appliances so that each worker may gain a little more than he does and the whole group get sufficiently more to make it worth while to the scientists to apply their science for its good? It seems to me that there is no *a priori* reason why large scale industries run by a few men should on the whole produce greater gain than small industries run by many men. That they have done so in the past is, I think, a historical accident due to scientists keeping applied science on the side of steel kings and bacon kings, just as priests have kept applied religion on the side of political kings. A time may come when scientists will not care to work for millionaires.

Men flock in towns because the machines are there and the

machines gather in the neighbourhood of what feeds them—namely, coal and oil. It has indeed been held that European civilization has been built on the surplus energy furnished by coal and this process has been called the “coming of coal”. We in India have little coal and oil on which we can build our civilization. But the one category we have in large quantities is men. It is not unreasonable to hope that as God spent more time in making man than He did in making coal, some engineer may yet arise who will evolve from man his hidden energy as engineers have evolved the energy hidden in coal. It seems to me that the service which man renders under an ethical and religious impulse is a form of energy which corresponds to the heat given out by coal. I venture to think that an access of fresh energy to India may yet result from the “Coming of Man”. If men are sources of energy even as coal and oil, men may evolve it where they are, in villages, instead of clustering in towns round where coal or oil is.

Religion gives not only stability but also stature to life. A civilization which is only rural and not also religious is like a floor with pillars and walls but no ceiling. It does not last long. A civilization which is religious but not rural is also unstable. A civilization which is rural and religious but has little of energy which tries to connect man from the Earth to God is restricted in scope. A house without pillars can but be small. I imagine for India a civilization with a maximum of agriculture and cottage industries, a moderate amount of minor industries, and the minimum of large scale machine industries. The political life of such a people may be democratic, its economic life co-operative. There is no need to communize economic power because it is already divided into small packets, and it is such a division that is the ultimate purpose even of a communized economic power. Such an organization was indeed the basis of the traditional life of India. Men lived mainly in villages, and on the basis of economic functions, groups were formed. But the means of communication between different places being difficult, every villager had to compel the presence, say, of a carpenter, a blacksmith, a fighter or a priest. The way to do it was found to be

through making function hereditary. But now with the means of communication so largely improved, there is no need for such economic conscription. A carpenter in one village may serve other villages without a carpenter. If a house were a group of small unconnected structures, each structure has to have a pillar. But if they are all connected into one house, a pillar at one place serves all its neighbourhood. The defect of the caste system has been its compulsory nature. Avoid the compulsion, and we are left with voluntary groups with economic affinities which reinforce territorial affinities—position and function acting as the warp and weft of life. Democracy, like cloth, seems to need both a warp and a weft—political and economic—to make it strong.

It has been said that democracy is a vast dissolution. But then it is equally true that religion is a vast synthesis. A religious democracy is indeed a mighty rhythm of analysis and synthesis. And a democracy that is not only religious but is also rural makes of man a rhythm between Earth and God. Within our design of a rural and religious life, let us, with the help of science, develop a democracy that is both political and economic. We shall then not only keep to the genius of our national life but also utilize the implements and methods which Europe has forged.

There is no need for us to be impatient with an India that is not as urban as Europe, that has not developed joint stock enterprise and that has not ceased to be occupied with religion. It may be the basis of our hope for the future that we are rural, that we have no vested interests to prevent our being co-operative, and that we are religious. Rural reconstruction mainly through the service of men is the revival of an instinct which has kept us alive for more years than men can often count.

A Study of Temper

(A SHORT STORY)

BY BUDDHADEV BOSE

(Translated from BENGALI by Srimathi Nilima Devi)

[Translator's Note : This short story is translated from its Bengali original, published in a Calcutta weekly, *Naba Shakti*, in July last year. It has been incorporated into the author's volume of short stories, *Rekha Chitra* (Sketches), to be published shortly. Mr. Bose is one of the outstanding young modern writers in Bengal today. Besides being a novelist, he is as well known as a poet, play-wright and essayist. He first attracted public notice as a young writer of promise in the pages of *Pragati*—a literary monthly which Mr. Bose and a friend of his together brought out and kept alive for a couple of years. Since then, he has contributed quite prolifically to various literary weeklies and monthlies in Calcutta. On account of his rather pungently realistic method and attitude, he has been the victim of much caustic criticism from the orthodox Bengali readers and public. But his gift of literary expression has seldom been questioned. He writes vigorous prose, and bubbles over with ideas, generally imbibed from European writers. What strikes a candid reader of his volume of recently published short stories, *The Play is the Thing and is not*, is the influence of Western ideas and methods. This story may not be absolutely typical of the latest phase of Mr. Bose's art, but it at least gives one the idea of his ability in the field of the Short Story.]

For several days, the plot of a story had got into my head. An editor had written to me asking for a contribution at the earliest possible date. So, one morning, after gulping nearly four cups of tea for both physical and mental stimulation, I had just sat down with paper and pen when three handsome, well-dressed young men appeared and greeted me.

They were absolute strangers to me but it didn't take me more than a minute to realize what they had come for. Clearly, they had not come just to offer me friendly felicitations. So I said, "Look here, I have had to buy yesterday a ticket for a dramatic

performance in aid of flood-relief, although I myself didn't go to see the play."

The young men had sat down without even waiting for my request. One of them ran his fingers through his long hair, and said, "Of course, no gentleman could possibly ever go to see a performance on the L———stage. Our performance will be at the B———Institute on N——— Road. We've especially made this arrangement for such people as you. So, please take one of these." Saying this, he placed a book of ten-rupee tickets on the table and began to smile, expecting that I would be taken in.

Very courteously and mildly, I told him of my objections. I said I was very busy at present and couldn't manage to make time, and therefore, I was compelled to deprive myself of the pleasure of witnessing their show. Now, the second young man said, "At any rate, couldn't you kindly just go there for a little while? It's only a few paces away from your house. You do go to the restaurant on S——— Road sometimes———." The man, who spoke first, added: "For that matter, we have noticed you there often even at midnight,"—— and all three of them began laughing aloud as if they had scored a point with a well-aimed shot. But it made no impression on the person to whom it was directed.

Still to be very brief but quite courteous, I said, "Sorry, I've no money to spare." After saying this, I took up my pen again, and turned my head away and bent over the paper. I had expected that my cold attitude would surely freeze their enthusiasm, but I had yet to learn how ruthless the enthusiasm of people in our tropical country is.

The first young man, expanding a very broad smile, said, "You haven't any money? H'm—I guess your cigarette-bill comes to a hundred rupees a month!"

I was astonished. I looked up when the third man (who had not spoken till now) said, "Whatever you might say, we are not going away till we've been able to sell you a ticket. You needn't pay now. Ha, ha! We know we can trust a man like you to pay up this paltry sum of ten rupees later on." He looked smilingly at his companions, who began nodding their heads vehemently in approval.

I thought that the father of each of these fortunate young men must be either a contractor in Rangoon or a Zemindar in Mymensingh. Or else, how could they imagine any one smoking a hundred-rupees' worth of cigarettes a month? Perhaps they can blow away a ten rupees at a puff! So it was that the Princess asked her famine-stricken subjects to eat black bread!—How can these people realise the position of middle-class people such as ourselves? I felt ashamed of my poverty, and said rather sadly, "Really it is quite impossible for me to buy a ticket. Please excuse me."

There can be no room for further argument when a gentleman says this, I thought; and so once again I bent over my paper. Although the altercation had somewhat muddled my head, I managed to scribble the first line of my story. But inspiration seldom comes to an author in presence of a lot of people: so I couldn't help remarking at last, much against my desire: "Why are you waiting still? There are many rich people in the neighbourhood. If you go to them you might be able to sell some tickets. Besides, you see I am just a bit busy now."

The first young man (I never had the good fortune of knowing their names, so I have to speak of them numerically) picked up the book of ten-rupee tickets and put it in his pocket. Then, making a movement to get up, he said, "But I am leaving one of these for you," and started to tear out a ticket from a five-rupee ticket book.

In utter desperation, I protested, and said, "What are you doing? I have already told you that———".

The second young man said, "How can we go and tell people that you haven't bought a ticket?"

I had been quite patient till now, but when I heard this, I really felt annoyed. I blurted out, "You don't have to tell people anything if you can't. You have heard what I have said. I have no more time to spare———"

The number one said, "What of it? Many rich people buy ten-rupee tickets though they never use them."

By this time my story had almost evaporated from my brain. I capped my fountain-pen, leaning back in my chair and prepared

myself for delivering a long sermon on Charity. I was just going to begin, when my nine-year-old nephew Tookoo came in, and asked, "Uncle dear, what's the time?"

I looked at the watch. It was ten minutes to nine. Ten minutes could not make much difference to a child, so I said, "9 o'clock."

After Tookoo disappeared, I discovered that the sermon I had prepared in my mind had got muddled. With difficulty I controlled my temper and said, "Really I've no time to spare; I've no money to give away; I won't buy a ticket. I wouldn't have bought a ticket in any case even if I had the money. I have had to subscribe to the flood-relief fund in various ways—much more than a man of my means can—I can't do anything more." I paused for a moment and then continued, "Can't you see that I am busy? You had better give up the idea of selling a ticket to me once for all. Why are you wasting your time as well as mine?"

No wonder that people who go about day and night with a mission of help, attach no value to other people's time which is to them, apparently, a very trifling matter. So even after what I had just said, they showed no signs of making a move. Rather, the number one got out a three-rupee ticket book from his pocket and said, "All right, then take one of these." He said this in a manner which suggested that he was doing me a great favour by coming down to three rupees.

I sat stiff, reclining in my chair, and gripped both the handles. I believe I gave a ferocious look at the three of them. Then, clearing my throat, I started: "Look here, I am not in the least in favour of these charity shows. If I send even a four-anna bit direct to a Committee or through a newspaper, I know it will get there all right; but if I buy a ten-rupee ticket from you, I am sure only ten pice will go to the relief-fund and the remaining nine rupees and thirteen and half annas will be wasted by you in the name of the show. It isn't that you will spend less on your food and drink in consideration of the flood-stricken people. Even if you buy a pice worth of betels, you will take it from the subscriptions. To supply you with the luxuries....."

"Uncle dear, what is the time?" Tookoo again came in and asked me. This gave a sudden jerk to my flow of words which was accumulating force in proportion to my mental excitement. I looked at the watch and replied "nine o'clock," and continued—"for your luxuries—"

"You said it was nine o'clock when I asked you before and is it still nine o'clock? Has your watch stopped, uncle dear?" said Tookoo.

No, the boy wouldn't let me finish what I had started to say. I felt inclined to give this impudent kid a hard blow and knock out his teeth. With difficulty I controlled myself and replied gravely, "No, now you must go away from here."

Tookoo smiled and went away. He had no idea that he had a narrow escape this time by sheer luck.

At last the theatrical charity mongers were kind to me. Before leaving, they said to me rather drily, "We beg to be excused for wasting a good deal of your time. I hope you didn't mind."

I said to myself that they might as well have knocked my head off and said, "Sir, we've broken your head, please forgive us."

Anyway, it was a relief. I felt like going down on my knees and crying out aloud my thankfulness to Providence.

* * *

The wretched story had its death in embryo. When I looked at the paper with the one and only line written on it, I felt like crying. I tore up the paper with unnecessary vehemence and threw it out of the window, but the bits struck the window-pane and flew back into the room and got scattered all over the floor. How untidy—how uncouth the room looked! What a fool I was! How could I not have been aware of the waste-paper basket under the table! In the morning I had got up in such a delightful frame of mind. But those theatre ticket-sellers had come and spoilt it all!

Anyway, let the floor be untidy! I wasn't going to pick up the pieces and throw them away. Not I. I found it impossible to put my mind to any work. I felt like smashing up the cups and saucers. For fear I should really break some of them, I quickly hurled myself on the bed and lay down flat on my back.

For the last few days it had been raining incessantly and the sun had just come out this morning after a long time. The sky was clear and blue and a lovely breeze was blowing. An ideal morning for writing a story, but wasted! Maybe, it would start raining again in the afternoon and continue for days together. And I wouldn't feel at all like writing anything. My poor little story!

Meanwhile, the cool breeze had cooled down my temper a bit and its temperature now had come down a few degrees. I could feel it. Then I heard a soft, low voice call me, "Uncle dear!" The mercury went up at once and very high, too. I had a rough idea of the time, and said, "It's quarter past nine."

"Then there's still a long time before I have to go to school, uncle dear," said Tookoo.

I had neither the power nor the inclination to speak. I closed my eyes. Sleepily I just made through my nose a queer sound, "Um".

"Uncle dear!" started again Tookoo.

"Uncle dear be hanged! What are you bellowing for? What's the matter? Come here!"

Tookoo approached me, half-afraid, and showed me a book he had in his hand and said, "Please help me a little to learn my to-day's English lesson."

"Why have you come to me for this? Isn't there anybody else in the house? Couldn't you go to Shubol? Do you think that now I am going to waste my time to help you with your lesson—eh?"

Tookoo spoke on the verge of tears, "Grannie told me to come to you."

"Grannie told you—eh? Go and tell your grannie that if ever again she suggests such a thing, I shall go and hang myself. Now, don't stand there like an idiot, opening your mouth agape," I fired off.

Tookoo stood silent for a few moments. Then collecting some courage, he said, "Uncle dear, just tell me one thing—what does 'dead of night' mean?"

"It means——" Good Heavens—I'll go mad! "Will you go

now? Or you'd like to have a thrashing?" I just made a gesture of lifting my hand, when Tookoo burst into tears and ran away for all he was worth.

Suddenly, I remembered that such a thing as a cigarette existed in this world and I felt happy—as happy as one can be when one gets into a temper. I tried to light a cigarette in my lying-down state; the lighted match-stick slipped and fell on me. Ugh! I jumped up at once and threw away the match. I was chafing the burn when my sister-in-law came in. "Are you going out now, brother?" she said.

"No," I replied.

"But I need a box of soap very urgently."

"I have other things to do in this world besides buying soap for you."

"Well, as far as I can see, the only two things you are capable of are, lying on the bed, flat on your back, and smoking away cigarettes endlessly."

"In any case, I can't go out now," I said.

"I knew it. You can go about in the sun even at noon to visit your friends, but if anybody asks you to do something for them, you can't move—you feel paralysis of the feet," she said as though unnecessarily upset.

"Please leave me alone for a while, good sister-in-law," I begged of her.

"Oh, I am going. Lord, how contemptuous you are! But quite natural! Because you seem to have grown wings. I don't know what would have happened to you, if I hadn't mortgaged my bangles that time to pay your examination fees! Oh, God!" she ejaculated and left.

Hardly two minutes had passed after the departure of my sister-in-law, when my mother entered the room with a gloomy face. "Why didn't you help Tookoo with his lesson?" she asked me gravely.

"My head's aching—I have gripes—I am ill—I am very uneasy. No, no———I am quite all right—but I have lots of work to get through. Please leave me alone, mother." I told her to go away.

"H'm——go away? One day I will go away for ever and leave you in peace. I see, you always treat me like a dog and will be glad to be rid of me. Just you wait a little while more——my days are numbered. You are getting more and more bad-tempered every day. You have not a drop of human kindness in you. That little kid! Why did you hit him? You needn't have helped him with his lessons if you didn't wish to."

"I haven't hit him," I protested.

"No, he cried because you gave him sweets," she remarked rather sneeringly.

"Really, mother, you must go away now. I've a lot of things to do."

"Here I go—and God knows to what hell!"

"It won't be only you who will go there—we'll all have to go there some day." This I couldn't help remarking.

Mother wiped her eyes and now said in a broken voice, "I see this is the way with you modern folk. You always say you'll go mad because of me and hang yourself because of me. Don't you feel ashamed to say these things to me? As though I was your step-mother; as if I didn't bear you,—is it? If your father had been alive, could you have tortured me like this? A woman who loses her husband loses all. She has to go on just existing while her sons heap insults on her. How foolish of people to take pride in their sons! What good is a son to a woman who has lost her husband!"

Moaning and complaining at the top of her voice, mother went away at last. But I really felt like weeping aloud in tune with her lamentations.

My thoughts turned to God, while I stretched myself more fully on the bed. The blue sky and the soft air which a moment ago had felt so sweet became bitter as poison now. The world seemed flat and tasteless—so, what could one do but think of God? But I was interrupted in my pious resolution when, all flustered-up, sister-in-law came into the room and called me in an excited voice.

I couldn't pretend to be asleep. So I jumped up and said, "What's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"Don't be flippant. There—" And she threw a telegram on my lap.

I read the telegram. "What am I to do about it?" I said.

"That's very simple. Go and send a wire to Suren Babu that Shefali left yesterday and he needn't take leave and come," she said.

"No hurry. Just as well send it in the afternoon. Just this moment I don't feel quite equal to it." I said.

"You are old enough to have some sense and I am really surprised at you. Can't you realise how worried Suren Babu is?"

"Worried? I should think not. What an awful fuss over just a little touch of fever!" There must have been a touch of banter in my voice.

"Really, you modern young men are absolutely heartless. What an affectionate brother you are!"

The long and short of the telegram-affair is that my sister Shefali had an attack of fever, while staying with us, and her husband in Jamshedpur had got worried about her and wired how she was, and whether he should come. But, although not quite recovered, she had already left for Jamshedpur with an escort and was stopping in Calcutta *en route* for a day and would get there tomorrow. In the circumstances, I had seemed heartless and my soft-hearted sister-in-law was hurt, because I had suggested that the wire might as well be sent in the afternoon! Nothing to be surprised at this, because I've known all along that other people in this world always have to make personal sacrifices, and cheerfully too, for even the trifles of conveniences of people who go about in this world as husband and wife!

So, I didn't protest any more. Now that I was in for it, I had no other alternative but to go out into the street, of a hot scorching noon. I felt so cross that I didn't even take an umbrella. Hot and perspiring, I reached the post-office. I took a telegraph-form and searched in my pocket for my fountain pen, but it was not there! My blood ran cold. I remembered quite clearly that I had brought it before leaving the house. Then, where is it? I began to search all the pockets, but it was nowhere. Then, it must have been stolen! Pick-pockets? But not

many people walking in the streets at this hour! Then it must have dropped. I suddenly remembered that once I had stumbled on a brick; it must have dropped then. I recollected also that a Chaprassi fellow was walking behind me. He must have picked it up. So my pen was gone—a 'Waterman' at that! I wonder when I'll be able to afford another like it, and even if there is another, it wouldn't be like the one I have lost. Strange Fate!

I longed to bang my head against the post-office walls. I wonder why I didn't. So, in a mechanical way, as it were, I wrote on the form with a pen supplied by the office, put stamps on it, took a receipt and the change. In the street, I kept on looking this way and that, if by any chance—. Alas, one can never cease to hope! The spot where I thought I had stumbled, I reconnoitred a bit. An up-country lad was passing by, smoking a *biri*. Noticing me, he enquired if I had lost money. I waived him away and walked on.

I tried to convince myself that I hadn't brought the pen with me, but useless! Because, I remembered quite clearly that I had taken it out of my drawer and put it in the lower pocket, while I took the money from my sister-in-law. So, it couldn't be that I should have left the pen behind when I was going to send a telegram.

So it was a fitting climax to the morning's happenings. If I could get hold of one of those "flood-relief" fellows now, I could have murdered him.

Like a thief, I entered my room. Like a mother who puts her face to a dead son's nose to see if he might still be breathing, I pulled the drawer slowly as soon as I came into the room.

I heaved a deep sigh when I saw the blue box which used to contain my 'Waterman' pen. How sad that the pen, which had lived so many years peacefully in this box, was now perhaps the ornament of a wretched Chaprassi! I pretended to myself that I only wanted to handle the empty box. I opened it. My fountain pen was sleeping peacefully in it.

* * *

As soon as sister-in-law came, I said, "Ugh! I feel so tired after going about in the sun."

"Have you sent the wire? Really, you can't possibly imagine how anxious Suren Babu will be till he gets it. (I nodded and she smiled as if pitying my unmarried state). Now go and have your bath quickly.——I am waiting for you."

"Just look how blue the sky is and how sweet the air smells," I said, not minding about the bath or her waiting.

"I will look later on. Now, I am feeling the fire of a hunger," she said.

"My dear sister-in-law, up to what standard did you read while at school?" I queried her.

That very moment mother called out from the adjoining room: "Now do go and have your bath. How long are you going to keep your sister-in-law waiting? The servants have been grumbling and eating my head off."

"All right, I am going, mother." I asked sister-in-law: "Has Tookoo gone to school?"

"Of course. Why?"

"Oh, nothing particular. I just asked. Your Tookoo is a splendid kid," I said. Then I shouted out to mother: "Mother, would you go with me to the oculist today?"

"No. Not today. I have to go to a meeting of the Women's Society."

While bathing, I thought: After all, I might as well have bought a three-rupee ticket. Moreover, they were quite decent fellows; I shouldn't have disappointed them. Sister-in-law could have gone to the theatre, even if I hadn't. She is a theatre-fan, all right.

Contemporary English Poetry

BY PRINCIPAL P. SESHADRI, M.A.

In a well-known passage of the *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge writes: "The great works of past ages seem to a young man, things of another race in respect of which his faculties must remain passive and submissive even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than himself, surrounded by the same circumstances and disciplined by the same manners, possess a reality for him and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which feeds and fans his hope. The poems themselves assume the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due to one who exists to receive it."

But these do not exhaust the considerations which invest contemporary poetry with special interest to the student of literature. It is obvious that if his knowledge and appreciation of a literature are to be adequate and comprehensive, he must get into touch with its latest developments and enter into an energetic realisation of the best of contemporary writers. His intimate and living knowledge of the environment in which their work is produced adds considerably to his capacity for sympathetic understanding, and the confidence born of its qualities of excellence is also an inspiration for the future.

Facilities for such an appreciation of contemporary poetry have unfortunately not existed in our Universities, and judged by the syllabuses and curricula of studies even in the advanced courses, it would appear, they proceeded on the assumption, as Sir Quiller Couch puts it, "that English literature took to its bed and expired and was beatified" on a certain date, for instance, with the deaths of Tennyson and Browning. It is often taken for granted, without even the faintest acquaintance with recent and contemporary poetry, that the Muse has been silent in English³

or that her utterances, if any, are devoid of the true inspiration of song. Where this wrong belief is not due to actual ignorance, it is probably due to the widespread and perennial failing of man to be a blind *laudator temporis acti*. The best refutation of this pessimistic and essentially incorrect outlook is in a lively appreciation of the achievements of English poetry in our own times. They lend support to Matthew Arnold's fervent hope, expressed years ago: "In poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay."

Writing on the subject of Contemporary English Poetry today, it is impossible to begin without an expression of regret for the recent passing away of two great veterans of English song, Thomas Hardy and Robert Bridges. Both of them perhaps are more correctly described as eminent Victorians who survived into the opening decades of the twentieth century than as our contemporaries, but much of their work in poetry was in our own times and it will take a long time indeed before the void caused by their deaths can be filled in the world of English letters. By his profound insight into the pathos and tragedy of human life and delicate scrupulousness of artistic workmanship, Thomas Hardy has left an imperishable name behind him, while Robert Bridges will also be long remembered for his admirable treatment of nature, choice poetic expression and unerring ear for subtle music. Students of literature have had hardly any time for an adequate appreciation of the latter's *Testament of Beauty*, when he has suddenly departed from their midst, leaving a wondering world still haunted by the charms of his swan-song.

It is not by virtue of mere official precedence as Poet Laureate that one has to begin this study with a treatment John Masefield. He also happens to be, as has not always been the case in the history of the English laureateship, one of the ablest and most popular of our living English poets. The great vogue of his brilliant tales in verse, *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow of the Bye-Street*, *Dauber*, *Daffodil Fields* and *Reynard the Fox* is recalling the halcyon days of Byron's popularity, though it is not necessarily in itself an index of high poetic excellence.

In the case of no other contemporary, it may be observed, is the impress of autobiographical vicissitudes so deeply marked as in that of Masefield. He has passed through strange experiences, tramped his way across continents, lived by manual labour of various kinds, served as a waiter in American hotels, and been on the sea as a cabin-boy and sailor, and it is surprising that his capacity for poetry should have survived all these phases of life; it is in itself a tribute to the reality of his poetic inspiration. The whole story may be read in his own words, in the stirring lines of his *Biography*, and every reader of his poetry will recognise the strenuous background of toil and suffering to all his work. He is no poet for the drawing-room, entertaining some fair listener with stories of knights and fairies and long-spun romances of love, but one who sings of the grim tragedies of life, of domestic happiness marred by vice, of legitimate ambitions frustrated by the perversities of fate, of boisterous passions awakened by strange happenings and of terrible conflicts of mind and soul.

It is probably some index of the trend of modern literary taste that tales of this kind should command such wide audience and the discerning student will notice a similar phenomenon in other branches of literature and art. This is the necessary reaction from the easy and graceful sentimentality of some of the productions of Victorian verse, a correction of the decadence in taste characterised by Lord Morley in the words: "The truth is, we have for long been so debilitated by pastorals, by graceful presentations of the Arthurian legend for drawing-rooms, by idyll not robust and Theocritean, by verse directly didactic, that a rude blast of air from the outside welter of human realities is apt to give a shock, that might well show in what simpleton's paradise we have been living. The ethics of the rectory parlour set to music, the respectable aspirations of the sentimental curate married to exquisite verse, the everlasting glorification of domestic sentiment in blameless princes and others, as if that were the poet's single province and the divinely appointed end of all art, as if domestic sentiment included and summed up the whole throng of passions, strife and desire; all this might seem to be making valetudinarians of us all. Our public is beginning to measure the

song." But Mr. Yeats is the embodiment of the spirit of pure poetry, a denizen of elfland and a singer of mystic vision whose passionate worship of the Muses knows no distraction. It is probably enough to say of his poetry that there are few more peaceful havens in contemporary literature, offering refuge to readers from the feverish excitement of modern civilisation. There will be wide yearning for the poet's ideal:

"I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive of the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade,
And I shall have some peace there for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings,
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear that water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

He will always be of special interest to Indians, as it was his discriminating and enthusiastic praise of the *Gitanjali*, introduced into the English language, that began Rabindranath Tagore's recognition in the West.

In the course of an inspiring essay on *The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life*, Sir William Watson defines the function of the poet to be, "to see the world through a kind of ecstasy; to heighten and emphasise its lineaments, though without distorting them; to see vividly, to paint nobly and to feel romantically whatever in this universe is to be seen and felt and painted." He is the next poet deserving of consideration and it may be said, at the outset, that he has lived up admirably in his work to his own high ideal. It is no ordinary compliment to a poet to say that he has realised with great success, and in a very effective manner, all these noble aims and Sir William's work continues to be distinguished by loftiness of purpose and sound inspiration. At a time when the dignity of poetic composition is seriously threatened by over-zealous ideas of freedom from convention and poetry would like to revel in

aspects of life which had better not be over-emphasised in art, it is delightful to be entertained by one who is a great believer in the best masters of song and whose constant endeavour is to see that "the ancient ancestral lineaments reappear" in his work and "the noble tradition in which he was nurtured is being nobly perpetuated." He is not one of those who dislike and resent sound and solid workmanship, who think it one of the signs of genius to be careless of finish and scornful of technique; who fail to comprehend that real inspiration can work hand in hand with careful craftsmanship, not extinguished or hampered by it, but informing and ennobling what would otherwise be scarcely better than dull, mechanic toil. He will fashion his verse with the minutest care and the most scrupulous sense of self-criticism, in the wake of the great traditions of singers like Virgil and Tennyson, that he may have, in the end, the very legitimate and proud satisfaction of declaring to the world:

I too, with constant heart,
And with no light or careless ministry
Have served what seemed the Voice; and unprofane
Have dedicated to melodious ends
All of myself that least ignoble was;
For though of faulty and of erring work
I have not suffered aught in me of frail
To blur my song; I have not paid the world
The evil and insolent courtesy
Of offering it my baseness for a gift.

In any case, it is hardly possible to expect anything more of an individual.

Considerations of space prevent detailed reference to the numerous aspects of excellence in his work, the beauty of epigrammatic expression, the delicacy and refinement of poetic feeling, the spotless purity of vocabulary and the general atmosphere of finished workmanship. Special reference must, however, be made to the somewhat novel feature found in his work—for the first time on any effective scale in English poetry—of the poetic treatment of poets themselves, of the vivid description of their work, in verse. Sir William has no hesitation in saying that poets and their works

are among the most beautiful objects of the world and he has therefore sung of them with great affection and enthusiasm :

I have full oft
In singers' selves found me a theme of song,
Holding these also to be very part
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not
The descants least heroical of deeds.

The capacity to render into verse the facts of literary criticism is seen not only in such occasional expressions as the "frugal note of Gray", "the lonely vesper-chime" of Collins, but also in longer passages occurring mainly in the course of his admirable elegiac poems on Burns, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold and in poems like *Shelley's Centenary*. Here is a vivid characterisation of the poetry of the Age of Pope, calculated to make a more lively impression on the mind of the student than all the sombre passages of prose found in the numerous histories of English literature, written by professional experts :

Song from celestial heights had wandered down,
Put off her robe of sunlight, dew and flame,
And donned a modish dress to charm the town.

Thenceforth she but festooned the porch of things ;
Apt at life's lore, incurious what life meant,
Dexterous of hand, she struck her lute's few strings
Ignobly perfect, barrenly content.

Unflushed with ardour, and unblanched with awe,
Her lips in profitless derision curled,
She saw with dull emotion— if she saw—
The vision of the glory of the world.

The human masque she watched, with dreamless eyes
In whose clear shallows lurked no trembling shade ;
The stars unkenned by her might set and rise,
Unmarked by her the daisies bloom and fade.

The age grew sated with her sterile wit,
Herself waxed weary on her loveless throne.
Men felt life's tide, the sweep and surge of it,
And craved a living voice, a natural tone.

The poet's description of the part played by those who heralded the Romantic Movement, each in his own small measure, even before the appearance of Wordsworth and Coleridge, is not less vivid, in spite of the increased complication of literary ideas involved in the sketch :

In sad stern verse, the rugged scholar-sage
Bemoaned his toil unvalued, youth uncheered.
His numbers wore the vesture of the age,
But 'neath it beating, the great heart was heard.

From dewy pastures, uplands sweet with thyme,
A virgin breeze freshened the jaded day.
It wafted Collins' lonely vesper-chime,
It breathed abroad the frugal note of Gray.

It fluttered here and there, nor swept in vain
The dusty haunts where futile echoes dwell,—
Then in a cadence, soft as summer rain,
And sad from Auburn voiceless, drooped and fell.

It drooped and fell, and one 'neath northern skies,
With southern heart, who tilled his father's field
Found poesy a-dying, bade her rise
And touch quick Nature's hem and go forth healed.

On life's broad plain, the ploughmen's conquering share
Upturned the fallow lands of truth anew,
And o'er the formal garden's trim parterre
The peasant's team a ruthless furrow drew.

Bright was his going forth, but clouds ere long
Whelmed him, in gloom his radiance set, and those
Twin morning stars of the century's song,
Those morning stars that sang together rose.

In elvish speech the Dreamer told his tale
Of marvellous oceans swept by fateful wings—
The Se'er strayed not from earth's human pale,
But the mysterious face of human things
He mirrored as the moon in Rydal Mere
Is mirrored, when the breathless night hangs blue.

The shrill and boisterous imperialism of Rudyard Kipling has raised such a wall of adverse prejudice against him in India,

that it seems almost a hopeless task to secure any recognition of his real poetic qualities, at least in this country. But even the most hypercritical judge of his poetic work must pay a tribute of praise to his astonishing poetic energy, freedom of movement, vividness of description, sense of humour though with occasional lapses into violence, and imaginative power ranging from scene to scene with meteoric speed and brilliance. Nor is he entirely bereft of the more delicate touches of lyric song, though he is essentially a poet of action and movement in their more energetic aspects.

When allowance is made for the fact that Kipling is a satirist and his verse must sometimes necessarily offend the susceptibilities of his readers—he has not spared his own countrymen in India—it should be possible for the Indian student to look upon his work with less than the usual prejudice. It is necessary to draw attention to the fact that there are numerous poems in his work in which he has expressed his warm and intimate sympathy with aspects of Indian life and civilization. This element may appear somewhat inconsistent with his unqualified approval of the Englishman's work in India, but it exists in him, as one can see from his successful attempts at dealing with the emotional workings of the Indian mind, or describing with enthusiasm the Indian background of his poems. There is truth in Chesterton's paradoxical remark that "he has an Indian element which makes him exquisitely sympathetic with the Indian; a vague Jingo influence which makes him sympathetic with the man that crushes the Indian; a vague journalistic sympathy with the man that misrepresents everything that has happened to the Indian."

Rudyard Kipling was born in India and it is due to the poet to remember the real affection for the land of his birth which he has expressed on more than one occasion, in verse as well as in prose. In his dedicatory lines to his *Seven Seas*, he is proud of claiming Bombay as his mother:

Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,

Comfort it is to say
Of no mean city am I.
Neither by service nor fee
Come I to mine estate,—
Mother of cities to me,
For I was born in her gate
Between the palms and the sea
Where the world-end steamers wait.

The injustice has also been done to him of representing him as a prophet of disunion, anxious to emphasise the difference of the two races which have met in India. His oft-quoted couplet, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet" occurs, as is unfortunately not generally known, in a passage intended to emphasise the common nature of humanity, for the next lines run:

But there is neither East nor West
Border nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Sir Henry Newbolt is another poet, almost of similar type, whose work makes a wide appeal all over the Empire by his fine sense of patriotism and his energetic rendering of heroic episodes in British history. It is difficult to say if occasionally there are not lapses into moods which are dangerously near national insolence, but he celebrates the great events of history with an eloquence and energetic realisation of vivid detail which more than compensate for such failings. We can still hear in his verse the drum of Drake sounding in the Channel, or join in his greeting to *Admirals All*:

Admirals all, for England's sake,
Honour be yours and fame!
And honour as long as waves shall break,
To Nelson's peerless name!

Sir Henry Newbolt has exhibited strong Indian interest in his poems and there are several of them dealing with themes relating to this country, furnishing a vivid verse-comment on some events which have made a difference to the course of Indian history: *Gillespie*, *Seringapatam*, the *Ballad of John Nicholson* and the *Guides at Kabul*. The Indian interest continues to be sustained in his work,

as in the fine *Ballad of Sir Pratap Singh* he wrote the other day, on the kinship of all the bold soldiers of the earth, whatever their caste or creed :

Wide as the world, free as the air,
Pure as the pool of death—
The caste of all earth's noble hearts
Is the right soldier's faith.

It is, however, when we come to the work of Alfred Noyes that we are filled with the greatest confidence with regard to the work of the younger generation of poets. Mr. Noyes has already to his credit a considerable volume of verse of great merit and of even greater promise, and English readers are not likely to let die the numerous lyrics and narrative poems with which he has enriched the language. His kinship is really with the Elizabethans of the past and he has in him noble longings for which the only parallel is probably in the lives of some of the early singers. His verse is enriched with the spirit of adventure and awakened to the noble enthusiasm of high endeavour; but it is at the same time deeply rooted in the primary emotions of man and he is also conversant in his imagination with numerous worlds of imperishable beauty. He will continue to live in the fairy world of his boyhood, in spite of the busy environments of modern life :

I am weary of disbelieving; why should I wound my love
To pleasure a sophist's pride in a graven image of truth?

I will go back to my home, with the clouds and the stars above.
And the heaven I used to know, and the God of my buried youth.

* * *

Books? I have read the books, the books that we write ourselves
Extolling our love of an abstract truth and our pride of debate:

I will go back to the love of the cotter who sings as he delves,
To the childish infinite love and the God above fact and date.

If the element of the pure imaginative poet has found expression in *The Loom of Years*, *The Flower of Old Japan*, *The Forest of Wild Thyme* and *The Enchanted Island*, the sturdy patriotism of the poet and his glowing enthusiasm for the achievements of the

Anglo-Saxon race to which he is proud to belong, are embodied in the epic poem, *Drake*. It was the deep conviction of the historian, Froude, that the great heroes of the Elizabethan period deserved commemoration in epic song, and it is interesting to see that it has been done by Alfred Noyes, at least with regard to the greatest of them, Francis Drake. The epic is marred in places by diffusion of treatment and the narrative has not the fire and energy associated with epics of the Homeric type, but it will probably not be grudged in the long run a place of permanent interest in English literature.

Mr. Noyes has, in addition, deep scholarship and fine culture and his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern* bring back the 'spacious times' of Elizabeth before us and we are inspired by the presence, in flesh and blood, of the great writers at the altar of whose song the student of literature has learnt to worship from his early youth. We have again the wonderful old pageant before us of wit and song and love presented with great elaborateness of detail:

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

And here is the Elysium, still in existence for us and welcoming us to share in its revelries. There is also a strong classical element which illumines his work with pleasant reminiscence of all that is bright in the literature of Greece and Rome.

We have had a long and distinguished tradition in English literature of the treatment of the poetry of childhood, starting with Blake and Wordsworth and coming down to Stevenson and Swinburne, but a most remarkable addition to this list of poets is another contemporary of ours, Mr. Walter de la Mare. This is no place to enter into the controversy regarding the allegation that such pictures of the romance of childhood are only imaginary and not true to fact, that they are usually what the grown-up man thinks of childhood rather than what the child feels about its own environment; but Mr. de la Mare has succeeded in producing work of an enduring kind. The full value of his work will be realised when it is remembered

that this does not exhaust his achievement and it is possible to claim success for him in descriptive poetry and also in the treatment of love. A tribute must also be paid to his artistic economy of workmanship.

A somewhat novel phenomenon generated by the sordid industrial conditions of today over practically all over the civilised world, is the work of Mr. W. W. Gobson whose stories are full of tragic seriousness and shake the very foundations of a man's faith in a moral Providence guiding the affairs of the world. He has been called "the laureate of modern industrialism" and the "Hogarth of contemporary poetry." It is not merely that he constantly describes characters like

A poor old weary woman
Broken with lust and drink, blear-eyed and ill,
Her battered bonnet nodding on her head,

but he also tells pathetic stories which leave an unforgettable impression on the mind. His sympathies are all with the poor and the oppressed, the miner and the factory labourer struggling with adverse material circumstances and the destiny which seems to revel in harshness towards them. He could have said with Masefield,

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth
The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth;—
Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!
Their's be the music, the colour, the glory, the gold;
Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mould.

Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind, in the rain and the cold,
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tale be told.

It is hardly possible to discuss here every poet worthy of mention in connection with this subject, but room must be found for Mr. W. H. Davies who is primarily a Nature poet and who has succeeded in producing enduring work in a department which has been explored repeatedly during centuries of English poetry. It is now more than a hundred years since Wordsworth complained that the world was too much with us and it is not surprising that there is even a more distressful cry raised by Mr. Davies, amidst the feverish excitement of a more complicated civilisation:

What is this life, if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, the broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

This review must now stop, though there are a number of others who deserve treatment;—Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie whose work gives the fullest expression to the spirit of our time; Mr. George Russell more well known as 'A. E.' on whom the thought of India and the East has made a profound impression; Mr. John Drinkwater who is perhaps greater as a dramatist than as a poet, but whose rich imagination and wealth of poetic vocabulary has secured for him a permanent place; the members of the Sitwell family who are offering a bold challenge to all accepted traditions of poetic expression; Mr. A. E. Houseman who can produce great emotional power, in spite of a rigid exclusion of ornament and whose *Shropshire Lad* will always hum in the ears of lovers of genuine poetry—and numerous others.

It may be said, in conclusion, that nothing is more gratifying to the student of literature than the almost exuberant outburst of song in England today. Far from interfering with the progress of poetry, as was feared, the war has intensified the love of poetry, all round, a phenomenon which was perceived by discerning eyes even during the progress of the struggle. The immediate presence of the great problems of life and death, and the mighty questions of right and wrong involved in the war, opened the lips of the gifted

with poetic utterance, while even the ordinary soldier in the trenches exhibited striking appreciation of the imperishable elements of true literature. From the sorrow and excitement of the war, people have turned once again to the eternal consolations of song. The tendencies towards increased interest in poetry, visible immediately before the war, have strengthened and there is much that is hopeful in the productions of even the youngest generation of contemporary poets. No fuller treatment is possible here, but it is hoped that the achievement of the present, with its consequent promise of the future, has been amply demonstrated. Is further inducement needed for entry into the world of contemporary poetry, and should not the student who has till now been indifferent to its beauties, begin to "sit in the meadow," in the exquisite words of Euripides, "and pluck with glad heart the spoil of the flowers, gathering them one by one?"

The Postal Runner

(A FOLK-TALE OF SAURASHTRA ¹)

BY N. M. SHAH, M. Sc.

(Lecturer, Karnatak College, Dharwar)

It was an evening in the dark half of the month. The glow of the setting Sun was slowly disappearing and the dusk was coming in. There was not a speck of cloud in the sky. A star here and a star there was just peeping forth.

The villagers are awaiting the evening worship of the deity. The half-naked, playful village children are pouring into the small temple. Some are fighting for the gong, others for possession of the stick for beating the drum. The "kiddies" are dancing with joy at the prospect of getting, after the worship should be over, a pinch of sugar, a piece or two of cocoanut and a sip of holy water. But the worshipper, Bavaji, is still having his bath at the well and the inner temple is not yet opened. The elders, with their babies, anxious to have *darshan* are waiting outside in the verandah. There is perfect silence outside; it is getting darker.

"Today, the evening is very dull," one amongst the elderly crowd broke the silence with a heavy voice.

"Ah! the Sun has become dim as it were," added a second.

"Kali, Kaliyuga!" joined a third.

". . . And now-a-days, do you see how dull the idol looks? . . . Ten years ago, there was a halo about it. It was full of lustre," complained yet another.

Thus the talk was slowly jagging on when a man, with a woman behind, was seen coming along the village bazaar towards the crowd. He had a sword tied to his waist and a stick in his hand. The woman carried on her head a packet. It was difficult to say from the outward appearance who the male was, but any one

¹ Modern Kathiawad.

could identify the female as a Rajput lady from her dress and gait.

He took no notice of the crowd in the temple and passed on. But the villagers, prompted by their natural generosity of heart, stopped him and greeted. The traveller silently accepted the greetings and quickly passed on. The lady followed him. The village elders among the crowd, out of increased curiosity and a sense of hospitality, accosted the unknown traveller once again and inquired, "How far?"

"Long distance," was the only reply.

"Then why not rest here to-night?"

"Why do you press me to stay?" cried out the angry Rajput with growing suspicion.

"Nothing else. It is too late and you have a woman with you. Why risk in the dark? We are all brethren. Please stop here to-night and sup with us," pressed the kindly and hospitable villagers. But the insolence of the traveller was more than a match for all this kindness and hospitality. "I travel knowing full well the strength of my hands. And late? It is nothing to the brave. I have not met my equal as yet," was the reply.

"Let him die, that piece of the brave," someone from the crowd slowly remarked. The Rajput with his fair companion wended his way.

II

Both the travellers passed out of the village. There was wilderness all round. And the silence of that dark night increased the desolation. Amidst such darkness and desolation, the haughty Rajput was hewing his way and the lady was dragging behind. The gongs of evening-worship were heard from a distance. The dim lamps from the huts of the villagers were seen flickering. The village dogs were barking as if they saw a demon in the darkness.

Of a sudden, these lonely travellers heard the tinkling sound of trinkets. The haughty Rajput did not care to look behind but the lady could not help turning her face in the direction of the sound, when, to her infinite joy and surprise, she saw the postal runner of the

village Sanosara—her native place—with a bag on his head, a spike ornamented with trinkets in his hand and a sword in a torn sheath hanging from his shoulder. Jato (this was how he was called) was very regular in his duties, not because he shared the eagerness of the villagers to receive a letter from their dear ones. It was only a cut in the salary if the mails arrived late, that compelled him to do his work with clock-like regularity. Jato overtook the Rajput lady in no time. They exchanged greetings and the lady began to inquire after her parents. Even a stranger from her parents' place is like a brother to a woman. So they continued their journey talking all the while.

The Rajput who had gone a little farther by now turned round on sudden suspicion, only to find his wife lagging behind. And, what! she was talking to a stranger! He burst on her with sudden fury and thrashed her for what he considered her impudence, pouring all the while a volley of abuse.

"But . . . h's my brother—the postal runner from my parents' place, Sano . . ." stammered the lady.

"Hold your tongue. I know it," interrupted the Rajput and turning towards Jato, "And you, Brahmin, know with whom you are dealing," the Rajput threatened the postal runner.

"As you please," replied the innocent Jato and decreased his speed. So he was left behind and the Rajput pair went on.

III

The daring Rajput with his fair companion reached a point where the road lay through a narrow passage lined on both sides with thick thorny bush, difficult to penetrate. And the darkness of the night lent its support to the weirdness of the place. Undaunted, the Rajput pushed on, when, half-way in the bush, a dozen dacoits suddenly appeared and waylaid the travellers, and with one voice commanded the Rajput, "Put down your sword." He was all anger and let loose a few words of abuse but could do nothing more. The bandits snatched away his sword, bound him and dragged him to a distance,

"You, lady! take out all your ornaments," they bade the

helpless woman. She began to remove her ornaments one by one. Parts of her beautiful body were exposed to the gaze of the bandits. Even at such a time of the night they could see her beauty inflamed by youth. Their minds grew restive and began to lose all control. Their tongues became loquacious. But the lady stood silent. The dacoits went a step further and tried to hold her. The lady resisted and stood forth boldly.

"Throw down that piece of *sattee*," bawled out the dacoits. The lady was helpless; in a moment of despair she looked up with an appealing eye at the starry heavens when, to her boundless joy, she heard the sound of Jato's trinkets.

"Oh! Jato, brother, help, help me," shrieked out the lady catching at the proverbial straw.

"Who is there?" replied Jato, rushing on the scene with drawn sword. The dacoits were frustrated in their attempts. They charged Jato with their sticks. But the brave runner withstood the attack with the skilful play of his sword. Nevertheless, he was working against odds. He was one against many. He sent some of them to death; *lathis* were still pouring over his head, but Jato seemed insensible to them. The lady on her part raised a big howl. So the rest of the gang took to their heels out of fear for their life. Jato was exhausted; he no longer could bear the pains; he fell down with a whirl and soon breathed his last.

The lady released her husband. "Let us proceed further," said the husband on being released.

"Where to go? You coward, are you not ashamed? That Brahmin died for me because of a minute's acquaintance. And you, companion of my life, . . . you cared only for your life. Rajput, go your way. Can there be love between a crow and a swan? I will die with my saviour." It was not she but her heart, which was moved to its depths, that spoke out these words.

"I'll marry another more beautiful than you," the unfeeling Rajput said bluntly and left her behind in the darkness.

The brave lady passed the whole night all alone in that wilderness, with the corpse of Jato on her lap. At morn she prepared a funeral pyre and placed herself on it with the body of Jato. By

evening nothing was left of them but ashes and a few glimmering live coals.

* * * * *

Even today, there stand, at the place where Jato lost his life for the honour and safety of a woman, and the woman in gratitude offered her life to her saviour, a stone monument in memory of Jato, the postal runner, and a woman's hand carved in stone in memory of the Rajput lady.

Sabarmati and its Sage

BY G. VENKATACHALAM

Sabarmati is a river in Gujerat that skirts along the historic city of Ahmedabad, spanned by long iron bridges, and treacherous during the floods. On its right bank are the palatial mansions of mill-owners and the beautiful gardens of Shahibagh, and on the left are the ruins of ancient mosques, the forbidding walls of the Central Prison and also the quiet, unassuming *ashram* of the apostle of *ahimsa*, Mahatma Gandhi, who is so much before the world's eye today. The *ashram* is a small settlement of a few houses and a small acreage of grounds, with nothing to attract one's attention except the unique personality that lives there. There are no imposing buildings, no well-laid out gardens, no interesting library, no attractive features of a comfortable life. Everywhere there is stern asceticism staring you in the face, a silent echo of the recluse that resides there. You look in vain for any bright spot to cheer you up—the cool shade of a tree, the green lawn of a flower bed, the chirping of sweet-throated birds, smooth steps at the river ghat, peals of temple bells or even the laughter of children. No, everything has an austere look, and you sit down to think furiously how on earth this spot has become so world-famous and why so many make pilgrimage to this place. A day's stay within its compound dispels your wonder, and you begin to notice that behind all these sombre appearances and rude exterior, there is an attraction about the place, a quietness about its abode, an intense activity within its precincts, that are overpowering and compelling.

It is the Personality of "the great little man" standing at the white gate of Truth, waving his flag for the toll of service and sacrifice from his fellowmen in the cause of humanity. His presence in that little *ashram* makes it *live* and beautiful, and his child-like, sweet, innocent smile with which he greets you unceremoniously makes you feel "at home" at the very

SABARMATI AND ITS SAGE

95

outset. His simplicity, directness and naturalness—so rare in the generality of mankind—disarms you and you see in those merry eyes and toothless smile, a confidant, a friend, a helper, a true comrade. His greatness is his transparent sincerity, his guileless laughter, his deep sympathy and understanding. He does not stand aloof, nor is his greatness remote and unapproachable. He is a Bania, it is true; he is shrewd, there is no doubt; he is clever, it is apparent; he is dominating, his gestures betray it; he is tyrannical, that is obvious; but withal he is supremely great because he is true to himself. A few minutes' conversation with him convinces you of his intellectual powers and moral fervour. He has a logical mind and hence his utterances are limpid-clear; he feels strongly and therefore he speaks and writes so forcefully, so directly and to the point. "Camouflage" is a word unknown in his dictionary; "quackery" he detests from the bottom of his heart. He is a saint, *per se*, but a practical one at that, one whose saintliness is not of external appearances or of a secluded cloister type, but of an inward life and of ceaseless activities in the public affairs of men.

Ceremonies, worship, religion, formalities and conventions do not bind him, and he is truly religious since he has transcended all religious limitations. His religion is the service of his fellowmen, and his worship, his constant endeavour to experiment with truth. "My Experiments with Truth" is a revelation of his inward struggle "to know himself." His politics is merely an attempt at translation of his ideal, *ahimsa*, in relation to human affairs. He is not so much concerned with winning *Swaraj* for his country as establishing *ahimsa* in the world. That seems to be his mission.

Forces of circumstances have, however, placed him in his present position which he neither envies nor regrets. He is an idealist at heart and is more concerned with the general welfare of humanity at large than with any one particular section thereof; but, here again, it is the poverty of India that has made him a politician and not so much his consuming love for his Motherland. Gandhi is a Force today, not merely a Personality, because he embodies in himself the ideals and aspirations of a struggling humanity—the search for Truth and Knowledge. He has evolved a new technique to

adjust political problems and to solve social evils, and how far it is a remedy for the world's problems time alone will show. He is no superman, no *avatar*, not even a mystic who has "realised life", but just a man with a vision and a will to carve out a destiny for himself. He is no inspired messenger, no prophet of a new age. He is, if anything, an intensely human person, a man with common failings as well as uncommon traits, wise enough to know his own strength and weakness, which he has often confessed. His "Himalayan blunders" are records of his incessant struggle with life and his efforts to triumph over difficulties. Gandhi, the man, is a lovable friend. To know him is to trust him.

My first visit to Sabarmati Ashram in 1921 was discouraging, if not quite disappointing. It was the days of the Non-Co-operation Movement, and Gandhiji was to be seen everywhere in India except at his *ashram*. In one month in that year, I crossed him at Salem in the south, sighted him in Bombay in the west and heard him at Lucknow in the north. He is a tireless traveller and his only compeer in this respect in India is Annie Besant. Even Mrs. Gandhi was not in the *ashram* to look after your physical well-being, as she often does when guests arrive there; and in those days there were no Oxford men doing secretarial work or admiral's daughters spinning or carding in primitive methods. Just a few students and helpers, all so uninteresting and dull.

My next visit was under the most happy circumstances. I was going to Lucknow to attend the All-India Musical Conference, and I was taking a good collection of Indian paintings with me. I was invited by Devadas Gandhi to spend a few days at the *ashram* on my way, and as luck would have it, Mahatmajee was there, and I had the privilege of being an inmate of their simple household for a week. Kasturi Bai Gandhi cooked our food and served us like a mother; Gandhiji ever busy at his *charka* wheel whenever he is not writing or seeing visitors. At his request, I arranged a small exhibition of the paintings and he enjoyed seeing them. He is very critical and sensitive to beauty, but hides his æsthetical nature under the cloak of asceticism.

Gandhiji's views on art are "Tolstoyan." "I see what you are

aiming at," he discussed with me on that day, "but where does it lead to, and what is its utility? Will it benefit the masses? Will it bring cheer to a deserted home? Will it comfort a suffering man?" This view has really nothing to do with real creative works of art, and I did not dispute his points. All that I understood was that he was keenly appreciative of creative works, himself being a no mean creative artist. His beautiful, simple, chaste prose, both in Gujarati and English, is a work of art. He is an artist in words and hence the eternal charm of his writings. I remember seeing him thrill to the very fibre of his being as he examined the exquisite water-color landscape studies of Venkatappa of Mysore and exchanged thoughts with that great artist. There was a painting of "Ooty in Monsoon"—a mist-covered and rain-drenched hill view—and when he saw it he shivered within himself as if he was feeling the intense cold of the rains.

His external appearance, not beautiful, has yet some attractive qualities, especially in his confiding smile, so spontaneous and natural. His mischievous look when he cuts a joke is very captivating. His stern exterior hides a sweet nature within, which is ever fond of fun and full of humour. Gandhiji is ready-witted and quick at retorts, and as he once said, his humour is the only saving grace in his otherwise over-burdened life, and that is what keeps him going. I can recall to my mind several instances of that side of his nature.

During one of my visits to Ahmedabad, I happened to stay with a mill-owner friend of mine, Sir Chinnubhai, and he took me to the *ashram* to pay our respects to this "half-naked Fakir." After some conversation with my friend, he turned to me and asked where I was staying. I pointed to the tall white mansion right opposite the *ashram*, across the river, the residence of Sir Chinnubhai, and Gandhiji winked and said: "Oh, what a fall, my countryman!"

On another occasion, when he was at the Nagpur Congress of 1920, Mon. Paul Richard and myself visited him in his tent, by appointment, and they both seriously discussed about many pressing problems, and in the course of their conversation, this Frenchman remarked: "Mr. Gandhi, do you really think that you

are going to fight the mighty British Empire with your puny weapon of Non-Violence?" He quietly replied: "No, I want to fight with the blinding love of Truth."

When Gandhiji was staying in Bangalore at Kumara Park, as the guest of His Highness, during his enforced long illness, Dr. James Cousins, Srimathi Kamaladevi, Fred Harvy and myself called on him to pay our homage. He was at his charka as usual, and Dr. Cousins approached him proudly and said: "Look here, Mahatmajee, I am wearing pure khadi, all hand-spun and hand-woven, in Ireland." He gave Dr. Cousins a mischievous smile and whispered: "Yes, for consumption in India." When we were there Kamaladevi and myself noticed a common cigar-box near him where he kept his cotton for spinning, and the next day we visited him, we took a beautifully carved sandalwood box for him, and Kamaladevi, quietly, unobserved, replaced his cigar-box. The moment he noticed it, a little later, he exclaimed: "Ah, if only all things in India could be replaced so beautifully!", and turning to her he observed: "Yes, I knew you were out for some mischief."

One day in Bombay, at his temporary residence of Vaccha, Gandhi Road, Poet Harindranath, Kamaladevi and myself approached him to "grace with his presence" the opening night of one of Mr. Chattopadhyaya's plays. He listened patiently to our enthusiastic description of the play and its production, and lifting up his head, he smiled and said: "No, I have no graces to offer."

Mahatma Gandhi is a Practical-Idealist, a Social-Democrat at heart. Ideas are valuable to him only to the extent they can be put into practice in daily life; reforms are useful only to the extent they can mitigate human suffering and raise man to his full stature. A passionate lover of Truth, he is often blind and exacting in his demands like young lovers, and his moral tyranny is something bewildering. He is tender and strong like a father; compassionate and cruel like a doctor. He is a believer in the divinity of man and his high destiny and hence his strong protests against machinery and materialism which try to kill the soul. He is no reactionary and an enemy of progress as foolish people think. He is a pro-

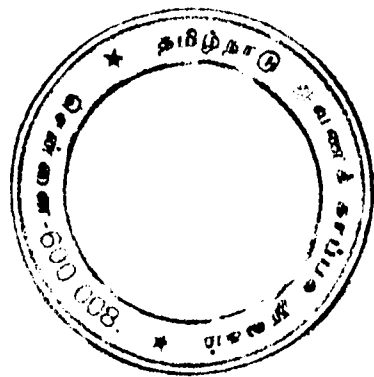
gressivist of a high order, a dreamer of dreams far ahead of his times. His call of "Back to Nature" and his "Economics of Charka" are based upon intimate experience and understanding of the soul-killing effects of modern mechanised civilisation. His is the warning finger of Fate pointing to the abyss toward which humanity is blindly and helplessly drifting with no heed or concern. Gandhiji would stop its certain destruction, if he could, by calling attention to its better nature. Noble and beautiful as are his views, ideals and aspirations, it is not these that have captured the imagination of his countrymen, but his saintly life, austere, simple, fearless, free and unfettered. It is his loin-cloth, his frugal food, his identity with the masses and the poor, his self-imposed poverty, his adoption of a so-called low caste girl as his daughter, his third-class travelling, his thrift, his self-abnegation and surrender to the country's call,—it is these that have endeared him to the people and made him the idol of the nation. May he long be spared to serve India and the world!

The Sounding-Board

Make purer, deeper, my quiet heart, O Lord,
 To know the whole of Life's significance :
 This interplay of Time and Circumstance
 Is Thy Eternity's quick sounding-board
 To human souls, whose folded depths afford
 Not only Joy's pure-passioned utterance
 Of music swooning to a perfect trance,
 But even the sobs of Grief, by Love implored. . .

From the quiescent *cithar* of my Faith,
 If the weak notes I yield unto Thy stress
 Merge singing flowers in moan of falling leaves,
 The ultimate glory in all hideousness
 Shall sister Beauty : and even changing Death
 Gleam with the gold of Thy love-garnered sheaves.

SANKARA KRISHNA CHETTUR



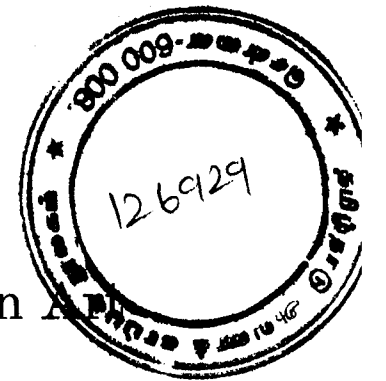
The Approaches to Indian Art

BY SHISHIR COOMAR MITRA

Whatever might be the opinion of Vincent Smith, Sir George Birdwood and those of their way of thinking who see very little original in the art of India, their judgment of things Indian being perverted by 'superiority complex,' there are nevertheless many European critics, more competent and less prejudiced, who have spoken in glowing terms of the greatness of India's creative genius, of the excellence of her culture-products that incarnate the æsthetic experiences of a race deeply imbued with an inward illumination, which gives a sublimity to all her strivings to express her soul in and through the universal language of art. Mere words of praise have never been deemed adequate to do proper justice to those effective media of Indian culture. Eminent art-critics as they are, they have been able to enlighten their vision with an orientation of Indian idealism and prepare thoughtful monographs on Indian art in so far as it shines out in all its splendid achievements since the earliest days of her civilization. In the brilliant range of these studies, we are struck to find not only a critical and exhaustive survey of the various modes and methods of Indian art-expression, but also masterly and illuminating expositions of the spiritual ideals that inspired all artistic efforts and guided their evolution in unending forms of rhythmic beauty.

The origin of art-sense in India may however be ascribed to the theory propounded by her philosophers, that this phenomenal universe is pervaded by infinite energy or *Sakti* which pours itself into every name and form and, in its more refined stage, generates in man a creative urge in response to which he develops his arts and letters. The Indian artist is thus the vehicle of a psychic process of how the One, for fulfilling His desire to be many, infuses in him an abundance of creative energy which in its turn demands release in the projection into finite forms, with the result that the creation of the artist becomes a complete act of divine

Vam, 1287 1131.4.2



afflorescence, wherein man is as much a medium of the Divine Artist as an art-form is the medium of the human craftsman. It is this dominant idea of Indian art which requires to be grasped and made the very basis of any consideration of its various expressions, in order that the characteristic significance of an important phase of Indian culture may be interpreted in all its connotative bearings for the benefit of those who seek to understand the æsthetic aspirations of India.

In order to get an insight into the inner forces that actuate the outer vivifications of Indian art, it is of paramount importance that we should develop in us what the psychologist cryptically calls *empathy*, which will enable us to transmute our mental trait into that of the artist-thinkers or *sadhakas* as they are called in India, to think and feel like them though from a different view-point, yet maintaining the peculiar mental state which has to be reached by a keen realisation of the traditions of the race, the inherent trend of the racial character, and the particular bent of the racial mind. It is to the want of this internal psychosis, not only in Europeans but in modern Indians denationalised by the impact of an alien system of education, that may be traced the preposterous notions so far held about the art of India. Excepting a very few, almost all students and critics of Indian art generally follow the customary procedure of studying it in its superficial manifestations, touch only the fringe of a vast subject, and thereby make themselves responsible for erroneous judgments which are formed without the help of the informing light of the subjective idea of art's psychological perspective so necessary for getting at the very root of the real motive impregnating the contents of all visual representations of the art of India.

Another requisite step to the understanding of India's art is an initiation into the mysteries of her thought, a comprehension of the philosophic synthesis of the ideals of her religious endeavours. For, the art of India is not only religious but essentially a spiritual revelation of a people that mastered the highest truths of divine wisdom. The Vedantic conception of the oneness of all life is verily the basic principle which the artist realises in his own self, so that it may be

possible for him to visualise the Supreme Being as the Primal Source of the different archetypes of Beauty which he symbolises in suitable patterns of his craft. The Indian artist expresses not what he sees but what he feels, and this subjective experience he can best express only when he realises his identity with it, in the same way as the *Atma* or soul of the Yogi becomes one with the *Paramatma* or Over-soul of the Brahman; a fact which finds echo in a remark of Sir J.C. Bose in his discourse at the last Anniversary Meeting of his Institute: "In order to understand the interior profundities of plant life, we have to be one with the very soul of the plant itself." The emotional knowledge of the idea essential for reproducing it in matter, becomes clear to the artist when he could pitch up his imagination and catch a glimpse of the Supramental Vision of the cosmic unity in which the idealist and the ideation lose their separate entities and become one, only to emerge transfigured into a new state that enables the artist on a grosser plane to give the most faithful expression to the truths of that fecund union. Thus passing through a regular course of self-discipline, the artist grows in power of that inward light which exalts his mental outlook and keeps it ever ready to respond to the creative urge which he may feel in him in those rare moments of self-communion. The practice by the Indian artist of this intuitive process of the Vedantic view of self-realisation—the highest ever conceived by man—suggests that art in ancient India was interwoven in the fabric of her spiritual life, so much so that a treatment of its true character would be incomplete if it does not include an inquiry into the finer and the more metaphysical elements forming the soul of all characteristic art-expressions of India. It need not further be emphasised that, for a proper understanding of Indian art, it is necessary to study it with special reference primarily to the practical application on it of the Upanishadic idealism, and secondarily to the various systems of thought which were evolved in India and allegorised in the Epics and the Puranas, in the legends and folklores of the Buddhist and Jaina religions, all of which combined to the building up of that vast pantheon of art in ancient India. It is to be noted here that not only the Vedas but their

symbolical recensions, so to speak, in the latter-day Pauranic literature and the innumerable texts of other creeds, have made contributions to the making if not of the soul, but most assuredly, of the body of Indian art; and the extent and nature of these contributions should be thoroughly appreciated in connection with any attempt to probe into the æsthetic realities of the art-creation of India. The deep philosophic implications of Shiva's Cosmic Dance have been given the most suggestive plastic conception in the South Indian bronze statue of Nataraja; the state of spiritual equipoise or absorption in Yogic contemplation appears to be perfectly represented in the figures of the Dhyani Buddha; and the Indian ideal of the Godward endeavour of human life finds its eloquent expression in the Indian temples with conical towers which diminish and taper off to a spiral, as the matter-aspect of human life thins out with the gradual dawn on it of the Brahmic consciousness till it mingles and loses itself in the infinities of the Supreme One. But while each of these symbolisations is complete in itself from the standpoint of the particular spiritual conception, the group-beauty of the scenes from the Buddhist Jatakas, depicted in bas-reliefs in Bharhut, Sanchi, Amaravati, and in other notable seats of Buddhist culture, including the cave-cathedrals at Ajanta and Bagh, famous for the fresco-paintings dealing with the self-same subject, will have no meaning for us if we study them without having a previous acquaintance with the facts of the incidents related in the Jatakas. Similarly, we cannot make a just appreciation of the radiant art of the Brahmanical sculptures and bas-reliefs of South India, in the temples of Ellora, Elephanta and of other important centres of Brahmanical culture, if we do not equip ourselves with a knowledge of the Pauranic literatures of the Hindus.

Art in India was indissolubly bound up with the life and thought of the people. And in studying it nothing can therefore be of greater importance than a realisation of the mental atmosphere in which it grew. In speaking of Gothic art which is closely related in spirit to Indian, an eminent European art-critic says, "to account for Gothic art, we have to account for its historic basis, for the whole atmosphere of mysticism, chivalry and work-enthusiasm, for all the

institutions, monastic, romantic and social which formed its environment." The development of empathy in us, as we have said before, will no doubt help us "in transfusing ourselves into the spirit of the ages past"; and the sympathetic attitude of mind thus generated will enable us to re-live in spirit in the midst of those golden days which witnessed an all-round progress in the national life of India, and heralded the birth of a great art in keeping with other creative activities quickened by the awakened soul of one of the greatest nations of history. It will be a matter of course that there shall grow in the heart of the critic, if he should have fully trained his mind in the previous methods, an imaginative power wherewith he shall very easily be able to conjure up to his vision the whole trend of the inner and outer life which influenced and had occasion to mould the mental outlook of the artist. The effect of environment on the growth of art has been elaborately discussed in one of the ancient Indian *Silpa Sastras* wherein it is pointed out that the artist should be provided with all facilities for carrying on his sacred avocation, and that in the town-planning, the best site beautified with romantic natural scenery must invariably be reserved for his residence, and sufficient care should be taken so that worldly distractions may not disturb him. It is also prescribed that the artist has to go through certain purificatory practices and then sit in meditation on his *Istha-Devata*—God of his heart—for the invocation of a conception of the image he wanted to describe in the figuration of his craft. The need of such ritualistic performances was held to be as indispensable as the practice of the Yogic method which reflects the introvert, as the former does the extrovert movement going on in the artist's mind. If we analyse this peculiar mental make-up of the Indian artist, we shall find that it was the inevitable outcome of the subtle but dynamic influence on him of the essentially spiritual atmosphere in which India lived and evolved her unique creative expression.

The contribution of archæology to the expansion of our knowledge of Indian art is as immense as it is unparalleled in the sense that, while the other modes of studying the art of India are more or less abstract or idealistic, the one on the lines of archæological

investigation brings us in close touch with the visual, or more clearly, the graphic and plastic expression. To Sister Nivedita a single piece of stone, or a minutest relic of ancient India, was instinct with the deathless spirit of her great civilization. The stones and relics mostly related to art are what the archaeologists are eager to reclaim and weave together into a story of how in the past India attained to a high degree of art-culture superior to that of many contemporary nations. The literatures produced by them, though in many instances tainted with the cold touch of official red-tapism, are nevertheless of much interest, throwing, as they undoubtedly do, a flood of light on many important phases of Indian art, not excluding the more obscure sides of it which have received detailed treatment on original lines sometimes inconceivable even to the most advanced of the art-critics. But though it is conceded that the study of art in India must needs be compatible with the study of the results of archaeological research, yet the doubt is also entertained, and not unreasonably, that there is some danger in putting absolute faith in the official archaeologist who, when European, is a detractor, and when Indian, a half-hearted interpreter, of Indian civilization. Some honourable exceptions notwithstanding, the opinion of those who develop such mental bias are found to mould the deliberations of the official Survey Reports. So it is desirable that we should take their help as but a step to the temple of Indian art, which we should carefully tread lest we slip over and get a twist in our mental outlook. Besides, on account of the stress he has to lay on the historical values of art, and the rigid observance of the scientific procedure in the matter of scrutinizing the traces of outside influence on the art of India, the archaeologist is sometimes found to ignore, however unconsciously, the just claims of æsthetic considerations. "For, spades, tapes, and estampages" in the words of Sjt. O. C. Gangoly, "have an unhappy inclination to film our æsthetic vision." Against this lapse of the archaeologist, the student must guard himself, and avoid being confused by the complexity of dates, periods and dynasties which the historian as much as the archaeologist does invariably trot out in interpreting an art-relic, caring very little for its artistic

beauty however charming it may be. The history of art cannot be studied independently of the history of the people who produced it. And this is more than true in the case of India where art, instead of being a thing of luxury, has ever been an object of religious practice, yet very closely related to the daily life of the people that flowers in an atmosphere of all-pervading beauty.

The approaches to Indian art should include a reference to a good number of texts, or *Silpa Sastras* as they are called, embodying the principles of art elaborated by the æsthetists or *Silpacharyas* of ancient India, the well-defined directions for the application of the canons on each of the forms of Indian art, particularly on the three more prominent ones, as painting, sculpture and architecture. The existence of these texts was doubted, and when discovered, their authenticity was questioned by a section of European scholars. But these precious documents that have survived the ravages of time and man, cannot be thrown to the winds only because some foreigners happen to belittle their importance. To the researches of learned Indian scholars we owe their discovery as also the proofs, they have furnished, of the intrinsic worth and the authoritative character of these systematised texts on Indian art. It is interesting to note that the bulk of these *Silpa* literatures in India grew up in the post-Gupta period *i.e.*, long after the best works of art had been produced. There are many other such literatures mostly dealing with constructional science which were composed in the tenth and eleventh century when South India was at the zenith of her artistic glory. Just as the grammar of the Vedas was written long after the sacred *mantras* had been seen and sung by the Rishis, so the grammar of Indian art was composed long after the arts had attained to a very high degree of excellence. The *Silpa Sastras* contain solutions of many problems which confront the observer who may feel bewildered in the interminable maze of the multiplicity of Gods and Goddesses in various moods and postures suggestive of respective principles of philosophic thought. It will be clear to him why a particular colour can only suggest a particular emotion of mind, why the figures of certain Gods are many-headed, why those of others cannot but be modelled after a particular type, why

it is that different moods should be expressed in different styles, why the architectural designs should be so drawn that they may denote an Indian feel, so on and so forth. Space does not permit mention of the names and particulars of the contents of these works on art, of which a discussion may very well form the subject-matter of a big volume.

The foregoing notes cannot certainly be claimed to have covered the entire field of the methods of unravelling the mysteries of Indian art. They are desired to serve rather as finger-posts on the paths—not always straight—leading to the temple of Beauty. The worshipper who approaches the temple will have therefore to fill his heart with reverence, and acquire through intuition the power of penetrating beyond the outer vesture in which is concealed the secret source of all visible manifestations; he must purify his heart, clarify his vision, disabuse his mind of all false notions, and lift up his soul to higher visions; and in this way, as he goes inner and inner into the inmost recesses of the magnificent mansion of Indian art, he will feel transported into a world where will be unveiled to him the vision of the eternal Reality which ensouls all true art, specially the art of India. Thus is revealed the hidden meaning of Indian art, the meaning of its undying charm, its peculiar character, its virtue, its spirituality, its beauty and worship, its sweetness and light, and all other supreme gifts which so immensely contribute to the abiding enrichment of the world's culture.

New Ways in Marathi Literature

BY R. L. RAU

Recently there has been published in Poona a little book of verses, under a plain yellow wrapper, by one Keshav Kumar who tells his readers that the aforesaid publication is "Preparation No. 1 of the Zhendu Pharmacy." This pharmacy too, we are informed, has been 'registered under some act', and there would be more preparations which will be made available to all such folk who are suffering from indigestion, surfeit of verses and poetry, and other such ailments. The name of this extraordinarily impudent little volume is 'Zhendunchi Phulen.'

Now the publication of such a book of verses, parodying works of contemporary poets and verse-hacks in Maharashtra, is not without its significance; and when one considers that this little book has already reached a second edition and that the verses contained therein are on the lips of the school-boys and authors, and of all wags in an intellectual and critical city like Poona, one can easily realise the popularity of the said publication.

The publication itself is a sequel to the sudden outburst of literary output in verse in Maharashtra. This output has been considerable. The process began some thirty years ago when the popular monthly, the *Manoranjan*, commenced to publish regularly the poems of men like Gadkari, Kaviya Vihari and others. But all these attempts were sporadic and it was given to Anand Rao Tekade to combine music with verse. Most of his verses were set to music and fine music they made too. Tekade was an outsider, so to say. Inter-provincial rivalry is as keen in literature as it is in politics in India, and more ambitious and enterprising young men followed in Tekade's wake. Poona, as was and as it is, became the entrepot of a very successful trade in this commodity. There were poets by the dozen and there were *mandals* or groups where long-haired, half-starved, emaciated youths with bright eyes and without a penny in their pockets used to gather each Saturday afternoon and

drowned their miseries and their poems in weak potfuls of tea and mouthfuls of *Chivda* with plenty of garlic in it. The output thus produced was most often pitiful translation of English poets and quite a deal of sentimental froth as well. It often found its way in dolefully printed pamphlets or the ready pages of college magazines and in one or two prominent Marathi magazines of Bombay.

It must however be remembered that I am talking of a period when the masters of some of the finest verse in Marathi had passed away. The names of the Rev. Narayan Waman Tilak, of Govindagraj, were long forgotten. Maharashtra had been maddened by the early death of its Balkavi; Tekade was still an outsider and hence a foreigner, and the later group of men and women who came to prominence not half a dozen years ago, were either still amateurs or grinding at their Trigonometry and Physics in the three colleges in the city of Poona.

However, the first Literary Conference—the conference of literary men and women to put it more correctly—which was held at Baroda under the presidentship of Mr. N. C. Kelkar was a landmark in modern Marathi literature. Here at this conference quite a lot of original talent was exhibited and Maharashtra was made aware of a remarkable group of young men whose verses and whose performances did them credit.

Encouraged by their success, the more senior among this group put their heart and soul into the affair and delighted their audiences and some of the literary circles too by their brilliant contributions. The poet Yeshwant is one such. His poem written in his quaint pathetic way on 'Ayee' or 'mother' is a masterpiece. Often has the writer of these lines listened to the magic of this man's song as he sat in the shabby dwelling of the clerk's quarters within sight of Yervada prison hearing his verses. Yeshwant was a clerk in the office of the Superintendent, and the surroundings in which this little man lived were enough to depress anyone. It depressed me at any rate. But it was worth all that suffering with Yeshwant singing away. Later came Girish, the somewhat ambitious schoolmaster in one of the high schools of Poona. He was a clever coiner of words and had the genius of

using happy, homely and lovable words and thus immortalising the smallest detail. Combined with this he had the gift of a good voice, and soon between Yeshwant and Girish the student world of Poona went crazy over their recitals. Soirees were the order of the day and no 'club' or association was worth its name if it had not invited to its gathering at least one of these men.

Hardly had the pair thus established themselves in the growing firmament of literary fame and authorship in Poona, than there appeared on the scene the frail wistful figure of Shreedhar Ranade and his young wife Manorama Ranade. Manorama Ranade and Shreedhar Ranade studied in the same college and for a time sat in the same lecture-hall and got to know each other through the verses they wrote in the pages of the *Fergusson College Magazine*. Later a kindly destiny brought them together and they married. It is needless therefore to dilate on their combined popularity. The hills behind Fergusson College have no end of romance about them both in prose and in verse, and the consummation of Shreedhar's friendship with Manorama was but the beginning of many such to come later. Manorama Ranade has since passed away.

Now came another. Audacious, meteor-like, impudent, careless of the sneers of the orthodoxy around, with scholarship behind him, with unerring instinct and fiercely independent, Madhav Julian announced himself. He flooded Marathi with the richness of his Persian vocabulary, a thorough study of the masterminds of the West, an authority on Browning, Shelley and others, with a rare good humour and with an intelligence rarely to be met with in others who belonged to the same profession. By and by the *Ravi Kiran Mandal* was started, and in the brief period it functioned assisted by Ghate the son of the old Datta Kavi, it was responsible for the publication of quite a number of brilliantly written verses.

But I must confess that in all that group of adoring votaries of the Poetic Muse, Madhav Julian stood supreme and very different from the rest of his colleagues. His verses had quality about them. They were never mawkishly sentimental. They were as brilliant in their imagination as they were superb in their imagery. It was impossible to read Madhav Julian's verses without emotion.

They took one to heights; they moved one to one's innermost depths. All this Madhav Julian achieved with Marathi words, Persian metres, and his own brilliancy. Educated at Baroda, a strange destiny brought this meteor to Poona as a Professor of Persian in the Forgusson College. Persian students were not many; and one amongst that small number Prof. Madhav Patwardhan has immortalised in his exquisite poem which he calls 'Shyamala.' Shyamala means one who is dark. The subject of his verse was indeed a dark person, with darker eyes and endowed with a charming personality. A very fine, noble but tragic admiration was the result and Madhav Julian or Patwardhan, to give him his real name, went out into the world, hungry but stark proud of his independence and freedom of thought and of action.

Such a revolt on the part of a poet was then unknown. He became at once an outcaste and one need not dilate upon the result of a poet making his own living in the somewhat cold and prosaic city of Poona. But the young men and young women swore by him, and in less than two years after his first publications saw the light of day, the name of Madhav Julian was a household word wherever Marathi was spoken.

It would be difficult to choose the very best among Madhav Julian's verses. But here are a few at random. I have mentioned 'Shyamala.' There is a very good collection of his earlier work published in a dainty attractive looking volume entitled 'Shalaka.' His later writings reveal Madhav Julian as a somewhat disappointed man. But his 'Viraha Tarang' is interesting reading. It is a tenderly conceived poem of great length telling of the simple love of a girl towards a boy. The local colouring which the poet has given and the intensely attractive figure of Indu fascinate the reader all through. Another verse or 'khand kavya,' as he calls it, is the 'Sudhakar,' which is a very subtle satire on middle-class life at Poona, and a tribute to the attempts at social and political reform on the part of younger men. It has been the privilege of the present writer to have listened to most of Madhav Julian's poems while the ink in which they were written was yet wet.

But I must say too that Madhav Julian has his faults. There are times when he can be horribly coarse as he could be rich and pure. That is because Madhav Julian will not care to move about or recognise the existence of others intellectually superior. His friends and admirers are, if I might be permitted to put it all somewhat crudely, one step below him. The result is a dangerous mixture of patronising and narrowness of outlook. Instances of this are found in plenty in his poem 'Sudharak' which I have mentioned already.

Amidst all this galaxy of new men and newer devotees came, as Shelley said, 'one of lesser note.' He too was a struggling pedagogue in one of the many crowded high schools of Poona. This was Prahlad Keshav Atre or Keshav Kumar as he loved to style himself, and who qualified himself in his profession by a degree in pedagogy in one of the English Universities. To Keshav Kumar belongs the credit of introducing in Marathi what is called the 'Vidamban Kavya', or satire. He is the Alexander Pope of Marathi literature. The publication I have mentioned above is by this man. The name of the book itself is suggestive. Zhendu is a flower belonging to the marigold family, and ugly to look at, blossoming profusely in a ridiculous combination of dull orange and sickly green. Once a year endless garlands woven out of these flowers are hung across the horns of cattle and it is the privilege of the bulls to get themselves decked with these flowers. They blossom too in great profusion often by the roadside and neglected graveyards.

This then is the title of his book in which Keshav Kumar deals with the work in verse of most of those poets whom I have endeavoured to describe above and of a few others as well. Keshav Kumar's treatment is ingenious. His art is at once creative and suggestive and above all things his satire is one that neither hurts nor vilifies another. It is a pen-picture, a caricature and good-humoured fun besides. That is where I think the usefulness and the purposefulness of such work as that of Keshav Kumar lies. While you recognise the loftiness of a theme, Keshav Kumar tells you in his quiet funny way that there is also a palpably ridiculous side of

the picture as well. Then you say Ah, Yes, and discover how absurd the loftiest sentiments and the finest emotions could be made. I feel perfectly certain that aspiring young poets in Maharashtra will now think twice before they commence to write on any subject at random. Keshav Kumar's work is very opportune, because it has come at a time when Maharashtra counts its poets by the hundred, and because too Keshav Kumar has not made the least difference between man and man. All come under his purview, including the big living bugs in versedom in Poona and elsewhere. The caricature on the wrapper itself is strikingly suggestive. It represents a worthy who goes about the streets of Poona reading his verses, much to the delectation of a poor woman who lives by collecting cow-dung and a host of mischievous street brats. The wretched poet is shown insanely smiling at the result of his recital on the astounded 'maharin'.

The very first poem is about a thief and a poet. It is written in a mocking imitation of all the available metres. A lurking thief, so the story runs, is surprised to find that in all the silent stretches of the night, he should find one man labouring studiously. There was the man sitting, with books strewn around him and bundles of manuscripts in picturesque confusion. We are now told that, like the unhappy scorpion as soon as it sees the lizard on the walls, and forgetting all about the sting, awaits the lizard fascinated by its appearance, so also our hero (the thief) stood rooted to the ground at the sight of the poet. Then follows a warm welcome on the part of the poet to the thief. "My friend" says the poet, "you steal gold and I steal ideas; you are after the treasure of pearls and gold and the many gems; I am after the treasure of words; but the difference between you and people like us, my friend, is this: you do your work, you steal, you rob other people in the dark while we do it in broad daylight."

There is another equally arresting piece, a parody on the work of a very remarkable poet, Keshavsut. Originally, Keshavsut's poem itself is a very close imitation of those immortal lines "We are the music makers, We are the dreamers of dreams."

"Lines written on a mosquito drowned in a tea cup" is a

biting satire on the attempts of a famous contemporary writer of stale verse in Poona. But the joke reaches its climax when the poet, after his lamentation, slowly drinks off the tea and in the end drains the cup leaving the dead mosquito at the bottom!

"Lines to Shyamala" is another successful attempt on the same theme written by Madhav Julian.

"You are a darling little mouse, my dear" says the poet, "you are the vale of Kashmir, and I am a black boulder. . . ."

"You are the fertile plain of Guzerat, my dear, and I am the dry desert of Tharpakar. . . ."

"You are the sweetness of the whisky and I am the sourness of toddy. . . ."

"You are the cutlet of my dreams and I am the *pattis* of your desires. . . ."

And so, on it goes. Each piece is brilliantly written and by merely glancing through it, one can at once make out who among the unhappy poets is the victim of Keshav Kumar's fancy.

There are other pieces too like the one on 'Kadarkhan' which stand out by themselves and speak of the brilliancy of the author's imagination and facility at parodying.

It is all to the good. Personally the present writer feels glad because it will do jolly well for some conceited folk to see themselves as others see them. And to be sure, most poets, if we forget their poems for the time being, are a conceited lot. One likes to have a good laugh at them too sometimes and that is where 'Zhendunchi Phulen' is a huge success.

Oceans and Mountains

Oceans of water and mountains of stone,
Nature creates on the earth and around,
Forming the models of silence and sound;
Also the glory of colour and tone.

Mountains of labour and oceans of love,
God doth create for His creatures on earth,
Helping to kindle their spirit and worth;
Also the glory of Heaven above.

Mountains of troubles and oceans of tears,
Mankind creates in its life and its tasks,
Forming the growth of confusion and masks;
Also the glory of struggle appears.

Oceans of feeling and mountains of thought,
Art re-creates into pictures of truth,
Helping the Master and artists forsooth,
All into harmony richest e'er wrought.

D. R. DINSHAW

William Hazlitt: A Centenary Tribute

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

"Hazlitt compelled a renewal of an old respect; his humanity, his instinct for essentials, his cool detection of pretence and cant, however finely disguised, and his English with its frank love for the embodying noun and the active verb, make reading very like the hard, bright, vigorous weather of the downs when the wind is up Channel. It is bracing."—Mr. H. M. Tomlinson in *Old Junk*. (Cape, 1925: p. 206).

I

The author of *The Spirit of the Age* was no ordinary man: he was a genius if ever there was one. Now, that word has lost much of its original force: it has become a sort of rubbed coin. At present there is a general abuse of words. They do not stand singly for an idea, as the late Mr. Edmund Candler has said somewhere, but have become clotted in the mosaic of a formula which may mean anything, but which generally does not mean anything at all. They indicate more the absence of thought than the presence of it. Genius is a very rare phenomenon; almost as rare as the flowering of the aloe, or the laying of the phoenix's egg.

Hazlitt himself has given us a description of it:

Talent differs from genius as voluntary differs from involuntary power. . . . A clever or ingenious man is one who can do anything well, whether it is worth doing or not; a great man is one who can do that which, when done, is of the highest importance. Themistocles said he could not play on the flute, but that he could make of a small city a great one. This gives us a pretty good idea of the distinction in question.

Try him by what test you will, the man who gave us his valuable criticisms of Shakespeare's plays and of the Elizabethan dramatists, who gave us the *Plain Speaker* and *Table Talk* and *Winterslow* and those inimitable personal sketches of some of his distinguished contemporaries that are gathered together in the pages of the *Spirit of the Age*, the man who was the friend of

Coleridge and Wordsworth and Lamb,—he certainly was a genius in the most exalted sense of the term. But we are apt to forget the fact amid the plethora of geniuses that we have amongst us in these most flourishing times. As Mr. Chesterton says beautifully, "In the beginning of the twentieth century you could not see the ground for clever men. They were so common that a stupid man was quite exceptional."¹

II

The first thing, then, that we have to bear in mind in regard to Hazlitt is that he was a writer of rare distinction: a writer that has almost no parallel in the annals of English prose literature. There are those, of course, who like to belittle him, who grudge him his due, who "damn him with faint praise". Hazlitt, certainly, was not a favourite of fortune. He was not born to attract men: his gift lay rather the other way. But, as he himself puts it somewhere, "If the truth were known, the most disagreeable people are the most amiable." He lacked those more delicate charities, those *petites morales*, which, according to Boswell, Johnson also was deficient in, and the want of which his best friends could not fully justify. He was not one of your politic and smooth-tongued men. In his own day, as well as now (but to a much lesser extent), malicious critics have followed him, like ban-dogs, at his heels, ready to bark if he but deviated ever so slightly from the straight line. Not only have they railed at him openly: they have tried to injure him in subtler ways. One of these has been the institution of invidious comparisons between him and his dearest friend, Charles Lamb, with, of course, everything in favour of Lamb. Now, I am not here concerned with the interesting question as to who, of the two, was the superior writer. There are fashions even in literary likings and dislikings, just as there are in trunk-hose and top-hats, and it is positive hardihood on one's part to ignore them and follow the bent of one's own mind. It is simply asking for trouble. It is meat and drink to be with those who prefer Lamb to Hazlitt: it is the line of least resistance: it is to swim with the current. There are cults whose creed is the

¹Introductory remarks to *Napoleon of Notting Hill*. (Lane, 1904. P. 14).

worshipping of Lamb: but the danger in such cases is that, however worthy the object of our idolatry may be, we are apt to love not wisely, but too well. There is a curious instance of the fury that is possible to raise in one's breast by the holding of an opposite opinion. It is well-known that Bagehot—a man who, as Mr. Birrell says, carried away with him to his grave more originality of thought than anybody else—was a great admirer of Hazlitt and preferred him, as a writer, to Lamb. When Crabb Robinson heard this he could not control his righteous indignation and raved like a mad man: "You, sir, *you* prefer the works of that scoundrel, that odious, that malignant writer, to the exquisite essays of that angelic creature!" Bagehot protested that "there was no evidence that angels could write particularly well."¹ Apart from the question of who, as between the two, was the greater writer, this incident gives one an idea of the fog of prejudice in which Hazlitt has been enveloped. In fact, the first difficulty that one encounters in writing of him is this same unmeaning and very unjust prejudice.

III

Hazlitt was, essentially, a solitary man. In spite of his nomadic way of life and love of conversation, he shut himself up within himself. He was self-immersed to the point of morbidity. The man was thoughtful from early boyhood. His first readings were in philosophy and metaphysics; and his first writings, too. He set much store by these youthful effusions: he recurred to them often in his writings. But they were the least part of his literary work; and I mention them only to indicate the bent of his mind. Not only was he thoughtful; he thought on his own lines. His mind was untrammelled by what was said and thought before: he always struck out a path for himself. He was fully justified in saying, "I have written no commonplace, nor a line that licks the dust." As Coleridge wrote of him, "He said things in his own way."

He felt the first impulse to write on coming across Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord*. For the first time it struck him what a

¹Walter Bagehot's *Literary Studies*, Vol. III. Essay on "Henry Crabb Robinson." (Longmans), p. 250.

fine thing it was "to be able to convey the slightest conception of my meaning to others in words." He knew the tortures of expression: though he was an exquisite writer, the gift came to him only late in life. If Burke first led him to appreciate the art of writing, of self-expression, it was Coleridge who encouraged him to join the literary brotherhood. Hazlitt describes, in his well-known essay, "My First Acquaintance with Poets," his meeting with Coleridge at his father's house, the interest which that great man evinced in him, his being invited to Nether Stowey, and his accompanying Coleridge on his way back for six miles and being held entranced by the poet's ceaseless discourse—"I would swear that the very milestones had ears, and that Harmer-hill stooped, with all its pines, to listen to a poet as he passed." In his writings Hazlitt often recurs to Coleridge even where there would appear to be no reason for it—but with ever-diminishing enthusiasm: the hero-worshipper gradually gave place to the stern critic.

IV

Hazlitt was one of the earliest of dramatic critics. He loved play-going and loved more the writing upon it. He has given us descriptions of some of the best actors of his day: he has pointed out, with a keen eye, their respective merits and defects. This is of Edmund Kean: "He treads close upon the genius of his author (Shakespeare)." In his essay, "On Actors and Acting", he has shown us the nobility of the profession and criticised those who spoke of it disdainfully: "Players are only not so respectable as they might be, because their profession is not respected as it ought to be." This essay is one of his best. This one, and that "On Going a Journey," and "The Fight," and "My First Acquaintance with Poets," and "The Feeling of Immortality in Youth," and "The Indian Jugglers," are, if Hazlitt had not written anything else, quite sufficient to ensure his fame. It is in speaking of the second of these essays that Stevenson declared: "We are mighty fine fellows but we cannot write like William Hazlitt." In fact, Stevenson was so enamoured of Hazlitt's writing that he even wanted to write his biography, but was deterred from doing so by

the author's *Liber Amoris*: his omission thus to write is a misfortune both to Hazlitt and to the world of letters. Hazlitt has been unfortunate in his biographers (except the most recent of them, Mr. P. P. Howe, who is the greatest living authority on Hazlitt, even as Mr. E. V. Lucas is the greatest living authority on Charles Lamb), and if Stevenson had not fought shy of the experiment, we should have had not only the best but the most sympathetic biography of our author that has up to now been written (again excepting Mr. P. P. Howe's).

Hazlitt's Shakespearean criticisms are perhaps the best of their kind. Of Hamlet, he writes: "Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What, then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet." He says of Romeo: "Romeo is Hamlet in love." In speaking of Shakespeare's insight into Nature, he writes: "Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of Nature; but Shakespeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves." Hazlitt's writings are thickly strewn with quotations from Shakespeare. When speaking of Hazlitt in his critical capacity, we should remember that he had no formal training of any kind, that he was his own guide in the intricate paths of literature, that, whatever his views, he spun them, spider-like, entirely out of himself. He was indebted to nobody. His thoughts were his own and bore the impress of strong originality.

"This phoenix built the phoenix's nest,
His architecture was his own."

He did not so much instruct his readers as guide them along wholesome channels. He pointed out the best passages of each of his authors, and helped to kindle his own enthusiasm in the breasts of his readers or hearers. He was, taken in the lump, a much better teacher than many so-called Professors of Literature. He was never dry or uninteresting. As the late Mr. Charles Whibley wrote of him, "He read with the taste of the connoisseur, and he wrote with the fury of the enthusiast." The chief quality of his writings is "gusto." The man was fond of literature from the very

bottom of his soul—he lived and moved and had his being in it. He read his favorite authors as lovers read the faces of their beloveds. He was so in all things. Whatever he took to, he took to it with his whole heart: he did not like half-measures. With all his love of books, however, he was not that hateful thing—a pedant. He loved the things of the world and bustled about it as much as anybody else; and he interpreted his books in the light of the facts of life, or so many of them as he managed to grasp. Literature to him was a relaxation, not a toil; and anything is a relaxation that “comes home to the bosoms and businesses of men.” As Prof. Oliver Elton says, “Literature gives him perhaps the least alloyed element of his happiness, and good words are like a glass of wine to him.” As for the value of his criticisms, the same writer proceeds:

“By the time he has done (his lectures at the Surrey Institution, that is), he has managed to present a body of critical writing more than equal in mass to all that is saved from the pens of Lamb and Coleridge put together; more panoramic in range, and more connected in view, and, at its best, as rare and revealing in its own fashion as theirs.”¹

In the opinion of Prof. Saintsbury:

“You get such appreciation, in the best, the most thorough, the most delightful, the most *valuable* sense, as had been seldom seen since Dryden, never before, and in him not frequently. I do not know in what language to look for a parallel wealth.”²

V

It is as an essayist, however, that Hazlitt is chiefly known. He wrote about a hundred essays in all; and not one of these is dull. To be sure, there is no system or method in them; but system would have been the undoing of Hazlitt. There are some writers who cannot write to order: things come to them *impromptu* and not according to arrangement. It almost looks as if nothing gives them greater delight than defying rules. Some of the greatest writers have trusted to inspiration rather than to premeditation; and, though

¹A *Survey of English Literature (1780-1830)*, Vol. II. By Prof. Oliver Elton. (Edward Arnold, 1912), p. 371.

²A *History of Criticism and Literary Taste*. By George Saintsbury. Vol. III. (William Blackwood & Sons)

it is not a wholesome thing from a theoretical point of view, it does often work well in practice. It is not that they are lacking in powers of thought: there is a greater body of thought in some of their writings than in those of the methodical essayists. What is method, after all? Every one has his own method; and some there are who have no method at all: that is *their* method. The important thing is, not whether one has thought out one's line of procedure beforehand, but whether, when the whole essay is finished, it is readable: that is all that we ask of a writer, and leave his principles of work to himself. Nobody judges an actor by going into the green-room and examining the devices of his “make-up”: we judge him *after* he has come before the foot-lights, and by the manner of his acting. The same is true of the essayist. It is the cumulative result that we want; not the steps by which a thing has been completed. Hazlitt, then, lacked system. He has himself told us:

“After I begin them (the essays, that is), I am only anxious to get to the end of them, which I am not sure I shall do, for I seldom see my way a page or even a sentence beforehand; and when I have as by a miracle escaped, I trouble myself little more about them.”

In spite of this, however, Hazlitt was a born writer. He could write upon anything and could write that marvellously well. It was with him no matter what he wrote, it was at once imbued with a form of its own, and was stamped with the unmistakable mark of genius. Writing came natural to him, and the subject was only of secondary importance: sometimes, it must be allowed, the subsidiary swallows up the primary, and the captain's luggage all but sinks the ship and cargo. But the thing works well in his hands, and his essays give unending delight. In a phrase immortalized by Charles Lamb, they belong to the class of “perpetually self-reproductive volumes—Great Nature's Stereotypes”.

Something must be said about Hazlitt's style. De Quincey, as is well-known, did not like it. He condemned it as being “discontinuous,” and his thoughts as being “abrupt, insulated, capricious and non-sequacious.” He continues:

“Hazlitt's brilliancy is seen chiefly in separate splinterings of phrase or image, which throw upon the eye a vitreous scintillation for a

moment, but spread no deep suffusions of colour, and distribute no masses of mighty shadow. A flash, a solitary flash, and all is gone."¹

This may be so. But, then, De Quincey was never known to have been guilty of giving anybody credit for writing well excepting Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Browne and himself. He was saturated with the idea that his own style was the finest in the heavens above, the earth below, and the waters beneath the earth, and that all others must perforce write badly: his geese were all swans, while other writers' swans were geese. I do not pretend to be able to analyse Hazlitt's style too minutely: but I venture to say that it is as perfect a prose-style as ever was written: at its very best, it is superb. As Prof. Oliver Elton says:

"Hazlitt is in the ranks of the classic English writers whom he knows well. He has read Bacon, and Dryden, and Earle, and Addison, and Swift, and has got something from most of them; for one thing, his manly strength and remarkably undefined purity of diction, which cannot well be described, for it is not strange or mannered, and for this reason defies parody. It is good to go to school to him for vocabulary and idiom; the great distillers of language, the Elizabethans re-incarnate, like Charles Lamb, may produce something more rare and wonderful, but they are not such good models. Hazlitt simply uses right English, and the only way to profit by him is to do the same."²

Hazlitt is fond of simple but forcible sentences, where every word tells. He is fond of variation. At the end of a couple of sentences we remain at the same point of thought, but, with each sentence, the sense of it is brought home to us in ever-increasing measure, and at the end of them all we are left in no doubt whatever. He is fond of images; and he hurls them at our heads one after another without the least betrayal of effort. Quotations abound; sometimes in the most innocent places. He applies them in his own way: he does not mind repeating them as often as he pleases; and, after reading him for some time, we become as familiar with them as he himself. We can know the man from his writings. There is an unmistakable ring of sincerity in his words.

¹*De Quincey's Works: Vol. V.* Edited by Masson. (A. & C. Black. 1897.) p. 281.

²*A Survey of English Literature (1780—1830)*, Vol. II. By Prof. Oliver Elton. (Edward Arnold. 1912.) p. 362.

The man *feels* every syllable he writes, and makes *us* feel too. He plunges into his subject headlong; every word that he utters is a blow aimed at the heart. And then he is fond of beautiful comparisons. He is describing the play of Cavanagh, the famous fives' player:

His blows were not undecided and ineffectual, lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor let balls like the *Edinburgh Review*. Cobbett and Junius together would have made a Cavanagh.¹

Was ever a player described like this before?

W. E. Henley concludes his essay on Hazlitt with this memorable sentence: "Hazlitt is ever Hazlitt; and at his highest moments Hazlitt is hard to beat, and has not these many years been beaten."

VI

Hazlitt excelled even more as a talker. He loved good talk and good company. If he was a good talker, he was even a better listener and has recorded in imperishable language the conversational peculiarities of his friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Haydon and Lamb. The passage is so beautiful that I must be excused if I cannot resist the temptation of quoting it in full:

Wordsworth sometimes talks like a man inspired on subjects of poetry (his own out of the question)—Coleridge well on every subject, and Godwin on none. Mrs. Montague's conversation is as fine-cut as her features and I like to sit in the room with that sort of coronet face. What she says leaves a flavor, like fine green tea. Hunt's is like champagne and Northcote's like anchovy sandwiches. Haydon's is like a game at trapball, Lamb's like snap-dragon; and my own (if I do not mistake the matter) is not much unlike a game at nine-pins.

Here, however, is Lamb's certificate of *Hazlitt's* prowess as a talker. He writes to Wordsworth: "In spite of all, there is something tough in my attachment to Hazlitt, which these violent strainings cannot quite dislocate or sever asunder. I get no conversation in London that is absolutely worth attending to but his."²

¹*Table Talk: "The Indian Jugglers."*

²Quoted by Mr. E.V. Lucas in his *Life of Charles Lamb*. (Methuen. 1905) Vol. I, p. 252.

Talfourd writes: "In argument he was candid and liberal; there was nothing about him pragmatical or exclusive; he never drove a principle to its utmost possible consequences, but, like Locksley, 'allowed for the wind'."¹ If anybody used a bright and impressive phrase, it was at once locked up in Hazlitt's memory, and he resorted to it long after it was uttered. He was generous in appreciation of others and unstinted in his generosity. He always gave everybody his due. He loved more to dwell on the merits of others than to lose himself in admiration of his own. Unlike Hal o' th' Wynd, he never "fought for his own hand" in literary honours. It is Mr. Birrell who says, "A life more free from greed of gain, or taint of literary vanity is not to be found in the records of English literature." In Sir Leslie Stephen's words, "Still less was he selfish in the sense of preferring solid bread and butter to the higher needs of mind and spirit. His sentiments are always generous, and if scorn is too familiar a mood, it is scorn for the base and servile." (*Hours in a Library*. Vol. II. Murray: 1920: Essay on Hazlitt.)

VII

I shall now conclude my article; and, in doing so, shall content myself with a few general observations. Most writers have judged Hazlitt rather too harshly. The world has been one too many for him, as Mr. Tulliver (Senior) in *The Mill on the Floss* would have said. All of us have vices and none is so pure that he can, with impunity, throw stones at others. The only difference is that the vices of some have the sanction of fashion and pass unnoticed or unproved. Most often the so-called saint is nothing of the kind: he is only a whited sepulchre. His virtue is only skin-deep. And even if Hazlitt was a bad man, that fact has absolutely nothing to do with his books. The two are quite separate things. The worst fault in Hazlitt was his temper: but the man has been dead nearly a century, and *we*, at any rate, do not stand to suffer anything at his hands. It is much more desirable that we try to understand the causes of his unusual bitterness than that we lash ourselves into fury at it. Let us first

¹ Talfourd's "Thoughts upon the late William Hazlitt", in his *Literary Remains*.

'scan' the man aright, and only afterwards lay the whip of Zabeln across his shoulders, if we still persist in our opinion of him. Let us rather emulate Lamb's charitable disposition: Lamb who *had* often reason to be angry with Hazlitt: when *he* (knowing all the circumstances) could forgive him, it is, surely, much less difficult for us to forgive him, too. Here is what Lamb says:

"Protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversation which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply; or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes, I should belie my own conscience if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding or expecting to find such another companion."¹

¹ Charles Lamb's Open Letter to Southey in 1828.

On Pedestrians

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

Walking is as old as human life on our planet. It was the earliest mode of conveyance from place to place, before man could learn to subdue the fleet-footed animal and harness it. It was more a necessity with the nomadic habits of our ancestors. It has a beauty and plainness which cannot be surpassed by the quickest of modern locomotion. The discovery of motor power, with its infinite capacity to satisfy the complex needs of our civilization, has only taxed us heavily. It has sapped our muscular strength and robbed us of the pleasure of slow and leisurely moving. It has quickened the pace of life and crowded the thoroughfares of men. It has increased the trade of the West and multiplied the wants of the East. It has added considerably to the output of labour per head and proportionately denied to all the free growth and pure air essential for health and contentment.

Walking which was once a sheer necessity has become now quite a thing of medical value. Unlike any other method of exercise, walking allows the mind freedom from exertion. The pedestrian is enviably unique in this respect. He can score his points in the midst of distractions. His muscular movement also gains an evenness which has even the qualities of mechanical regularity.

The pedestrian has an innate jealousy of the man in the vehicle. He has a secret hatred for the rotation of the wheel which has caused almost a discord in the ancient order of things. He dislikes it, as it imprints the line of demarcation between the rich and the poor. He loathes it because he covets it. The millionaire proceeding on foot earns a cheap popularity for his quite simple habits. For walking levels down all beings to the ordinary. The man who lacks a lively interest in sports, often resorts to pedestrianism. For it does not require any special training or capacity. It can never give the bitterness of failure resulting from inherent disabilities for games. For walking is to the child just as

ON PEDESTRIANS

129

eating or sleeping is. But there are swift and tardy walkers, even as there are quick and slow brains. This difference, if it exists, is often more providential than man-made.

The pedestrian has his own waywardness and opinions. He derives keen pleasure in crossing the road. His sense of dignity is cut to the quick when the traffic regulations define his limits on the King's Highway. He revolts occasionally against the law, only to blink helplessly in the midst of rushing traffic on the road. The rainy day enthralls him sufficiently to indulge in his pet aversion for cars, as the constant fear of a shower bath in the dirty water drives him to and fro in self-protection. And the audible merri-ment, sometimes, of the inmates of a car at the sight of his plight, exasperates him to despair. But he little reckons that the instincts of man and the love of motion are more responsible for the callousness of the car driver. And when, with god-like grace, he himself turns from a pedestrian into a car owner, he leaves behind him all his principles, even as the raging democrat does when armed with the power he once despised.

Though walking has never been considered a rare endowment, pedestrians have always a pride in their own achievements. Great men have been and are good walkers. The sense of vanity is tickled on being reminded of it. But there are faddists here just as in everything else. To some, walking is as necessary a stimulant as the morning coffee. Many are indifferent as to the distance they cover. With a few, anything short of a daily routine easily upsets them. Some feel company an obstacle to their steady progress, others like moving with halts and starts as a marriage procession. Perhaps one or two avoid even familiar faces in order to gain a sure pace and purpose.

The joy of life is often given to the man who knows to enjoy. Slow movement has its own rewards for him just as quick action has its own profits. He alone knows the pleasure of strolling under the open skies, far from the din of madding crowds. Pure air improves him; fresh sights and sounds invigorate him. He sees more in Nature which is his. Smiling fields and waving branches, sweet sounds and distant hum, fill him with a satisfaction beyond

comparison. The hard realities of existence are forgotten in the immensity of bright life around. It restores to him the capacity not to lay waste his powers. The world is not too much with him.

In the speedy delights of modern motion and the fast inter-communication of distant parts of the world by the aid of science, the pedestrian has no significance from an utilitarian point of view. The foot messenger has been long since substituted by the wire and the wireless. He no longer serves the needs of our society. He has become a relic of the past and an object of real curiosity. Still his pristine glory is preserved in this ancient land of mine as a mark of ascetic life.

The true Sanyasin avoids the train and the car in his great work and wanderings for social service. He begs on foot his way through the babbling world of high and low and brings the light of his vision to the dark and dingy corners of humanity. His feet can take him where cars and carriages may fail. The feeble voice of the suffering multitudes can rarely reach the man in haste. It is the lingering pedestrian who knows the normal life, the simple joys and the deep sorrows of countless hearts in all their magnitude. It is he that nourishes the best ideals of the humanitarian.

Current Topics¹

THE SECOND R.T.C.

In its session at Karachi, the Indian National Congress ratified the Gandhi-Irwin pact and expressed confidence in Gandhiji and the Working Committee. Congress participation in the second Round Table Conference is a great step forward on the path of peace and of reconciliation between India and England. Gandhiji is to be the sole representative of the Congress—so the Working Committee has decreed—for, the Congress is of one mind as regards the presentation of the nation's view-point, and the leader of a non-violent revolution is believed to be also the best fitted to negotiate peace. Gandhiji will be assisted by a group of secretaries, but, in open conference, his will be the only voice heard on behalf of India's leading political organisation. Dissatisfaction is being expressed in some quarters that he is likely to elevate himself to the position of an independent negotiator, dealing direct with the Premier and the Cabinet and eclipsing those that played a prominent part at the first conference. But this is inevitable. Much valuable work was no doubt done by the committees of the conference, but it is the accession of Gandhiji and the Congress that vitalises the entire body and invests it with the character of a Peace Conference.

But before Gandhiji proceeds to London, one important problem has to be solved. The Hindu-Muslim disputes are disquieting. The earnest endeavours of Nationalist Muslims to bring their community into line with the progressive tendencies of the time have not yet borne fruit. But they have at least proved that the case presented at London by their co-religionists was one-sided and did not, by any means, voice advanced Muslim opinion. H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal, Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes, convened a small conference of the leading exponents of opposing schools of thought amongst the Indian Muslims, and, though no final conclusions have been reached, it is gratifying to note that a spirit of

¹ 15th May.

harmony and goodwill prevailed at the conference. The conversations, we learn, are to be resumed early in June. Gandhiji has said repeatedly that, without the Hindu-Muslim question being settled, no useful purpose will be served by his attending the London Conference. But his preoccupation with the Borsad affair has made it impossible for him to give more time and attention to this all-important subject. Between the months of June and September, the energies of the leaders of all communities must be concentrated on this question, so that, when the London Conference meets, there may be no repetition of the unedifying scenes of the previous conference, in respect of communal squabbles. Gandhiji insists that the majority community ought to make ample concessions in order to win the confidence of the minorities and secure their willing co-operation in the immediate work of framing an agreed constitution for Swaraj India. It is infinitely better that concessions should be made voluntarily and on Indian soil, rather than that they should be imposed on us by an outsider in London at the fag-end of the conference.

THE STATES' SUBJECTS

The position of the subjects of the Indian States in Federal India is another pressing problem. The Congress has given its adhesion to the principle of federation with the States, because, under the new dispensation, the artificial distinction between the two Indias ought not to be kept up. The Congress claims to represent the whole of India and, as Gandhiji pointed out, its very silence and restraint in the past give it the right to press the case of the States' subjects. Some of the Princes are great patriots. They come into the Federation to help evolve an United India, and not merely to rid themselves of the ugly incubus of the Foreign Department of the Government of India. But they are unwilling to admit that their subjects are as vitally interested as themselves in the framing of the future constitution. Except in Mysore, Travancore, Bikaner and a few other States, there are not even the vestiges of representative government; and how will a Federation function successfully where some of the federating units are under

personal rule and the rest under popular government? The demand of the States' subjects is not for immediate responsible government in all the States, but for an immediate acceptance of that principle and for certain steps to be taken in that direction. They demand also the right of federal citizenship, and the safeguarding of personal and property rights. But, all along, the position of the people of the States has been regarded as a purely internal affair. They were denied representation at the first R.T.C., and their case had to be put forward, unofficially, by some of the delegates from British India. It is but fair that, at this stage, some of the acknowledged spokesmen of the States' people, like Sir M. Visvesvarayya, should be invited to the second R.T.C.

It is interesting to notice that Mr. D. V. Gundappa of Bangalore suggests the promulgation of a Royal Rescript advising the Princes to introduce responsible government into their States. We are not concerned with the *modus operandi*. If a Royal Rescript is more soothing to the Princes than a resolution of the States' People's Conference or a clause in the new Act of Parliament, nobody need object to the procedure. But the enunciation of federal citizenship and all that it involves, and the formal acceptance of the principle of responsible government for the States, will prevent future complications and divert the energies of the people of the States from avoidable agitation to the work of constructive statesmanship in the spacious times ahead.

'THEATRE'

It is altogether in the fitness of things that a journal devoted to the Drama and other Fine Arts should take its birth in the Mysore State—that sole remnant of the great Empire of Vijayanagar. Happily removed from the rush and turmoil of modern life, and under the fostering care of a cultured Prince, Mysore provides excellent opportunities for the development of the graces of a refined life. The Bangalore Amateur Dramatic Association, which has for some years been publishing a bright Kannada Monthly—the *Rangabhumi*—has now come forward with an English Quarterly. Once in a way, a great opportunity offers itself to one that is entirely

worthy of it. In this instance, Mr. V. Bhaskaran, the Editor, has justified the choice of the Association. With a person of cultivated taste and purposive enthusiasm at the helm, the 'Theatre' cannot help becoming a thing of beauty. A galaxy of distinguished writers has lent it support, and judging from the first number, 'Theatre' bids fair to be India's premier journal in its special sphere. 'Triveni's' affectionate greetings to 'Theatre.'

THE POET'S MESSAGE

We offer our respectful homage to Shri Rabindranath Tagore on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. 'Gurudev'—as he is reverently addressed by those that have the privilege of personal contact with him—is the herald of the Indian Renaissance, and its loftiest figure as well. Wherever Poetry is honoured and the 'things that are more excellent' are deemed to have an abiding value, the name of Rabindranath is cherished. Poet not of Bengal or of India merely, he has regained for the Orient its old-time leadership in the realm of the Spirit. In his quiet 'Abode of Peace' he has gathered round himself a loving family of teachers and students—a revival, in the modern age, of the forest retreats of Bharadwaj and Vasishtha. To the nations struggling feverishly for supremacy, he brings a message of sympathy and co-operation for higher ends.

To the outside world, Gandhi and Tagore are almost like twin-names, and when India is mentioned, the figures of the loin-clad saint of Sabarnati and the philosopher-poet of Santiniketan inevitably present themselves to the mind's eye. It is futile to seek to compare them and adjudge prizes as in a gladiatorial contest. The Spirit of Modern India is incarnate in them both: the poetry and music of Rabindranath are not less important in the evolution of a New India than the suffering and asceticism of Gandhi. Devotees like Mr. C. F. Andrews see no necessary conflict between the ideals represented by the saint and the singer. One is but complementary to the other.

But there is one expression in the Poet's birthday message which is likely to be seized upon by critics and interpreted as a sign

of his hostility to Indian Nationalism. It is not by waving the flag or by contributing your quota of yarn, says the Poet, that Swaraj will be won, but by whole-hearted service of the masses. What the Poet evidently means is that the service of the masses is not *exhausted* by the spinning of yarn. It is a protest against the mood of self-righteousness that sometimes overtakes the advocates of the Charka, and an appeal to them to look beyond the problem of food and raiment, for, a great nation does not live by these alone.

Such a position is doubtless correct, though stated by the Poet with needless vehemence. It must be recognised that, when the war-mind is dominant, some things that are merely accidental are apt to be taken for the fundamentals. Men are willing to discount the value of poetry, music and art, and equate all culture and progress to the revolutions of the spinning-wheel. It is the danger of perpetuating the war-mind—the carrying over into the times of peace the slogans of the battle-field. There is, unfortunately, a widespread tendency to prefer the ugly to the beautiful, the boisterous to the sweet, the fleeting to the permanent in human values. The Poet's message is in the nature of a timely warning. We hope it will be heard above the din of warfare.

The birthday has been celebrated all over India. The Poet has received congratulations from distant lands. We shall rejoice to see the inauguration of a movement to strengthen the great institution so dear to the Poet.

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].

The States and their People in the Indian Constitution.—By D. V. Gundappa. (Karnataka Publishing House, Basavangudi, Bangalore City, Price Rs. 2 or 3sh.)

Mr. Gundappa has done a distinct public service in coming forward with a much needed publication forcibly presenting the case for the States' people, at a time when no month passes without fresh contributions being made to Indian bibliography on the rights of the Rulers of Indian States. Any federal constitution which may be devised must, in order to be enduring, have its ultimate sanction in the willing consent and acquiescence of the people of the Indian States.

Mr. Gundappa's treatise is thought-provoking and is sure to form a rich addition to the literature on the subject, though, in many respects, his views run counter to what one may call the orthodox views on the subject of Paramountcy and the limits of the right of intervention of the paramount power, the sphere of parliamentary legislation, and how far the relation between the Ruler of an Indian State and the British Crown or of his subjects and the British Crown fall within the concept of allegiance as ordinarily described in constitutional law books.

In regard to the subject of allegiance, the writer takes the bold line that the subject of an Indian State owes allegiance to the British Crown and is under a double allegiance, both to his Ruler and to the British Crown. In support of his theory, he mainly relies upon the trial and conviction of the Yuvaraj of Manipur. He makes a point of the fact that the subjects of the States are for international purposes in the same position as British subjects, and he refers to the provision in the Government of India Act as to the eligibility of Rulers of Indian States, subject to certain conditions, for any civil or military office under the Crown, and to the electoral rules enjoining an oath of allegiance when a Ruler or subject of an Indian State happens to become a member of a legislative house of British India. At the same time, he does not overlook the fact that, in regard to Section 7 of the Naturalisation Act in England, the subject of an Indian State has been treated as an alien. It need hardly be pointed out that Mr. Gundappa's views on this subject are not in accord

REVIEWS

with the views expressed by Prof. Holdsworth in his recent article in the *Law Quarterly* and of Mr. Julian Palmer in his essay on Sovereignty and Paramountcy in India.

On the subject of the power of Parliament to legislate for the Indian States, integrating them with British India in a future Constitution or enjoining a particular constitutional machinery for the States, the author seems to be clear that Parliament has such power. Evidently the opinion is founded on some theory that the legislative supremacy of Parliament or its power of intervention is a necessary concomitant of the doctrine of paramountcy. The preponderance of opinion is against the existence of any such power in Parliament. There is this, however, to be said in favour of Mr. Gundappa's view, that, like the Foreign Jurisdiction Act and the Slave Trade Act, there have been instances in which Parliament has brought within the scope of its legislation the subjects of the Indian States, and that no definite theory has been formulated for justifying parliamentary legislation in these cases as exceptional by writers on constitutional law, so as to negative the jurisdiction of Parliament in other cases.

In regard to the relation between the Indian States and the Crown, the author is definitely against the purely contractual theory put forward before the Butler Committee by Prof. Somerville and Sir Leslie Scott, who would restrict the ambit of the powers of the paramount authority to the extent of the cession or delegation of sovereignty by the Rulers of particular States. He does not subscribe to the doctrine that the powers of intervention are confined to grave cases of internal and external danger. His view in many respects approximates to that of the Butler Committee, that the relationship is not governed purely by the letter of the Treaty, but is a living, growing relationship, shaped by circumstance and policy.

The main point of difference between Prof. Holdsworth and Mr. Gundappa is that, whereas, in so far as constitutional changes are concerned, Prof. Holdsworth would set a limit to the powers of interference without the consent of the States concerned, Mr. Gundappa argues in favour of the plenary powers of the British Crown and Parliament to forge a new Constitution as a corollary to their duty to the States' people. At the same time, he vigorously combats the theory put forward in the Nehru Report and by Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Aiyer that the treaties entered into must be construed as being in the right of the British Indian territories of the Crown, that the rights and obligations of the British Crown under the treaties automatically devolve upon a changed British Indian Constitution, and that there is nothing to preclude the Crown, with the consent of Parliament, from erecting any agency it liked for the purpose of enforcing its rights and obligations. Whatever might be the political or the practical aspect of

the question, one cannot fail to notice an apparent contradiction in standing for Parliamentary sovereignty and the right of the British Crown to force a Federal Constitution upon the Princes, while at the same time denying to Parliament and to the British Crown the right to erect a special statutory machinery in India, with the aid of which the Crown may fulfil its obligations. We are however not to be understood as not favouring the ideal of Greater India, or as standing for the rights of the people of British India or a British Indian Constitution as against the Indian States or their Rulers. That is a question not merely of legal or constitutional technicality but one of high State policy.

We have no doubt that the Federal Structure Committee will give their most sympathetic consideration to the rights of the States' people, and Mr. Gundappa's outlines of the Constitution will surely be of great assistance to them in the framing of the Constitution of Greater India.

'LEX'

India's Pilgrimage.—By Kanu Desai. (Published by the Prasthan Office, Ahmedabad. Price Re. 1/)

This is a pictorial summary of the civil disobedience movement by the well-known artist of Gujarat. A difficult theme, not unworthily handled, and one perhaps which greater masters of figure drawing and composition would fare no better with. It is therefore not Desai's fault, that he occasionally falls short of expectations, exaggerated as these may be by our too close proximity to the events described. If the repercussions of the Gandhian revolution are evident in the art and outlook of distant America, there is no wonder that, nearer home, life has been revitalised, and the musician vies with the painter in paying homage to one, who, after Buddha, may truly be called the saviour of the people and who has ushered in a type of heroism, for which India, land of heroes, has no recent parallel.

With true historical instinct, Desai has juxtaposed the quest of Asoka and Gandhi on either side of the column of Saranath with the Dharma-chakra symbolising Buddha. What a trinity and what a message for warring mankind! Desai strikes every note, from the homely send-off to the departing hero, on through the hymeneal welcome of the villages and towns, to the tragedy of the 'C' class prisoners or that of the derelicts leaving hearth and home, or the solace of release and the rapture of the uphoisted flag. In addition, there is an intriguing outline of Mahatmajī in search of truth. One wishes Desai had given us more pictures of this type. One wishes that he had confined himself to pen and ink and the

eliminations of the silhouette over which he has easy mastery, in preference to enumerating details of figures—a province where he has not come by his own yet. A notable picture of the series is 'War path' in which a pair of feet render out of date the elaborate usances of militarism. The printing and get-up are excellent.

K. V. R.

Principles of the Constitution of the United States of India:—Part I, By R. G. Pradhan, M.A., L.L.B., Nasik (Price Re. 1/)

This book on the burning topics of Indian constitutional changes deserves to be widely read by all Indian thinkers and statesmen. Discarding mere platitudes, the author, a good student of constitutional law that he is, formulates certain definite principles which should govern the new changes.

Unlike the books that were written prior to and during the sittings of the Round Table Conference in London, with a brief from one party or the other, the book is the outcome of a subtle brain with feet deep in Mother Earth.

Three fundamental questions are dealt with in the present part: (I) The question of an All-India Federation, (II) The question of Defence, and (III) The question of the Minorities.

The author finds that an All-India Federation is not impossible or objectionable in itself. Objections to an All-India Federation on the ground of its being incompatible with the goal of responsible Government are examined.

The constitutional problem in relation to the Defence of India is analysed in a penetrating manner and the Simon Commission's deep distrust of Indians is rightly exposed. Many constructive suggestions are made regarding the future of Indian Defence. "The crux of the problem," as the author puts it, "is the quickest formation of a national army fully equipped and trained, and officered by Indians quite capable of exercising command and directing the operations of war, in case the territorial integrity of India is actually threatened."

While on the problem of the Minorities, the author rightly expresses approval of the Nehru solution. The Nehru proposals are indeed so "reasonable that they should be acceptable to the Mahomedan Community." The author, in order to kill the communal aspect, suggests a provision in the Constitution that before taking his seat every member should "take an oath that he will be true and devoted to the national interests of his mother country."

The book could certainly have been better got-up. The contents more than make up for this want and we are eagerly awaiting the second part of this sound work.

K. R. R. SASTRY

KANNADA

Viswakarnataka Yugadi Sanchika.—(Edited by T. T. Sarma, Visveswarapuram, Bangalore City. Price Re. 1/)

The New Year Number of the *Viswakarnataka* is a highly commendable production. It evidences fine taste and a liberal outlook. In three sections, devoted respectively to Science, Politics and Literature, a mass of interesting information has been brought together. The progress of scientific research and India's contribution to it; the advance in political ideas and the Indian struggle for freedom; a short account of English literature followed by illuminating essays about literary developments in the various Indian languages—Kannada, Telugu, Malayalam, Tamil, Hindi and Marathi—such is the plan of the Annual, and the plan has been carried out with skill. It sets an example to similar Annuals in other parts of India. The Annual is adequately illustrated, and neatly printed. The coloured frontispiece—*Mirabai*—is, however, of poor quality.

K. R.

TELUGU

Andhra Nata Prakasika.—By Pasumarti Yegnanarayana Sastri, Masulipatam (Price Rs. 4/)

For several years, Mr. Sastri devoted his time and energy to a study of the modern Telugu drama, in its literary and technical aspects. He toured the Andhra districts, met individual actors, witnessed their performances on the stage, discussed with them the problems of their craft, and set down the results of his study in the present volume. The first part deals with the drama as it evolved in ancient India and the theories of the Sanskrit rhetoricians. By far the most valuable portion is the second, giving a history of the different dramatic associations that grew up in Andhradesa in the latter part of the 19th century, and a detailed description of particular plays, playwrights and actors. Much of this material has been collected with care and used very judiciously. Men's memories are short, and, but for a volume of this kind, the anecdotes, the

incidents and the delicate personal touches, that are the essential elements of literary biography, might be altogether lost to the present generation. Poor, neglected and struggling against heavy odds, these pioneers of modern Telugu drama were filled with love for the stage and gave their all to make it worthy of the motherland. Most of them were amateurs. Petty schoolmasters, clerks in Government offices, or briefless lawyers, came together in the evenings and conned their parts, in brief intervals of leisure. What would we not give to know more of the lives of men like Hari Prasada Rao, Kandadai Srinivasachari and Emani Lakshmanaswami? Mr. Sastri has rendered a great service to the cause of Telugu literature, and we have no doubt his work will prove extremely useful to future writers on the subject of the Telugu drama.

The criticism of living actors is always a delicate, and, in the main, a thankless task. Artists are sensitive, and even well-meant criticism is resented. But Mr. Sastri has shown considerable tact and has generally managed to fulfil the functions of a critic without giving offence. Even where he has felt compelled to point out defects, he has done it with grace and good humour. One may not always agree with his judgments, but his sincerity and freedom from rancour will be recognised.

The book is profusely illustrated with photographs of dramatists and actors. Mr. Sastri's is a labour of love and the Andhra public ought to show their appreciation by enabling him to bring out further works. In a second edition, Mr. Sastri will do well to deal with the popular street-drama of the Telugus, and its influence on Telugu life.

Today in Andhra, there are eminent actors, but dramatic associations have given place to chance groupings of actors performing what are called 'contract' plays. This is a most undesirable phase. We do hope that efforts will be made to revive the amateur associations, and make the stage a powerful factor in national life. The number of good plays is small, and the same plays are performed over and over again. All this has got to be changed. Mr. Sastri's book will, doubtless, stimulate thought and lead to improvement in all directions.

K. R.

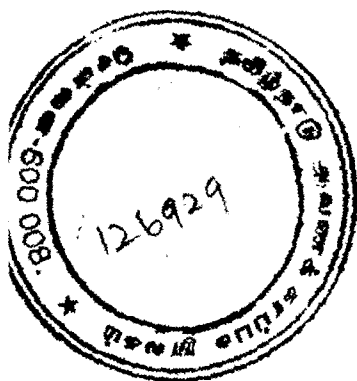
Bhava Nayika.—By Prof. B. Ramajoga Rao [The Andhra Patrika Press, Madras. Price As. 8.]

It is something of a surprise—though pleasant—to be told that a physical culture expert and captain of volunteers turned a poet behind the walls of the Vellore Central Jail. But such is the fact. This little book of poems is remarkable in that it has been written, illustrated, and

commended in verse and song, by political prisoners. Mr. Mutnuri Krishna Rao, Editor of the 'Kistna Patrika', has actually burst into Sanskrit verse in praise of the Professor's literary performance.

Where so much praise has been lavished, we need add nothing beyond a word of commendation. These lyrics are the outpourings of a poetic soul, in sweet, simple Telugu. Mr. Ramajoga Rao warns us that some day the Nobel Prize for Literature will be his. If that day should ever dawn, none will congratulate him more warmly than ourselves.

K. R.



Opinion of

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

Editor, "TRIVENI"

TRIVENI OFFICE

117, ARUNACHAL STREET,
KODAK TOWN,
MADRAS. 8th July 1929.

I have very great pleasure in stating that the bicolor and half-tone blocks prepared for 'Triveni' by the Indian Photo Engraving Company, Calcutta, are of first-rate quality. For excellence of workmanship and promptness in executing orders, the Company are unequalled in India. I am always delighted to deal with them.

K. Ramakotiswara Rao
Editor 'Triveni'

THE INDIAN PHOTO ENGRAVING CO.

Process Engravers & Colour Printers

217, CORNWALLIS STREET
CALCUTTA

Telegrams: "DUOTYPE," CALCUTTA

Two Volumes of Verse

By **V. N. BHUSHAN**

"SILHOUETTES"

"MOON BEAMS"

(Rupee one each)

(Appreciated in England, America, Japan and India)

WHAT THEY SAY

I read thro' your book of poetry with great respect.

—MISS SHIGI TOKENAKA (JAPAN).

The poems are very good and well worthy to represent Mr. Bhushan in this international Anthology of the world's best poetry.

—THE MITRE PRESS.

A poet worthy of the privilege and burden of poetry.

—MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU.

Order your copies now from:—

"THE ANANDA ACADEMY"

MASULIPATAM

MRS. ANNA CHANDI, M.A., B.L.

Advocate and Editor of The "SREEMATHI,"

KOTTAYAM

Writes:

I used your LODHRA
and found it a sovereign
remedy for all menst-
rual troubles. Its sweet
taste and free diet add
to the pleasantness of
— using it. —

Ask your chemist.

or

KESARI KUTTERAM

INDIAN CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS

EGMORE, MADRAS

THE BEST SELLERS

AT **ALL** RAILWAY STALLS
BOOK-SELLERS

Mahatma Gandhi: The Man and his Mission.—An enlarged and up-to-date Edition of his life and teachings with an account of his activities in South Africa and India, his great march in connection with "Salt Satyagraha" and the famous Sapru-Jayakar negotiations. With appreciations from the Rt. Hon. Sastri, Tagore, Romain Rolland, Rev. Holmes, Sarojini Naidu, Mr. and Mrs. Polak, C. F. Andrews, Prof. Gilbert Murray, Bishop Whitehead, George Slocombe, etc., etc. Price Re. 1.

Hind Swaraj or Indian Home Rule.—By Gandhi. New Pocket Edition. As. 8.

Indian Tales.—Of Fun, Folly and Folk-Lore. A collection in one volume of the Tales of Tennaliraman, Mariada Raman, Raja Birbal, Komati Wit and Wisdom, The Son-in-law Abroad, Roya and Appaji, Folk-lore of the Telugus and the New Indian Tales. Re. 1-4

Famous Parsis. Biographical sketches of 14 eminent Parsis including Scholars, Politicians, Philanthropists, Captains of Industry, etc. Price Rs. 3.

Miss Mayo's Mother India: A Rejoinder—By Mr. K. Natarajan, with an introduction by Mr. G. A. Natesan, 5th Edition. As. 12.

Sakuntala—By Kamala Sathianadhan, M.A. A prose version of the Sanskrit original on the model of Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." As. 6.

Bhagavad-Gita.—With text in Devanagiri and translation by Dr. Annie Besant in English. More than a lakh of copies of this cheap edition of this sacred Scripture of the Hindus have already been sold. Pocket Edition. As. 4 (Four).

Copies can be had of:—

G. A. NATESAN & Co., Publishers & Book-sellers, G. T., Madras,
and of all Leading Indian and English Book-sellers in India,
also Higginbotham's and Wheeler's Railway Stalls.

Here's The Cure

For all Aches and Pains that the body is liable to meet with. Use this balm and be sure of relief. Buy a bottle at any Chemist or Store.

LITTLE'S ORIENTAL BALM
 A little does a lot

NO MIXTURE OF ANIMAL FAT OR DELETERIOUS DRUGS

Known For over 44 years and used throughout the world

THE SCHOLAR

A Journal of Culture and Reform

EDITOR :

E. PARAMESWARAN
M.A., L.T.

Annual Subscription Rs. 3/-

Single Copy As. 4

~~For other particulars~~

~~Apply to :-~~

The Manager

THE SCHOLAR

PALGHAT

“Young Builder”

A Monthly English Magazine
of Cultural Interests

EDITED BY

JAMSHED N. R. MEHTA

AND

H. C. KUMAR

Price Rs. 2 per year

Write to :—

THE MANAGER

SEVAKUNJ

Rambaugh Road

KARACHI